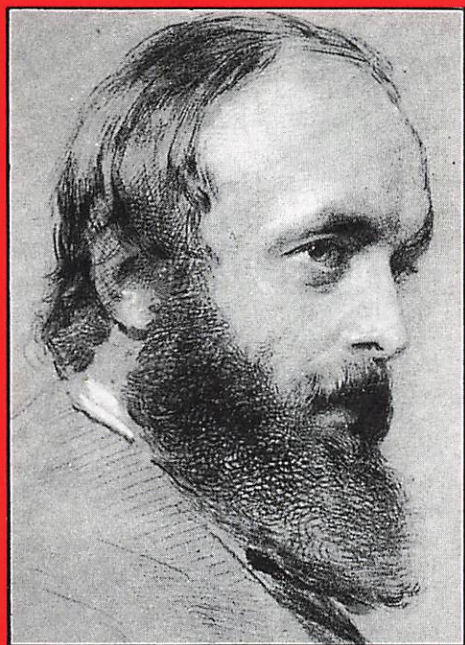


The
Salisbury
Review

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The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



The Third Marquess of Salisbury
1830 - 1903

On Being an Immigrant
Jillian Becker

The Paradox of Europe
Conrad Black

The Truth about Housing
Vivian Linacre

Nationhood or Self-Recollection
Ghia Nodia

Exposing Attali
Jessica Douglas-Home

In Defence of Reactionaries
Mark Garnett

The Claridge Press

The Salisbury Review

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During the years of its existence, the *Salisbury Review* has made a point of defending the national idea, and of applying that idea not just to modern Britain, but also to modern England. The United Kingdom is probably the only example of a successful multinational state in history; but it is successful partly because its separate nations are so closely bound by language, law, culture and custom that the boundaries between them are fully permeable. And its success is bound up with the growth of a 'British' nationality in addition to the local loyalties of the English, the Welsh, the Scots and the Northern Irish.

For some reason, not unconnected with the presence in our territory of people who have no respect for our way of life, the chattering classes insist that we should feel guilty about our national feelings - which are too exclusive, too atavistic, even too 'racist' (whatever that means). The *Salisbury Review* has often been singled out as expressing ideas which are not just mistaken, but evil. For it seems that you are allowed to defend nationality or a political value only if you do not do so on behalf of the British. In this issue, we carry a wholly novel defence of nationality, from Ghia Nodia, who - being a Georgian and therefore a member of a nation that is now striving to free itself from external bondage - is not likely to invite the kind of abuse that our English nationalist contributors receive. If we have any remaining left-liberal readers, let us hope that they read Professor Nodia's article and apply its ideas to modern Britain. Failing that, they should read the moving testimony to our national idea from a loyal immigrant - Jillian Becker.

Just as the nations of the Soviet Empire are reclaiming their birthright, however, we are renouncing ours. That monstrous creature of the liberal imagination, a United States of Europe, is now slouching towards Brussels to be born. The warning against it sounded here by Conrad Black goes still unheeded, even though not a single Euro-fantastist has said one word in recent months that

would reassure the sceptic. Moreover, as Jessica Douglas-Home trenchantly argues, the new European institutions are not the neutral economic tools that they pretend to be: each of them has its own political agenda and very often that agenda is drawn up in the Elysée, in obedience to principles that are Napoleonic in scope, and socialist in content.

We do not know what our Prime Minister will bring back from Maastricht, since we do not know what he is taking there: his moral, intellectual and political stance towards the European Idea has never been publicly clarified, nor has he yet shown the leadership which his predecessor brought to bear on a problem for which she was also partly responsible. But let us hope that John Major remembers that the British people have seven hundred years of parliamentary government behind them, whereas our European neighbours have only recently emerged from the political twilight.

In no sphere has British socialism been more damaging than the sphere that is closest to the British way of life: the home. Iniquitous Rent Acts, penal attitudes to landlords, and a general hostility to any kind of 'unearned income' - to use the socialist name for legitimate interest - led to the disappearance of rented accommodation, to an artificial escalation of property prices, to the growth of Council estates (with all that they mean by way of neglect, vandalism and crime), and to the decline of our inner cities. As Vivian Linacre argues, this is an area in which the socialist legacy is still with us and likely to remain with us until there is effective action from Parliament. But many prejudices must be overcome, if the British people are to cease to believe that life is intolerable until they can buy a 'place of their own' (usually by mortgaging their entire productive capacity). These prejudices are not all the result of our socialist years: indeed they may be the ultimate explanation of why the British people accepted socialism for so long without a murmur.

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Conservative Journals: *Policy*

Conservatism has a hard time in Australia and still harder in New Zealand, where the entrenched power of trade unions, and the abundance of cheap food and wine, make it difficult for anyone to perceive work as a virtue, or to believe in the reality of external threats to the prevailing order. A culture of dependency rules throughout the academic world and the media, and those few Australians who disparage it are regarded as throwbacks to the Victorian age, little better than Christian missionaries in a world of innocent paganism.

Among the few journals to stand against the tide of consumer socialism, *Policy* is notable for its educated awareness of the depth and complexity of the conservative position. Edited by Michael James, and published by Greg Lindsay of the Centre for Independent Studies in Australia and New Zealand, it argues the case for a free economy, responsible citizenship, and limited government, while addressing itself to current issues throughout the region. Now in its seventh year of publication, it brings together writers as diverse as the Canadian philosopher David Gauthier, the American economist (ar-

chitect of public choice theory) Gordon Tullock, and the British political scientist Norman Barry, in order to seize the high ground which many believe the left to have recently vacated, but which in reality it was never able to occupy. As its title suggests the emphasis of the journal is on questions of policy and economics: social issues, religion and culture lie somewhere out of view. But *Salisbury Review* readers will find much to admire in the journal's courageous editorial stance, and its resolute hostility to state education, state controls of civil society, and to the left establishment in all its forms. Particularly refreshing is the stand taken against eco-hysterics, who for some reason abound in Australasia, and the attempt to present reasonable measures of reform in the face of excited calls for a total revolution. Whether the anglophone political culture of Australasia can be revived by such discussions is a moot point. But at least the attempt is being made.

Policy is available from: PO Box 92, St. Leonards, New South Wales, 2065, Australia.

Nationhood and Self-Recollection

Ghia Nodia offers some reflections on nationalism and democracy

When a liberal-minded western intellectual speaks about the 'nation' as something 'imagined', or 'invented', he stands firmly on the ground which is called 'democracy', or the 'rights of the individual'. The individual and his rights are presupposed, something unquestionably 'real', while democracy is considered to be the best known means of ensuring the realisation of those rights.

The western liberal attitude to the 'nation' is determined by its assessment of the extent to which the 'nation' is able to promote the development of democracy, and to protect individual rights. This attitude towards the 'nation' is frequently supplemented by the Marxist outlook, according to which the 'real' interests of men are their economic interests. The nation and nationalism, it is argued, have their roots in economic interests.

The social realm is thus described as a realm of individuals who want to be free and prosperous, and who create special social mechanisms to achieve these ends. The myth of the nation it is argued, obscures this relationship, for it asserts that the nation is an entity rooted in a natu-

ral or divine order to which the political reality of the state must correspond. The liberal and Marxist critique of nationalism aims at denouncing this myth, and does its best to demonstrate that the ascription to the nation of the same degree of 'reality' or 'naturalness' as to the individual and his rights, is obscurantist.

The liberal attitude to nationhood and nationalism has been deeply influenced by the German Nazi experience, and considers all manifestations of national feeling in the light of that experience. According to liberalism, therefore, nationalism is essentially hostile to individual freedom and reason, which it subjects to the interests of some mystical whole, a disguised form of tribal unity. A more tolerant attitude, whilst it does not consider nationalism to be incompatible with democratic political practices, nevertheless presents it as something mythical. A rational analysis of nationalism, even by those sympathetic to it, looks more like an attempt to unmask the national consciousness in order to expose the 'true' reality beneath the myth. Such an approach to nationalism presupposes that the researcher has removed himself from the mythological realm and that he has achieved some value-free stance from which the national consciousness can be quietly and objectively analysed. This value-free position is, of course, nothing of the sort; it is merely that of the individual and his 'real' interests.

I am not going to argue that the nation is something natural and primordial, nor that it is created by God, Nature, or even History. Of course,

the nation is not natural, and of course it is created by men. But the individual too, is created, imagined and invented, and he is created in the sense in which the nation is created. Moreover, the individual and the nation are just two parts of the same 'invention'.

In the western tradition of political thought, nationalism has been criticised not only from the liberal individualist position, but also from a conservative point of view. An example of this is to be found in Robert Nisbet's *Quest For Community* (later republished as *Community and Power*). According to Nisbet, the modern individual feels himself to be alienated and abandoned because of a loss of community (Sir Karl Popper would describe such a mood as nostalgia for a lost tribal unity). This loss is in its turn caused by the 'developing concentration of function and power of the sovereign state'. The state has ousted traditional communities, which gave to the individual some personal status and a sense of security. Those were communities based on kinship, faith, locality: 'real' rather than 'imagined' communities. The state and individual became allies in their rebellion against traditional communities: the individual freed himself from communal authority by leaning on state power; the state ignored traditional communities, and appealed directly to the individual will, proclaiming itself to be the representative of the 'General Will', which is composed of individual wills. 'State and Individual become the key terms of modern political discussion just as surely as the group was the key term of medi-

eval political thought'.

The rise of nations and of nationalisms is directly related to the rise of the individual and individualism. The traditional ('real') community was supplanted by the political ('imagined') community, or nation. The emancipation of the individual presupposes emancipation from the power of traditional community over its members, and in order to overcome this power an individual had to identify himself with the 'imagined' community of the nation of which he is an anonymous, rather than a personal, member.

The feelings of insecurity and loneliness are not, according to Nisbet, the only unhappy consequences of replacing the traditional community with the political community. The authority of the traditional community effectively counterbalanced the power of the state. With its demise, the state, which had earlier been an ally of the individual in his struggle against communal authority, was now able to infringe the individual's rights with impunity and transform the political community into a totalitarian one. Communist and Fascist regimes are two examples of this dangerous tendency.

The conservative critique of nationalism is more consistent than the liberal-individualist one. Liberalism and nationalism have been evident allies in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is broadly accepted that the rise of nationhood as a modern political principle begins with the epoch of the French Revolution. The French Revolution was lucky to find a ready-made nation moulded for it by monarchical rule; it only needed to change the political principle: God and monarch were supplanted by the People. But when other parts of the world tried to follow the pattern of the French Revolution, it became clear that not any given multitude of human beings may be considered as a People, whose General Will is capable of constructing democratic institutions. Before people begin to build democracy, they must decide (or 'imagine') that they are a nation, members of the same political community in which the decisions of the majority are accepted by the minority and not felt as something imposed upon them from outside.

Democratic institutions presuppose a basic consensus, the general pattern of which is evident in the beginning of the Constitution of the United States of America: 'We, the people of the United States...'

Why any given group of men acquire this basic 'we' and start to think of themselves as a nation is a separate question. Of course, nations cannot be 'invented' at will. But the main argument of the positivistic anti-nationalists is also correct: there do not exist any clear objective criteria of nationhood according to which some computer deposited in the

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interests of some
mystical whole, a
disguised form of
tribal unity*

United Nations would be able to determine which people deserves to be called a nation and which does not. Linguistic, geographical, confessional, historical, anthropological and other factors are all important, but not decisive in themselves. The decision to be a nation can never be calculated in a completely rational way; and yet only groups of men which consider themselves to be nations are capable of creating rational democratic political institutions. Nationhood is a non-rational prerequisite of rational political behaviour.

Thus it is correct to say that nationalism creates nations in the sense that nation formation is an enterprise of political self-determination. We must be careful however, not to misinterpret the word 'creation'. The

fact that a nation is 'not natural' does not mean that it was created by somebody to obtain something. There exists an instrumentalist doctrine of nation formation which sees nations as the conscious creation of an elite, in pursuit of some 'real' (usually economic or political) interest. The 'ordinary people', of whom the nation consists, become the object of mass manipulation. This distinction between national elites and manipulated masses, is a direct successor of Diderot's distinction between sly priest and naive peasant. Such a view of nation formation fails to explain why seventy years of communist propaganda in the Soviet Union has failed to mould a single Soviet people, and the first steps to democracy unleashed strong nationalist movements.

European liberalism has encouraged national self-determination from the very beginning: a number of modern treatises on nationhood and nationalism cite J.S. Mill, who believed that 'it is in general a necessary condition of free institutions, that the boundaries of governments should coincide in the main with those of nationalities'. After the downfall of Nazism, European liberals unanimously denounced nationalism as something inwardly hostile to freedom and democracy, a source of tensions inside states and between them. Earlier co-operation between liberals and nationalists was dismissed, on account of the alleged failure of nineteenth century thought to discern the hidden demons in nationalism.

In countries such as the United States or France, where the formation of the nation came as a result of the development of civil society, there was no problem of delimiting a unit of people which rendered itself a 'nation'. But in countries which imported the principle of the nation-state the relationship between state and civil society was different. Peoples that sought full nationhood were frequently not ripe for it - the structures of civil society were either underdeveloped or absent, and no political unit had been previously delimited. National legitimization of state power could not just 'crown' civil society, since a political unity had yet to be created in order to make the national idea legitimate.

Personal and social emancipation therefore did not precede national self-determination. Thus, although all or almost all national movements have championed both freedom and independence, freedom was often sacrificed to independence, represented by a strong state. The nation-state is easier to import than are personal freedom and civil society: newly emerged nations were not democratic, not because they were attracted to the national idea but because they lacked a civil society.

Today, democracy is understood as a set of institutions and procedures which guarantee the protection of individual freedom. But in the original understanding of the term, it is primarily connected with power, not freedom. It is a system of power made legitimate by the general will of the people. It turned out that this system of power also gives the best historically known possibilities for the protection of individual rights; but one cannot derive from this the general principle of democracy itself. Democratic procedures adopted by the modern Western pluralist democracies offer just one of several possible ways of consulting the 'General Will'. A procedure which gives to the opinion of fifty one per cent of those who decide to vote, (which in turn may not be a very large part of the population as a whole), the status of the 'Will of People', is not truly 'General'. Nevertheless it has proved itself to be better than all the others, at forming stable government and free constitutions. Communist and Nazi totalitarianisms present different interpretations of the general demo-

cratic principle: but although they too consulted the 'General Will', in their own peculiar ways, they produced neither civil society nor individual freedom.

The process of building democratic institutions in the modern world is a problem not merely of acquiring by rational choice institutions and procedures which have proved themselves to be effective elsewhere, but the formation of a political community which is prior to rational choice. The twentieth century totalitarian regimes present not some satanic anti-democratic force (it is characteristic of them that they denounce liberalism, not democracy). Rather they are a danger inherent in the evolution of

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modern democratic institutions. That Soviet totalitarianism now finds itself in a state of collapse, is only a negative description: if this collapse is to have a positive meaning, it may be defined as the rise to modernity. The peoples living in the USSR are trying to acquire a universal blue-

print of modern civilisation - and this blueprint involves both national and democratic principles. The peculiarity is that the point of departure for this transition is a communist society: there is no precedent for what is now taking place in the former communist countries.

Communist rule has not just been founded on repression. The history of mankind has known many kinds of repressive regimes: but whereas they were interested only in exercising power within the boundaries of a given social reality, communism set out to change the nature of society and of man. That is why it is hostile to everything natural and organic. While it may not succeed in annihilating reality altogether, it can (to parody Husserl) 'bracket' it and build a phantomised reality of ideological fetishes. What is left of reality proceeds in the shadow of these fetishes, as real economic relationships are preserved only in the 'shadow economy'.

Dismantling communism is primarily an ideological process. Denouncing ideological fetishisms is more essential for the post-communist mind than solving those problems which, to the western observer, may seem more real. The destruction of monuments, for example, may seem strange and even barbarous for civilised and enlightened minds, but it is absolutely logical to those born and bred under communism. Real anti-communism cannot help being iconoclastic.

Communist ideology destroys the foundations and blocks the formation of civil society. Thus, the slogans in the name of which commu-

The Convivium Group announces a conference on 'A Fresh Look at the Free Society: The New Europe and Post-Critical Philosophy', at the University of Nottingham, Sept 4th-6th 1992; cost, inclusive of accommodation and meals, £85. One of the principal speakers will be Prof. Gaspar Tamas, MP of Budapest. For further details please write to:

Dr R.T. Allen, 20 Ulverscroft Road, Loughborough, Leics, LE11 3PU

nist regimes are being dismantled - pluralist democracy, the free market, the rights of the individual - seem rather to be borrowed ideological figures than the expressions of real inner demands. Society is deprived of the means to express its demands because language has been controlled by ideology. This last sentence may sound too redolent of Frankfurt, but I doubt whether anyone in Frankfurt could ever imagine the degree of 'linguistic alienation' under communism.

What are the inner resources on which society may draw in its effort to gain freedom from communist fetishism? Since reality is unrecognisably distorted, the only thing society can do is to try to restore its social and national self. But if the communist regime tried to bracket reality, so anti-communist reaction wants to imagine the period of communist rule to be an historical non-entity, the period when history was frozen. The task now is to defrost it. A wave of restorations in the former Eastern bloc countries, and especially in the USSR, has led to fierce argument over which parts of the past should be restored. The opposition movement in Russia began with two groups, 'Memorial', which is pro-western and 'Pamyat' (or memory), which is anti-western. The main argument of the monarchists in Georgia is not just that monarchy is a better kind of rule, but that Georgia must restore itself not from 1921, when it was re-annexed by Soviet Russia, but from 1801, when it was first annexed by the Russian empire.

The national independence movements in the USSR usually follow this recollection-restoration formula as well. Almost no-one wants to found a new independent state; every nation seeks the restoration of an independence of which it was forcibly deprived five or seven decades ago. The insistence of the Baltic states on their juridical continuity may be understood from the reality of international politics: many leading countries have recognised as unlawful the incorporation of the Baltic states into the Soviet Union. In proclaiming the restoration of their independence, rather than secession from the Soviet Union, they had therefore hoped for international support. But even their behaviour cannot be re-

duced to rational political calculation. The point is more symbolic than political, and it is just another sign of the frozen historical mentality, which consists in the belief that real choice, the real act of self-determination, has already been made. Nations that now seek full independence think that, having once acquired this status as nations, whether for two decades, as in the case of the Baltics, or just three years, as in Georgia, they have now only to return to the path from which they were forcibly removed. It means that they consider that they have already formed themselves as full political personalities, and need not begin the process again.

This insistence on restoration, not

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foundation, has its valid historical arguments. The disintegration of the Russian empire after the First World War was not caused by national independence movements. Nevertheless, the fact that former provinces of the empire were able to form new nation states, is not merely an historical accident; when there was no more monarchical rule from above, people sought to 'determine' themselves along national lines, and to join the

Family of Nations. Had Russia evolved in the same way as Europe, the emergence of new states in the region would seem completely natural. Instead, in the name of a supranational ideology, the newly-emerged states were reincorporated into the new proletarian empire.

Though this concept of the restoration, rather than the foundation, of normal social life, is often a true description of what happened, it is not the whole truth. In reality, communist rule did not arrest history; something real and irreversible then happened to nations under communist totalitarianism. The frozen history mentality frees people from a sense of historical responsibility for their evolution. This sense of responsibility, both personal and collective, is what communist regimes really kill, and set out to kill. Anything undesired in the life of the nation is blamed on some external enemy, while 'we' are always just victims and cannot bear any responsibility for the corruption that all have endured. 'Bolshevism has nothing to do with Russia; it arrived in a sealed coach', so one can hear these days from Russian intellectuals, who hint at Germans paying Lenin to undermine Russia. If a Russian can say this, what should Lithuanians or Georgians say? The peculiarity of the communist regime is that it makes everyone an accomplice in the crime on which power is founded. The frozen history mentality ousts this universal guilt-feeling, and directs its energy towards the search for scapegoats. This is fertile ground for the development of right-wing authoritarianism.

After all, what is real and what is unreal in the post-communist world? It is not an easy question to answer. One thing is certain: if we try to understand our situation in terms of problems that are considered to be 'real' by western minds, we have little chance of succeeding. Our future will be determined by our post-communist mentality, and that, for us, is the reality.

Ghia Nodia is a Fellow of the Institute of Philosophy in the Georgian Academy of Sciences.

Zahedan

Edgar Jones remembers the last days of the Shah

Thirteen years is a long long time to gestate; to suffer the rape of somebody else's idiot revolution, before being able to eject the fruit of it, crippled at point of conception in both mind and body.

Thirteen years ago I went to teach in Iran. But of course, before I went I had to listen, on a camp-site in Italy of all opera-bouffe places, to some pinkish fellow-academic's denunciation, falsetto with indignation, of my decision.

*'Going to teach in Iran!
Under that man!'*

*Thus was dismissed the
noble Shah.*

'How can you?'

'I imagine by plane'.

There was of course no House of Commons in Iran, 'as we know it', no House of Lords, no Anthony Wedgwood Benn or Tam Dalyell to articulate rubbish, gracefully on the one hand and gracelessly on the other, no Surbiton, or Hendon Way with its immaculately bedded roses and delphiniums blue and ornamental fishponds sporting goldfish and voracious shubunkin.

Taking no notice therefore, I set off, after my holiday in Limone Sul

Garda for Tehran, and from there, over the ragged mountains of the moon, to the outer limits of Ancient Persia: to the land of the wide Oxus, where Sohrab had battled with Rustum and where Ruksh, his old warrior's horse, 'Whose renown was noised through all the earth,' had 'Follow'd him... the faithful hound, at heel, wheresoe'er he went'.

The University of Baluchistan was a Technical University: that is, in Newman's august view of such things (one not to be despised) a contradiction in terms. Coming to it from a British university, where one stood gowned on the dais and addressed in oblique metaphor lambkins who afforded one the proper degree of awed respect, it was like going to work in a canning factory in Wisbech. For a start, the students - one hesitates to call them undergraduates - considered having to learn English an intolerable imposition. They had come there from their goat-heavy village fastnesses to assimilate the essentials of pavement technology, bridge construction, electrical circuitry and other mysteries: and, like that bizarre batch of heterogeneous students whom I had once taught at evening classes in Westminster, to become so proficient in the English language that they might become gas salesmen, constables, and Civil Servants (Executive Grade). They had little, if any, time for the heady nuances of grammar and syntax.

They were like children. Worse: third-formers! And that always appalled me. Time and again I would go into the lecture-room and find my class either gaping up as if to count the hairs in my nostrils from the front seats, or huddled together like unconsenting sacrificial victims on the back. Or, and this was particu-

larly galling, seated like the students I had left behind in Aberystwyth, in respectable isolation from me, while the blackboard was disfigured by some preposterous caricature of me with, as if the perpetrators were Americans, by whom everything must be spelt out, as if the whole world were moronic, my name (misspelt of course) underneath: 'Mr Jonhs...Mr Johnes...Mr Jonas', the perpetrator of the last having, beyond a shade of doubt, read *How Green Was My Valley* in the original Wenglish.

I could, I suppose, have adjusted myself to this: only the essential problem in the Iranian psychology obtruded itself on me after I had been in Zahedan no more than a month. I mean martyrdom.

After years in Aberystwyth, of waking to the early-morning mists which curtained off the National Library from my bedroom, oppressed by the melancholy desperate gloom of the encroaching mountains which, like Welsh Nationalism, repelled all boarders with even a smattering of Classical hedonism, I joyed in the joyous sunshine. There, in that desert university, which emulated its European counterparts by forever undergoing expansion, one could, were one a workman, leave bags of cement out in the open for six months and more without fear of being more than spat upon. And so I leaned out of my window one morning to take in the air. An impossibly blonde Wagnerian woman from Mormon Utah, married to arguably the largest, ugliest and certainly one of the most craven men I have ever known, who sported the name of Jamshid (after him 'who gloried and drank deep!') called upon me not to go down that morning to my classes since 'the stoodents' had burned

down the library.

This I found impossible to believe. There were, in my preposterously romantic perspectives, certain ideas incapable of contradiction. One, not dating from, but certainly reinforced by, the Nazi 'burning of the books' in the Germany of March 1933, was the utter abhorrence of the civilised mind from book-burning. Such a crime was beyond civilised comprehension. Yet, as I found when I hurried over to the Library and the adjacent Language Laboratory, this was precisely what had happened. Among the stinking black embers I picked up a fragment of the very newest *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which I had thumbed through only yesterday. But how, I asked not only myself but my colleagues, seasoned toilers in Iran, how could such a thing come to pass? Even on the most materialistic level, it was a piece of stupendous folly, for who in his right mind would cut off his idiot nose to spite his face?

To my amazement nobody even uncovered the culprits. 'Even in Aberystwyth,' I said to my colleagues, 'even if the abysmal Welsh Nationalists had burned the College Library down, as they well might, the books being for the most part printed in the wicked English, the College authorities would, however reluctantly, in the end have called in the police.'

And who suffered? In the main the students. Those who themselves, it was generally accepted, had burned the library down.

I had hardly set foot inside the place when it was Now Ruz, the Moslem New Year. At once I was plunged into the very pits of depression, viewing the emptiness of the place, and having nowhere to go and nothing to do. Happily, one of my colleagues, a Jerseyman, was off to Chah Bahar, on the Gulf, where the University, in association with the University of Southampton, maintained a naval school. Paul - we'll call him Paul - made a phone call to his would-be host at Chah Bahar, to be told, with that generosity which characterises expatriates: 'Any friend of yours, Paul, is a friend of mine...' Thus it came about that one brisk morning we set off in a rattling old bus, with a full complement of veiled women who might, for the little one could see, have been anything, even tat-

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tooed males in drag, and fearsomely moustachioed Baluchi men, for the Gulf.

We went via Iranshah, which was, in the discreet language once employed by the drivers of the United coaches which used to ferry me, at the end of every University term, from Durham to London and back again, a 'convenience stop'. Just before docking we had seen, looking out of a window, one of the ubiquitous beggars to whom my friend Paul (one of the seasoned Iran workers) solicitously gave alms in the streets. He monopolised the pavement, his twisted arms and legs out at all angles. Idly I remembered queuing up, as a child, outside the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and my mother's horror as the busker, to whom she had given her mite, wiping the anticipatory froth off his mouth, marched into the 'public' opposite. Shortly after docking we saw him again, this mendicant, crouched tidily this time against the wall of the bank, his fat wallet before him, his busy fingers counting the notes: colourful *Reals* in tens, in twenties, in fifties, in hundreds...Realists all, and not, like myself, Romantics, my

Baluchi fellow-passengers thought the sight wonderfully comic. Iranshah and Hammersmith were not, after all, such poles apart.

The Gulf was enchanting. Peter, with whom we 'Christians' from Zahedan stayed, was a technician who worked for the British Council. He patronised an emporium, Sikh-owned as most of them were, which sold alcohol; so we were in for a party lasting a week.

Mortifyingly, much of the college was in blackness, for a fault had stripped a neat half of it of power. To make matters worse, a cavalcade of high-ranking officials was coming the next day from Tehran to spend the Now Ruz with their families. And the only electrician in Chah Bahar capable of dealing with the crisis was unobtainable, perhaps on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

In due course, the cavalcade of fourteen black limousines swept up and after a brief survey of those cheerless bungalows deprived of such essentials of modern living as refrigerators, air-conditioning, dish-washers and electric light, swept furiously back to Tehran.

My technician host, applying only the simple logic he had learned at his secondary school, addressed himself to the fuse-box, where he found that a simple fuse had blown. A piece of silver paper from a bar of Cadbury's milk chocolate was enough to restore the whole college to immediate power and light.

I found the same lack of elementary skills throughout the year. My apartment in 'The Hall of the Batchelors' in Zahedan for instance, contained a kitchen and bathroom-and-lavatory as well as a bed-sitter. The tiling in this latter might have been done by myself; but had it been, it would have been done with more of an eye to the aesthetic pleasure communicable by the end-product. Some tiles were cracked, some were stuck on awry, were so amateurishly, so inexpertly positioned, that I would have blushed to call the result my work. Back in England I talked to a friend who had been a professor of Engineering in East Africa. Where he had been, students received degree knowledge, but when it came to the basic skills they were totally deficient. They needed to have been brought up on Meccano.

Back in Zahedan, after a week in sea which was only oil-polluted on the very last day, my students had arrived. I calculated afterwards that I had worked no more than ten weeks out of the whole year I was there. The rest of the time, the students were on strike, were locked out, or were off on one of those innumerable celebrations of revolutionary martyrs which are the opiate of the foolish masses, as their cunning and ruthless manipulators are only too aware.

Pictures of the Man in Black now glowered at me from the students' quarters, which we passed, and from the 'canteen' which I, used to better things, could not but call the 'refectory'.

'Who's he?' I asked Paul who, looking furtively around for eavesdroppers answered, 'The Ayatollah Khomeini'.

He explained, but only briefly.

'What does he offer them that the Shah doesn't?'

Paul shrugged, as well he might. For the Shah gave all the students free education, free accommodation, free books to burn. Free means, in short, to give them the energy to play the Merry Andrew in my lectures, and, if they proved academically reasonable, free scholarships to English and American universities to pursue Masters' and Doctors' degrees in their respective disciplines.

It all confirmed my growing belief, that this was part-and-parcel of the sickness unto death that afflicts us absurd creatures who, in our ignorance and conceit, and in spite of half a million years of history and pre-history, are still created in God's image. But the Iranians, I soon found out, were afflicted to a greater degree than most of the rest of us with that singular deep-rooted desire to inflict intolerable misery on themselves, and incidentally on others. Is it, as one reads here and there, all attributable to the 'martyrdom' of Hosein at Kerbela all those centuries ago; or is it something ineradicable in the Persian temperament, just as a sense of numbing inferiority seems inescapably a part of the Welsh?

I could never accustom myself to the gulf that separated men from women. There were three women in my class, to whom, as 'at home' I

addressed myself always with that chivalry sprung of old Christian tradition. I might have talked to three brick walls. Greatly daring, as I now see, I occasionally joshed the men about feminine charms to which, I then had little doubt, they must surely have been susceptible; again, the wall between us was one of near-total non-comprehension. And yet...and yet...

I was waiting, in the summer, in a thronging airport lounge at Zahedan's airport for a passage to India, while the faceless hundreds shuffled as purposelessly past me as if they were at Frankfurt or Corfu, when a Baluchi mother and her tall daughter hove like two grand triremes into view. My jaw dropped, like that of Marley's Ghost, at the sight of the girl: some glorious Sheherazade, tall in her barbaric splendour. And the mother, proudly noticing, nudged the girl to notice me. Her smile of pride when she turned to look laid my last crumbling defences to dust. Had I been unattached, had I not been engaged to be married at the end of the year, I could have gone down on my knees there and then, before carrying her off, when I left, shining, magnificent, some grieving Kore, into my misty Welsh underworld.

This, more than anything else,

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separates me from Islam, like heaven from hell. This denial of beauty: this wholly man-centred pathological fear of it, especially of the beauty of women, which seems sprung from the same barren, desert source as its Judaic counterpart, authors both of so many of our woes. After all, cattle herders the whole pack of them, they had fought their way in from their peripheral stony wilderness to savage the civilisations whose hanging exotic gardens were built to delight the eye. How does the old ritual go?... 'For by the Israelitish law all flesh was deemed unclean'. Especially, of course, female flesh. The Jews no longer subjugate their womenfolk; Jewish women have long turned the tables and subjugated their men. But clean Mohammedans must still shroud their women. The Shah was doing his best to free the country's women from their medieval serfdom. Yet when the revolution came it was these same women who most vociferously rejected liberation. Was it fear of freedom, or responsibility? Or yet another manifestation of that fire in the Iranian spirit which is not to be quenched?

Before I left for India I had, of course, to apply for an exit permit. This fact astonished me since it seemed to be a singularly nonsensical piece of useless bureaucracy. Moreover, as first the appropriate Department of State and then later the Police Department, and finally the University, found to their consternation, although I had an entry visa, I hadn't provided myself with a work-permit. And, *mirabile dictu*, I had been working in Iran for half a year! It was as if I had kicked over an ants' nest. It was not enough for me to claim that I had phoned the Iranian Embassy before I left England, and been assured that I didn't need one. Week after week saw me trudging through a heat so dry my spare flesh evaporated in a visible steam from me, while my nostrils bled continuously from the scouring sand, from University to Employment Department, to Police Headquarters - and all to no avail. The impasse was finally resolved by the Colonel of Police himself (whose pretty and ebullient daughter I just happened to teach English to in my evening class). He fined me the equivalent of three pounds and the University

about fifty, to teach us both a lesson.

But so much, I thought, for the Shah's Police State, which was, when seen through the rose-pink long-distance spectacles of leftist academics in and out of the BBC, a model of Hitler's.

This is not to say that tabs were not kept on us all, as, I suspect, they are in every University east of Graz.

Paul was particularly susceptible to fears of surveillance. He first told me of Savak, 'the hated Secret Police' as the BBC liked to put it. Dean Ovaici's secretary, Mrs Galai, was generally reputed to be a Savak agent. That may or may not be true. If it was, it speaks worlds for the 'secrecy' of the Shah's 'hated secret police'. It may not have been true but have simply been fomented against her because she was handsome, lively, made-up, Westernised, capable, possessed of a sense of humour and eminently desirable by everyone forced to occupy an apartment in the Hall of Batchelors.

Khomeini killed her.

Everything we teachers did was reported back to the Registrar within the hour. One instance suffices. I had suffered dysentery for so many months that a photograph of me, taken by one of my students showed a TB patient about to be discharged from the sanatorium as a hopeless case. One morning I was nine minutes late for my lecture. The room was empty; bare even of the unrecognisable caricature bearing the legend 'Mr Joes...Mr Nohjes...Mr Jhon's'. Within the hour I was summoned to the Registrar's office and asked to explain my absence. From then on I kept my eyes open; and saw every day some furtive lonely fellow making his oblique way from my classroom to the Registrar's. Paul confirmed my suspicions. They pick, he said, some academically or financially poor student and make him dependent on them by guaranteeing him a weekly payment or a degree. It seemed likely, as well as absolutely counter-productive.

As the year wore on, and inaction, for the reasons I have stated, frayed our nerves, and the increasingly desperate situation of the Shah pushed him ever further in countering street violence with violence, and us into very real fear for our own safety, politics intruded ever more into our

The 'Tehran Spring' which preceded the downfall of the Shah had its earlier parallel in the preposterous months before and during the French Revolution.

daily lives. There were, as sickeningly evident as the Marxist 'anniversaries' at home, so beloved of students, the celebrated 'martyrdoms' of the heroes of the revolution. We were leaned on one day to attend a meeting outside the mosque to lament the shooting by the Shah's soldiers of a University teacher at Tehran.

'Why was he shot?' I asked politely. Had he been demonstrating? Lining himself up with the revolting students as some infantile teachers of nationalist persuasion at Aberystwyth did, for whom the idea of a University meant little more than a small extension to their village pump? Well he had, of course. And so we applied our quite fictitious escape clause, averring that when we had signed our contract we had expressly promised not to engage in political activity of any sort, even in support of the Shah.

Things went from bad to worse. The turmoil outside the University was paralleled by the turmoil within. Zahedan, a sprawling city of reputedly a quarter of a million inhabitants, was unashamedly for the Shah. Given the opportunity, the Baluchis would, so we believed, and not without reason, cheerfully have cut the throats of every Iranian in Baluchistan; for the Iranians treated them like some inferior species - when they condescended to notice them at all. The 'fascist' Shah now had give them the same opportunities as he had to everybody else.

Holding as I do that courtesy is one of the foremost human virtues,

I never failed to greet the toiling workmen who were forever irrigating the contrived flower beds on the campus with water that left on the surface a white residue of salts: in that ancient, expressive way, placing my right hand on my left breast while I bade them 'Salaam'. Had it been up to the Baluchis, I believe, I would not have had to catch the last refugee plane out of Zahedan one week before the Shah.

The 'Tehran Spring' which preceded the downfall of the Shah had its earlier parallel in the preposterous months before and during the French Revolution. All at once 'democracy' flooded the University. While lectures had long ceased to be given: and the students filled their idle days and nights with pro-Khomeini rallies and fervent religious and political claptrap, the teachers talked from morning till night at staff meetings which we, who knew only the time of day and the important word for 'vacuum-cleaner', in Farsi were forced to attend. A new Dean was actually elected in place of Dr Ovaici, who had been appointed, and who was now transferred to Tehran. The new Dean was Dr Galai, the decent, kindly and civilised husband of the kindly and civilised agent of 'the hated secret police'. When I went to say good-bye to him before he left, I found him sitting in his study in the empty University, dreamily listening to Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sheherazade* on his record-player.

Khomeini killed him too.

In those last weeks we experienced yet another of those displays of senseless masochism which seemed to us to typify the Iranian character. We had just pushed our plates away after lunching, one day, when sounds not of revelry but of that only too recognisable lust after destruction froze us to our seats. The students were rampaging through the new canteen: the gift, God bless him, of the Shah.

And who suffered? Apart from ourselves, the teachers, for whom it was far less of a burden than at first appeared, since we all had kitchens in our apartments, just the students, who now had to trudge every day the three burning kilometres into Zahedan to buy all their meals at the market price.

It was now that the craven Jamshid, who was the Director of Physical Education showed his true colours. Baluchistudents, Sunni Moslems and supporters of the Shah who lived in terror of Khomeini, had been sticking up posters supporting their protector. Iranian zealots tore them down. A fight ensued, with sticks; but in the angry battle into which it turned a Baluchi was knifed to death by an Iranian. Understandably, the Baluchi students wanted revenge; and as the intelligence flashed through the city so, it was said, did the entire tribal community. Unfortunately, while the Baluchi language contained a word for 'University' it did not contain a separate one for 'Teachers' Training College', and the University Iranians, particularly one suspects those to whom the Baluchis represented a race not long jumped down from trees, went in fear for their lives. Jamshid, galvanised, loped like King Kong up and down the corridors, marshalling his few friends into their fast cars. They sped to the airport, leaving behind women and children in their scores. When they got there they found the airport in its customary torpor. Amazed officials set their minds at rest. There had been no purge of the Baluchis' Iranian masters. The city was its usual peaceful self, not even an Afghan without a work-permit, pillager of some honest Baluchi's job, lay in the street with his throat cut from ear to ear. Jam and his chastened friends returned to the university to a silence that cloaked derision.

Towards the end we all had a late-night visit from some urbane fellow from 'HMG', who informed us elegantly that there was a Geological Survey Vessel out at anchor in the Gulf that would take us to Bahrein, 'should things get too hairy'. We should make our way, by bus or taxi, the hundreds of miles there, where we would be whisked away to safety. In the event, in a week or two, there wasn't an eggcupful of petrol to take us even to a Christmas party at Marples Ridgeway, the civil engineers three kilometres off, let alone to Chah Bahar. Worse: the shortage ran to almost everything else. One queued for bread; there were few eggs; there was little meat; and the Baluchi hucksters in the bazaar be-

came mirror-images of the rapacious old ruffians who had had us all over a gun-barrel at home during the war. The shelves in the supermarket were as empty as those in Moscow today, save for dozens of bottles of disinfectant, which spilled their contents through loose caps as one picked them up.

It was interesting to observe how this Geological Survey Vessel was transformed by rumour into a British gunboat, reminiscent of those sent by Palmerston in 1850 to teach a lesson to the Greeks for pillaging Don Pacifico's house in Athens. Previously sophisticated teachers at the university were bitter in their condemnation of this further example of western interference in Iranian affairs. Mossadeq and Anglo-Iranian oil resurfaced from the collective unconscious. Avowals by us expatriates that the little vessel was what it was, went for nothing; whatever revolutionary council had peddled the distortions had made a good job of convincing them, and it was beyond our capacity to disabuse them.

The plane was due to arrive from somewhere or other at nine o'clock in the morning; we were told to be on the runway at seven, because the airport staff were on strike and the engines could not be shut down. We would have to run across the tarmac to board her.

I later learned of the astonishing progress made after I had left by one of my *betes noires*, a none-too-bright evening-class student called, predictably, Mohammed, who had some minor technical employment in the university; he was, in effect, not much more than a store-keeper, who dished out ball-point pens, litmus-paper, and Tippex. Now, under the misrule of the Ayatollah he had become the chief of the Revolutionary Guards, installed himself in his own office and proceeded to issue orders to the Dean and the Faculties, as the effective ruler of the university.

I thanked heaven I had left Zahedan before this Lear-like overturning of the natural order of things; before this topsyturvy turning on to its head of the eminently logical Doctrine of Nature.

The Iranians were, until that revolutionary virus infected them, kindly, hospitable and honest.

During the second half of my stay

in Zahedan I had taken on a second job, teaching English at the High School Teachers' Training College; and I had also been teaching literature privately to one of the College's lecturers. I left with no hope of ever seeing a *real* of what was owing to me. But despite the revolution, it all came.

Was Islam so unremittingly destructive then? So implacably opposed to the human spirit?

A humiliation that sliced very deep still has power to upset me.

One of my evening class students, the fire chief at Zahedan Airport, had invited me, together with heterogenous guests from Marples, and a few local Sikhs shop-owners to a party at the airport. We ate and drank outside in the sweet night air of the East which, to me, always smelt of oranges. The engineers, not to be mealy mouthed about it, got legless within the hour on whisky and rum and gin, and Iranian vodka which tasted of turps but was wonderful when juiced with pomegranates. They rolled like idiots, helplessly awash with unseemly liquors. Still only precariously well after my month of dieting on Entero-Vioform and plain boiled rice and yoghurt, I was still very much *compos mentis*. Aware enough to see, peering at us all, for was I not after all one of them? through the airport windows the scandalised, and quite uncomprehending, and yes, contemptuous faces of these workers' Iranian counterparts.

Seeing them, and wincing, I scarcely heard the oleaginous Sikh next to me offering to get me a girl. 'Young. Clean. About sixteen. Verry verry reasonable'.

Edgar Jones is now a freelance writer.

Chronicles

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In Defence of Reactionaries

Mark Garnett on a much abused term

On November 2nd, 1830, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, delivered the King's Speech to the House of Lords. He was answered by Earl Grey, whose attack on the proposed measures closed with a few generalised remarks in favour of a moderate reform of Parliament. Wellington decided that this was an opportunity to make his own position on the issue clear. He declared that he had never heard of any measure of reform which satisfied him to any degree. The system of representation could not be improved. He was fully convinced that the country possessed a legislature which answered the purposes of such bodies better than any in other countries or at other times.

The speech was received in silence by his own side. Taken aback, Wellington asked his neighbour Lord Aberdeen, 'I haven't said too much, have I?' 'You'll hear of it' was the reported answer. As he left the chamber, Aberdeen was asked what Wel-

lington had said. 'He said we were going out of office', quipped the future Prime Minister. A fortnight later Wellington's government collapsed, to the unconcealed relief of some ministers. Aberdeen was more prophetic than he probably imagined; admirers of Wellington are still 'hearing of it' today. Indeed, his whole career as a general, a politician, and later as a national institution has been summed up by his opponents by one word: 'reactionary'.

Two statements from Sir Herbert Butterfield's *The Whig Interpretation of History* provided the original excuse for this article. He claims that in general historical works especially, 'much greater ingenuity and a much higher imaginative endeavour have been brought into play upon the Whigs, progressives and even revolutionaries of the past, than have been exercised upon the elucidation of Tories and conservatives and reactionaries. The Whig historian withdraws the effort in the case of the men who are most in need of it'.

This reads like a challenge to historians to espouse the cause of reactionaries in the same manner that Whig historians have championed their opponents. But earlier in his essay Butterfield had seemed to rule such an exercise out of order; 'it cannot be said that all faults of bias can be balanced by work that is deliberately written with the opposite bias; for we do not gain true history by merely adding the speech of the prosecution to the speech for the defence'.

The only pity is that the Whig prosecutors have already expounded their position. The original wrong is

theirs, but those who retaliate seem likely to be convicted for it. Reactionary historians, indeed, will probably fare no better than those they wish to defend. In view of this, the most promising approach is probably not to defend reactionaries directly, but to undertake the prosecution of the prosecutors.

To call someone a reactionary is, in fact, to establish his guilt at the outset. It is possibly the most value-laden term available to historians. Other political names which were originally insults, such as 'Tory' and 'Whig', have become sterilised over time, as the bandits and outlaws who inspired the names have faded from memory. But the word 'reactionary' will never lose currency as an insult, until a time when the belief in inevitable progress (without which it is meaningless) is laid to rest. The word seems to be lost without the accompanying adjective 'hidebound'. The reactionary must be either 'stupid', 'unrealistic', or both, while 'radical' connotes at least a highly-developed critical faculty. There is a romantic ambience around the word radical, which makes the opponents of the radical Thatcherites deny the word to them. The radical might be misguided, but we are directed to believe that his errors fall on the side of decency. Failure for the radical ensures the consolatory phrase 'ahead of his time' in the hagiographies; the blood of his opponents must have been infected by the reactionary taint. The failed reactionary is passed over in embarrassed silence by those who might have supported him; his foes need only pronounce the name of his kind to call forth the ritual curses.

It seems that the reactionaries of history are damned far beyond all hope of redemption. However, this may turn out to be a pyrrhic achievement on the part of Whigs and Marxists. 'Reactionary' is a term of abuse with a limitless range of possible targets, and as such is a barbed shaft which must always fall hurtless. It is intended to wound and not to describe, and as such it merely reveals the lack of effective weapons available to anti-conservative historians. If this claim can be sustained, the word should be abandoned by any scholar who prefers solid judgements to rhetoric in descriptions of the past.

The first reactionary, if Milton is to be believed, was Adam. The radical Eve wished to escape the bounds imposed upon her by God: instead of marvelling at her incisive and penetrating blue-print for human progress, Adam was perverse enough to be displeased. Like all reactionaries, however, he found that the tide of events had moved beyond his control, and he learned to live with the results of Eve's activism. In more modern times one might point to those who crushed the Jacobins in late Eighteenth Century France as more accessible subjects for scrutiny. These were a motley collection of royalists, Dantonists, Girondins, frightened Jacobins and men who had always preferred pennies to principles. They first denounced and then executed Robespierre, ruling France from the ninth of Thermidor 1794 to the coup d'état of Napoleon in 1798. One might say that these men 'reacted' against the Red Terror, which was judged unnecessary once the greatest danger to the nation had passed, and internal enemies no longer needed to be identified or invented.

The second reaction in France took place after the fall of Napoleon in 1815. The first restored Bourbon King, Louis XVIII, was a sensible man who seems to have plumped happily for a fixed abode after years of living out of a travelling-chest. His brother Charles was not wedded to tranquillity, however, being the epitome of those whom Talleyrand congratulated on having learned nothing and forgotten nothing from the Revolutionary experience. He wanted an active role in government

for himself, but his interventions were not felicitous, and the first sign of trouble in 1830 sent him back into exile.

Detailed studies as Butterfield hinted, tend to put Whig and Marxist historians at an unfair disadvantage since they reveal the true complexity of events. But even these Whiggish outlines reveal that the word 'reactionary' can be applied in two different contexts. The first example was the result of a desire to arrest the headlong velocity of change: the second was an attempt to turn the clock back. Those who uphold the use of the word 'reactionary' might agree that there is indeed such a dual application. But this merely produces a further problem. In the first example, the reaction was led by liberal republicans, who still identified with the principles of 1789 - in so far as they had any principles at all. In the second, the driving force of reaction was provided by conservative monarchists, such as Bonald and de Maistre. If there was any unity of purpose among these assorted reactionaries, the success of the Thermidorian uprising, one supposes, should have obviated the need for a second. But there was no such unity. The terrible truth seems to be that since the first reaction was a liberal republican reaction, and the second a product of conservative monarchism, then the word 'reaction' is entirely superfluous and lends nothing to an historical understanding of these events.

However, the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte in the years that separated these coups, might alter the picture. For the Whig historian, this man presents a considerable difficulty. Although he retained some of the institutions created by the Revolution, he restored the spiritual authority of the Pope, his *legion d'honneur* smacks of the old aristocracy, he repressed the Jacobins as fiercely as his predecessors, and he restored the monarchy under a new name (which had provocative reactionary implications). In short, if there was a reactionary in this period, it was Napoleon; and yet history knows him as the supplanter of a reactionary regime, who in turn was toppled by a reaction. It is perhaps fortunate that he himself is rarely called a reactionary.

How might the word reactionary be properly applied? Firstly, it might be said that a reactionary resists change. This seems to fit nicely with the idea that all reactionaries are conservatives. But those who resist change in non-conservative regimes are not themselves conservatives. They resist change because their liberal, socialist or fascist beliefs are satisfied by the present ruling party or clique. Very few regimes, however, resist all change during their days of power. While a government is rejecting changes in the electoral system, for instance, it might be changing the laws of dog-ownership. Such a government would be both reactionary and radical at the same time. Thus, non-conservatives may resist change, and governments may promote change in some areas while rejecting it in others. The Whig will concentrate on electoral factors, the Marxists on social and economic policies. We must discard mere resistance to change as a defining characteristic of reaction.

Another possibility is that reactionaries are those who wish to turn the clock back. This is perhaps the most familiar usage of the word, but it can easily be exposed as indefensible. The supporters of every overthrown regime, whatever its nature, would become reactionaries at the moment that power changed hands. In the Seventeenth Century virtually the only Englishman to avoid the taint of reaction would thus have been the Vicar of Bray.

Surely this is taking paradox too far. Does not everyone know that the Thatcher government was the most reactionary Britain has ever had? Its ideals, after all, were derived from the Manchester School of the previous century, if not from Adam Smith himself. Perhaps this should be the new definition of a reactionary - one who is inspired to political activism by a vision of the distant past. Such slogans as 'Victorian morality', therefore, surely demonstrate the reactionary nature of Thatcherism?

Unfortunately this line is just as untenable as the others. Some opponents of Mrs. Thatcher are inspired by Marxist doctrines which are equally superannuated. When does a vision of the past, or adherence to a doctrine, become the hallmark of a reactionary? What is the shelf-life

of a political principle? The monarchists of 1815 dreamed of a time only a quarter-century past, and they are regarded as the most besotted reactionaries of the lot. On this theory, if a government of the strongest left-wing inclinations were toppled by force, the longer its supporters were repressed, the more reactionary they would become.

The common problem for those who believe that a reactionary is one who stands out against the trend of history is not simply that such trends differ through the eyes of different beholders, but also that the label is generally used only when the 'reactionary' is successful. Hence, the supporters of the Bourbon restoration are usually called 'emigrants' or 'Royalists' until the moment when they took power. The triumphs of 'reaction' have not been mysterious jolts in the otherwise smoothly-running conveyor-belt of time; in hindsight, their successes look quite as 'inevitable' as their setbacks. A satisfactory theory of historical development would have to include these temporary blips as well as the glorious advances. Paradoxically, therefore, those who tar their opponents with the reactionary brush and thereby draw attention to the occasional hiccups of history undermine their own theories as they do so.

A final, and more sympathetic possibility can be derived from Newtonian physics. It might be claimed that reactionaries perform a valuable function in maintaining the equilibrium of any political system. If there was no reaction to every action, then state stability would be destroyed. At least this approach implies even-handedness between the two sides. But it is still unsatisfactory. First, it implies that the reaction is produced by the desire for reform. The commonness of this mistake does not make it any more correct. Writers who have opposed reform, like Burke in his *Reflections*, have not merely invented some excuses for their opposition because they felt their position under threat; rather, the situation called for the urgent expression of views which they already held. Indeed, if there is a struggle between action and reaction, it is most often the advocates of change who are reacting to the beliefs and practices of the *status quo*.

Secondly, human thoughts and actions are not ruled by the laws of physics. Not every demand for change provokes an opposing force. Reforms can be accepted without demur, and sometimes habitual opponents of change (such as Wellington himself) advocate far-reaching measures themselves. Coleridge's forces of 'permanence' and 'progression', or the Hegelian dialectic are obviously profound insights into the movement of ideas which are not completely divorced from the cruder Newtonian theory. These ideas (significantly enough the products of conservative thought) lie outside our present scope. It is quite enough to note that they suffer from an assumption that history is moving in a certain direction, which we criticised earlier and which tells equally against the Newtonian position.

A few words in praise of reactionaries might be attempted in conclusion. A good starting-point is provided by historians who habitually use the term. It is intended as an insult, but there is something oddly complimentary about it too. There is an implication of hidden power 'the forces of reaction' being a common expression. There is another way in which the weapon might be turned against those who wield it. Any attempt to prejudice the reader against certain historical figures before the evidence is produced implies deep insecurity. If the reactionaries were permitted a fair trial, perhaps, readers might reach unsound verdicts. The best thing, therefore, is to denounce them as guilty from the outset.

Not all those who have been called reactionaries can be appraised without overt disapproval. I would not wish to claim that all such value-judgements should be entirely expunged from the history books, nor that since reactionaries are condemned to a man, they should all now be rehabilitated simply because a word has been found to be meaningless. It would seem, however, that if the misdeeds of reactionaries were so heinous, it would be unnecessary to add any opprobrious epithets to an account of their activities. Perhaps the safest claim that we might put forward is that those figures who have been tarred as reactionaries deserve to be re-examined free from

such a prejudicial labelling at the outset.

A few words might also be said on behalf of the reactionary Iron Duke. On 2nd November 1830 he committed a serious strategic blunder. He alienated both wings of his party at a time when tact was required to keep his troops together. Had he restrained his genuine enthusiasm on that day, history may have treated him differently. The Whigs wanted limited reform, in the main because they felt sure that it would bring electoral success for them; at least until the bloodless French Revolution of 1830, they were very tentative advocates. Wellington did not want reform because he felt that the Constitution could not be improved. It is not an easy task to prove that he was wrong in this belief. Clearly he was mistaken in his claim that reform had no support, but parliamentary hyperbole was not Wellington's invention, and there had been demands for an extension of the franchise before, which had been resisted with little difficulty. Overall, one might suggest that without Wellington Parliamentary reform would not have occurred in 1832, and the Whigs should remember the Duke in every prayer. Those who regard the Reform Act as a mistake might admire him for his determination to serve his country to the best of his ability and his willingness to compromise when national tranquillity required. Unfortunately, Wellington is still the subject of either derision or clumsy apologetics which undermine him still more. It is sixty years since Butterfield wrote his attack on biased history, but it seems as though the case for the defence has still to be made.

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Conservatism and the Paradox of Europe

*Conrad Black warns against
surrendering British sovereignty*

One of human nature's most popular impulses is to have your cake and eat it. This is especially true in politics, where persuading everybody that you are keeping them happy can mean the difference between office and obscurity. In Britain, the crucial debate over the future of the European Community and our participation in it is developing in these terms.

On the one hand Conservatives want to be in the European Community because they believe in free trade and co-operation with our geographical neighbours. We want to be in a large manufacturing and commercial area without political restraints that can pursue to the zenith the Cobdenite ideal of the most efficient division of labour. We want a large trading bloc in which market forces encourage the competition that allows the growth of participating nations to be maximised. Whatever the wider concerns about defence and other foreign policy co-operation, or the more personal desire to move about Europe on business or pleasure with a minimum of inconvenience, that was the economic impulse that attracted so many Conservatives to the idea of a

European Economic Community.

However, the philosophy of Europe has moved on since then. What began as the European Economic Community is now just the European Community; centralisation of policy affects far more than just trade. It has become a vehicle for removing much of our ability to govern ourselves as an independent sovereign nation. And, at the moment, the next stage of that debate is about whether we should make the most important sacrifice yet; whether we should give centralised, unaccountable institutions in Brussels the power to run our economic policy.

Most Conservatives, myself included, were happy to join the Exchange Rate Mechanism, and we all seem to want to arm ourselves with Germany's legendary resistance to inflation, but many of us have serious reservations about definitions of European integration that take us much beyond the point Britain has already reached.

Here the paradox presents itself. Conservatives have been basically free traders ever since the arcane debate about Imperial Preference went to the grave with Joseph Chamberlain and my rather dreary countryman, Andrew Bonar Law. Many of our efforts as Conservatives over the last seventy years have been to secure free trade as a way of achieving the economic aims I have just outlined. Yet the majority of our European partners now tell us that if we wish to participate fully in this attractive free-trading enterprise we must be prepared to make further and

much greater sacrifices of sovereignty. Although the Conservative party has always, first and foremost, upheld and defended the British constitution, many Conservatives see the surrender of our sovereign powers as acceptable in the name of the emotive and nebulous concept of 'European Unity'.

Europe has been the site of three of recent history's most important and welcome developments: the rapprochement of ancient foes, especially France and Germany, the implosion of Communism, and the reunification of the Germans. Even before the last two events, the concept of Europe had become contemporary history's greatest fad, the wave of the future, the future that we saw and that worked, to borrow some platitudes from our friends on the Left. To the tepid and the unconvinced, Europe was a phenomenon which, since it was in fashion, Britain should be a part of. It is a powerful, though usually an implicit orthodoxy in Europe, that the World Wars and the barbarities of the Third Reich require nothing less from us than the complete submergence of European nationalism.

The facts that I am a Canadian who was raised in the august imperial twilight of the late Churchillian era and am today a part-time resident of both Canada and the United States, perhaps strengthen my conviction that the continental Europeans, whether they realise it or not, are also partly motivated in their effort to dragoon Britain into an exclusive Europe by a desire to sever

Britain's connection with the Commonwealth and the United States. Often in its history Britain has had to choose between Europe and the world, and no one should minimise the difficulty of reconciling these alternative orientations now. Many Europeans are inexpressibly resentful that western Europe has not been, these past fifty years, the political centre of the world, and Britain is being asked, in effect, to prove its loyalty to Europe by renouncing its long, profound and benign association with the rest of the English-speaking world.

Europeans purport to hold Britain responsible for strengthening democracy by throwing its lot in with an assimilationist European Community and undergirding 'Euro democracy' from within. Who among us does not admire the success of most western European political institutions, especially as the four principal western continental countries, Germany, France, Italy and Spain, have all been fascist dictatorships within living memory, (albeit very involuntarily in the case of France)? Of course we respect and admire these great and allied nations, but not, I suspect, to the point of betting centuries of our political maturity on the efficient and democratic constitutional aptitudes developed since 1949 by the Germans, since 1958 by the French, since 1975 by the Spanish, even more recently at the European Commission, and whose effective emergence in Italy we are still awaiting.

We must remind those Conservatives who support European integration of their inherently Tory responsibility to safeguard the constitution of this sovereign nation. To affect a Churchillian resonance, this Conservative government has not been elected to preside over the dissolution of British sovereign power. Britain is not only not ready for such a sacrifice, it is not suited for it; and, indeed, in order to maintain and improve the free-trading union of which we are all in favour, such a sacrifice is not desirable and probably not necessary.

Europe does not just involve the twelve nations of the EC; and maximising our economic growth and trading performance does not just involve Europe. We must consider

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ways of moving closer to America in trading terms; and we must consider, with even greater urgency, ways of bringing the newly-liberated countries of Eastern Europe into our trading system.

These are the issues that should now engage the attention of the Western European nations. Bureaucratic obsessions with common currencies, economic, monetary and political unions and - dare I say it - with the creation of a European superstate are not strictly relevant to what the world's leading nations should be seeking to do now. Moreover, those Conservatives who still feel this fervour for union need reminding that the blueprint they are being offered is essentially one of 'market socialism', embodying all the evils of intervention, centralisation and unaccountability that have no place in our Conservative philosophy. It is not necessary to be a little England humbug to have serious misgivings about both the jurisdictional appetite and ideological tenor of the European Commission.

Ancient History

A short diversion into the past would perhaps be germane. Charles II, William III and George I, on arrival here from different parts of Europe to assume the throne of this country, all objected to British Tory insularity. George I complained of the fallacious 'old Tory notion that England can subsist by itself whatever becomes of the rest of Europe'. I do not feel any respect, or even nostalgia for that parochial and rather xenopho-

bic view of the world.

When the future of Europe was considered at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 and 1815, Britain eschewed the sort of meddling, centralising role that, then as now, our European neighbours found so attractive. Our only concerns, rightly, were freeing trade, and maintaining a balance between the great powers and between the conservative and liberal forces of Europe. The Quadruple Alliance of 1815 that formed the Concert of Europe was as far as we would go. Castlereagh was happy to enter into an accord that policed the settlement of frontiers, and which pledged to keep a Bonaparte off the French throne. He would not, though, back intervention in the internal affairs of any other state. Without revolution, though not without difficulty, Britain abolished slavery, emancipated Catholics, repealed the Corn Laws, and reformed elections, while Metternich and the restored French Bourbons and their cousins ignored or misjudged democratic forces until they were swept away by them. In his public career of over half a century, Palmerston was alternately the delight and terror of the radicals.

Britain recognised that the economic advantages conferred on it by its Empire made trade with Europe less imperative than it might otherwise have been. Britain is a maritime nation, conditioned through the centuries to have a vastly different outlook on the world, and on our role in it than some of our neighbours. Though there is no longer a British Empire, this strategy of market diversification still makes sense, provided the whole world is not segregated into exclusive trading blocs, in a scramble for markets slightly reminiscent of the Nineteenth Century's pursuit of colonies.

Britain also refused to join the 'Holy Alliance' of Russia, Prussia and Austria, being rightly sceptical about this invention of a Christian union of love, peace and charity - not unlike the blessed Social Charter. Metternich called the Holy Alliance 'a high sounding nothing', Talleyrand 'a ludicrous contract' and Castlereagh, unduly charitably, 'a piece of sublime mysticism and nonsense'. It is an example of co-operation over-reaching itself.

In effect, the Alliance was a Trojan horse that allowed unbridled interference by the great powers in the affairs of the Christian European countries that were duped into signing up to its aims. That, too, could be a lesson for today.

Britain has been notably resistant to pan-European institutions, especially those identified with the hegemony of foreign culture or arms. Even those European countries that have shared or succumbed to some of these forces, have distinct characteristics born of being in a Europe of nations. All this background may make integration harder than the Community's idealists imagine and it is this Europe of nations, with all the cultural and philosophical advances made by the interaction of so many different traditions that is the true Europe. Nor would it be right to pretend that Britain is the only country to be worried about protecting sovereignty. For this reason, federation on an American basis is a fantasy. There are not, and never have been in civilised times, the conditions in Europe that there were in America in the era of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and Franklin. Nor, despite the merits of some of the advocates of European unity, is a cast of such arresting personalities in evidence.

The Tory Impulse

Conservatism - or, in this case, its Tory progenitor - has always been concerned with protecting our nationhood. What made us shrink from the Holy Alliance was our difference of outlook, embodied by the Tory Castlereagh, but upheld by the more liberal Canningites and Whigs as well, between constitutional and autocratic states. The autocracy with which we are now faced in Europe is that of socialist centralism, the political force that has (in one form or another) dominated Europe since 1919, but which we in Britain cast off in 1979. Castlereagh complained that the Holy Alliance cared much about the divine right of monarchs and little about the rights of subjects. That, too, is true of the unaccountable and insufficiently democratic race towards European federation. At least Castlereagh could move Britain away from the Quadruple Alliance when its absurdist tendencies

became too pronounced. There is no sign that any such escape route would be available from European federation.

In modern times Conservatives have wavered back and forth about the EEC. Indeed, since the European Coal and Steel Community was initiated in 1950 there have been few who could match the consistent, blinkered, febrile passion for the Community of, for example, Edward Heath. Many have been down that road, seen what lay at its end, and decided that their Tory impulses compelled them to turn back. The most famous is Enoch Powell, who is still the Tory High Priest of the anti-EEC movement. It is not necessary to subscribe to Mr Powell's irrational

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anti-Americanism and assorted other quixotries, to judge his views of the European Community worthy of consideration.

'I was not,' he wrote in 1971, 'an opponent of British membership of the EEC in 1961-62. I was prepared to accept it, on the grounds of trade, as the lesser evil, compared with being excluded. But we were excluded; and the events of the years which followed convinced me that this judgment had been mistaken. Meanwhile it became clear that the community, if indeed it survived at all, would be something quite different from a free-trade area, and something to which Britain could not belong. It also became clear that the sense of

forlornness produced by realisation that the Empire and Commonwealth no longer, for practical purposes, existed, was the real cause which underlay the rationalised case for British entry. Hence the anxious doubt, so misleadingly expressed: 'surely we cannot go it alone?'

What Sovereignty means

We should be in no doubt that the Euro-socialist led direction of Europe is aimed squarely at Federation, at the submergence of our distinctiveness and the marginalisation of our institutions. We should, equally, be in no doubt that federation is viscerally unacceptable to the British. But what loss of sovereignty are we talking about? Does not Sir Leon Brittan base his own case for union on the fact that our sovereignty consists of the twenty minutes of power we enjoy between the Germans putting up their interest rates and us following?

Sir Leon exaggerates, but like a good lawyer he does so from a scintilla of truth that makes his contention harder to repudiate. What economic and monetary union would mean, as we all know, is a common currency; and a common currency means a common economic policy. We would have almost no control over that policy. To paraphrase Mr Nicholas Ridley, those British electors aggrieved by the effects of that policy - which could well mean spiralling unemployment - would be told to take their complaints to the unelected (and, by this stage, almost certainly unelectable) chairman of the European Central Bank. The British government would have lost all power over the currency, and all the ramifications of that power. Moreover, the British people would not be able to call to account those who wield that power. We must dispel any fog of illusion - or delusion - that has come to surround the forthcoming Intergovernmental Conferences. So far their import is not being spoken of in polite company. What Britain will ultimately be asked to do at that Conference is to send such a plan to Parliament for ratification. That ratification would be the last properly sovereign act of our Parliament; it would find itself called upon to approve its own forthcoming impotence. Is Westminster re-

ally prepared to meet, like the last parliament of the French Third Republic at the Vichy Casino, albeit in more majestic surroundings and infinitely kinder circumstances, to declare itself effectively superfluous?

The only serious arguments in favour of European Monetary Union are transactional cost savings which would be largely offset by implementation problems and price stability which monetary union would not, in fact, guarantee. For much of the 1980s Britain and Switzerland had lower levels of inflation than the EMS average. Our mistake was not standoffishness about monetary union; it was taking our eye off monetary targets and placing unjustified hopes in shadowing the Deutsche-mark. We should look much more carefully than many seem disposed to do before taking the leap from the voluntary EMS to the inflexible EMU with its attendant and irretrievable surrender of sovereignty.

This Government has, of course, brought this state of affairs largely on itself. The Single European Act, which it somewhat recklessly ratified five years ago, commits us to eventual union. It commits us to surrendering to other nations the right effectively to decide how we are to be governed, and to removing from the British people the right to elect those who will govern them. Even a beefed-up European parliament, to which the economic institutions might be made more accountable, would be no proper substitute for what we would have lost. I see no evidence that Britain is really ready, much less eager, for this.

It must be doubted that the Conservatives, at least, realised the implications of the Single European Act, or even the 1972 European Communities Act. Conservatives must not be careless of our constitutional system. We must recognise the starkness of the choice facing us on economic and monetary union and its political sequels, and we cannot pretend that some miraculous diplomatic finesse is going to make that choice any less stark. The issue should not be the pace at which we proceed inexorably towards ceasing to be a sovereign nation. The issue should be the point at which we end our descent toward loss of sovereignty without ceasing to be conscientious participating

Europeans by all but the most assimilationist standards.

Ending Conservative Delusions

Enoch Powell put the question to his party twenty years ago: 'Will you, or will you not, continue to be governed by the Queen in Parliament?' Mr Heath knew the importance of this choice to the British people. He told them in 1970 that Britain's entry to the EEC would proceed only 'with the full hearted consent of parliament and people'. After its initial stages, consent has been rather more half-hearted than full hearted, with the result that dissension has not died down in the intervening two

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decades. We are not whole-hearted for absorption into a common European political system, and only a fantasist would pretend that we ever will be.

Why, though, should Conservatives fight to preserve what we have as a constitutional heritage, rather than commit themselves to a fresh, pan-European start as part of a federation? Well, it all depends on what one understands to be the guiding principles of British Conservatism. To quoting Enoch Powell one again:

'I was born a Tory, am a Tory, and shall die a Tory. It is part of me, an inborn way of apprehending human life and society and the history and character of my own country. It is something I cannot alter...I never

yet heard that it was any part of the faith of a Tory to take the institutions and liberties, the laws and customs, which his country has evolved over centuries, and merge them with those of...other nations into a new-made artificial state and, what is more, to do so without the willing approbation and consent of the nation'. If he were not burdened with a demonological misconception of the United States, Mr Powell would be equally righteous about the Tory duty to preserve the overseas option and aptitude which this country uniquely possesses.

What he does say is rather mystical stuff, but our nation and all nations are essentially at heart metaphysical concepts: part of the 'faith' Mr Powell talks of. This sentiment underpinned, in less emotional but no less direct terms, Mrs Thatcher's speech at Bruges three years ago, and, later, at Aspen when she advocated 'a Europe based on willing co-operation between independent sovereign states; a Europe which is an expression of economic freedom which rejects central control and its associated bureaucracy which does not resort to protectionism and of supreme importance for Britain, a Europe which always seeks the closest possible partnership with the United States?'

Mrs Thatcher's challenge

It should be clear to all but the most ostrich-like idealist that the institutions the interventionist bureaucrats at Brussels are planning for Europe's future are likely to be largely useless to that future. Mrs Thatcher challenged them to stop their introspection and to take practical steps to bring the newly capitalist countries of Eastern Europe into the Community. These countries will not want their new independence compromised by the European super-state. Mrs Thatcher made it clear that to involve these countries, to build links with the reforming Soviet Union and to develop crucial trading arrangements with North America, the centralising institutions as presently envisaged are no use, and should not be persisted with. As she said at Aspen, freedom should be redefined in Europe not only to include the elements generally defined by Mr Churchill and Mr Roosevelt in the

Atlantic Charter of 1941, but also 'freedom of the market place, freedom to own property, freedom to maintain nationhood, and freedom from fear of an over-mighty state'.

To try to suppress nationhood and concentrate power at the centre of a European conglomerate would be highly damaging and would jeopardise the objectives we seek to achieve. Like the economies of the respective European states, their respective objectives do not, of course, converge. Ours, as I have stated, are of unbridled free trade, deregulation and fair competition; those of Brussels, and the socialist governments (of whatever colour) in most of Europe's capitals are of unbridled centralised interventionism. This brings us back to the most shining beacon in the Bruges speech, the clearest expression of our brand of Conservatism: 'We have not successfully rolled back the frontiers of the state in Britain, only to see them reimposed at a European level, with a European super-state exercising a new dominance from Brussels'. It is not reassuring to hear M. Delors describe himself as 'Le President de l'Europe' or to say, as he did to the Trilateral Commission in Washington in April 1990, 'I can manage 12 countries, but not 16 or 24'. Does anyone who heard his address to the TUC conference three years ago, with his promise to give back to the unionised British worker from Brussels what he implied Mrs Thatcher had taken away, or who remembers his performance as M. Mitterrand's finance minister, want him to manage anything to which Britain adheres?

The Delors Report

Mrs Thatcher spoke at Bruges before the Delors report on economic and monetary union was published. She spoke, though, after the European Council meeting in Hanover in June 1988 had noted that 'in adopting the Single European Act, the Member States of the Community confirmed the objective of progressive realisation of economic and monetary union'. She will have remembered that the final stage of this union in the words of the Report, means 'irrevocably fixed exchange rates between national currencies and, finally, a single currency'. The

report continues, 'this, in turn, requires a high degree of compatibility of economic policies and consistency in a number of other policy areas, particularly in the fiscal field'.

One of the principal purposes of our sovereign parliament has been to raise and disburse revenues. Fiscal compatibility will mean that our taxation policy will be regulated. A key part of sovereignty - one of the policies that wins or loses elections, and which influences the way people vote - would, therefore, be sacrificed to Brussels. Delors talks of 'a transfer of decision-making power' to the centre from individual governments. The confidence-trick of 'subsidiarity' - the principle by which nothing is carried out centrally that can just as easily be discharged by national governments - counts for little here. The transfer of decision making is, as Delors says, necessary 'to avoid unsustainable differences between individual member countries in Public Sector Borrowing Requirements, and place binding constraints on the size and the financing of budget deficits'. The annual ritual of the Budget, one of the most profound exercises of power of our national government, would be emasculated. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer and our First Lord of the Treasury would lose control of the fundamentals of economic policy.

Socialist Evils

The cold language of Delors, however logical it might or might not be in economic terms, pays no regard

'We have not successfully rolled back the frontiers of the state in Britain, only to see them reimposed ... with a European super-state exercising a new dominance from Brussels'

to the human nature of the citizens of democratic countries in Europe jealous of their constitutional rights and privileges and indeed of their independence. Delors' view is, in the most literal sense, politically ignorant, yet is argued by apolitical economists and socialists with an astonishing flippancy and even negligence. Britain, now a nation, would be relegated to the status of a region, governed by people whose ideological acceptability, cultural amenability and competence, if not goodwill, would require, but might not successfully withstand, serious scrutiny.

What is more, our economic efficiency could be penalised by subsidising the inefficiencies of others. We have seen this all too clearly in the iniquity of the Common Agricultural Policy, whereby our efficiency raises resources that buy for other governments the votes of peasant farmers on smallholdings all over Europe - notably in France and Germany. How long will it be before Europe takes the advice and follows the example of President Bush, and helps create a proper non-interventionist market in agricultural produce?

Delors presents further evidence of the move to interventionism that Conservatives should reject out of hand. He says that 'wage flexibility and labour mobility are necessary to eliminate differences in competition in different regions and countries of the Community. Otherwise there could be relatively large declines in output and employment in areas with lower productivity. It might be necessary in certain circumstances to provide financing flows through official channels'. That is generally known, without the benefit of euphemism, as subsidy.

Delors, as he said in his egregious speech to the TUC in 1988 and on many other occasions, seeks to undermine the basic ideology of the Right. Elsewhere, he says that 'the constraints imposed by market forces might either be too slow and weak or too sudden and disruptive. Hence countries would have to accept that sharing a common market and a single currency area imposed policy constraints'. Thus we, as Conservatives, are being asked not just to countenance centralised interference, but to do so in the unashamed

desire to subvert the basis of the new Conservative creed of the predominance of market forces. Remember, too, that we do not believe in market forces for their own sake, but because they maximise economic efficiency and pay the most regard to the freely determined wishes of the individual consumer. Such a philosophy is anathema to Jacques Delors.

As my fellow *Daily Telegraph* director, Sir James Goldsmith, remarked in June 1990: 'as the European self-adjusting mechanisms, among them devaluation, are blocked, a further system of bureaucratically controlled regional transfers would develop so as to attempt to equalise the standards of living of those who run their economies well and those who do not'. He added that the 'two apparently harmless words, 'tax harmonisation' signify the desire of certain governments not to have to compete'.

It is our duty to call things by their rightful names, and, where necessary, to affront Euro complacency. Europe itself, for all its greatness and current virtue, requires demystification. Almost every European country has too great a public sector share of GNP, an unbearable over-commitment to social spending, and an unsustainably high level of unemployment. The European fear that absence of a generous social safety net leads to mob rule and political extremism is comprehensible, but it contrasts with the American view, enunciated by former president Reagan, that 'the only welfare system we ever had that worked is a job'. In the eight Reagan years, the United States created nineteen million net new jobs, or eighteen million more than the entire EEC. The United States has re-emerged as the world's largest exporter and has a growing trade surplus with the EEC. Even the Federal Republic of Germany, Europe's undoubted powerhouse, has a larger public sector debt as a percentage of GNP than the USA even before paying the reunification bills, and, without America's racial problems or defence commitments, has less than three quarters of the American standard of living and barely a sixth of the US GNP. Despite the almost universally cherished Euro-mythology and the

It is our duty to call things by their rightful names, and, where necessary, to affront Euro complacency

tremendous success of German engineered products, there is very little evidence that Europe as a whole can compete externally with the Japanese or the Americans. Narcissism is no substitute for competitiveness.

Federation by Stealth

What Jacques Delors seeks is federation by stealth. All the policies of economic union add up to political union: indeed, they are unworkable without it. Nor, of course, will political union confine itself to controlling political economy; it will seek to formulate a common foreign policy too. Where would that have left Britain, for example, at the time of the Falklands War? The ludicrous, if sometimes hilarious, fiasco of our EEC partners' military response to the Gulf Crisis can hardly be reassuring on this point. While Germany brandished its foreign non-intervention constitution and Italy and Spain sent token forces while renouncing any military initiative, France went from an '*embargo civilisé*' to an '*embargo fort*', to the despatch of an aircraft carrier with no aeroplanes on it. Canada, and even Argentina, seemed more purposeful than most of the Community. In broader terms, what role would be left for the British government? What would be the significance of the British monarchy? These are all constitutional issues of which the bureaucratic planners in Brussels take no account, but which Conservatives should care passionately about, for we are their political guardians. At the moment, however, we are being drawn into federation mainly because the French fear the power of a resurgent united Germany and wish to dilute

it, the Germans have yet to overcome their embarrassment at their resurgence, and understandably wish to reassure their neighbours, and the Italians have made such a shambles of government, despite great success in other fields, that they are ready to embrace any plausible alternative to the *status quo*. Many others, including many in this country who should know better, are mere political surfers riding a wave.

The Intergovernmental Conferences

All this drama will be played out at the Intergovernmental Conferences, starting in December. Just as we should be under no illusions about the starkness of the choice that will face us there, so too should we be under no illusions about the strength of our bargaining position. Our friends are just starting to emerge from the woodwork.

Ever since Cardinal Wolsey's time, Britain has cultivated and been popular with the secondary states of continental Europe. She remains so today. We have a vital European role that consists first of all in championing the maximum convenient level of national distinctiveness.

Everyone in Europe, including the Germans and the Russians, acknowledges the desirability of a continued alliance with the United States. What could be more implausible than to exclude the North Americans from commercial Europe while urging the retention in Europe of American and Canadian expeditionary forces. What could be less appropriate to the vitality of western Europe and the power of its message than to slam the door on our Canadian and American allies, kindred nations and tested friends, while refusing to offer all the encouragement we can to the Eastern Europeans who yearn to join us? We are not Little Englanders. M. Delors is a Little European.

Not just a Conservative problem

It will take immense courage, and immense resolve, for the British Government to defend the constitutional rights of the British people against the benign onslaught from Europe. But defend them it must, in the interests of our national autonomy. It must convince our part-

ners that, with the introduction of much more fresh blood into the Community, this huge free-trading system can flourish and maximise its potential far more efficiently without centralisation than with it; far more efficiently, while retaining the nationhood of at least some of the individual states than by homogenising them all. This is the duty of the Conservative party if it wishes to preserve not just its ideology, but also to preserve the rights of the British people to choose the Government and the policies that they wish to see implemented in Britain. It is also, as growing numbers of Europeans are coming to realise, the best course for continental Europe as well.

We must recognise that the achievements of the European unifiers, including Jacques Delors, are great and admirable. Germany's reconciliation with France and peaceful reunification, in particular, are among the great political triumphs of human intelligence of this century. They were achieved by outstanding statesmen acting on behalf of great nations. The desire of many Europeans to regain political influence in unity is comprehensible and perhaps not altogether

unrealistic. Britain can provide a stabilising influence and a powerful commercial participation in Europe, but if present trends continue we will be asked to choose between assimilation in Europe and virtual abstinence from it.

It is not too late to press for more flexibility. Partisans of European political integration should not be denied it because of us. We and other less perfervid joiners should not be made the villains of a Manichean drama. An inner Europe of full political adherents probably based on the original six, should be formed in close association with an outer Europe of common marketeers practicing a more restrained political participation. The emerging democracies of Eastern Europe could join this group relatively soon, a group which M. Delors could be assured that he would not be called upon to 'manage'. Dr Karl Otto Pöhl has already envisioned such an arrangement. Britain could lead both echelons of Europe in ensuring an uninterrupted and amplified economic and strategic alliance with the useful elements of the Commonwealth and, more importantly, the United States.

The great achievement of Europe must not be doubted or jeopardised, either by scepticism or an excess of misguided zeal. All conservatives should play their part in resolving this historic, perennial paradox.

The British people have the right, if they are so myopic, to choose a government (such as a Labour government) that is allowed to implement policies that we here would regard as wrong and harmful. Shortly after the 1945 election, Mr Churchill exclaimed, from his bathtub, 'If the people want Attlee, they can have him. That's why we fought the War'. Mr Churchill referred to the privilege of democracy. It is a privilege that Conservatives must do everything to ensure remains with the British people.

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On Being An Immigrant

Jillian Becker on coming 'home'

I emigrated from the land of my birth, the Union of South Africa as it then was, in 1960. There, racial conflict was intensifying as apartheid laws proliferated. Peaceful attempts to block them within Parliament and outside it had failed. A police massacre of blacks at a township called Sharpeville brought some opponents of the regime to the conclusion that only counter-violence could succeed. Others were willing neither to accept institutionalised oppression nor to assist in terrorism, and chose to start new lives elsewhere.

For me, the decision to leave was hard, but the choice of where to go was easy. It had to be England: no other choice was seriously to be entertained. I knew a few families who moved to America, and heard of one or two who chose Australia. But they must, I assumed, have had peculiar reasons for voyaging to those wilder Anglophone shores.

England was home. In my early childhood before the Second World War, all the grown-ups I knew, except the blacks, called England 'home', whether or not they had

been born there, and even if like my family they had no ancestral connections whatsoever with the British Isles. For a great many who could afford it, a voyage every year or every other year to Southampton, probably on a Union Castle liner, was part of the pattern of their lives.

Friends would ask each other, 'Are you going home this year?'

England was 'home' in many a deep and vital sense: the source of our language, the setting of our literature, the model and standard of our ways. A gentleman was English. London, hub of the Empire, seat of the monarch, was our political and cultural capital. 'British' in those days implied the very best quality of bikes, cars, cloth, workmanship.

I was first taken to England when I was three. We stayed for six happy months in the Kensington Palace Hotel. I have clear memories of that time: of bowling a many coloured hoop up and down the avenues of oaks in Kensington Gardens and of my brother sailing his boat on the Round Pond: of being taken to Hamleys to choose a birthday present and to Daniel Neal's for shoes. A train-ride to visit an old lady at Richmond was a trip into the countryside of fields and apple-trees and stiles. At the Trooping of the Colour, someone was pointed out to me as 'the King'. I was back in South Africa when King George V died. One morning at my first school, we were all given china mugs with the head of King Edward VIII on them and we stood up and sang our national anthem, 'God save the King'. Quite soon another morning came when we were given mugs with the heads of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and again we sang 'God Save the King': and there were processions then, with brass bands, to celebrate a coronation taking place far away in London, and illuminations which my father took us to see on the main streets of Johannesburg at night: a tremendous adventure.

During the Second World War, voyaging home for pleasure was suspended. Ships coming the other way in convoys brought refugee children out from England, some to stay with families we knew. They were mostly thin, pale children. At my Government primary school - Saxonwold Junior School it was called, and still

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is, though not perhaps for much longer - we sang 'There'll always be an England', and 'There'll be blue-birds over the white cliffs of Dover'. Britain's cause was South Africa's cause. My father joined up, my mother sent monthly parcels of bully-beef and snoek and dried fruit to friends in London and Edinburgh. Pink-faced young men in the blue uniform of the RAF came on weekends from a training camp near Pretoria to play tennis on our court and swim in our pool along with khaki-clad, suntanned South African servicemen, teenage boys who were about to go 'up north' to fight in the desert. Though we ourselves were pretty safe (except for a threat of Japanese submarines off the coast of Natal, disappointingly unfulfilled), there was no question but that South Africans had to fight for the Empire - the Afrikaners as well as 'the English' (though a minority of Afrikaners had Nazi sympathies, mainly because they hated the British, and a few of the fiercest were jailed).

The war was still on when I was sent, at the age of eleven, to a private boarding school called Roedean, founded by two ladies from Roedean Brighton. (I'm not sure when they founded it, but it was probably soon after the Boer War). 'Planted they youth in a pleasaunce of green', we sang of them on Founders Day. The use of Chaucerian language was a characteristic affectation of Roedean Johannesburg, hinting that its tradition was old, upperclass, English. A piece of brown veld on one side of

the school grounds was actually called 'the pleasaunce', and a common-room was called 'the scollay' (on the window seats of which leatherbound volumes of *Punch* lay about, the cartoon drawings showing us how people in England looked between 1910 and 1940). To have declared that the founders planted youth on the highveld would have been plainer and truer; but would have subverted the grand idea, which was to spread a layer of English civilisation over the wild territory of Africa. Our curricula were mainly copied from public schools at home, concessions being made to the indigenous only where absolutely necessary, as in Geography, Botany, Zoology and History (which had to include the Great Trek and the Boer War, as well as the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Interregnum, the Industrial Revolution and the Glorious Revolution). Afrikaans was offered as a subject of study, but it was not compulsory for us as it was in the government schools. None of the Bantu vernaculars were taught to white children; I don't think anyone even thought of such a thing. The school-leaving exam I sat for was set by a matriculation board in England.

I sailed again for Southampton in 1950. I was in my late teens then, and eager to join the mainstream of Life which had surely flowed strongest in England before the war and was now surely flowing again. But no, it was not. I lived in bomb-shattered London on my ration of one egg and an ounce of butter a week and a triplet of reindeer now and then, and tins of South African snoek - plentifully stacked, I discovered, on the otherwise rather empty shelves of the shops. In this semi-fast, this ebb of existence, I was no different from everyone else, yet I could derive no comfort from sharing the common lot since I was not really one of them, had not come through the danger-years with them, was not a fellow-survivor of the blitz. I shivered in a flat at Wembley, and often spent whole afternoons watching the continuous performances of foreign films at the Curzon Cinema in Mayfair because it was centrally heated; and on Thursday evenings attended Anarchist meetings because there were paraffin heaters in the decaying meeting-hall near Trafalgar

Square. I worked on my studies for university entrance exams less and less assiduously, and after a year or so gave up and flew back, with the authentic pinched and peaky English look, to 'the Union', to its brightness and plenty and its tightening political tensions.

I knew of course that it was not to such an England, such a London, that I was returning some nine years later. But I did know I was bound for a chilly, wet climate, high taxes, a paucity of domestic help, and a lower standard of living. I knew it would not be an easy change, nor was it. The skies were too often grey. The seasons had a different smell, and the moon was tipped on its side. I had few friends and very few relations in or near London. I was more of a stranger than I had expected to be, and though I made new friends, they were not at first among the natives. London was full of strangers, immigrants from the old Empire or the new Commonwealth, the New World and the Third World, and refugees from pre-war Europe.

The cosmopolitan mix seemed to me to prove that the English, though reserved, were as tolerant as I'd always believed. But I had not been here more than two or three years when I was told that the contrary was the case: that non-white immigrants were not easily accepted. And as their numbers increased through the 1960s acceptance apparently became harder for them. Though they too were children of the Empire who, like me, looked to London as their capital, they found their new environment not just strange but hostile. They were made to feel, they said, that however hard they worked, whatever skills they had to offer, however much the economy needed them, their presence was resented - not by everybody, but by many. They felt threatened and afraid. This was, they said, a 'racist society'.

It cannot be easy for anyone to settle into a more-than-somewhat different world, an old established world and one so hugely populated. I learnt its ways only very slowly. Though physically resurrected now from the ashes of the war, this England was not the England of my childhood, nor - I soon realised - of my imagination.

It was the socialist kingdom of

Great Britain.

I had been raised to believe in socialism. Intellectuals of my parents' generation were almost all socialists, and I had grown up among yellow-jacketed volumes of the Gollancz 'Left Book Club' on our library shelves, voices quoting Bernard Shaw, and copies of *The New Statesman and Nation*, rolled up in paper rings like table-napkins, thrust into the letter-box every Wednesday morning. But now that I discovered the reality of socialism I loathed it, the moral squalor of its motivating envy, the lids it clamped on personal aspiration.

However, socialism had not blighted everything in the early

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1960s. And I had a purpose in coming here more positive than a mere desire to escape from somewhere else. I wanted to enlarge our opportunities, to give my children the best education I could and a better future than I had been able to foresee for them in South Africa. So I did not waver. After one year's continuous residence, I applied for naturalisation. On the application form I was required to state why I wanted British citizenship. 'I was born a British subject,' I wrote, 'and I wish to remain one'. The law granted me citizenship at once (but would not now). In that very year South Africa left the Commonwealth and became the Republic of South Africa.

I acquired a British passport and made my first use of it a year or so later when I took my three children (only the third had been born in England) to a hot January in 'the

Republic'. Everyone there now carried identity cards. The money was no longer pounds, shillings and pence but rands and cents. The old smells of heated earth and grass grabbed the memory unawares. I was struck by how clean the cars were, sunlight pouring off them, every one washed and polished daily (as mine had been by the 'garden boy'). My friends and relations were more troubled than ever by guilt and insecurity. I was something of a stranger there too, and was quite glad to get back to London and its grimy cars.

When my youngest child was old enough to go to school, I took a job. My South African university degree qualified me to become a temporary lecturer at a technical college where my husband had a permanent appointment. My work there was part-time only as I was a full-time housewife and mother (and a midnight writer). I taught an airy subject called 'Liberal Studies' a phantom child of the socialist mind.

Fortunately my children were being taught real subjects such as Mathematics and Science and French; first at local authority schools, then private schools, then - two of them - at an excellent grammar school. The same two suffered a set-back at a 'progressive' school for a while, but both recovered. That episode apart, they were all on the whole well taught. Of course education was more than schooling; it was also growing up where decency and reasonableness prevailed, where a tradition of educational excellence was established, in conditions of order and freedom. These were surely still the values and conditions of England. In these essentials, was not England England yet?

Amongst other things I wanted my children to be taught - as I had been, but cursorily - how Englishmen of generations past had struggled and fought and died, lived and worked, learnt and thought, to achieve and institutionalise the kind of order, at once open and secure, which safeguards freedom (an order I have learnt from Karl Popper to call the 'open society'). True, a few other states (a couple of dozen only, at present, out of a total of more than a gross) have also attained this kind of order, but England reached it first

and blazed the way.

My children had their lessons in English history in both their state and private schools. They were lucky. About the time that my youngest daughter passed her A-levels, pupils in state schools were being instructed that there were no objective facts to learn about the past.

By then we had come through the 1960s and the depredations of the 'New Left'. That was a puerile movement, aimed above all at achieving the capitulation of the West before the armed threat of Communism. It began in the United States with a wish on the part of many young men not to take the personal risk of fighting with the American forces in Vietnam; but this reluctance was dressed up as political principle by which the West was decreed to be indubitably wrong and the North Vietnam Communist leader Ho Chi Minh heroically right. Draft-dodging was inflated into a Peace Crusade. As such it spread through Europe and the Western world, and in the name of 'peace' a generation turned to violence as if it were a moral inspiration. The young in their millions 'dropped out', of study and work, intoxicated themselves with drugs, and marched in mass 'demos' to overthrow the order which sustained and tolerated them. Well-fed, free, secure, and with time on their hands, they confused rebellion against their country, their class, their parents, and their civilisation - the prosperity of all four making that rebellion possible - with 'liberation'.

Though brief as youth, the era of the New Left bequeathed the world a vast illicit drug industry, terrorism, and multitudes of illegitimate children. Politically the decade was reactionary and irrational - and yet, at the same time, unsuppressible reason made it the decade when men first walked on the moon.

The 1970s were worse. No matter which party was in power in Britain, socialist policies continued, and it was now that the nation as a whole, which had become all too willingly welfare dependent, learnt bitterly at last what socialism meant. The entire country was plunged into literal darkness when strikes stopped the power stations. As the decade wore on, the trade unions used their power to keep the dead unburied, garbage

rotting in the streets, hospitals starved of oxygen. Britain was dark, dirty, idle, violent, deeply in debt, demoralised, and pitied by other nations where not despised.

England it seemed had changed in spirit since the days of Empire. Had immigrants helped much to change it so? For many years they played no visible part in national affairs, though they were sometimes used as a pretext for others to kick up political dust. The presence of black and brown newcomers provoked a degree of unreasonable hostility among some of the less literate, and allowed the left intelligentsia to indulge in the luxury of self-accusation. Only with the coming of the

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New Left and its riotous 'demos', did a few immigrants emerge as leaders in protest-politics. They may have had reason to declare, as they did, that this was 'an intensely racist society', but the accusation came oddly from those among them whose native countries tolerated only one political orthodoxy or one religion, or sustained a caste system or tribal hegemony.

A demand that 'racism' be legislated against was raised and acceded to. The subsequent spreading and deepening of racial intolerance may well have been the result of it. Worse, the idea that it was possible and right to legislate against an attitude of mind had been thrust dangerously into British politics.

Most deplorable was the failure of British 'opinion formers' to value either freedom or prosperity. The voices most often raised against the open society, and for left revolution-

ary regimes, for collectivism, for the uncurbed power of the trade unions, for forced economic egalitarianism, and for Western capitulation, were the voices of Britons born and bred. They encouraged self-pity, and sneered at prosperity (while privately striving to attain and preserve it). They sentimentalised over the Third World while remaining obstinately ignorant of it - both their sentimentality and their ignorance unqualified by the presence in their midst of so many Third Worlders who had fled from the tyranny, poverty, and misery of their own countries.

In the name of tolerance, the loud opponents of 'racism' - the Left in general - were hell-bent on systematising intolerance. Blind to the effect of their own crusade and helped by the misguided legislation, Left-wing borough councils used their power to censor speech and writing. They threw books out of public libraries which did not conform to their prejudices. Individuals were censured and even witch-hunted out of their jobs for having 'incorrect' opinions - sometimes discovered only in their 'body-language' - on race, homosexuality, defence and nuclear power. Fortunately, however, freedom was too deep-rooted in Britain for tolerance to wither away.

There were times when it crossed my mind that I ought perhaps to have taken my children to the United States in 1960. It may be the most suitable country for such as I who find themselves unalterably alien in the land of their birth. America is, after all, a whole nation of immigrants: and much of the good, at least of institutions and values, which I had sought in Britain is to be found there. However, the destructive voices sounded there too; and the destructive ideology, if ineffective nationally, was poured like a slow poison into the minds of new generations through the universities, by the irresponsible ideological bullies of the 1960s even as they became tenured teachers in their mortgage-burdened middle age.

Besides, I had a task to stay in England for: I had become actively engaged with others in trying to change Britain back to what (I believed) it rightly had been and should be again. If the England I had sought had ever existed it could not be dead,

only diseased by socialism. The disease, I thought, could be cured.

Because a great many others thought as I did about the erosion of freedom, the cure did begin. The long decline was arrested and even reversed. I am speaking, of course, of the Thatcher era, the decade of recovery and advance, of immense intellectual excitement, when it seemed to me as to many others that lost values were restored, prosperity re-attained, and England was once more lighting the way for other nations. For eleven years, England was England again.

But it is over, that short, surprising silver age.

What does it mean now to be British? Apparently it means that one is about to be something else: a European. There's an assumption underlying the idea of a federal Europe that Western Europeans - and the Greeks - are all much the same now under the smoke-dimmed sun and the swivelled moon. And indeed they are not as different as they once were. For one thing, they have all been modified in character by immigrants from outside the pan-European world.

Presumably a single European 'nation' would be like the American, composed of individuals from disparate backgrounds under one law: that is to say, a nation of citizens rather than an alliance of tribes; of '*ius* rather than *rus*', as the Spanish liberal writer Ortega y Gasset put it. If so, I, an immigrant descended from Jewish forbears who had no land of their own, should welcome such a development.

But is this vision realistic or fantastic? I don't know. I cannot imagine what it will mean to be 'a European'. In South Africa I was a 'European': it meant that I was white.

Will my loyalty be owed to a hemi-continental Europe? If so, what shall I give it, and what will it give me? Even before a United States of Europe comes into being, the Economic Community has opened new doors to me. I could go and live in Italy or the South of France, where the quality of physical life is much pleasanter than it is here.

But I shall not, because I live in the English language.

Which brings me at last to the nub of the matter. Whatever this country

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was, is, or might become, I owe it an immeasurable debt. Not only did England grant me an asylum, England gave me a language - that is to say, a world.

English, I like to suppose, has had much to do with England's past glories, and with her being the mother of the free, because a language is soaked in values. The fact that English is becoming the language in which states and peoples most often converse with each other is a cause for hope, if not of glories, at least of a wider spread of freedom. But the way it is used must matter and in England, now, English eludes the minds and tongues of countless of

the free, to such an extent that their language-poverty devalues their freedom. This has nothing to do with the influx of hordes speaking foreign tongues - often those who learn English as a second language speak it better than the natives. It has to do with the English failing to teach their children how to speak, read, and write. A start had better be made for the 'new world order' of which Western politicians are singing in this dawn.

Jillian Becker is a writer and an authority on Terrorism. Her works include Hitler's Children, the story of the Baader-Meinhof Terrorist Gang.

Sophist's Corner

It seems amazing that Congress in its current deliberations on extending most favored nation status to China is so intent on serving the small minority of the Chinese population, the intellectuals, that it ignores the overall welfare of the majority, the workers and peasants who make up 99.5% of the population.

The fallout from the events in Tiananmen Square in 1989, together with a growing conviction that market economics is crucial for China, have so alienated certain students and university faculties from the Chinese system that they have given themselves totally over to the West. They have lost touch with the real requirements of their own society and now demand an instant and comprehensive reform that is not relevant to today's China.

What is forgotten in the frenzy of the intellectuals' demands for reform is that workers and peasants now enjoy living conditions unprecedented in the nation's long and difficult history. Almost everyone, under the current system of equal distribution of wealth, has a job, enough to eat and a place to live.

Thomas B. Sanders, Los Angeles Times, July 1991

How to Bring the Truth Home

Vivian Linacre offers a novel solution to the housing crisis

Since 1914, more damage to the U.K. economy and the social fabric of the nation has been inflicted by central and local government intervention in the housing market than by two world wars.

Housing is physically and financially by far the biggest commodity of all, yet it is the only commodity which remains subject to rationing. Since 1945, the total spent on housing out of rates and taxes exceeds a trillion (million millions) pounds, in present money value. This comprises the capitalised debt outstanding from building by councils, new towns, housing associations and development corporations, the continual burden of rent arrears and the backlog of repairs, plus rate support and improvement grants, personal housing benefits, rent-rebates, mortgage relief within social security payments, bed-and-breakfasting for the homeless, and the colossal costs of management and administration at every level. Yet all that such a crippling public investment has produced is ever-worsening scarcity, legislative chaos, endless political conflict, and human misery on an appalling scale.

Now this perennial crisis threatens catastrophe. Twelve years of Conservative rule have merely applied cosmetics and sticking plaster to the massive haemorrhaging. The tragedy is that as a nation we are not even conscious of it; partly because the technical complexity of both di-

agnosis and prescription are beyond the competency and vision of politicians and officialdom, but mainly because the country at large has become conditioned and inured to it.

For although housing is the most vital issue underlying the economy and the universal welfare of the people, the ruination of housing is the only policy pursued consistently by Labour and Conservative administrations alike. This is the true British disease, for no other advanced Western nation suffers from it.

Significantly, the seeds of the housing crisis were sown in the same year as the seeds of Socialism. For just as the Labour Party germinated during the First World War, matured in the great depression that followed and came to power at the end of the Second World War, so rent control was simultaneously introduced as an emergency measure at the outbreak of the Great War and reinforced during the depression by the growth of municipal housing, which expanded hugely after the last war; with the result that the private rented sector, which in 1914 had accommodated 90 per cent of our entire housing stock, has now shrivelled to a mere 10 per cent. No other modern nation devotes such a meagre proportion of its housing to private renting. The next lowest is Italy with 36 per cent, the average being some 50 per cent. Many eminent international planners have commented that the creation of urban ghettos (and the crime, violence, extreme poverty and alienation that they breed) is associated with the destruction of private rented housing. Nor is it any coincidence that we are

bottom of the European league tables for both relative size of private rented sector and proportion of GDP spent on new housing construction - ours being even less than in Eire or Portugal and barely a third of West Germany's.

In Britain we wilfully suffer the worst of all worlds: deprived of the huge private investment that would otherwise be generated by a free market in rented housing, yet subject to the endless waste of resources as well as the cyclical ravages of boom and slump that are all due to our dependence, very largely, on a *duopoly* which embraces merely subsidized housing for rent and speculative house-building for sale. There is an *inverse* ratio between the (ever-diminishing) number of people actually engaged in the provision and maintenance of housing and the (ever-increasing) numbers in the bureaucracies and quangos and 'caring professions' and voluntary bodies who are concerned either with the remnants of the public and private rented sectors or with the tragic consequences of our housing disease in general. The housing industry has become a branch of the social services.

In the UK last year, new housing completions totalled only 185,000, of which less than 150,000 were by private developers for sale, less than 20,000 by housing associations, some 15,000 by councils and new towns, and some 5,000 in Business Expansion Schemes. This total is far less than the 200,000 *existing* houses which are falling into 'serious disrepair' *each year*. Our current level of new construction is not even keeping pace with the rate of obsoles-

cence in our older stocks, which is accelerating rapidly from 'serious disrepair' to 'unfit'. The stocks affected comprise mainly disastrous local authority housing from the 1950s and 1960s, and vast tracts of pre-1914 private housing around the centres of our major towns and cities, mostly built originally for letting. But for rent control, of course, these once-elegant districts would have survived much longer. Over ten million old houses have been condemned to dereliction or demolition because no income was available out of controlled rents for regular repair and maintenance. So they have either degenerated into slums, breeding a host of social ills, or been redeveloped by the council as soulless tower-blocks which have themselves become slums within a generation.

It was mainly these older properties in the twilight zones or inner suburbs close to the urban centres which accommodated the workers in the range of trades and service industries on which the running of our cities depends, who tend to work unsociable hours (and many of whom are poorly paid) and so need to live near their work. These include those in the emergency services, the utilities, the hotel and catering industries, in entertainment, security and transport. Many of these are migrant, transient or seasonal workers who tend to prefer renting. There is now a desperate shortage of rented accommodation for which the Rent Acts are largely to blame; as they are for the thousands of acres of vacant, dilapidated floor-space in the upper floors above shops which occupy the extremely expensive ground-floors on most main streets in our big town and city centres - space which in a free market would have been converted into valuable flats and maisonettes. They are also to blame for the immobility of labour which is one of the curses of British industry.

Meanwhile, the two housing movements which emerged in the 1920s and 1930s to replace private renting - council housing and private building for sale - have always had one desire in common: to buy green fields on the outskirts, where land is cheaper and easier for building large estates at low densities, whether

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down-market for renting by councils or up-market for sale by developers. Neither was interested in high-quality, high-density development for letting on difficult sites in the older urban centres. Thus, the housing crisis and the 'inner city' crisis are one and the same. What a dreadful paradox that, although human beings are naturally gregarious, although throughout history people have always congregated in settlements and although our town and city centres form the bulk of our physical, cultural and financial assets, yet they have become deserted, decrepit, dirty and dangerous places; whilst increasingly the masses live, work, shop and play in the outer suburbs and what is left of the countryside. The common root, therefore, of our housing and inner city crises is the disappearance from our urban centres of modern, well-managed rented housing.

For it is apparent that, since the private rented sector has dwindled to 10 per cent, the other 90 per cent can never be provided by the alternatives available; not only in sheer quantity but, even more importantly, in catering for the critical segments of demand. More than half of all households in the UK consist of only one or two persons; yet the main activities of house-building contractors and the public sector still concentrate on the traditional nuclear family household which is fast diminishing. The single-parent family, the divorcé(e) living alone, young

singles and couples, the elderly; these are the typical households of today and the future, yet they are scarcely catered for at all. Even the traditional family of parents and children require a collective home for less than a third of a life-time. Naturally, it is this family-phase which identifies with the rural fringes and commuter-belt; but the fragmented households which are already in a majority would all be better served close to the urban centres, for the sake of economy, convenience, culture and companionship. There is thus, after the first category (the essential city workers) an even larger second category of diverse people who by virtue of their domestic circumstances would be better off renting in the city centre.

It must be mentioned that several housing associations, trusts and BES schemes have undertaken urban renewal projects successfully, but in relation to the magnitude of the task their impact is minimal.

Such is the frustrated demand that surviving stocks of larger houses are divided into small units and sold on synthetic 'long leases' subject to 'ground rents' (in England and Wales only, since the Scottish system of tenure is different). Generally, the quality of these building conversions is poor and the standard of ensuing management even worse.

Among the worst of the combined effects of the destruction of the private rented sector and the neglect of the fragmented household by the main housing providers is that the number of homeless households in the UK, accepted by local councils now exceeds 130,000, which equals 400,000 people; with another 40,000 families (130,000 people) placed in temporary accommodation, and another 15,000 families (48,000 people) in bed-and-breakfast hotels. Many of these are in the care of local authorities which have no new building plans and hence no prospect of movement on their waiting lists. In addition to these direct victims, there are millions suffering concealed homelessness; such as the married couples having to double up with in-laws, the unemployed having to stay on with parents, the retired who are still lodging with the next two generations, and the successful individual or couple who have to turn

down career opportunities for want of suitable accommodation. Would not everyone in these categories welcome the lease of a modern home of a type to meet their needs?

Meanwhile, there are over 120,000 local authority dwellings vacant; over 30,000 of them having stood empty for more than a year. Most, of course, are overdue for repair, and almost all are of the wrong type and/or in the wrong place to meet any real demand. At least the speculative housing developers in the conventional selling market do cater for specific demand, however limited, at both the volume and luxury ends; whereas council housing was never designed to serve the needs of the consumer but rather the interests of the politicians, planners and social engineers, whose chief aim was to get the people *out* of the city centres at any cost. Generally, therefore, local authority housing represents a total mis-match: geographically, functionally, and domestically. This whole movement was the product of rigid Socialist policy, resulting in massive immobility of labour, gross mismanagement (as Audit Commission Reports have testified), enormous capital debts, and assets wasting at an horrific rate. But having accounted for the bulk of new housing construction in Scotland (and a large proportion in the rest of the U.K.) in the 1930s, 1950s and 1960s, it has now virtually ground to a halt. Yet the dominant political party in Scotland, and many housing pressure groups, still urge its revival. Philosophically, municipal housing never resolved the dilemma: whether it was to provide solely for those who could not afford private housing or who were displaced from slum clearance areas, giving rise to the objection that this created ghettos of second-class citizens, or whether it should provide housing for all, in which case the private rented sector should be abolished and house-building for sale heavily taxed. Socialists still, inescapably, incline towards the latter view.

But sheer economic pressures and demographic projections - quite apart from the overwhelming need to concentrate resources on the revitalisation of our urban centres - must rule out local authorities as major providers for the next decade and

beyond. Besides, they remain burdened by their deteriorating stocks, which still accommodate some four million families (20 per cent of the entire population), including most of the worst properties once the 'right to buy' campaign has dried up. New towns are being wound up, whilst the contribution from housing associations and trusts is unlikely to exceed 30,000 units annually, even after prosperity returns. As for BES schemes, which merely give rich personal investors a five-year tax holiday, they are rather like telling people who are starved of bread to eat cake!

So the housing industry could not be worse equipped to tackle the immense task confronting it. It is not merely that by the year 2000 we shall need at least another 2.5 million new homes to solve our *current* problems, plus an extra 1.5 million to cater for increased household formation - more than 400,000 annually which is far more than double the present rate of production - but moreover that the *right mix* throughout is imperative. It is no use relying on conventional housebuilding for sale, which accounts for almost 80 per cent of the present very low rate of production but which ought to account for no more than say 30 per cent of the vastly higher rate of production required. It cannot make a major contribution to urban renewal

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generations...*

or cater effectively for the growing proportion of fragmented and transient households. The only possible solution is a restructuring and massive expansion of the private rented sector: *not* a return to Nineteenth Century personal landlordism but based on long-term investment of institutional funds into concentrations of the full range of housing types with appropriate communal services and professional management.

The government has already recently deregulated private renting (principally by the 1988 Housing Act) which introduced two new forms of tenancy: 'assured' and 'assured shorthold'. Useful though these minor reforms are, however, they are subject to fatal restrictions which prevent their adoption on a large-scale or for institutional investment. 'Assured' still confers security of tenure, while 'assured shorthold' provides for official rent assessment. The government's nerve failed: belief in market forces was betrayed. A golden opportunity for bold reform was squandered by feeble compromises.

Anybody who advocates the dismantling of one of the several tyrannies which have caused the debilitation of society and the economy in Britain is immediately branded an extremist. In fact, it is those who resist reform who are the real reactionaries, whereas the few who dare to agitate for the exorcism of our bureaucratic incubuses are the true revolutionaries. What a ghastly paradox that Socialists can succeed in convincing the mandarins and the masses (and most of the media) that it is positively for the benefit of the populace that they are deprived of a plentiful supply of inexpensive, modern rented housing in the open market, and that accordingly anybody who urges the scrapping of the apparatus of state control stands condemned as a Rachmanite recidivist or Victorian oppressor of the poor!

There is indeed no difference between the prevailing attitude of our establishment, that a wholly free market in rented housing would cause rampant exploitation of tenants and civil disruption, and that of the ruling classes a century ago who feared that universal franchise would incite mob-rule. An analogy is the

semantic confidence-trick perpetrated by the media that labels the retreating arch-Communists in Eastern Europe as 'conservatives' as opposed to the ascendant pioneers of free-market economies who are called 'radicals' or 'liberals' to conceal the reality that everywhere left-wing hard-liners are engaged in a last-ditch stand against the emergent forces of capitalist democracy. Until the Conservatives are identified as the forward-looking party of emancipation and efficiency, in contrast to the anachronistic Labour party which represents entrenched power and incompetence, they will not win the hearts and minds of the people. Housing is the last citadel of Socialist control in Britain, which three Conservative administrations have left virtually intact. They can claim that this citadel has been reduced to no more than a redoubt, but only by devastating the whole housing industry, while failing to replace the public sector with any new housing movement on a comparable scale.

Meanwhile, the archaic prejudice against private renting still prevails. The Scottish Director of Shelter recently declared that: 'In the long term there is not a role for the private landlord'. Labour-controlled councils frequently refuse planning permission for developments which contain housing for rent, while granting approval for alternative schemes of expensive houses for sale. The 30,000 squatters in London enjoy legal 'rights' and are supported by an official advisory service. To transform the climate of opinion on housing requires a national cultural shift.

We now have the best chance ever of bringing this about, with the collapse of public confidence in the mystique of home-ownership as a result of the havoc wrought by the frenzied boom, followed by the current slump. In 1990, 150,000 court actions were brought by mortgage lenders, leading to over 40,000 repossessions. By the end of 1991, over 80,000 repossessed homes will be on the market. So much for the built in capital appreciation and security of home-ownership! But there has not been a murmur of protest from government or the media at these wholesale evictions. Imagine the sensational headlines and swift action by consumer-protection

groups if a tiny fraction of such numbers of tenants were thrown out for non-payment of rent!

Disenchantment with conventional house-purchase is fast setting in. This is not only because of the explosion of the myths of security and capital appreciation, and the withering away of mortgage interest tax relief (a subsidy for house-purchase which was always wholly inflationary and a penalty on renting), and the agonies and expenses of buying and selling. It also stems from the intolerably high proportion of a household's disposable income committed to mortgage repayments (higher in the U.K. than in any other nation in Europe or America) and the sheer inadequacy of this rigid system in meeting the occupational

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needs of so many different categories of people. They are disillusioned with building societies that do not build but are merely secondary banks, with mortgages that are not mortgages (which would be attached to the title deeds and readily transferable) but are merely personal loans *secured* by their title deeds, with mortgage contracts solemnly entered into for periods of ten or twenty years but which have an actual average life between buying and selling of only five or six years, and finally with the rate of deterioration in houses crammed on to typical new estates.

So the need is compelling and the mood of the nation is ripe for the vital initiative; by co-ordinating the

resources and expertise of the institutional funds and the relevant bodies representing the law, property and building, to formulate draft proposals for presentation to government, which obviously will never take any fresh initiative itself. Apart from studying in greater detail the magnitude and paramount urgency of the problem as outlined here, and comparing practices in such countries as West Germany and the USA, those concerned should refresh their minds by referring again to the excellent reports produced independently by the Duke of Edinburgh's Committee and the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors, which both appeared in 1985 and were largely ignored by government. All that resulted from those two blazing rockets were damp squibs such as the Landlord and Tenant Act of 1987 and the Housing Acts of 1988. So there is certainly no hope of resurrecting housing as a priority on the political agenda until long after the next general election. But by then it will be too late; for clearly conditions have gravely worsened in the six years since those two reports appeared and continue to do so.

A collective approach by the institutional investors, professions and industries concerned is necessary, not only because of the passivity and incompetence of government, but also to make a clean break with the myths and prejudices of the past. The announcement of a proposed development programme, following preliminary research, consultations and drafting, by such a representative consortium, will immediately convince the public and the media as well as the politicians that the aims are wholly responsible and the results wholly beneficial. These aims are to ease the shortage of housing in general, and particularly for the smaller and more mobile households of today, and especially in our major town and city centres. To these ends, a wide range of large-scale projects will be undertaken which are either purely residential or integrated with shops, or other leisure or community elements, for letting on proper leases for a duration and on terms to be freely negotiated, provided that each lease conforms to the common service and management arrangements for the entire scheme, since

the purpose of the enterprise is the creation of investments to be held and nurtured permanently. There is no question here of speculation or selling for profit, nor any risk of serious disputes with the landlords. These will be either pension funds or insurance companies themselves or public property companies or *ad hoc* joint companies formed specifically for the project, who will want contented tenants as a *sine qua non* of a trouble-free investment.

The vertical integration of the whole operation - from identification and acquisition of the site through planning and building to letting and long-term management - will minimise costs, as will economies of scale, thereby reducing the level of rents. Indeed, one of the many absurdities of housing in Britain is that, whereas the term 'economic' as applied in every other context means 'inexpensive', when applied to rents it means 'prohibitively expensive'! This new movement of development leasehold will charge 'economic rents' in exactly the same way that Asda and Marks & Spencer charge economic prices for those other two essentials of life, clothing and food.

Leases will be granted for periods of between two and ten years, depending on individual circumstances and the nature of the development. For periods of longer than the two-year minimum, provision will be made for regular rent-reviews at say two-year intervals; either by reference to the cost-of-living index (so that rents simply keep pace with inflation) or, within large developments, from internal evidence by comparison with other recent lettings or reviews. So no statutory panel or tribunal is required for determining or revising rents. As for the issue of security of tenure (which house-purchasers do not possess nor, even now, do council tenants fully enjoy), the only real security is the ready availability of a plentiful supply of suitable alternative accommodation, which is precisely what development leasehold would ensure.

It must be launched on a massive scale, first because it has to rank alongside house-building for sale and local authority housing as a major sector, and become quickly established in the consciousness of gov-

ernment and public alike, and second, because it has to generate sufficient investment to justify all the preparatory work and sustain the confidence of the funds. Thirdly, it has to become big enough to eliminate any remote risk or fear that a future Labour government might reimpose rent control and withdraw the total exemption from statutory interference which this concept requires. Actually, once a wholly free market is finally approved by parliament, there is no more danger of its restoring rent control than food rationing or clothing coupons; but the fear is understandable, since rent control has become so embedded in the national psyche, and the new movement advocated here calls for

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the investment of enormous amounts of capital which cannot afford exposure to any political risk. However, the only justification for state control has always been the shortage of rented accommodation, which of course has been largely caused by state control. The only solution, therefore, is to eradicate that shortage once and for all, and thereby eliminate the risk. We want to see landlords competing for tenants just as much as *vice versa*, and a real market operating freely to the extent that once the chronic scarcity is cured and equilibrium established between supply and demand - pre-

vailing levels of rental values are recognised and accepted, monitored and reported on throughout the country, thereby stimulating further development where it is most needed.

Incidentally, while the main thrust of this movement must be in the urban centres, the increasingly desperate problem of rural homelessness must not be overlooked. This has been partly caused by the abolition of the old 'tied cottage' and similar traditions, and the heavy losses of labour on the land, with the consequences that as soon as the existing houses fell vacant they were sold, either to retired incomers or as holiday homes, and so the rising generation within the local communities have nowhere to live. For there is nothing to rent, and they cannot compete with the prices paid by the newcomers. Others with families who wish to escape our cities in order to settle in - and help revive - a rural community, are likewise prevented from doing so. A free letting market will instantly stimulate the release of under-utilised premises for occupation, for which there is a great deal of scope, thereby providing farmers (particularly) with useful extra income. It will also encourage the building of new houses, which can be done very cheaply on spare land, for letting on flexible terms.

The public announcement of the proposals would be accompanied by draft styles of lease, specimen management agreements and feasibility studies. The form of lease will combine the best features of home-ownership and of traditional tenancies with none of their respective drawbacks: for the duration could be fixed or with options for renewal; and the lease could either be personal (excluding successors, assignees, sub-lessees, etc.) or, especially those of longer duration, provide for such dealings, in which cases the lessee might command a premium on disposal or a profit-rent on sub-letting, exactly as with leases of shops and offices. Thus, the great merits of this quasi-commercial style of lease are: flexibility, incorporation of management provisions, facility for integration of the residential with other appropriate elements and conformity to standard institutional criteria for investment in property develop-

ment, which is essential in order to attract the massive capital funding required.

For the last twenty years and more, the average annual investment by the pension funds, insurance companies and banks, in new buildings for officeblocks, shopping centres and warehousing estates, has exceeded £2 billion (in today's money terms); but that rate has been suddenly halved by the current slump in commercial property development. Even that spare £1 billion-plus would build 30,000 flats in our decayed city centres each year. The banks alone are at present owed £40 billion by property dealers and developers, much of which will have to be written off as bad debts: how much better off they would have been if only half of that had been advanced instead to expert *residential* property developers for long-term investment.

Compared to the vagaries of commercial property, the stock exchange and the Third World, this new medium of development leasehold for housing offers many attractions to the banks and building societies for bulk investment, as to the institutional funds: bricks and mortar, located mainly in city centres, professionally managed, with a 99 per cent occupancy rate and with real prospects of growth in capital values, quite apart from the high profile and community kudos! It is one of the craziest features of housing in the UK that artificial political restrictions and prejudice have starved the industry of long-term finance, so that in this country we do not have a housing development industry at all.

So far from imposing any strain on their resources, the fresh permanent outlet afforded by this new investment medium would come as a welcome relief to the potential investors. The attraction to development leasehold housing is not simply the sheer volume of funds available, without which it cannot materialise, but also the lower cost of development finance if invested long-term. In contrast, one of the reasons for the absurdly high cost of houses built for sale is that the purchasing power entirely depends on mortgage finance which is raised from short-term investors and is subject to daily fluctuations in interest rates. Once the movement is under way, the tar-

get will be a global annual investment which would pay the whole cost for 250,000 units or 200,000 units plus associated commercial, leisure and community elements in some larger projects. The launching should catch the general upturn in the market. If we only reach within striking distance of the target, then, with a similar level of production from house-building for sale plus the output of housing associations, the annual aggregate will have soared to some 400,000 - covering the whole spectrum of demand, which would be enough to avert catastrophe.

The boost to the construction industry and associated professions - and hence to the whole economy, would be spectacular. And this pana-

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cea will not have cost the Exchequer a penny. However, in consideration of the billions which the establishment of development leasehold housing will *save* the Exchequer each year, some measure of tax relief is more than justified. The form it should take is a depreciation allowance on building costs; if only, say, over the first ten years. Not only is such an allowance long overdue in Britain - it is normal in the USA and elsewhere - but it would be most appropriate and easily applied to this new medium. It would provide exactly the right stimulus which could prove decisive to the competitive viability of this new sector, giving it a kick-start in the market to the benefit of the whole community, and producing huge dividends economically and socially.

Two letters have appeared in *The*

Scotsman dated 11 and 12 June 1991. The first, from the Scottish Director of Shelter, insists that rents of £40 to £50 per week from tenants of councils and housing associations would be neither fair nor reasonable - i.e. that all rented housing must be heavily subsidised - and urges as the only solution to the growing problem of homelessness a fiscal onslaught on home-owners (the only people left to pay the subsidies) by withdrawal of mortgage interest tax relief (which is already withering away) and by a new tax on capital appreciation, which would be impossible to assess and presumably would be offset by compensation for actual depreciation.

Clearly, the only Socialist solution is universal State housing. The second letter is from the Director of the Scottish Federation of Housing Associations, who also complains of 'the responsibility of the Scottish Office (meaning the tax-payer) in failing to provide the necessary resources to meet obvious housing need', but who rightly adds that 'A more constructive debate than the current one is necessary if we are to meet Scotland's enormous housing needs'. It is to be hoped, therefore, that he and other sensible figures in the housing establishment (all of whom cry woe yet can see no remedy except unlimited public money) will recognise that development leasehold affords the only means of recovery.

Such recognition must be obvious to all in the real world, as must be the need for urgent action.

***Vivian Linacre is sole
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The Quality of Mercy: II

*E.J. Mishan continues his analysis
of the rhetoric of "pro-choice"*

The pro-choice focus of concern is on women's safety, convenience, freedom and opportunity, not with the fate of the foetus which is persistently envisaged as a sort of parasitic body that has surreptitiously intruded itself into a woman's womb. The impatience of the authors of a PPF Fact Sheet with any other view is manifest in its remark that when the individual states began to prohibit abortion in 1845 it was 'in order to protect women's lives, not to protect fertilised eggs or foetuses'.

Is it apposite to regard the foetus as an insensate body, a fertilised egg, no more? Or is it in fact a tiny but living human being as pro-life adherents believe? Or is the truth somewhere in between these two uncompromising conceptions of the foetal state? Clearly our answers to these questions will influence our attitude to abortion.

During the Nineteenth Century, the general view, including that of the medical profession, was that human life was a continuum, beginning at conception and ending with death, a view that accorded with the Judaic, Christian and Moslem religions. With the advent of the new permissiveness, however, it became

fashionable to dismiss this view of the matter not only among pro-choice crusaders but also among physicians. Certainly the abortion reform movement in the United States was strongly supported not only by the media, but by the medical profession as a whole. The notion of a 'trimester' which came into vogue in the wake of the epochal *Roe vs Wade* decision, and was believed to be pertinent to the question of foetal 'viability', added constitutional legitimacy to abortion, though not without sowing doubts and provoking reservations. Even among the uncommitted public the idea began to take hold that abortions undertaken within the first trimester were not that objectionable, the foetus being little more than a cluster of cells. On the other hand, it was in order to feel a little queasy about terminating pregnancies during the second trimester since the foetus might by then be something more than just a blob of matter. Abortions taking place within the third trimester, however, were really regrettable - although they were in fact sanctioned by the *Roe* decision on the insistence of the woman.

If, nonetheless, we take the liberty of supposing, provisionally, that the foetus is nothing more than a blob of inert matter, one that bears a semblance to the body of a baby only in the third trimester (or, for any difference it makes, only at the time of birth), it cannot be denied that such a blob of matter is also a potential baby, and therefore also a potential human being.

Let that be conceded and the debate would then centre on the moral status of this inert mass of cells regarded as a potential human being,

one to be compared with an actual human being. Can it now be convincingly argued that it is less immoral to destroy this potential human being than it is to destroy the actual human being?

Some facile sophistry by pro-choice supporters about the implications of potential in this context may be anticipated. In a bid to befog the issue, it can be asserted that a single sperm cell, an unfertilised ovum, even perhaps the sexual impulse itself, might be said to have a potential for creating human life. And that consequently it is not possible to attach any moral significance to an entity solely because it has a potential for becoming human life.

It should be evident, however, that although a succession of events and a fusion of particles may culminate in conception, and eventually, barring accidents, to the birth of a child, none of these events or particles may properly be regarded as a potential human being. Alone and of itself no particle or cell can evolve into a human being. The ovum alone, or the sperm alone, can perhaps be preserved indefinitely. But like any other cell, living or dead, it will, left to itself, never become anything else. Only when the sperm cell enters the ovary and fertilises the ovum, only when conception takes place, may we say that a unique and identifiable human being is in the making and, again barring accidents, is destined to emerge from the womb in about nine months' time.

Only the embryo, or the foetus, is therefore a potential human being in the operative sense of the world: it is growing; it has a future; it is destined to become one of us. In the absence of accident or of extermina-

tion it will take its place on earth as a unique human being.

How Alive is the Foetus?

We may in fact go beyond the affirmation that the foetus is indeed a potential human being in the operative sense described above. For we happen to know quite a lot about foetal development. We know, for example, that the DNA in the spermatozoa unites with the DNA in the ovum, and that the 46 chromosomes which come together at the moment of conception are undeniably and specifically human. No other creature on this planet has 46 chromosomes. We may say that life begins at conception, since from that moment the cells begin to multiply and organise themselves, as can be seen today in an *in vitro* fertilisation. Moreover, with the development of new endovaginal probes we can actually observe the beating of the child's heart a week or so after the missed period - and the movements of the child itself a week or so later.

According to recent medical evidence given in American courts, the face of the baby begins to take shape at an early stage. By the twelfth week the child, floating in fluid, is about three inches long, and by that time it has been moving its limbs for several weeks. By that time its heart has been beating for eight or nine weeks, and all its organs have been formed: the heart, the brain, the lungs, the eyes, the complete blood system, and brain waves similar to those of a grown person can be detected. In every vital respect it is already a miniature infant save that it still depends for its food on the umbilical cord.

What is therefore now beyond dispute is that it is not just 'a blob of matter', or 'a cluster of cells', or 'a fertilised egg'. Its deliberate destruction during the first trimester or thereafter, is therefore the destruction of a living and growing human being.

But whether we acknowledge the foetus to be a potential human being or, as indicated above, a living human being, its wilful destruction may be held to be as morally repugnant as infanticide or homicide. Indeed, it is not far-fetched to rank foeticide as more reprehensible than homicide. If the woman today who decides to extinguish the new life

stirring within her were to be murdered or to expire during the abortion operation, she would at least have already enjoyed some years of life. Yet the decision she has taken ensures that her unborn child does not enjoy a single day of life outside the womb.

Foetal Perception During Abortion

So long as the temptation to visualise the foetus as little more than an inert agglomeration of cells continues, so long will it remain possible for members of Congress or of Parliament to debate, with seeming detachment, such issues as the maximum period beyond which abortion

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should be deemed illegal or beyond which experiments with human embryos should be forbidden. Debates of this sort could hardly be countenanced if, instead, it were generally believed, or even suspected, that fear and pain were experienced by the foetus during the abortion operation.

Nevertheless, the mere possibility of some degree of foetal awareness of the threat to its life, or of some physical pain endured as it is dismembered and torn out or sucked out of the womb, lies uneasily on the public conscience. Let us suppose, however, that we do not really know: that we cannot be at all certain of the relevant facts that are of material importance in reaching a decision. In these circumstances is there any method by which an acceptable social decision can be reached?

A simple procedure sometimes employed in the social sciences is that of comparing the consequences of being in error when we act on alternative suppositions about the as yet unknown critical factor. The two

alternative assumptions of fact in the present case are (1) that no distress at all is experienced by the foetus when being destroyed, and (2) the contrary assumption, that some distress is indeed experienced by the foetus.

If the consequences of acting on the former error (the error of supposing that no pain is felt by the foetus when in fact pain is indeed suffered) are less acceptable to society than those of acting on the latter error (the error of supposing that pain is suffered when it transpires later that no foetal suffering takes place), it is morally incumbent on society to act on the latter assumption until such time as the facts are established. For there can be no doubt that the risk of inflicting pain on helpless beings is morally more repugnant than the risk of causing inconvenience, no matter how great, to women who decide to take a chance on becoming pregnant.

Adoption of this procedure in conditions of uncertainty, therefore, requires in the present instance that abortion be prohibited until it has been established beyond all reasonable doubt that no foetal distress is experienced during the operation.

As it happens, however, we are not entirely ignorant of the reaction of the foetus during the abortion operation. A few years ago doctors placed an ultra-sound device over the abdomen of a woman in the first trimester of pregnancy, so enabling the anaesthetist and others to observe on a screen just what was happening to the foetus during the abortion operation. The screen 'showed clearly how the child reacted to the invasion of its sanctuary. As the dilators went into the cervix...the child would move away from (them). And as the suction apparatus was introduced into...the neck of the womb, again, we saw the child moving around, and we could see the heart speeding up...'

'And then we could see the bag of waters broken...the child's limbs and body being pulled apart by the suction apparatus. And finally we could see the head being grasped by the abortionist's instruments and being crushed and then removed in pieces'.

Moral considerations, however, demand that the argument be taken

further. Even if we were all convinced that the foetus feels no pain whatever (or that an effective anaesthetic would remove all sensation) this belief or fact, of itself, could hardly be supposed to sanction abortion. After all, a sleeping infant (with or without an anaesthetic) might be speedily despatched without pain. So, for that matter, could a sleeping adult.

Again, then, the decisive issue is the taking of human life. Once it is conceded that the foetus is, at least, a potential human being, in the sense that if it is not destroyed it will continue to grow until it emerges from the womb as a unique human being, then laws countenancing its wilful destruction are no less immoral than infanticide or, more generally, than homicide. And if, in addition, it is believed that dismemberment of the foetus can be accompanied by pain or terror, the immorality of the act is compounded by inhumanity.

The Abortion Industry in America

Irrespective of the untoward consequences in the West during the last three decades of sexual permissiveness, the rhetoric of liberation has largely succeeded in wearing away many once-traditional restraints and scruples. Certainly that rhetoric has over time proved strong enough to suppress in millions of women the protective maternal instinct for the unborn child which is operative in the females of other mammals.

In addition to being assailed by the emancipatory slogans and sophistry of the pro-choice platoons, a woman with an unwanted pregnancy is today assiduously courted by widely advertised 'counselling' agencies and by a highly organised abortion industry founded upon an ingenious infrastructure of dissimulation. Every artifice employed by the industry is calculated to dissociate the deed from remorse; to mute the pangs of conscience and to assuage the symptoms of maternal disquiet. The woman who today elects to abort her child can generally count on the sympathy of her doctor or her counsellor. She will enjoy the moral support of neighbouring feminists and, if uneasy, may arrange to be escorted to the abortion clinic by a pro-choice contingent.

Most of these private abortion clinics

in America can boast an atmosphere of benign efficiency. The furniture is comfortable, the wards conspicuously hygienic, the staff proficient and friendly. Personnel in the clinic are forewarned against using the word 'abortion' or the word 'foetus', reference instead being made to the 'procedure' necessary to eliminate the 'uterine contents' or the 'blob of cells'. Care is taken to convey the impression that the operation to be performed is but a simple and routine matter. The woman may have the opportunity of chatting amiably with others who are also waiting their turn for the operation. When the surgeon appears, he is self-assured and cheerful and sympathetic. The resulting ambience, then, is carefully contrived to induce her to think of her unborn child as no more than a sort of excrescence within her womb, something to be quickly and quietly removed, enabling her to be free again to enjoy her life.

In this connection, however, we cannot fail to acknowledge that there are other, though more mundane, instances of institutional dissociation in our 'high tech' civilisation. Modern man would certainly eat a lot less meat than he does if he were no longer able to buy it neatly cut and cleanly displayed on trays, or packaged in supermarkets alongside jars of relish, particularly if he were compelled regularly to visit the slaughter-

house or else to slay his own cattle, pigs, or birds, in order to eat the flesh of other creatures.

The implication of this remark will be elaborated in the following section. In the meantime, brief reference should be made to the growing interest taken by feminists in the development of abortifacients (or abortion-inducing pills) if only because of current anticipations that they may soon provide a more discreet, less conspicuous, and less expensive alternative to abortive surgery. Since we now live in a world of newspeak euphemisms it is not surprising that in recommending the use of abortifacients, especially for 'developing' countries, the World Health Organisation informs us in its annual report for 1985 that 'Post-Ovulatory Methods of Fertility Regulation' are essential to remedy 'the consequences of contraceptive failure'.

About the time of writing, hopes are pinned on the abortifacient pill RU-486 invented in 1982 and marketed in France in 1988 under the trade name of 'Mifepristone'. Since then the National Organisation of Women and other organisations including, of course, the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, have been conducting a campaign to persuade pharmaceutical companies in the United States to market the new product in spite of its reported drawbacks.

No one should believe it impossible that a nice, clean and wholly reliable abortifacient will yet be discovered. But the event would in no way reduce the validity of the preceding arguments bearing on the morality of deliberately exterminating a living or potential human being.

The Muted Maternal Conscience

Abortion on so historically unprecedented a scale in the civilisations of the West could not be maintained without those impassioned propaganda campaigns funded and sustained by pro-abortion lobbies abetted by a postwar pseudo-liberal establishment and promoted by extensive advertising of the abortion industry. The success of the abortionist lobby, even in the face of much lingering disquiet, however, owes much to the permissive ethos

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itself and, therefore, to that erosion of moral sensibility so assiduously fostered by promiscuous media, a moral insensibility that is, however, maintained by connivance and wilful self-deception.

This wilful self-deception is attributable in large measure to failure of the imagination. For notwithstanding the inroads made by a permissive ethos, traditional moral values have not so much been abandoned as overlaid with hedonistic maxims and liberationist buzz words. Were the torpid imagination to be activated and given direction, the moral implications of the legal sanction of unfettered abortion rights would take on definition. There is warrant, then, for occasional recourse to submit our imaginations to what, in the parlance of some philosophers, are called 'mind experiments'.

We may, for example, adopt the ruse employed by Charles Dickens in his *Christmas Carol*, projecting the protagonist into alternative futures prior to returning him to the present in order to make a choice. Thus a world may be imagined in which each woman who is contemplating an abortion is first borne through time so as to become a ghostly spectator at a scene in which she would see herself as she would become in, say, three years' time, feeding, comforting and playing with the child whose foetus she had thought to abort. In the light of this visitation, and therefore of the emotions released by her experiences with the child, she could hardly fail to equate foeticide with infanticide and infanticide of her own child at that.

Although this mind experiment cannot be translated into reality, no Jesuitism is involved. The experiment simply throws into more drastic focus the inescapable truth. For if the woman actually were prevented from aborting her child then indeed (barring accidents) she would come to share such experiences with her three-year old child.

Another appropriate mind experiment, one suggested by the ultrasound image of the foetus, would be that of supposing that during the length of the pregnancy the flesh and tissue about the woman's womb were to become perfectly transparent. Except for this single imaginary transformation, the pregnancy and

It is no longer possible to persuade oneself that the unborn child is really no more than an agglomeration of cells or an insentient nucleus. As indicated earlier, it is now possible to see the image of the foetus, within the first trimester, projected on to a screen, and to see it as a tiny baby with all its organs clearly distinguishable.

the growth of the foetus would take its normal course. But now the woman could hardly be able to avoid seeing her own unborn child - the growth of its tiny limbs, its head, its movements, its contentedly sucking its thumb. Can anyone doubt that the decision to destroy it would be a far more agonising one than it is at present in the real world in which (save for the swelling) the unborn infant is concealed from her view?

Even if the imagination is not entirely dormant, there must yet be some guileful form of repression operating in the mind of the woman waiting her turn in the clinic which acts to block the disturbing though obvious question 'Can I truthfully say that I would certainly have supported my own mother's decision if, instead, she had elected to abort me?' No sophistry is involved in the speculation. After all, each one of us alive today would never have been, had his mother chosen to abort him.

Stormy Weather Ahead for the Abortion Lobby

Be that as it may, the rapid progress being made today in the field of medicine is such that it is becoming ever more difficult for the public at large to continue to veil its awareness, to muzzle its conscience, or to suspend its judgment.

In hospitals all over the West the daily routine of doctors and nurses exhibits a grotesque paradox of purpose. In one part of the building, or on one floor of it, doctors and nurses use the latest techniques in attempts to save the lives of premature babies. In another part of the building, doctors and nurses are busy aborting them. For the unborn child in such a hospital, then, it is a matter of chance whether the staff is to labour to save his life or to destroy it or, rather, whether chance has placed him in the womb of a mother who wants him to live or in the womb of a mother who wants him killed.

Manifestations of such collective ambivalence are disturbing enough to the citizen. But what seems destined to pull the rug from under the feet of the abortion lobby are more recent advances in medical technology. For it is no longer possible to persuade oneself that the unborn child is really no more than an agglomeration of cells or an insentient nucleus. As indicated earlier, it is now possible to see the image of the foetus, within the first trimester, projected on to a screen, and to see it as a tiny baby with all its organs clearly distinguishable. There it is: breathing, gasping, moving, yawning. The beat of its heart can be heard quite clearly. Can any one really be persuaded, then, that the foetus is not alive: that it is not a miniature human?

And whatever public ignorance and uncertainty remain for the pro-choice institutes to exploit, they will hardly survive the medical advances that are currently anticipated. Within the next two decades it may be possible to keep alive a premature baby of four months or less. For that matter, research continues in the endeavour to perfect the construction of an artificial womb. Should it succeed, the live foetus or embryo could be transferred from the mother's womb to the artificial womb almost any time after conception.

The Nullification of the Roe Decision

Permissiveness notwithstanding, the diffusion of knowledge about foetal life, resulting from new medical technologies, has begun to have an impact on the conscience of the public. But although the scales have now started to tilt against the pro-choice movement, it may be quite a while before foetal rights to life will be fully established in the West. As it is, such have been the inertia, on the one hand, and the confrontation on the other, and such has been the mutual antagonism over this issue among American politicians - expressed in acrimonious congressional debates - that sixteen years had to elapse before the fateful Roe decision was effectively rescinded by the Supreme Court.

The dismay which spread among the ranks of the pro-choice battalions by the Supreme Court's decision in the recent *Webster vs Repre-*
sentative Health Services case may be gauged by the statement of the *Alan Guttmacher Institute Journal* of July 1989, that it had to be seen as 'a giant step back'. For this decision in effect declares that the government does, after all, have a legitimate interest in foetal life during the whole of a woman's pregnancy, and not only after the foetus achieves 'viability' (as in the *Roe vs Wade* ruling).

The new decision, which once more empowers state legislatures to regulate access to abortion, better accords with the growing misgivings of the American public at large which - although, admittedly, it had for years dithered over the issue - was yet never inclined to acquiesce fully to the idea of a woman's unconditional right to abort. Indeed, only a week before the Webster decision, a poll conducted by the *New York Times* revealed that no more than 22 per cent of the population favoured an unconditional right of abortion whereas over 60 per cent of Americans wished to see the introduction of comprehensive legislation in order to protect the unborn child.

Among politicians at the state level, however, there is still some reluctance to take a firm stand. The pro-choice lobby can still muster plenty of political muscle. It continues to enjoy the support of the abortion industry and, apparently, of much of

the so-called 'elite culture'. On balance, the media remain pro-choice, though not so unreservedly as they were in the 1970s.

The next few years are likely, then, to be marked by political turbulence. Under this new threat to their ascendancy the pro-choice legionnaires may be expected to close ranks. Doyens of the movement will rally the faithful with passionate exhortation: 'once more into the breach, dear friends!' But time is not on their side. The day when freedom to abort one's child will be erased from a feminist bill of rights cannot be far off.

A Final Reflection

So rapid is the pace of advance in the field of medicine today that one may reasonably anticipate the discovery, sooner rather than later, of contraceptive techniques that will be one hundred per cent effective. Such

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contraceptive techniques may involve new chemical agents or else, as a female counterpart to vasectomy, minor surgery applied to the fallopian tubes, so blocking the entry of seminal fluid into the ovaries until such time as the woman is ready to bear children.

Thus some of us may live to see the day when, in the West at least, the idea of abortion will be dismissed as a barbaric anachronism. But only after that day has dawned will the historian be able to assess the pertinent events of the past three decades with something approaching detachment. I venture to predict that his judgment will be a harsh one. At any rate, I should not like to believe that our descendants will be able to look back without shame at a conscience-liberated era during which - owing to moral paralysis and political cowardice - a right to abortion on demand was effectively sanctioned by society, so fostering a sexual irresponsibility which, in the event, culminated in a remorseless holocaust of human life.

E.J. Mishan, a former Professor of Economics is the author of many books on economic affairs including, The Costs of Economic Growth.

Race Speak

Ray Honeyford offers some Anti-Racist Language Guidance

The British Sociological Association has just issued a pamphlet entitled, entitled 'Anti-Racist Language: Guidance for Good Practice(sic)'. Its purpose is to 'help BSA members to identify and challenge racism in sociological education and research'. The tone, as one might expect, is properly self-critical. The BSA itself, we are apologetically informed, is 'predominantly white,' and serves a culture which 'embodies many racist ideologies'. Moreover, since the subject is clearly a developing one, we are advised that the present guide is merely a first stab at an increasingly complex topic, '... a great deal of further work needs to be done'. The BSA, ever mindful of its duty to scholarship, is setting up an 'anti-racist monitoring group', presumably to keep its eye on backsliders, heretics and sundry dissidents.

In the meantime, we can all surely be grateful for this highly original exercise in multi-racial etiquette. At long last we can approach the damnably tricky business of knowing what to call each other, whatever our racial or cultural racial group, with increased confidence. We no longer need to sink into the settee or hide behind the curtains whenever multicultural matters are raised.

But we must be careful not to be over-confident. 'Race', for instance, can be negative or positive. If referring to a biological concept it is, we are told, 'unhelpful'. But 'race' is an OK word if used 'in an anti-racist sense', - though it might be better to place it within the protective influence of inverted commas, which is admittedly difficult in speech. This latter device is meant, presumably, to signal to the reader that though the writer has felt compelled to refer to this dreaded subject, he simultaneously denies its existence by consigning it to that category of shadowy essences which inverted commas invariably signify. Race can be mentioned, but always furtively and only when the writer has provided himself with a semantic escape route.

Again, 'immigrants' may be attached to people who are actually 'in-migrants', in that they have arrived here from abroad; but the unwary could lay themselves open to a charge of 'racism', since the word contains echoes of 'immigrant legislation'. 'Minorities', too, is tricky. Some people like 'ethnic minorities', others do not. Some prefer 'minorities'. There is a group, it seems, which rejoices in the appellation 'minority ethnics'. In the USA, the terminology is even more ab-

struse. There, sociologists use the term, not in a numerical, but in a 'power' sense. This makes it possible to refer to a numerical majority as a minority if they have 'minimal power'. This means, one assumes, that where the minority is the dominant power it is in order to refer to them as 'the majority', as in Burundi, where the numerically small, but dominant, tall and brown Tutsi have a nasty habit of practising genocide against the numerically bigger, but powerless, short and black Hutu. I am sure there is bound to be some social occasion when this invaluable information will come in handy.

'Black' is in, but only after considerable cogitation. It may be applied to a variety of non-white groups. But, on the other hand, it may not, since Asians object. When used to indicate 'solidarity against racism', it is acceptable. But, in some contexts, we are informed, its use can be 'racist'. We need to remember that 'black' has many negative associations in English, for example, 'black leg', blacklist and so on. At the same time, we presumably need to forget that there are countless collocations where 'black' has positive implications, as in 'black gold' (oil), 'in the black' (in credit), 'black diamonds' (coal), 'black belt', (supreme award in martial arts) and 'blackswan' (rare and highly prized) - not to mention the revered 'black madonna'. Nor can we overlook the fact that someone might conceivably be offended by the apparently neutral and seemingly innocuous 'blacksmith', 'blackbird', 'blackberry' and 'blackcurrant'. After all, we know for certain that 'blackboard' and 'black coffee' have been declared *verboden*. So again,

circumspection is the name of the game.

Even 'Asian' is riskier than it seems. We are told the term refers to 'people from the Asian subcontinent'. But since it covers a wide spectrum of cultures and nations, some people are offended by it; whilst others may object because they have lived here a long time. Moreover, the simple term 'West Indian' must be avoided. The preferred term is 'Afro-Caribbean' (but definitely not 'Afro-Caribbean'), since this implies a commitment to anti-racism. And that exciting and innocent term from one's childhood, 'cowboys and injuns' is highly suspect, since 'Indian' in its American sense is associated with 'racism'. Much better to use 'native American' - though 'native' can be a trap for the uninitiated since it 'has a strong colonialist connotation'. 'Negro/Negress' is also out, 'African American' being the preferred term - though we are not told if 'African' can be applied to British blacks in this way. Perhaps that will be the 'in' term when Afro-Caribbean becomes redundant. (There is a rapid turnover in this area).

One is no longer allowed to employ the term 'coloured', nor 'half-caste'. And 'mixed race' will not do either, since it implies there is such a thing as a pure race. What precisely we are to call people whose parents are from different races we are not told - which must make such folk feel they have ceased to exist. 'Indigenous' is acceptable, but only when applied to North American Indians, Aborigines and other victims of colonialism. But it must not on any account be applied to the natives of this country, because it would be difficult to identify the indigenous British, as the British have been abolished, at least, that is, if you are a sociologist.

'Non-white' is a minefield. Its continual use is 'racist'. Better to talk about black people, British Asians etc., since, it seems, some black groups are so afraid of being contaminated by whites that they do not wish to be associated with them, even verbally. 'Pagan' is racist, whilst 'primitive' is perjorative. Even the seemingly innocuous 'overseas' needs to be approached with considerable caution, since it refers to 'Brit-

White people, it seems, must feel obliged to adopt some sort of international, or transcultural standpoint, independent of their own restricted cultural horizons. This obligation appears, curiously enough, not to apply to non-white folk, who are in no way handicapped in their view of things by their cultural heritage.

ain's former overseas possessions'. 'Third World', too, is not as straightforward as it appears. It implies there are 'poor and developing nations': it puts together many disparate cultures: and in certain circumstances it 'can be prejudicial'. 'Ethnocentric' is perfectly proper, but only as a word, not as the thing signified, since the tendency to perceive the world through the medium of one's own culture is taken to be a personal defect, a lack of cultural imagination typical of insular Anglo-Saxons. White people, it seems, must feel obliged to adopt some sort of international, or transcultural standpoint, independent of their own restricted cultural horizons. This obligation appears, curiously enough, not to apply to non-white folk, who are in no way handicapped in their view of things by their cultural heritage. Conflicting responses, it seems, are evoked by the term 'multicultural'.

To some, it is a neutral term implying nothing beyond itself: but others object since it assumes all cultures are equal, when, in reality, some cultures are 'dominated by the racism of others'. And on no account should the terms civilised or civilisation be used in polite conversation. If you imagined these terms had something to do with Ancient Greece, the Renaissance, high culture and polite society you have been sadly misinformed. In truth, they derive from 'a colonialist perception of the world', and are 'full of implicit value judgements and ignorance of Third World history'.

I am sure that all sociologists will feel grateful to the BSA for this brilliant piece of semantic exegesis. They have no excuse for making the sort of multiracial gaffes lesser mortals make all the time. As for the rest of us, perhaps the best policy when invited to a multicultural dinner party is to observe strict, monastic silence. Any attempt to communicate is bound to offend someone, and the high jinks could so easily end in unseemly conflict. More radically, perhaps our best hope of preserving the peace is for all racial and cultural groups to avoid each other like the plague. Of course, we could solve the problem by using our commonsense. Regrettably, this latter quality does not appear to be something with which the BSA is endowed.

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Investing in Socialism

Jessica Douglas-Home seeks out the hidden agenda of the European Bank

During the years of socialist orthodoxy the arguments for private ownership, free enterprise and a market economy which were repeatedly made - and made at the highest level - by Hayek, Friedman, Polanyi and many more, were never answered because the socialist agenda remained fixed on the allegedly oppressive work relations of the bourgeois economy. Besides this supposed fact, no amount of economic reasoning could gain a hearing.

Suddenly, however, with the exception of a few Marxist academics and some dinosaurs in the trade union movement, we find that socialists are all in favour of the market. They even speak of the small businessman as the mainstay of a free economy. They do not actually confess to change; so far as they are concerned, socialists have been speaking in this way from the beginning. The market economy was always implicit in socialism, they claim, and worth mentioning now only because circumstances require a slight 'shift of emphasis'. Actually, there is still no evidence that the arguments of Hayek and his followers have been studied, still less understood. The transformation has been one of rhetoric and

is not necessarily a change in belief. How sincere, then, are those born-again marketeers? And what confidence can we have that those who make the new Europe their special concern, really will steer it in the direction to which they claim to be committed?

An instance worth considering is the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, recently established at the taxpayer's expense, precisely in order to assist the countries of Eastern Europe in their transition to a free-market economy. The idea of such a bank came from President Mitterrand, whose previous incursion into the world of banking was the disastrous attempt to nationalise the banks of France, in order to secure precisely the monopoly over credit which has caused the downfall of the East European economies. The purpose of the new bank, however, is ostensibly to liberate the economies of the East European countries, not to control them. The aim is to 'support the evolution of a business environment conducive to the growth of a strong competitive private sector with strong support to small and medium size ventures.' On the surface it might be concluded that traditional socialist theory had been abandoned. Trusting such a brief to underpin the changes in Eastern Europe, 39 countries, the Commission of the European Community and the European Investment Bank, all responded to this project with 10 billion ECU of credit. Now, five months after the EBRD opened, larger banks are being asked to join in, by sponsoring bond issues.

Behind the anti-socialist aims of the EBRD, however, lies a far from

anti-socialist power structure. Mitterrand kept up his initial momentum, and manoeuvred his protégé, Jacques Attali, into the position of the Bank's first president. So many reputations must be re-assessed in these volatile times that it might seem churlish to focus on Jacques Attali. However, there are lessons to be drawn from the example which can be applied throughout the post-communist world.

The first question is whether the initial credit of £40 million (roughly £2 per taxpayer) contributed by Britain, was obtained by false pretences. For although the European Bank as

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Attali prefers it to be called, claims in its prospectus to focus on Central and Eastern Europe, a bracketed sentence halfway through the text manages to include the Soviet Union as a part of the region - all 16 republics and 280 million inhabitants. This vast area, whose land mass is 11 times the size of Europe, may need all the help it can get. But it was surely not an express concern of the bank when it first appealed for credit. The initial purpose, after all, was to help those countries that had already adopted democratic forms of government and which were abandoning central control.

In fact, however, Attali has long sought his own 'special relationship' with the Soviet Union. Before his appointment to the bank he acted as Mitterrand's 'sherpa', travelling frequently to Moscow in order to prepare the way for those summits in which western politicians would grant successively more respectability to Soviet leaders, regardless of the fact that they were not elected by the people for whom they claimed to speak. Quick to establish friendship with Gorbachev and other prominent members of the *nomenklatura*, Attali avoided the anti-communist opposition, even though it is people like Victor Aksyuchit of the Christian Democrat Party, Nicolai Travkin of the Democrats and Mikhail Asaiev of the Cadet Party who have been campaigning most extensively for a genuine market economy. Such people were beneath his notice: they were also too dangerous to the centralised power which had been so fruitful a source to people like himself. In his political life, as in his writings, Attali has shown a zealous attachment to socialist ways of thinking, often of a chilling kind, as in his proposal for a final solution to the problem of age. As he has stated in an essay in *L'Avenir de la vie*:

'As soon as he goes beyond 60-65 years of age, man lives longer than his capacity to produce, and he then costs society a lot of money... Indeed from society's point of view, it is preferable that the human machine should stop suddenly, rather than face progressive deterioration..... Euthanasia will become one of the essential instruments of our future societies. In the logic of socialism, to begin with, the problem must

nothing is more dangerous than 'Utopia in power', and the fact that Attali is now able to translate his dreams of a new political and economic world order into reality should set alarm bells ringing in the rest of us. But there is no evidence that his brave new world approach to politics has suffered any major set back.

be presented as follows: the socialist logic is freedom, and the fundamental freedom is suicide; therefore the right to suicide either directly or indirectly is an absolute value in this type of society.'

Such utopian nonsense is perhaps due more to *gauchiste* high spirits than to contempt for the human species. Nevertheless as we well know, nothing is more dangerous than 'Utopia in power', and the fact that Attali is now able to translate his dreams of a new political and economic world order into reality should set alarm bells ringing in the rest of us. But there is no evidence that his brave new world approach to politics has suffered any major set back. The EBRD, as he envisages it, is to be a 'supra national creation' that would extend beyond the confines of the Twelve to embrace the entire continent in a sort of loose knit confederation.

Once the bank opened, Attali was travelling again: not to Eastern Europe, an area with which one would

hope he might become better acquainted, but back to the Soviet Union, the country which until 18 months ago held Eastern Europe by force, and recently threatened to do so again.

As a result of this visit Alexander Maslov and Viktor Gereschenko of the Moscow Narodny Bank and the Soviet Central Bank were appointed to posts at the EBRD headquarters in London. Anyone familiar with the Soviet system would have known that banks controlled by the party were in the habit of channelling aid and loans into the *nomenklatura*'s 'private enterprise activities', and that their activities were little better than a swindle practised on the Soviet people - frequently involving transfers of property and goods from one apparatchik to another at well below the market rate.

Some of Attali's other appointments have been equally disconcerting. The important position of First Vice-President was turned down by Ernest Stern (the widely experienced World Bank Senior Vice-President) amid talk of weak structures and the lack of a business plan. It has since been accepted by John Fleming who, like many of the bank employees, has no background in the affairs of Eastern Europe.

Most surprising of all is the appearance of Miklos Nemeth, Hungary's last communist Prime Minister, as one of the bank's first Vice Presidents. Certainly Nemeth does not lack experience of Eastern Europe; after all he spent the best part of his adult life as one of the oppressors of the Hungarian people. One might wonder, however, whether this qualifies him for his new role as the official in charge of recruitment, who has to sift through the many applications for the two hundred jobs at the EBRD before presenting his short list to the Board.

It is worth remembering Nemeth's credentials. After graduating from Karl Marx University of Economic Science, Budapest, where he obtained his solid grounding in Marxist-Leninist economics, he joined the economic department of the Communist Party and was responsible for Karoly Grosz's economic policies - both preventing reform and approving the increase in state investment and large-scale borrowing. In 1987

he manoeuvred himself into the position of Prime Minister of Hungary. But the tide had started to go against him and the opposition was now able to insist on round table talks with the Communists; Nemeth hung on, keeping a low profile until he was accused of placing bugging equipment and spies in the opposition headquarters. This he denied at first, only to retract with a fairytale: 'Hardline Stalinist forces were at work, from which the Hungarians needed protection'. The opposition found no proof of any such forces.

The communists slid from power and, well practised in the arts of expediency, Nemeth helped to form the phoney Social Democratic party, hoping in this way to remain at the top. Despite receiving large sums of money from Willy Brandt, however, not one member of the party was elected to Parliament.

The opposition in Hungary has been able to bring proceedings neither against Nemeth nor against any other of the Communist leaders who bear political and criminal responsibility for the illegal operation of the Security police. It is widely felt that he may have been granted immunity, in a political deal between the former ruling elite and those who have subsequently come to power. Indeed Nemeth has privately remarked that he plans to return to Hungary, when his stint at the Bank is over, to pick up what is left after the free-market interlude has run its course. Meanwhile his talents are not required by his countrymen, since they can for the time being choose their political leaders.

Attali, on the other hand, seems to find Nemeth's credentials excellent and his past relationship with the Soviet Union invaluable. The same too could be said of the Romanian, Bogdan Baltazar, recently appointed as an adviser to the Bank. His new claim to dissident status has caused bitter amusement in the Romanian opposition press. In contrast to Hungary, the communist apparatus in Romania remains intact. In such circumstances, nothing could be of greater value than the choice of a sensible adviser to oversee the transition towards a free market and democratic institutions. Baltazar's credentials, however, are similar to Nemeth's. From 1975 to 1976 he was

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Ceausescu's chargé d'affaires in the Philippines - a position given to one trusted to espouse enthusiastically the Ceausescu version of communism. Ceausescu's chief of espionage, General Ion Pacepa, who defected in 1987, referred in his book *Red Horizons* to the Romanian chargé in the Philippines in this period as being 'the head of espionage operation in the zone'.

In Romania and in the rest of Eastern Europe, there are many courageous figures who, at considerable risk, studied and advocated a free economy and refused to become the 'useful idiots' of the Soviet system. It is surely from these groups that advisers should be drawn?

Earlier this year I made an appointment with the EBRD to discuss a small factory project in Romania. At the time I was not aware of the peculiarities of the bank which have subsequently caught my attention. I surmised that probably less money might be available for Romania, but assumed, nevertheless, that the bank would avoid giving loans to large state enterprises and would concentrate its resources, as mentioned in

the prospectus, on small businesses which are trying to break away from the state monopolies.

The scheme I put forward involved a joint venture with a Swiss firm to produce water purification equipment. Thirty people would be working on the project. The factory in Bucharest would supply investment worth 120,000 dollars, which would be matched by 120,000 dollars from the Swiss firm. In addition, a loan of 360,000 dollars was sought from a third partner to provide the hard currency needed to import machine sections unobtainable in Romania - this part, I hoped, would interest the EBRD.

I was immediately told that the project was far too small, but that we could discuss it further. I asked how large a small business would have to be before it could be considered feasible: 'In the region of 120 million dollars, not 120,000 dollars', was the reply. However, the banker continued, if this factory would ally itself to a large municipal health authority scheme, it would stand a better chance because, by the time advisers and accountants had descended on such a small project, the equivalent of 120,000 dollars would have already been consumed. He added that it seemed to him that the Swiss firm was greedy in asking for a loan: 'They want to have their cake and eat it', he said. Surely, I protested, the point of establishing the EBRD was to encourage western firms to involve themselves in the devastated regions of Eastern Europe. Why should a Swiss firm invest in Romania without spreading its risk a little and enlisting the support of a powerful international organisation purpose-built to assist? I suggested that the Romanian factory, instead of having the chance to become a truly independent business, would be simply absorbed into the old bureaucracy if it were to join with a municipal scheme. Furthermore, as communist structures remained unchanged within Romania, aid to the state sector could only contribute to maintaining the one-party system. 'But', the banker replied, 'Romania is a shareholder in the bank. We do not have the right to dictate to a shareholder and involve ourselves in the politics of a country'. In other words, the EBRD's purpose is not to

support a free economy but to support the ruling powers, regardless of their socialist agenda.

I began to wonder whether the French-led bank's attitude to Romania might contain some foreign policy agenda of its own which did not comply with the aims of its shareholders. It may even be in the interests of French foreign policy that the present Romanian regime stay in power. After all, Romania's opposition parties are ignored by President Mitterrand. He refrains from mentioning President Iliescu's embarrassing invitation, issued last June to the 15,000 miners, to 'restore order' by brutalising the students and ransacking the opposition parties' headquarters. Instead President Mitterrand has made a State visit to Bucharest (the only Western leader to do so) thus bestowing respectability on the regime, and to welcome Romania among the democratic nations of Europe.

It is well known that President Iliescu flew to Moscow earlier this year to sign a Special Friendship Treaty with the Soviet Union, clauses of which are still withheld from the Romanian parliament. It is less well known that France, before the coup, established its own bi-lateral Treaty with Moscow. Here, too, the key provisions have been withheld from the Western public. However, TASS printed the text of the Treaty, which bound France to a 'New Europe'. So far as the Soviets were concerned the bi-lateral Treaty obliged France actively to pursue Soviet membership of the European Community.

It is clear that the EBRD was destined to be a useful tool for the advancement of French Socialism. Its real aim may even have been to turn Europe into a confederation, with the Soviet Union as its largest member. If this submerged agenda were allowed to stand, then the shareholders should conclude that the EBRD has nothing to do with private enterprise, but everything to do with the long term foreign policy objectives of France and the USSR, both of which have been governed by people with a long standing dependency on centralised control. Indeed nothing in the behaviour of the Bank's president suggests he would really like to see the flourishing of independent initiatives in the eco-

nomic sphere; on the contrary, everything suggests a desire to bring these initiatives under centralised supervision, by creating a monopoly of credit in a situation which provides a unique opportunity to do so.

Vaclav Klaus has publicly voiced his suspicion of the Bank, as a means of re-imposing socialism in his country. Attali's response was to invite Klaus, as Czechoslovak Minister of Finance on to the governing board of the Bank. But Klaus's suspicions have not been allayed by this, nor by his recent discovery that Attali has offered the Bank's support to the notorious "Dienstbier Plan", conceived by Czechoslovakia's socialist (and ex-communist) foreign minister.

According to this plan Western aid should be channelled - guess where? - to the Soviet Union, in order to enable it to continue buying Czechoslovakia's exports. What better way of keeping Czechoslovakia tied to its defunct socialist economy, dependent on the Soviet Union - or whatever remains of it - as much as ever, and committed to the overproduction of second-rate goods? As Klaus rightly sees, this plan is precisely what will prevent the emergence of small business and a market economy in his country.

A glimmer of hope came this September when the EBRD, besides announcing an agreement to invest in a privatised Hungarian packaging firm, also agreed on a larger sum for the Czechoslovak Investment Corporation - a new fund dedicated to

small and medium sized business enterprises. However, the advisers in Czechoslovakia turn out to be another state - controlled organisation - to be sure, with a new face - the Investicni Banka.

If Eastern Europe is to move towards the free market it needs private investment, from private banks, who are prepared to take the risk and who invest money for which they are fully responsible. The last thing it wants is investment decisions made by apparatchiks who spend taxpayers' money and suffer nothing when the investment goes wrong.

Things have moved on since the bank was first conceived. Nobody can now believe that the old centralised Soviet economy has the faintest chance of surviving. Interestingly however, just as socialists have rapidly placed the free market on their agenda during the last few years, so have they in recent months discovered themselves to be in favour of the break-up of the Soviet Union. President Mitterrand's vacillation for a day or two during the August coup certainly made a foolish spectacle on French television. But Jacques Attali has been no such fool. We even hear that he, too, is a partisan of decentralisation. But it is decentralisation conceived in socialist terms. As he told the *Wall Street Journal* on 22 August 1991: 'We've got to shape this wild decentralisation to organised decentralisation'. In other words, decentralisation must not be allowed to escape from central control. By a magnificent sleight of hand Attali is still able to urge that the socialist plans which caused the problem are really the only solution to it.

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**Jessica Douglas-Home is
Chairman of the Mihai Eminescu
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Editorial

The wave of crime and rioting that swept the country last summer should not be dismissed as summer madness. Crime has increased so rapidly in recent years, that in many parts of the country the police are on the verge of losing control. Notwithstanding sentimental claptrap of the kind purveyed by Lord Scarman, we cannot regard economic decline and unemployment as the principal or even the major causes of this development. The evidence of economic decline in our inner cities is one-sided at best: are we to say that Inner London today is more poverty-stricken than it was between the wars, or that the poorer sections of society are worse off, now that they are furnished with cars, televisions and food in abundance, than they were during the Depression when crime rates were a fraction of what they are today? Unemployment does have something to do with it: for it is true that the devil makes work for idle hands. But crime has risen far more rapidly than unemployment, and has gone on rising even when unemployment has been on the decline. Nor was mass unemployment in the past connected with the kinds of crime rate that we witness today.

Rather than pursue the chimera of economic explanation, we should look for the cause in the areas where commonsense suggests that we will find it: in the changed attitude to crime itself. Two great forces impeded the criminal impulse: the internal force of morality, which tells us that crime ought not to be committed; and the external force of punishment, which tells us that crime does not pay. And it is the decline of those two forces that principally explains the rise in crime.

Children today are brought up without the fear of God: they are introduced by the media and the education system to a permissive and pleasure-seeking morality, which gains yet more power over their souls on account of the 'victim culture' which is offered as a palliative to

their conscience. Their culture tells them that there is no such thing as wrongdoing, but only sudden self-assertion by the victims of society, resulting in a temporary setback in the fortunes of those who are better off. Add to all this the moronising influence of television, and the boredom that is naturally suffered by people who have never had anything better to do than stare at a screen across which lives far more exciting than their own are constantly paraded, and it is scarcely surprising if the repugnance towards crime should disappear.

The demoralisation of society is a major catastrophe. But it is not one that admits of an immediate political solution. Nothing short of a religious revival can turn the tide against decay, and a religious revival will not take root in hearts as softened by pleasure and indulgence as those of modern youth. Religious revivals come through suffering: through war, plague and natural catastrophe. Indeed, in identifying hardship and despair as the causes of crime, Lord Scarman gives the opposite of the truth: these things are not the cause of crime, but the first step towards its cure.

The external impediments to crime, unlike the internal constraints of moral feeling, are the true concern of politicians. And it is here - in eroding the ethics and the institutions of criminal justice - that modern governments must take the blame. In all of the following ways, the legitimate expectations of law-abiding citizens have been betrayed:

- Sentences have been too lenient. Few first offenders go to prison, and only in rare cases do the crimes which cause the most widespread suffering to decent people - burglary, 'joy-riding' and mugging - receive the kind of punishment that they deserve.
- Too many offenders are released on bail. On average, we are told, half the offenders

now charged with crimes in Greater London have committed them while on bail for a previous offence.

- Magistrates prefer to avoid the difficult decision of awarding a custodial sentence, if the law allows them a 'soft' alternative. 'Community service' and other such laughable sentimentalities have effectively replaced the practice of punishment.
- The probation service (*vide* The Rape of the Probation Service in *Salisbury Review* Vol. 9 no. 3) is rotten with the effects of Marxist and neo-Marxist criminology. The probation officer is now the friend and collaborator of the criminal and has ceased to be his guard.
- The police have begun to avoid the criminal breeding grounds, for fear of the threats that they receive there. Why should they expose themselves to danger, when the only result of arresting someone is that he is promptly released on bail, only to be sentenced to a few weeks of community service when he comes up for trial?
- The government has no clear policy for dealing with widespread riot and subversion. Last summer, crowds set fire to buildings and prevented the fire brigade from saving them. This clear call for a military response was ignored, and the arsonists walked free.

The primary need is to review the criminal justice system, and to do everything possible to ensure that crime no longer pays. This means harsher policing, and harsher sentencing, so that even a young person with no moral sense may nevertheless perceive that an honest trade is wiser than a career in burglary.

Letters

Sir,

No one should breathe a word against Dr Jankowicz's estimable Krakow Consortium Project since every nation needs its honest traders and it is true that everything the communists touched turned to dust. Nevertheless, I feel his and his co-author's assessment of the present stage of capitalist development in Poland (*The Salisbury Review*, September 1991) is a little rosy-eyed.

I realise that no one speaks with more confidence than the ill-informed, but it seems to me that the first stage of capitalist development must necessarily be some kind of robbery or betrayal. Here I have in mind, for example, the Highland clearances and American families such as the Kennedys who began their rise to fame in organised crime.

And this is pretty much what is going on in Poland today. The adage might be: 'You can't have capitalism without capitalists,' but where are capitalists to come from in a country as poor as Poland?

Clearly the communists were corrupt, but at least they took their time, since they were confident they were going to be in power for a hundred years. By contrast, the people presently in power have no such assurance; democracy might relieve them of power in within a couple of years. This means they have to hurry to achieve their dark ends.

Of course, it is to be assumed that in time things will settle down and a more restrained economic culture will prevail.

In the same issue, David Marsland referred to Eastern Europe as having been 'imprisoned for decades in the iceflow of socialism'. Of course this is true, but this has also had curious consequences. Later in his article, Marsland praises the gentle conformism of British suburbia and laments the passing of 'that long-lost pre-war Britain which was shaped by Victorian values.' The irony here is that by locking its societies into an

iceflow, socialism inadvertently preserved many of the ordinary decent values.

A striking example was brought to mind by Fiona Bulmer's examination of contemporary British youth culture. Polish youth, in contrast to its British counterpart, does not try to mature faster than its years; here young people remain younger for longer. However, this is not to say that they are 'innocent' or 'naive'. In fact, if anything, they seem more mature than their British counterparts whose premature attempts at being grown-up result only in insolence and aggression.

There are values to be cherished here in Eastern Europe. My only fear is the overdue triumph of capitalism will lead to the same kind of junk-culture we have in the West.

Robert Mellors
Warsaw
Poland

Sir,

Fiona Bulmer is correct in her conclusion that we should treat our children more like adults ('Sweet and Innocent', September 1991), yet her critique of youth culture lays the blame for its rebelliousness upon the wrong shoulders. Pop music, packaged sex and the activities of the media are not the root causes of rebelliousness but the by-products of the desire to rebel. Children rebel because of the patronising attitudes of parents, the State and the Educational Establishment.

While it is true that 'the central ambition of the child is to grow up'. Children need and expect a proper service from those charged with the responsibility of providing education for adulthood. If they do not get it, they go elsewhere. The post war boom of an alternative teenage

culture and of the pop music industry has provided children with a sense of independence and individuality which teachers and parents have failed to provide.

The growth of the State after the war which led to the excessive nannying of adults was accompanied by an excessive nannying of children both by adults and by the State. Children led the way in rejecting overbearing authority with the creation of an alternative youth culture. Those in the pop industry who fed off youth culture marketed their product by preaching rebellion and practising capitalism. Elvis Presley made millions by gyrating his hips and looking 'cool'. Mods, skins and rockers sold their music by giving it a 'message'. Punks were a movement of small businessmen selling designer anarchy. Acid house parties were a means of making money for young entrepreneurs who felt shut out of conventional adult society. The capitalist intuitions which lie behind youth culture manifest themselves in such distorted fashions because children attempt to become adults without the guidance of parents and schoolteachers. The blame lies with the failure of adults to treat children more like adults.

Like Fiona Bulmer, I also write as a twenty two year-old with recent experience of youth. As I have gradually acquired greater freedom and responsibility over the last ten years, my political outlook has changed from anarchist to libertarian to classical liberal. If nannying interference continues to diminish, one day I may even become a conservative.

Adrian Pepper
London

Reviews

An American Hero

Brian Crozier

Missionary of Freedom: The Life and Times of Walter Judd, Lee Edwards, Paragon House, New York, 1990, \$21.95, pp, 364.

In the United States, Walter Judd is a household name; in the United Kingdom, not many could identify him. Medical missionary in China, Congressman extraordinary, stirring orator, crusader of anti-communism, Judd is probably the most influential American politician never to have achieved high office. In a world in which corruption is not unknown, Representative Judd came to symbolise good causes, sincerely espoused and skilfully handled.

Of these causes, the one to which he was most attached was that of 'free China'. Born into a Baptist family of modest means in Rising City (population in 1900, 499) he graduated in medicine at the University of Nebraska and decided that of all countries, the one most in need of doctors and Christian charity was China.

He arrived there at a time of great turmoil. Sun Yat-sen, leader of the anti-Manchu revolution of 1911, had just died and such hopes as there were, were vested in his disciple, Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang was perhaps the world's first dedicated anti-communist. He had spent Lenin's dying months in Bolshevik Moscow in 1923-24 and came back convinced that the Russian communists intended to use the recently created Chinese Communist Party as their instrument to dominate China.

Although Chiang inspired Walter Judd, the young missionary was never an uncritical admirer of his. However, and rightly in context, he saw Chiang as the only leader with a chance of standing up to the dual challenge of Mao Tse-tung and the Japanese invaders. The author's ac-

count of the tragic and turbulent 1930s is vivid.

The China issue dominated Judd's later political career, although his knowledge of foreign affairs was by no means confined to China: indeed, it was encyclopaedic. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1943, on the Republican ticket, for Minnesota, where he had been practising as a physician. Ten years later, after much preliminary lobbying, he set up the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. The 'million' referred to the number of signatures collected with the help of the trade union leaders William Green and the better known George Meany. For nine years, Lee Edwards worked with Judd as secretary of the Committee.

The question has often been asked: why did Walter Judd never achieve high political office? The answers Lee Edwards gives are various. One was a lack of the hard ambition that political high achievers need. In politics as in his China days, Judd remained a missionary for good causes. Uncompromisingly honest, he was never a man for the wheeling and dealing that leads to the top.

His commitment to the Cold War was total, and he never believed that victory could be achieved through military containment. He introduced legislation to create a Freedom Academy 'for the training and development of leaders in total political war'. He saw his proposal as the only way of countering the traditional diplomatic training offered by the State Department, which inevitably led to

undesirable compromise with the communist world.

His project failed, as did another and still more controversial project for a Joint Congressional Oversight on Intelligence, which he proposed in 1953. Judd's followers later argued that if his project had been adopted when he made it, the painful aftermath of Watergate could have been avoided. Equally, however, it could be argued that Congressional 'oversight' might well have emasculated the CIA twenty years earlier than the actual event.

Judd narrowly failed to be Richard Nixon's running mate in the 1960 Presidential election. Nixon's choice, Henry Cabot Lodge, slowed down the campaign where Judd would have enlivened it, and Nixon narrowly lost to John F. Kennedy. There was much support for Judd's nomination and many observers believed it could have brought Nixon victory.

Two Presidential terms later, Nixon and Henry Kissinger flew to Peking, without consulting Judd, thus dropping the China policy to which Judd had devoted decades of his life. In the words of Lee Edwards: '...despite more than twenty years of political friendship and association with the President, Judd was never invited to participate in a single project of the Nixon administration'.

It could hardly be otherwise. To the end of his Congressional career, Walter Judd remained the 'missionary for freedom'. His services were recognised by President Reagan when, in October 1981, aged eighty-three, he was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

With great skill, Lee Edwards has brought to life not only the career of his hero, but the complexities of the American political scene.

A Modern Master

Frederick Stocken

George Enescu, *His Life and Music*, Noel Malcolm, Toccata Press, 1990, £20.

George Enescu, 1881-1955, was one of the century's great violin *virtuosi* as well as a celebrated conductor and pianist. But throughout his career he was writing his own music. Mahler said, 'I conduct in order to live, I live in order to compose'. The relationship between performing and composing in Enescu's life was much the same. Teacher of Yehudi Menuhin, possessor of one of the greatest musical memories of all time - Enescu could sit down and play without music whole acts of Wagner operas - this book would still probably never have been written if it was not for Enescu's own compositions. Malcolm's aim in this study is to press the claim that his music is 'some of the finest and most extraordinary music of the century'.

The integration of biography and musical description when writing about composers is notoriously difficult. In this first substantial work on Enescu in English the juggling of the two is very successful. Born in Romania, Enescu studied in Vienna and at the Paris Conservatoire. It was his studies with Fauré and André Gédalge (also teacher of Ravel, Milhaud and Honegger) that were the most formative. Thereafter, Enescu divided his life between Romania and Paris but with a great deal of time spent on the road giving concerts.

Just as his life was a struggle to combine the career of performer and composer, so his own compositions may be seen as an attempt at another type of integration. From Vienna, Enescu brought to Paris an unfashionable enthusiasm for German music. So it was the cyclical recombination of themes derived from Wagnerian leitmotivic processes combined with the French concern for intricate timbral effects that was the starting point for much of Enescu's music. The influence of Romanian folk song was undoubtedly important. Indeed Enescu first

came to prominence as a composer with his *Poème Romain* (1897). His Romanian Rhapsodies are by far his most well known compositions. But it must have been the one-sided impression that these pieces gave of his personality that infuriated him when their success seemed to overshadow all his other works.

There has been a recent excellent recording of his opera *Oedipe*, which is regarded by many as a masterpiece, and also of his three violin sonatas, two cello sonatas and third piano sonata. But no recordings are currently available of the three symphonies, two string quartets, two piano quartets and the three orchestral suites. Although Malcolm gives a list of historic recordings including Enescu as a performer, it could have been usefully amplified by a list of the two dozen or so recordings of his work in which he does not perform that are currently available.

The question still remains of why the 'greatest musical phenomenon since Mozart' (according to Pablo Casals) has been so neglected as a composer. Perhaps Enescu did not aggressively promote his own music and was perceived by the public as a performer who happened to compose rather than as a composer who happened to perform.

Malcolm refreshingly abstains the 'more-conservative-than-Bartok-less-conservative-than-late-Strauss' sort of assessment which tends to short-circuit itself in most discussions of Twentieth Century music. The business of assessing music on the basis of how it fits in with last week's theory of historical inevitability has now largely been discredited. An abstract art like music has nothing at all to do with ethics and has no obligations other than to beauty. Music develops and changes, but never progresses. As with other masters of the Twentieth Century who do not fit into any neat place on the academic musical calendar like Martinu, Roussel or

Busoni, Enescu basically accepted Modernism whilst clinging to Romantic principles.

I have not heard Enescu's recordings of Bach but am interested by Malcolm's claims that he was a forerunner of 'authentic' Bach playing. It does not exactly square with Harold Samuels' comments in a letter to Howard Ferguson from New York in 1933, in which he describes his playing of the C minor double concerto with Samuels on two pianos: 'He is, primarily, a violinist, and probably got nervous; anyhow, down went his pedal, up came his *fortes*, and the time got quicker and quicker. I had a terrible time trying to hold him back...anyhow it was much liked...'

Malcolm has done Enescu a great service with this study. That Enescu is a Twentieth Century master is possible. However, as we approach the end of the century, the jury is still out deciding whether any of the modern masters will have the enduring power of their Nineteenth Century colleagues.

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Church and State

Roger Watson

Christianity and Conservatism, Are Christianity and Conservatism Compatible? Michael Alison MP and David L Edwards, Hodder and Stoughton, 1990, £9.99, 344pp.

The question posed by the subtitle of this book, concerning the compatibility of Christianity and Conservatism, is certainly not answered in the text. Moreover, the question is barely addressed by any of the contributors. However, if such a question were easily answered, it would hardly be necessary to compile a volume with eighteen contributors including the former Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher.

There is an assumption in contemporary clerical circles, particularly on the ecumenical fringes of the mainstream churches that Christianity and Socialism are not only compatible but synonymous. It is therefore timely that a compilation such as this should be produced. The point of reference for both the editors and contributors is Margaret Thatcher's speech to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1988. This speech, which forms an appendix to the book, was not about the compatibility or otherwise of one particular viewpoint and Christianity; rather it was about one woman's view of Christianity and her vision for society. Margaret Thatcher is living proof that Christian principles and Conservative politics do co-exist in one individual but it can be fairly said that her economic programme did not stem directly from her Christianity. Her Christianity is not in doubt, but some of her more radical influences such as Friedman and Hayek, did not base their thinking on Christianity.

There is a fundamental conceptual error, easily made by politicians and concerned Christians of whatever ideological hue, which sees religion as the means to achieving specific social and economic ends. However, and this is the view which was firmly rejected in both the French and American revolutions, the relationship between religion and politics should be one which facilitates the building of a state in which the

true end of man - Eternal Salvation - can be most easily attained. In this relationship, which is most fully expounded within Catholic social teaching, the State is always subservient to the Church, and particular systems of government such as democracy, monarchy or a one-party state are not prescribed.

John Gummer's chapter on Conserving the Family answers the criterion of specifying the correct role of the state. Gummer talks about rediscovering the theology of judgement: 'a society in which men are encouraged not to be accountable is to deny one of the most fundamental of Christian insights'. One outstanding chapter is that of Brian Griffith who tries to distinguish between the economics of Mrs Thatcher and those of the thoroughly secular libertarians. He develops the theme of the Gospel being 'an appeal to the individual' and compares the consequences of building a society based on that appeal, with one which is built 'using the coercive power of the state'. It is the Socialist view of man which is the seed of destruction within Socialist societies.

Poverty is discussed by many of the contributors. It is both relative and absolute, but only socialist thinkers reject relative poverty. On the theological front, only liberation theologians ascribe moral superiority to the poor. In traditional Christian thinking room exists within the Gospels for relative poverty and the absolute poverty experienced by the Disciples must have been far greater than anything in contemporary Britain. Conservatives believe that generally raising the standard of living will alleviate poverty. Ralph Harris points to the irony that 'Socialist policies, which aim to protect the poor from the insecurity of the market, prevent them from doing what they could to help themselves and their families'. Frank Field takes

poverty as his main theme. Amidst a barrage of statistics Field raises issues of responsibility but the State is seen to have the broadest shoulders. Christian Socialists are always ready to propose how current structures, particularly Conservative ones, would be judged according to Biblical values. More humility and doubt about the righteousness of their cause is shown by Christians on the Right and they never display the tendency, in Muggeridge's words, to refer to Jesus as if he were 'the Honourable Member for Galilee South'.

John Gladwin, onetime Secretary of the Church of England Board for Social Responsibility, gives the impression that he has found himself in a position without fully understanding its consequences, but who feels obliged to defend it. He tries to find favour both with *The Church and the Bomb* and *Faith in the City*. Gladwin suggests that the latter report 'acted as a stimulus to the government to consider its own approach'. The British Nationality Act, 1981 was strongly criticised by the leadership of all the mainstream and free churches. One wonders where people like Gladwin have been hiding while the cadres of the left-wing 'establishment' have been invading the churches via the British Council of Churches and its myriad satellites, transforming them from within. The Limits of the Market by John Atherton shows the same willingness to accept bodies such as the BCC and its Geneva-based counterpart, the World Council of Churches. Even at face value the WCC is an extension of the international communist movement. However the naive and sentimental are easily persuaded by its spurious talk of peace and brotherhood. Atherton writes about church criticism of the Thatcher government - 'for the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland and the President of the Methodist Conference to agree in such a way and at the same time cannot be regarded as a coincidence'. As one who has studied the orchestration of 'Christian' responses to the policies of the present Conservative government by a hard-working network of subversive individuals, I can only agree!

The Feeling Intellect

Ian J. Deary

Philip Rieff, edited and with an Introduction by Jonathan B. Imber, The University of Chicago Press, 1990.

There is an in-joke in academic circles which states that when eminent scientists reach a certain age and find that the rigours of hypothesis testing provide an unbearably slow path to enlightenment they enter a stage called the 'philosophopause'. In other words, they leave behind the constraints of the scientific method and let go on big issues, sharing their wisdom with an audience whose respect was earned as a result of dedication to prosaic science. Examples of those who could not resist the call of metaphysics are the physiologist Sir John Eccles, the anthropologist Gregory Bateson, the geneticist Conrad Waddington and the cyberneticist Norbert Wiener. It is also the case that all of these writers wrote very readably on culture, the mind, religion: the typical concerns of those undergoing the philosophopause. Many a youth has been misspent reading and canonising such wise men, including the present author's and it was this part of the past that was evoked by reading Rieff, a writer not well known to me previously, but one I was pleased to discover.

Although nominally a sociologist, Rieff is not identifiably concerned with any of the main empirical variables or theories of sociology. He appears always to have played the part of the wise man, a critic for hire on any number of subjects: culture, religion, psychoanalysis, education and so on. The introduction to Rieff's selected writings is almost hagiographic; he was clearly an inspiring teacher, creative, intelligent and encouraging. Imber, his editor in this volume, has even tried to make him an aphorist. At the end of the book there are forty (sorry, XL) 'Sentences', profound snippets from the collected articles which one might be expected to meditate upon in isolation from their surrounding arguments. However, this attempt fails, because unlike say, Wittgenstein

or Nietzsche, Rieff is not a very good one-liner. His *fortes* are coming to unobvious conclusions after a long rigorous argument, and ignoring ideological fashion in the advocacy of quality in areas such as literature and the arts.

The forty-nine essays included in this volume are grouped into thematic sections, but are able to be read independently. There is great variation in clarity throughout the essays: some are heavy with jargon and familiar words are given different meanings, whereas other essays are clear and concise. Early on in my examination of the essays I read 'The Case of Dr. Oppenheimer', Rieff's reflections on the post-Los Alamos plight of Robert Oppenheimer, the 'father' of the first nuclear weapons, whose socialising with socialists and general ideological unsoundness led to his being denied high positions later in his career. Rieff's account of this affair is a rambling, repetitious but finally straightforward resume embroidered with histrionics concerning the knock-on effects of the Oppenheimer case for the relationship between science and politics. There was no real analysis or new angle, just a lot of table thumping and insinuated significance, like a pub bore interpolating from a graph that has one data point.

Despite the opaque writing style and the conspiracy theory-style over-reaction of the Oppenheimer essay, there is a discernible conservative streak in Rieff's writings, although I suspect that the conservatism is unintentional. In his essay on 'The Function of the Social Sciences and Humanities in a Science Curriculum', he states that, 'I would suggest the transmission of tradition as product as one aim of the liberal arts curriculum as a whole... A memory-less people... is a barbaric people, whatever their level of technical competence'. His emphasis on the importance of tradition in education is akin to

Hayek's warnings about the dangers of ignoring traditions. Rieff also has a blast at new teaching methods, 'But too often there is an impulse to encourage liberal arts students to start, for instance, 'first questions' - as if there were not, as in the sciences, broad and steady shoulders upon which to stand in order to see ahead'. His suggestion is that even engineering students should read Plato, St. Augustine, Paul, Dewey, Whitehead, Santayana, Marx, Calvin, Luther, Merton, Toynbee, Ruskin, Freud, Kafka, Joyce, Eliot, Forster and Yeats.

Rieff's essay 'The Impossible Culture: Wilde as a Modern Prophet' also highlights his conservatism, and is one of the most original and thoughtful essays in the collection. His analysis examines the function of culture as a set of constraints that narrow repertoires of behaviour. Again, like Hayek, he is alert to the necessity of having traditions that limit the possibilities of human action. Unlike Hayek, Rieff develops the possibility that some of these restrictions are inside humans, in the form of personality characteristics, rather than totally imposed in the form of laws or cultural mores. Rieff is concerned about those who attempt to escape from their cultural restrictions, 'To be an escape artist without talent contradicts the meaning of art, installs things that are ugly as equal with anything beautiful and smashes up those structures of conformity from which art alone can emerge. This helps us understand why all those failed artists among the contemporary culture revolutionaries shout as one of their favourite words, 'Smash''. If anything, Rieff appears almost too conservative here. The importance of tradition in culture has been emphasised effectively by others - Ruskin, Hayek, Fuller - but Hayek has always argued that tradition is only one half of the story. There is also the necessity for change to allow cultures to meet new challenges. Hayek's analysis solves this by allowing radicals to work within the limits of the culture and by allowing changes which are modest, so that the failure of any one change will not threaten the existence of the society implementing the change. Rieff does not articulate how cul-

tures come to shed old or produce new 'interdictory-remissive complexes', as he dubs the conventions that comprise cultures, in a healthy way. This is not so much a criticism of Rieff's philosophy as a criticism of the genre in which he works, that of criticism. Rieff's conservatism in art has been flushed out by Wilde's disastrous, in Rieff's view, wish for total freedom from cultural and personal restrictions.

In his Essay on Kelly Miller, Rieff tackles the issue of race and takes what must have been a very courageous stance in 1968, its year of publication. His key concern appears to be the ease with which it is possible to go beyond equality to a black militant racism, 'What are 'black values' anyway? A culture has no colour; it belongs, as Miller insisted, to him who lives and enacts it ... "black

values' sound suspiciously like an inversion of that kind of racist theory which even asserted Shakespeare as being for WASPs only, and was used to keep Jews from teaching in English departments'. This is typical of the essays: there is little concession to trendiness, and one is always aware that the intelligence applied to the issues tackled is both considerable and maverick. It is hard to capture what Rieff appears to have enthused his students with in a book. His charisma and his ability to take a clever view of a topic of the day are evanescent qualities, and much of this book is a collection of near-ephemera. His writing style has none of the accessibility of the great essayists, which preserved their musings long after the subject matter was old hat. I doubt whether Rieff's writings will pass this test.

relativisation of just about everything, the grasp of otherness and of course the denial of transcendental reality which they dimly perceive through the fog of dialectical and commercial materialism.

Jameson doesn't have much to say about the nuts and bolts of this, the nitty-gritty, the tangibles if you like, although towards the conclusion he posits a form of cognitive mapping related to the quantum leaps in the enlargement of capitalism and its penetration of hitherto uncommodified areas. Regrettably, however, he notes, if the model is 'true' then it escapes individual experience, apart presumably from the high priests of post-modernism. I picked this pertinent point up by starting at the back of the book following a failure to progress very far into the introduction, despite the assurance on the fly-leaf that this was one of the more accessible of Jameson's texts. But then, surely, no apologies are needed? For this kind of smash and grab is the essence (inadmissible word) of post-modernism - the impulsive dip, the gamble on some ephemeral imagery to sustain you on to the following fleeting figure of speech.

Seriously, and like Jameson we must occasionally be serious, the book poses a genuine dilemma for the reader trying to grasp the message of his slippery polemic. Just when it's aping an indigestible translation of some arcane continental Marxist polemic, it manages to surprise, here and there, with a brilliant flash of cultural illumination. Inevitably, objective references to the teleology of Marxist history sit uneasily alongside Jameson's personal preferences and opinions. Take these away, as he suggests, and there is not much of value left. For example, he apologises for having no formula or model to explain the 'historical transaction' between the cultural practices of yuppies and the cultural paradigm for this stage of capital. Or his own transaction?

So what makes him tick? He openly admits to being a relatively enthusiastic consumer of post-modernism. But why? Because he enjoys the interplay of self-multiplying mirror images or, less superficially, because he sees through the rush of media-crazy Gadarene swine to a world-

A Riot of Images

Graham King

Post-Modernism, or the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism, Frederic Jameson, Verso, £24.95, 1991.

Post-modernism has the poise and charm of a cobra: an insistent rattle that provokes alarm; a fixed intent that numbs the inattentive mind; and, when it strikes, a poison that runs rampant through the body politic. As Jameson describes it, it's what you have when the modernisation process is complete and nature is gone for good, when culture has become a product in its own right. It's what happens, we would say, when degree is vizarded, and when 'appetite, an universal wolf... Must make perforce an universal prey, And last eat up himself'. It's a time of artless self-expression and the relentless pursuit of commercial values, a time when traditionalists and progressivists co-inhere on the symptoms of their collapsing kingdom, and from the ashes both wish to believe the subsequent phoenix may be their kind of bird. Even the feathered 'theory' offered by Jameson, as he freely admits, is suspect, for the au-

thor cannot decide whether his text is explanation or example.

And how the Marxists rejoice in the deafening cacophony they now encourage, tossing aside the sackcloth and ashes and dreary unimpassioned puritanical tomes, to imbibe instead the kaleidoscopic array and riot of images endemic in the daily life of what they now believe is the cultural logic of late capitalism, their own raft of certitude in the rational linear progression of history they both embrace and deny. Now, through the inexorable planetary diffusion of global capitalism, previously postponed for a decade or so, they believe the ultimate revolution of the world proletariat is on the horizon. We are sailing at full speed up this old-new agenda towards the consumption of history. Tired clichés and stock phrases abound in this mad, mad world - the commodification of culture, intoxication with the ephemeral, the

wide frenzy of collapse? Probably a bit of both. The real clues, I believe, are the Freudian references to the unconscious and the concomitant search for reductive explanation - producing in his case a strange surface attachment to economic causation that he can never demonstrate. Underneath the histrionic word-play

lie some fairly simple human traits: self-indulgence, illusion, perhaps his own self-estrangement mirrored by the culture he describes.

But what of the rest of us, tarnished souls that we too are? Perhaps we should merely redouble our efforts to withstand the worst of the nonsense by recalling our three great

poets on their own reckoning. First, with Wordsworth, to remember that by getting and spending we lay waste our powers. Secondly, to appreciate with Coleridge the difference between fancy and imagination. And finally, returning to the Bard, to remind ourselves that degree is 'the ladder of all high designs'.

Nonconforming to Type

Merrie Cave

The Non-Conformists: In Search of a Lost Culture, James Munson, SPCK, £17.50.

'The English have a hundred religions and only one sauce', exclaimed Voltaire. He would have been astonished at the end of the 19th century, not only by the rapid growth of the Nonconformist churches but the important influence of Nonconformity in every branch of Victorian political and social life. This period was Nonconformity's golden age and James Munson's scholarly survey provides a wealth of fascinating detail backed up by excellent references. It should remain the standard work for a while. The author necessarily concentrates on the main denominations: the Congregationalists, the aristocrats of dissenters, the Wesleyan Methodists and the Baptists. The Primitive Methodists were more important in the countryside. The story of the minor sects deserves another volume. The typical Nonconformist belonged to the 'self-respecting but comparatively struggling population', which had grown quickly in the age of self help. Albert Peel, the Congregational historian, described them as the basis of the country's strength. Mrs. Oliphant, the Queen's favourite novelist, described a chapel composed of greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, milkmen and teachers of day schools. Immense sums were spent on their buildings, most of them in the expanding suburbs of the big cities. Islington's Union Chapel was designed by Cubitt, Spurgeon's Tabernacle at the

Elephant and Castle was one of the sights of London, having 5,000 seats and sixteen doors. However, Nonconformity never attracted the poor - 'too poor for dissent'. Attempts were made to attract the unchurched millions by the building of the Missions in the big cities, the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement and Working Men's Lectures like those given by C. Silvester Horne at Whitfield's Tabernacle; they were not successful.

Nonconformists always wanted to be part of the mainstream of English life and welcomed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the abolition of compulsory Church rates and the opening of the ancient grammar schools and universities, even though disestablishment, their ultimate goal, remained a distant dream. Nevertheless, they were keen to retain their separate identity and worried that boys who went to Oxbridge might soon prefer dinner with wine to high tea and join the Establishment, as many of the mercantile princes of Nonconformity had, retiring to country houses on the proceeds of their enterprises. These embraced every field of everyday life: Palmers' biscuits, Callard's sweets, Colman's mustard, Early's blankets, Pickford's removals. Mass tourism started with the initiative of a Baptist teetotaler, Thomas Cook. Many of the princes combined philanthropy with business acumen: Titus Salt, the Cadburys and William Lever im-

proved the living standards of their employees by building model housing estates.

Arnold's observation in *Culture and Anarchy* of 'incomplete and mutilated men', was untrue. Nonconformity's contribution to culture at the end of the 19th Century was important, particularly in education and publishing: Quiller Couch, a Cornish Methodist, edited the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. John Cassell's *Popular Educator*, (teach yourself courses) was indispensable. The young Lloyd George used it to study French for his Law Society Preliminary examination. Mudie's circulating libraries were the cheapest. For Jesse Boot they were a useful extension of existing premises. The climax of James Murray's distinguished career was editing the new dictionary of English in Oxford.

Descriptions of nonconformity in literature are often misleading: Little Bethel in the *Old Curiosity Shop* would not have been typical. Arnold Bennett rejected his strict Wesleyan upbringing; thus his tone is often unfair, particularly in *Riceman's Steps*. The narrow faith described by Gosse in *Father and Son* was not practiced by the majority of dissenters. George Eliot, however, in *Silas Marner* and *Felix Holt* give a far more accurate and sympathetic picture.

The American emigration played an important role in chapel life. Hugh Price Hughes, the leading spirit of the Free Church Council, claimed that it was the true representative of Protestantism because of the superior numbers of dissenters in the United States, which itself provided an example of a free market place in religion (without state constraint). The bond survived the massive immigration of non-English communities and there were important exchanges: several Free Church

ministers gave the Yale lectures, the teetotal movement in the US strengthened the Anglo-American bond for in both countries agitation for state action started in the late forties. The special relationship between American and British reformers was symbolised by the success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; Nonconformity upheld public morality not the Church of England.

The Nonconformist connection with the Liberal party became more complicated with the issues presented by the Parnell case. Hugh Price Hughes demanded that only Parnell's resignation would satisfy the 'Nonconformist conscience'. As in the Dilke case, Nonconformists believed that immoral behaviour should be grounds for quitting public life for ever. They now looked to the state to carry out social reforms which would be at risk if the legislators were immoral. The needs of the Liberal party vis a vis the Irish nationalists also brought the conscience up against political reality as never before. The Education Bill of 1902 has often been compared with the poll tax because of the hysterical fury it aroused; thousands of respectable people went to gaol, including ministers. Morant's aims, of course had been to get education out of the hands of the squabbling school boards. The Nonconformists had looked forward to the bankruptcy of church schools and now saw them

about to be saved by local taxation - Rome on the rates. Nonconformist anger restored Liberal unity in 1906, but by the outbreak of the First World War the fervour of the resisters had waned and the war submerged that and other burning issues of the day.

Was the 'strange death of Liberal England' connected to the demise of Nonconformity? Munson believes the decline was due to the cause of Nonconformity's growth, urbanisation. When the rural migration into cities decreased, so did Nonconformist power. Secularism brought about a massive decline in all forms of organised religion. The author believes Nonconformity's most important legacy is the conscience: public men should adhere to traditional standards of behaviour. There is not one moral law for the powerful and one for the rest. 'Democracy was the recognition that character was above cash and brains above birth'. Mrs. Thatcher's attempts to revive these sturdy values were rejected by the English, now an ignorant and irreligious people. The remnants of chapel power have long surrendered to the dependency culture, indeed a perverted form of the conscience has been transferred to political causes and to the ruling liberals of the established church. Such an instructive book deserved more rigorous editing; sometimes repetitions and poor arrangement make the narrative hard to follow.

can countries. In some respects, the author's impression is highly negative. He notes the desperate poverty of Mozambique, brought on by the incompetence and corruption of the post-independence Marxist government and the continuing civil war. This poverty has earned Mozambique the unenviable title of 'the sewer of Africa'. In Zimbabwe, Robert Mugabe seems increasingly to be living a Marxist day-dream with a drift towards one-party rule and nationalisation of the land.

The author, however, is not without hope for his childhood home. With the demise of Soviet power, the Mozambique government has abandoned doctrinaire communism and has welcomed investment from Europe. In Zimbabwe, the greatest contempt for Mugabe's Marxist posturing comes not from the white followers of Ian Smith but from a newly assertive black middle class who, having experienced the first benefits of capitalism, have no time for the false promises of socialism and nationalisation. Such contempt is shown in the open humour of the Zimbabwean people at the expense of their government. Mugabe has given his wife the title of 'Amai' or 'Mother of the Nation' but she is popularly known as 'Imelda'.

Even more hopeful for the future is the widespread admiration Lord finds for European institutions and values (especially those of the British) despite years of war and anti-Western government. Visiting his old prep school, the author finds that, despite all the upheaval and change of recent years (including a period in which the school was used as a base for North Korean trained military units) the school is still run on an essentially British model successfully adapted to its African circumstances. It is in such synthesis that the prospect can perhaps be found, for southern African governments which have outgrown Marxist collectivism and can base themselves on principles of political tolerance and the rule of law. If this can be achieved, Zimbabwe might merit the title the author bestows upon it of 'the Jewel of Africa'.

Rhodesia Revisited

Robert Thomas

Ghosts of King Solomon's Mines: Mozambique and Zimbabwe, A Quest, Graham Lord, Sinclair Stevenson, 1991

Graham Lord's account of his return journey through Zimbabwe and Mozambique after thirty years is more of an act of personal exorcism than a travel book. Lord was educated in Zimbabwe and lived in Mozambique, where his father was a shipping agent at the port of Beira, in the 1950s before leaving for university in England. His idyllic memories of his childhood (which the au-

thor himself admits might be idealised) are contrasted with darker, haunting recollections such as the savage massacre of missionary teachers which took place at his old prep school in 1978 and the port fire in 1953 in which his mother was badly burned.

Beyond Lord's individual pilgrimage, the book gives insights into the present state of these southern Afri-

In Short

The Ultimate Education Reform, The School Voucher, Marjorie Seldon, The Radical Society, 1991.

The government the lacked the courage to introduce radical educational reforms because it was too frightened of vested interests. Rising consumer standards cannot compensate for poor schools which will, anyway, bring about catastrophic economic decline. Marjorie Seldon powerfully reiterates the case for the educational voucher which should have at least been tried in one area. Substitutes only scratch the surface of the problem; a National Curriculum is alien to the British tradition; opting out only helps good schools and articulate parents. The voucher would help poor parents and average children, the main casualties of the present system.

(MC)

Of Universities and Polytechnics, Enoch Powell, Centre for Policy Studies, Wilfred Street, London SW1E 6PL, September 1991.

In a classless society - or at least in one foolishly aspiring to be such - all distinctions become hateful. So we shouldn't be surprised that Mr Major's Conservative Party is abandoning the distinction between education and training. But we should be appalled, for the reasons which Mr. Enoch Powell trenchantly sets out in this pamphlet. Between a university properly dedicated to knowledge for its own sake and a polytechnic equally properly dedicated to knowledge for the sake of certain economic activities, there is a real distinction of both means and ends which has been essential to European culture and Civilisation since the Renais-

sance at least.' Only a 'barbarian state', governed by people who regard society as an economic enterprise writ large, would seek to collapse this distinction out of deference to the prejudices of Essex Businessman. To add irony to injury, making 'economic progress the criterion of the pursuit of knowledge' is misconceived even on strictly utilitarian grounds 'If thought and study had been restricted to whatever held out the visible prospect of material advantage, that explosive coruscation of Human achievement which is European civilisation would never have occurred.' Is it too late for Mr Major to be educated?

(IC)

Advertising Bans: Administrative Decisions or Matters of Principle? John Gray, Social Affairs Unit, 1991.

One of the worst examples of arrogant Nanny Statism is the incessant call for bans and restrictions on advertising. The recent halt to cigar advertisements on television because of EC regulations is one example of this odious trend, which must be halted if we value free speech. Distinguished liberal philosopher Dr. John Gray, already well-known to readers of this journal, gives an eloquent and persuasive defence of advertising freedom. He says commercial free speech must be upheld as strongly as religious and political expression. He aptly quotes David Hume's comment: 'It is seldom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once.' Some freedoms seem more trivial than others, but must be defended.

(TB)

Standards in Schools' Assessment, Accountability and the Purposes of Education, John Marks, The Social Market Foundation, 194, Regents Park Rd, NW1. £6.

Information standards and testing in schools which have been deliberately concealed by the DES are described in John Mark's new study. The decline in examination results is shown to be a result of the comprehensive revolution 'an experiment with the life chances of millions of children'. In Northern Ireland where selection is retained, examination results remain well above those for England. The pamphlet also examines the pass 'inflation' since the introduction of the GCSE and criticises the impractical and wasteful methods of the national curriculum assessment. Future educational policies should be continuously challenged and all relevant evidence should be readily available, not dragged out by one man's dedicated persistence.

(MC)

Your country, Your Democracy. Rodney Atkinson, Campaign for an Independent Britain and Compuprint Publishing, 1, Sands Rd, Newcastle on Tyne, £4.

Agreeing to the demands about to be made at the Maastricht summit would mean the end of Britain as a separate self governing state and the relegation of our Parliament to the status of a local council. Rodney Atkinson lists questions which voters ought to put to parliamentary candidates. We should reject those not prepared to vote for a sovereign British parliament, because they will have lost the power to represent them.

(AJM)

Notes on Reviewers

Merrie Cave is our Managing Editor.

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