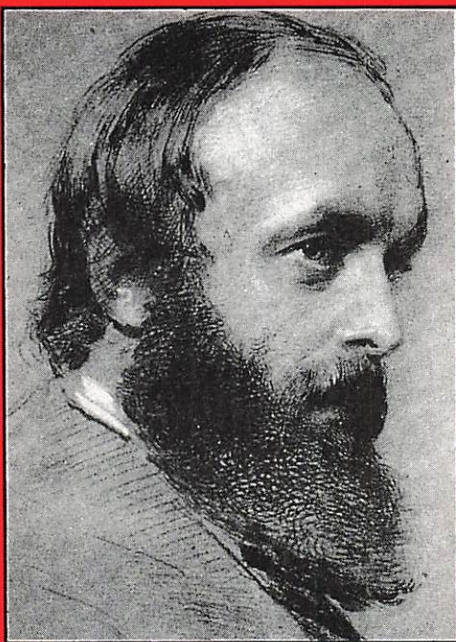


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The Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



The Third Marquess of Salisbury
1830 - 1903

Empire to Nation State

Roy Kerridge

**European Union — Soviet
Union?**

Jim McCue

Children's Rights

*Stewart Deuchar & Barbara
Hug*

The Empowerment of Families

Patricia Lança

The Charity Machine

Sophie Jeffreys

Letter from Ireland

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Conservative Journal *Crisis*

Like the *Salisbury Review*, *Crisis* began life in 1982. Its purpose was to provide a voice to Conservative American Catholicism, in the face of the massive temptations, both spiritual and intellectual, by which Catholics in the modern world are surrounded. Founded under the aegis of the philosopher Michael Novak, *Crisis* has established itself as a major source both of Christian social teaching, and of robust political analysis, at a time when American universities are increasingly short on both. The journal is published by the Brownson Institute, and edited by Deal W. Hudson, to the high standard imposed by the competition among conservative journals in America.

The issue for May of this year contains trenchant criticisms by Michael Novak of the American welfare system, and the culture of dependency that has grown from it; two examinations of the encyclical *Veritatis Splendor* — by the ever-intelligent Russell Hittinger, and by Romanus Cessario, both of whom recognize in the encyclical a new beginning for moral theology, and a message of hope for our time; and a lively series of

articles devoted to art and culture. One of the most interesting is an extended piece on 'Recovering the Sacred in Music' by Robert O'Reilly, who argues against the 'totalitarian atonality' of Schoenberg and in favour of the newly rediscovered tonality of Taverner, Pärt and Górecki, whose music has permitted the religious spirit once again to inhabit the world of tones, and to communicate itself directly to the heart and mind of the listener. The astonishing success of these composers — and of Górecki in particular — is due, O'Reilly argues, to their rediscovery of the old language. The word which was lacking to Schoenberg's Moses, and for which he cries out in vain, was, after all, the thing that Schoenberg rejected: tonality, which is nothing but the sound of the voice in music. And the human voice in sacred music is also a divine voice.

A refreshing attempt to weave again the great tapestry of Christian culture, *Crisis* is published eleven times a year, and is available price \$25 (US), or \$36 (foreign) from Box 1006, Notre Dame Indiana 46556.

The Salisbury Review

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When Burke made his great protest against the 'rights of man', seeing in this revolutionary slogan an assault on the whole structure of civil government, he received from Tom Paine the high-handed scorn with which those who stand up for the downtrodden greet any criticism of their noble posture. The time has come for conservatives to make war again on the idea of human rights, to insist that rights must be paid for by duties, and to impress on the public that the proliferation of rights for which no payment is offered beyond the fact of being human, leads inevitably to the dependency culture of the modern city, and to a fettering of talent, self-help, and charity. Yet, through the actions of the European courts, our law is now subject to universalist prescriptions, and socialists have become adept at disguising their hatred of human success as a solicitous concern for the rights of the underdog. Indeed the underdog is now literally that — as the movement for 'animal rights' gathers momentum.

Even those who do not go along with the nonsense of attributing rights to a creature which can never respect them, will nevertheless be tempted to believe in the rights of children. Accordingly the legislatures of the world have been burdened by the UN with a Charter of children's rights, discussed here by Stewart Deuchar and Barbara Hug.

The fact is that children have rights only to the extent that they have duties. They are in the process of acquiring both, but they do not fully possess either. To accord to them a fully fledged set of rights, which they possess as individuals, is to suppose them capable of suing for these rights at law, and being sued themselves for disrespecting them. It is to suppose them susceptible to the full measure of punishment which falls on those who trample on the rights of others, to suppose them one hundred per cent responsible for their deeds and misdeeds, and to suppose them capable of exercising mature rational choice in all matters which concern their own well-being. In short, it is to abolish the idea of childhood, and with it the role of the parent. A society which does this has precisely one generation of existence left to it. And while that may be the goal of the UN Charter, it surely cannot be ours. Of course, if Patricia Lança is right, children are a declining section within civilised societies, and it may be that the effort to endow them with rights against the rest of us in any case comes too late.

Underlying the plaintive call for more and ever more rights, lies a distinct vision of community, dreamed up by people who have been effectively severed from their social nature by the

luxurious monadism of modern life. To such people communities, like rights, come without costs. They are cosy and caring, tolerant, loving and supportive. To belong to a community no sacrifice is required: morality, religion and manners remain private matters, and there is a free choice of 'life-style'. In fact, real communities are founded on strict moral codes, obligatory religious observance, and a permanent vigilance over manners and morals. The support which comes from membership comes only to the one who pays the price of conformity — a price that liberals are unwilling to pay as a rule.

Real communities involve the spirit of charity, and it is one of the distinctive features of our country that charity has been for so long recognized and protected by the law. The traditional charity is in competition with the welfare state, whose ethos is not charitable at all, since it offers 'rights' rather than gifts, and is engaged in a war of extermination against inequality, without which there can be neither gift nor gratitude. But the larger charities have begun to share the ethos of the welfare state. As Sophie Jeffreys argues, their decisions are made by people who have a personal interest in their funds, and who are often politically motivated. The charity apparatchik moves freely between the welfare system and the 'voluntary sector'. He is in the business of spending other people's money on the underdog, whose custom he does not wish to lose. The big charities have therefore acquired the permanence of the state itself. If ever they were to declare that their work is done, whole armies of parasites would have to look for nourishment elsewhere.

State quangos are in the same position as the professionalised charities. They have acquired, like the Commission for Racial Equality, a vested interest in their own survival, and a constitutional necessity to create the need which they are designed to overcome. The futility of the CRE is apparent from its policy in the matter of black crime, discussed here by Ray Honeyford. In face of overwhelming evidence that the problem stems neither from racial prejudice nor from any kind of unjust treatment meted out to blacks, the CRE resorts to a kind of organized mendacity, lest it should be suspected of being entirely useless. By poisoning the atmosphere with accusations against the white majority, the CRE may eventually succeed in creating the racist sentiments that it needs. But let us hope that the British people will apply themselves to this problem with the humanity and common sense which were so much in evidence in the Empire celebrated by Roy Kerridge.

Empire to Nation State

Roy Kerridge dreams of a benevolent past

Not long ago, I went to the magazine rack in a public library and selected a periodical called "Kine." Comfortably, I settled down to read about cattle. What was my horror to find that the mag was all about film photography! Feeling shaken, I reached for another magazine, titled "Empire". This time I was more careful, and opened it before I sat down, just in case it wasn't full of reminiscences of the Raj. Even so, I had something of a shock when I found it to be all about cinemas.

Magazines on farming and the care of cattle can be found by those who seek diligently, but who now cares about the Empire? It is a forgotten idea, recalled with shame only by educationalists who have had to banish history lessons from schools in order to avoid embarrassing references to Imperial matters. The intellectuals who once smugly criticised Britain for having an Empire and then smugly criticised Britain for losing one, are gone to their rest, supplanted by a generation who believe that Britain's history and greatness began with the Beatles. We view the world through American eyes, and place the doctrine "one man, one vote" on a pedestal, seeing it not just as a device for selecting temporary leaders but as an arbiter of right and wrong.

Africa, south of the Sahara, is a land with no tradition of a nation state or of "one man, one vote". Thanks to the British, French, Portuguese and Boer empires carved by white adventurers, and to their subsequent break-ups, Africa has become a continent of clearly defined centralised nation states for the first time in its history. It is difficult to see how Africans could manage nowadays if they were not divided into such states. The African Nation State is thus an Achievement of Empire.

Like the empires that preceded it, the Nation State and the occasional elections that legitimise it in the eyes of the world, has both good points and bad points. As I have a Golden Age mentality, and tend to look to the past, whether imperial or pre-imperial, I shall here concentrate on the bad points of nationalism and one-man-one-vote-ocracy.

African nation states are too big. Even the Zulus in all their glory could not have created an Empire half the size of the average white-created African state. Some maps of Africa refer to "Bushman Land", "Hottentot Land", "Kikuyu Land", "Yoruba Land" and so on. All these vague and uncentralised "Lands" have been shoved willy-nilly into enormous states that no Yoruba, Kikuyu, Hottentot or Bushman could ever have conquered or wished to have conquered. And all because the Imperialists, like modern sociologists, looked on the diverse dark-skinned people of the world as "the blacks".

"Join together and Rule", not "Divide and Rule" seems to have been the motto of empire builders since empires began. Tribal wars were put down by British rulers in Africa, and the participants disarmed. Unfortunately, the word "tribe" has become associated with the word "primitive". During the last days of the British Empire, in the nineteen fifties, Africans in London were quick to tell English well-wishers that there were no tribes in Africa, or if there were, then such tribes had been artificially created by British "Divide and Rule" policy.

"There are no lions in Africa — at least, I've never seen a lion", the exiled African might add, wishing to appear modern and English.

(Sometimes matters become confused by the African adding "Of course, there are plenty of tigers", since in West

Africa where most of the exiles came from, lions are few but leopards plentiful. In pidgin English, a leopard is always a "tiger".)

Whenever exiled Africans wrote histories of their new countries, "Nigeria", say, or "Kenya", it was noticeable that they made their own tribe the sole inhabitants of the area. A Hausa acquaintance of mine wrote a History of Nigeria for his thesis, and made it an all-Hausa state. Kenyatta, future President of Kenya, wrote a book in which an all-Kikuyu Kenya was strongly featured, (*Facing Mount Kenya*).

Tribes in Africa do not exactly correspond to nations, but could be described as "language groups", identified by their speech and customs. Within the unmarked and shifting boundary of a language-group-territory, one village may be at war with the next. Each village has a chief and an occasionally-called readymade parliament of elders. Where the people are farmers, land is usually apportioned and reapportioned by the Chief at intervals, subject to the approval of the elders. In this way, traditional African life can run smoothly enough without the benefit of a nation state.

Now that Western educated Africans rule in place of British officials, each Life President or Prime Minister in effect takes command of a ready-made Empire of many tribes which he has never conquered in warfare. A Kikuyu (say) has simply been given rule over his hereditary enemies by the departing British. If such a man had won his Empire by the spear or sword, the subjugated tribes might accept such a state of affairs as all-too normal. But it is hard for a Masai to be despoiled by a Kikuyu simply because the latter can read and write in English and knows how to put his case to English-speaking World Opinion.

Make no mistake, One Man One Vote in Africa can only lead to one thing — corned beef. In general, the One Man, One Vote idea is destructive of Aristocracy, and in Africa the tribal aristocracy are not landowners, but cattle owners. It often happens that a proud cattle-owning race, as it might be the Watusi or the Masai, have long been semi-overlords of a nearby peasant people. British conquest takes place, and the peasants eagerly send their children to school and take up Western clothes and English names. But the cattle-owning people remain aloof, confident of their superiority, and stick to their traditional way of life. Aristocratic British District Officers admire them, but Socialist Empire-Dismantlers, being in England, never hear about them at all, as they know only the Peasant Tribe's Anglicised version of African life.

Cattle-owning aristocrats often wear no clothes, but this does not mean that they are "primitive". Their nudity is the African equivalent of the dowdy, tweedy English landowner who never worries about his appearance because he knows he is top-dog by birth already. Scorning literacy, elections and other foreign fiddle-faddle, the African aristocrat suddenly finds that his country has been seized at "Independence" to be made part of an upstart Educated Peasant Empire. Former "client tribes" now laugh in his face. Just as the English lord is losing his land, his African equivalent is losing Africa's sign of wealth — cattle. Laughing, the "educated" sons of peasants seize the cattle as arbitrary "fines" for imaginary aristocratic misdemeanours and send them to the slaughterhouse to be turned into corned beef and sold for English gold.

An English lord may see his park turned into a "Leisure Centre", but at least it's still there. Africa's stolen cattle become corned beef and are all gone in a trice, the blood-line ended, the majesty of crescentmoon horns and mountainous shoulders vanished forever.

Two hundred years ago in England many people had the vote, but there was only one class of person to vote for. This was the age, golden or otherwise,

when country gentlemen and the aristocracy could truthfully be termed "the ruling class", just as the working class could be referred to without irony as "the poor". The ruling class, if we are to judge by Jane Austen stories, possessed calm good manners and an easy charm. Possessors of great estates, they had no need to be frenziedly "on the make", as not they but their ancestors had already "made it". In Parliament, they were not supposed to represent "their class" or any other class, but their district and all that was in it. "Noblesse oblige" was looked on as the golden rule.

America changed all that. Nowadays, the American War of Independence is usually portrayed as an "independence struggle" on a par with that of India. But from the point of view of American Red Indians, the War of Independence merely boiled down to the fact that colonists from England increased until they reached the point of fighting among themselves. When the squabble had ended, white rule expanded westward with new energy, and any hope of "native self rule" was finally dashed. To this day, in my opinion, the United States of America is really a much-admired rebel colony of England, a more successful version of White Rhodesia in the nineteen sixties days when Ian Smith stood in for George Washington. Perhaps thanks to America, rebellion is now seen as a virtue, but the English tribe is still in command of America. Americans are English in the tribal sense of having a language group and customs based on those of the English founders.

Through most of their history, the English Americans have had one-man-one-vote for English Americans. As they felt unable to consider Negroes and Red Indians as men, they fondly believed themselves to be a genuine one man-one-vote country, and ascribed mystic powers to the ballot box.

Weakened by Hitler's war, internal communism and American help with strings attached, England sacrificed the Empire on the altar of one-man-one-voteness. Another harmful American idea was imported — that of Log Cabin to White House, or every man a

potential One Man Ruling Class. In America, a country of recent unjust establishment, created by slavery and the gun, the descendants of British colonists may well go from log cabins to white houses. But in England, such an idea spelled the end of the Gentleman Amateur. For Ruling Class MPs were not paid wages, and so had no power to earn the hatred of the populace by voting themselves higher wages.

Two hundred years ago, Members of Parliament had usually been brought up in stately homes. Nowadays, when MPs come from the English equivalents of log cabins but earn wages, they seek to acquire stately homes, without the manners to go with them. Since the "ruling class" no longer rule, their stately homes are up for sale and the aim of most modern politicians of all parties is to buy them and live in them. Perhaps, when several hundred years have passed, the descendants of modern MPs will waive their salaries and become a responsible ruling class. More likely, the populace will lack the patience to bear with them so long, and try to mend things themselves in some unfortunate manner. "Log cabin prime ministers" in England are like sixth formers appointed as prefects, always looking to the headmaster for approval. With no ruling class to guide them, English prime ministers look to America or Brussels for orders.

Americans have taken ballot-box worship to the extreme of believing that the right course of action in any situation can be discovered by a majority vote. As they cannot conceive that any people exist in the world who are not American or at least trying to be American at heart, they spread mayhem and confusion when they impose "one man one vote" on troubled African nation states such as Angola and Somaliland.

Whoever emerges as victor of a general election is, to an American, the legitimate ruler of the country. In Somaliland, the Americans began by restoring peace, then forced the people to have an election. To their amazement, the election took place, but the nation, or part of it, committed blasphemy by refusing to recognise the victor. Fighting between warlords

broke out as before. "Fighting with votes" is a natural growth in England and America, but can only work reasonably well in lands where all voters can read and write.

As Americans have broken away from the British Empire, they are anti-imperialist and seldom annex countries or attempt to rule them. Possibly Somaliland might now be peaceable and prosperous if it were made part of an American Empire and not abandoned to disregarded votes. On the other hand, an American Empire might prove to be something that the world could well do without.

It is too late, for better or worse, to restore the British Empire, as the British people have changed so much. In the last century, British and American aptitude at mechanical invention was put to the service of Industry and Industriousness, and created a serious-minded World of Work, masterminded by engineers. Nowadays, inventive skills, ever-increasing, are put to the service of Entertainment. Bridge builders have been replaced by disc jockeys. Radio, once seen as the means of uplifting mankind, is now a means of providing amoral entertainment. Entertainers are esteemed above all other men, and the people of Britain are rapidly being entertained into a state of drivelling idiocy. If they were handed an Empire on a plate, they would probably sing rock songs to it or try to sell it pornography. Ever since the late nineteen fifties, public schools have been turning out not District Officers but gleefully corrupt show business entrepreneurs and pop group managers. Not a Ruling Class, but a class that pretends to grovel to the masses while laughing up its sleeve.

The nation-states the British made in Africa are often still run on British lines, even down to the retention of District Officers empowered to act as magistrates. Matters are less fair now that Africans have such jobs, as the Africans understand tribal differences in a way that the British did not. To understand all is not always to pardon all, as the French say in English, but can be the means of revenging age-old and possibly mythical wrongs. If the District Officer is of an enemy tribe, he

will probably behave like an enemy in his District. Chiefs, in "democratic Africa", are losing ground to "educated leaders" imposed on villagers from above, just as in England the village squires who knew their villages had to give way to voted-in council jack-in-offices. (This is not an exact analogy, since the village squire had a touch of Norman Conquest about him, while a village chief represents his people in the manner of long-ago Scottish chiefs and Saxon earls.)

Whether they were loved or hated, the British rulers of Africa drew the attentions of the ruled-over away from ancient enmities.

What was Africa like just before the British Empire, and what did it then become? There may have been a Golden Age of Bushman and then of Negro Africa, but if so, it has been rudely interrupted by the intrusions of white people and of Arabs. Lack of nation states has left Africa open to foreign plunder. For hundreds of years before the European powers drew the present boundaries of Africa and sought to establish law within them, Africa had been the prey of slave traders, cut-throats and carpetbaggers of every kind. These desperate men were well able to capture, hoodwink or corrupt the many chiefs who fell into their power. British friends of Africa prayed devoutly that large sections of Africa might fall under British rule in order to protect the Africans from depredations by Arabs, Portuguese and buccaneer Englishmen accountable to nobody. Missionaries and explorers from England, horrified at what their fellow-countrymen were doing in Africa, joined their voices to those of merchants and adventurers who wished tracts of Africa to belong to Britain.

West Africa was rescued from becoming a provider of slaves to the white-owned New World long before East and Southern Africa were freed from Arab and Portuguese slave raiders. One nation state made in West Africa by British well-wishers was especially created as a haven for freed slaves—Sierra Leone. Boers in southern Africa bought slaves from Arab traders. These traders referred to their Negro wares as "kaffirs" or unbeliev-

ers, and the Boers took up the name and used it to mean "black people". Strictly speaking, nearly all white people are "kaffirs" too, since they are unbelievers to Islam.

West Africa, with its fever-ridden mangrove swamps and forests, has never suffered mass settlement by white people. Imperial rule only brought in a modicum of white people, district officers and missionaries who were often quite popular. Missionaries did not impose their views savagely upon an unwilling people, but were seen as bearers of good news. For the most part, annexed Imperial West Africa seems to have benefited by Empire. Fertile grasslands in East and Southern Africa attracted colonists, who dispossessed Africans, making the pros and cons harder to weigh up. The virtual ending of the Arab slave trade, at the turn of the century, was certainly a triumph of Imperialism. It should now be clear that I am an Imperialist but not a Colonialist. I cannot look on Canada or Australia as success stories, whereas the most badly-run independent African state at least is full of Africans, whose ancestors had happily been spared the fate of Red Indians and Aborigines. South Africa, like the American south, has been swarmed all over by white people and built up by African slaves.

With "independence" and nation-statehood, many pre-Imperial troubles are returning. Most people in England and Africa in the 'sixties believed that government aid to Africa was aid, not a loan that gathered interest. Perhaps the naive Western or Eastern educated African leaders who took command of the new nation states had been allowed to do so in order that they could be tricked by unscrupulous businessmen. All at once, the buccaneer, carpetbagger and the entrepreneur, with slave dealer-overtones, poured into Africa once more, unrestrained by British law; and the clock turned back. Swedish experts and British "expats" now cover a continent that seems to be falling into the power of the World Bank and Lonrho. I have seen old Imperial West African District Officer examination papers, and they seem to have been set by people intent on the

welfare of the ruled. District Officers were required to learn the local language, for instance. Not so in the new colonies of arrogant "expats"; yet African leaders welcome such entrepreneurs with open arms.

In the days of the Eleven Plus exam in England, the successful candidates were sometimes thought to be part of "working class Britain". However, if the son of a docker passed enough exams to get into university, he would generally know less about working class life than a lord, since his every waking moment had been spent in studying. Similarly, African state leaders seem to know less about Africa than the most inexperienced colonial officer of the past. With one eye ever on the World Bank and its loans, they have to produce Western-style import and export figures, productivity statistics and so on. That is why land cannot be recovered from usurping white settlers and returned to village Africans. Village subsistence economies produce no impressive figures. Gold mines cannot be closed down, filled in and treated as places accursed. Everything is geared to a Western standard and the lost ploughed-over thatched villages of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, on sites sacred to Shona ancestors, may never be restored. White settlers and entrepreneurs are welcomed by Marxist leaders, and beseeched to remain in Africa.

It may be true, as Doris Lessing states, that white farmers in Rhodesia did not realise that their "virgin soil" was really The Old Chief's Country. Dispossessed Africans, reduced to hanging around the sites of their former farms or grazing-lands, are referred to by the white people of Rhodesia and Kenya as "squatters", in the same tone as an English lord might use if a band of gypsies were to arrive from nowhere and camp on his doorstep. White "farmers", whose farms stretch from horizon to horizon, are not really farmers at all, but newly-established lords in Norman conquest mode.

I have not been to Africa, but I have been to Mississippi, USA, where the cotton plantation owners refer to one another as "farmers". There I learned the hollowness of "one man, one vote", as the State of Mississippi has more

"black legislators", I believe, than any other State in the Union. It is also the place where black people are the most ill-treated by white people. On one set of papers, it is a black-ruled State. But on another, the property-holding register, it is a white-ruled State. Where rich white people own the land and the businesses, and politicians of any colour inherit a political system set up by those white people, "one man, one vote" makes little difference to the poor. (In Trinidad, the negroes run the politics and the "Asians" own the land and the businesses. As in Mississippi, both sides feel cheated.) Sharing a vote does not bring rich and poor, black and white, or black and brown together in harmony.

Where people cannot read or write, a vote suddenly granted turns them into stepping stones for other people's ambitions. When I saw, on television, officials from the ANC touring South Africa with ballot boxes and showing work-worn old peasant ladies the place to put their thumb-marks, I was reminded of the European adventurers of the hundred-year-ago Scramble for Africa, telling bemused chiefs where to thumb-print documents ceding vast areas to Britain, Germany or France. (As nation states were unknown in Africa, many chiefs ambitiously declared that they ruled over neighbouring tribes who knew nothing about the matter. Colonial soldiers would eventually settle the issue, brought from overseas, to the bemused chief's further bemusement.)

"One-man-one-vote", in Britain, Africa and elsewhere, has apparently evolved into a badge of citizenship and a source of pride. You vote, so you are a member of the nation. Formerly, in Britain, membership of the Church of England was the mark of a complete citizen. Without this badge of belief, many opportunities of advancement were closed, as late as the nineteen sixties. So it can be seen that the "I vote, therefore I am" idea has not always held total sway, and some other way of 'Belonging' may one day be invented. There is no reason why a vote, and not a feather in the head, should denote citizenship.

Years ago, I laughed at a friend of

mine who fiercely stated that African pygmies in the rain forest should all be given the vote. Yet now what do I find? The Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert, in Botswana, first cousins to the pygmies, have been granted the vote and are now full citizens of the new nation state. At first the Bushmen were delighted with their new status, but then they found that their children would henceforward have to go to school! This was a blow for the proud race of nomads, who now have to camp permanently near the school buildings. In between the Western education of the school, they still manage to impart fragments of Bushman education to their children.

A Bushman education, learned as you go along (if you are a Bushman), consists of finding water and food in a desert where a Negro or a white man would soon perish. There are secret signs For Bushmen Eyes Only that show where water, game or edible tubers may be found. An educated Bushman of the old school can make a night shelter or hut out of grass, and play twangy thumb-piano and harmonic mouth music at sacred healing dances. If I were stranded in the middle of the desert, I would certainly cry out, from the depth of my ignorance, for help from an educated Bushman. What would be my horror if instead I were sent only a *Western* educated Bushman, spouting gibberish about the environment and the 'O' level?

In general, Africans of peasant background are crazy about Western education, while nomads and cattle-herders prefer their own systems. I don't know what to think of Education in Africa, since one out of two thousand Western Educated people may learn to appreciate good literature on the one hand, and the customs of the people on the other. Is Education worth it for their sakes, or should it be abolished to prevent the hundreds of others from unemployment, the now-scorned village replaced by the shanty town on the edge of a beckoning city? Lucky ones eventually pass exams, and still luckier ones gain jobs in government, while empty villages slowly crumble into dust.

Western ideas, applied to Africa, depopulate the countryside and swell the cities. If chiefs were ever to vanish, and land were fixed with title deeds, farmers would be able to sell their land and would then go to the city. This has been tried in England (the Enclosure Acts) and has had the same effect. Chiefs, not votes, should be the mainstay of Africa.

Once more I shall return to England and muse on the annoying power of the vote to politicise people. Old history books refer to "the curse of party", but nowadays there seems to be a duty to be political. At election time I am sometimes upbraided because of my refusal to vote. "You *must* vote! It's your duty! Freedom has been hard-won!" I am told.

But I feel that my freedoms have been removed by a world of democracy in which my writings cannot be understood. Those who say "You must vote!" seem to mean "You must vote Labour and wring yet more freedoms from 'Them Up There'." If they knew that I might easily vote Conservative, they would wonder how to take the vote away from me. I already feel disenfranchised by working-class triumphalism, to which all parties, even Conservatives, have succumbed. Instinctively, I look round for a Chief or an aristocratic patron who might understand me.

My mother went to a private school in Kensington, where she was set to work learning the names and dates of English kings. She and the other six-year-old girls talked gravely in the playground on ways that "We" might improve the country. Later on, my mother went to a state school in Wembley, where she was taught about Factory Acts and the birth of Trade Unions. "We" had been replaced by "They", the high-ups who can be forced to grant and make concessions to the poor. Not "what can I do for my country?" but "what can my country do for me?" Nowadays, such thinking has gained ground among all classes of people. I am in a dilemma now, for only my prospective vote and the whole one-man-one-prospective-voter dogma protects me from the cruelty and stupidity of most politicians. So the whole

system perpetuates itself.

How strange is the story of the English, the People who Covered the Globe! To return to Empire, it could be said that the birth of the British Empire in its colonialist guise began with the Saxon Conquest in the Dark Ages. Between the sixth and the seventh century AD, the map of Britain was utterly changed, the whole land dotted with tiny homesteads from Kent to Galloway. The human tide moved westward, halting only at the wild moors of Cornwall and the mountains of Wales, last refuges of the Celts. In fact, these native Britons, some of whom held to the culture and faith of Rome, were termed by the Saxons "Wealas" (or Welsh), which meant "foreigners". The modern map of countryside Britain is but a record of Saxon farms, for each farm became a village as more cottages were built for labourers, and a church provided for their spiritual needs. Even today, a prosperous modern farm standing on its own takes on some of the aspects of a village — new houses or at least trailer caravans springing up around a large farmhouse. If such farms had to be self-supporting and self-contained, they would soon evolve into villages.

Once England and Lowland Scotland had been settled, the English (now under Norman rule) looked westward to Ireland. The Norman way of doing things was different from that of the Saxon, and England held only a patch, or Pale, of Ireland, in the East. New England colonies in the seventeenth century formed the Pale of America, held in check by the upper class, if not Norman, influence from England. When that influence was lost with the tea in Boston harbour, the westward tide of Saxon farmsteads rolled swiftly outward to the Pacific shore, the "Welsh" or foreigners, termed "Indians", finding no refuge at all. The new Saxons tunneled through mountains, built railway lines, and the USA is their creation.

Not all pioneers were sturdy yeomen, for in hot countries the Saxon wilts and tends to do things differently. In the American South, not only the gun but the slave was needed if the "Indian" were to be dispossessed. A Norman

touch crept in, the big house and vast estate rather than the simple homestead of further north. Such Norman touches appear elsewhere in the Empire, wherever the climate is hot, as in Kenya. As America began, so it is today, since most white Americans have twin obsessions with the gun and the Negro. Without the gun, the "Indian" could not have been banished, and without the slave the work could not have been done. Today most Americans fiercely uphold their right to carry weapons. Come what may, the Negro takes second place to the white man. As the twig is bent...

Since the injustice of the Saxon Conquest that begat England happened so long ago, it would be churlish of me now not to "recognise" England as a properly-established country. I cannot blame present-day Saxons in the USA, Canada and even Australia for what their grandfathers did (ie create the USA, Canada and Australia); but the carnage is still recent and I seem to catch a whiff of it yet. Only the Negro can stand together with the Red Indian as a True American, since he did not go to America of his own free will and, with African tribe-nations forgotten, he has no other Mother Country.

I can find no fault with Empire in India, a place where the Saxon-farmstead idea is wholly absent. A London-based Joint Company evolved into a London-based rule by Civil Service with no worse bloodshed and snobbery than would have been inflicted on India by her own rajahs. Tanganyika, in East Africa, seems to have been a happy place under British rule, since it had been rescued from Germany after the First World War. Bechuanaland, a Protectorate whose people had been protected by the British Crown from Cecil Rhodes, was also a cheerful and fairly well-run country, as it is today. I was very upset, at the close of Empire, to find Tanganyika (Tanzania) at war with Uganda at one point. It felt to me as if Surrey were at war with Kent. But new nations breed new wars.

Curiously enough, the English rulers of hot countries referred to the ruled-over inhabitants not as "Wealas" or "foreigners", but as "natives". This new-found politeness did not go far,

since in an instant, the word “native” seemed to signify “foreigner” or at least “non-white person”. A choleric Major in a Dickens story (*Dombey and Son*) was attended everywhere in London by an Indian servant referred to by one and all as “the Native”. It took Winston Churchill to say, “The interests of the natives should be paramount”. Since the British in Africa did not “go native”, but rather, the natives “went British”, a happy legacy of Empire for me is the fact that I can chat merrily away in English with nearly every African and Indian that I meet. When the British went abroad, the foreigners (or “natives”) were everybody else. Within the bounds of Empire, foreigners could be converted to Britishness. The English tongue is now a world-language, the new Latin.

If the British Empire had never existed, the world might have been happier; but it did exist, and as the lives of millions of humble people depended on it, it should not have been abolished. Assured that the Empire would never end, Indians and other work-seekers and traders travelled all over its equatorial boundaries, settling down in Uganda, Kenya and other safe friendly places where they would receive the same justice as native Africans. Empire ended, and many hard-working Indians and others found themselves entrapped in hostile “emergent nations”. The produce of their thrift and industry vanished like those of European Jews, although their lives were saved for the most part, and their industry now benefits Britain. Indian fortunes, in these post-Marxist times, now seem to be slowly improving in Africa. But Empire has been abandoned, and no one in Britain seems remotely interested in the fate of civil-war-torn Sierra Leone, one of the few African colonies founded from entirely pure and disinterested motives, at the height of late eighteenth-century anti-slavery idealism. The country that began as a settling-place for slaves, freed from captivity by Royal Navy seamen, now appears to be a smoking ruin.

In the former Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the Egyptians ruled the Arabs of the North, and the English ruled the Negroes of the south. Nowadays, un-

der “independence”, the Moslem North is invading the Christian South, with many massacres. One tribe, the Nuba, have the misfortune of being Christian, pagan and black in a predominantly Arab-Moslem district. In 1992, the local Moslem governor declared a Jihad or “holy war” against the “infidel Nuba”, whose land was seized and redistributed among the conquerors. As in the Africa of pre-Empire days, many Nubians have been sold into slavery.

In the nineteen seventies, the Masai tribesmen of Ilodoariak, in Kenya, were told by the government that they must register their communal land as divided-up “private property”, or lose it. Government officials who oversaw the registration simply assigned the land to themselves and sold it to outsiders. It was not until 1991 that the matter was brought to court by the displaced Masai, who sold their cattle to pay the lawyers’ fees. The Cause of Corned Beef triumphed once more, as the case was thrown out of court again, for being brought to notice so long after the event. Philip Leakey, brother of apeman-hunter Richard Leakey, is said to be implicated in the corn-beefing of the Masai. So the villains may not be all “Black Olushumpai” (Black White Men), the term for “educated Africans” used by villagers depicted by the brilliant Masai writer, H. Kulet.

Votes, therefore, seem to me to be a poor substitute for Empire. Without Empire, England grows richer in a coarse way, but Africa cannot manage.

Curiously enough, the Welfare State, which appeared as Empire disappeared and Britain looked inward on itself, not outward, now seems about to suffer the same fate as Empire. Just as with the Empire, thousands are dependent on it, and it should not be ended summarily, without a thought. “Noblesse oblige” in the modern upper class has been replaced by hatred for the poor, the supposed beneficiaries of taxation. Men whose ancestors had founded almshouses now demand the instant abolition of the Welfare State.

Lady Thatcher, who struck the first blow against the Welfare State when she abolished school milk in the nineteen seventies, had a humane idea

behind her actions. She believed that the Welfare State’s protection made once proud, once-independent Britons into passive serfs, unable to look after themselves or to show any initiative. Its partial abolition, she believed, would make everybody happier in the long run. She was wrong, but some of her successors seem to wish devoutly for “the poor” all to die, a somewhat different matter. Notwithstanding my depiction of the Saxons as sturdy land-hungry and ruthless yeomen, there has always been a large Saxon population of dependent serfs and slaves. Domesday Book records the number of slaves held in each farm and each village and they run into thousands. A helpless serf-like spirit has remained in England throughout the centuries, seen in the way that so many people depend utterly on the Powers That Be for their very accommodation. With no tied cottages or council flats, and no landlords to do repairs, the People of England would not only have not spoken yet (as Chesterton remarks) but they would have died in large numbers of cold and exposure. Some institution has to look after them. Ideas change first, and votes follow them, so if the Welfare State idea has ended, votes cannot save it. What new Empire will take its place?

Still in the library, I laid aside *Kine Weekly* and *Empire* magazines, and looked for something else to read. On the principle of “If you can’t beat them, join them”, I selected a book called *Deccan Days*. After all, I reasoned, an account of day-to-day life in the great Decca Recording Company, who produced many good jazz records long ago, might prove quite interesting. Once more I received a shock, but it was a pleasant shock this time. The book was not about gramophone records but was a nostalgic memoir of British rule in the Deccan, a part of India! So I put Democracy behind me and settled down to hazy golden dreams of benevolent Empire.

Roy Kerridge’s latest book, *The Storm is Passing Over*, is published by Thames & Hudson.

The Empowerment of Families and the Future of Democratic Society

Patricia Lança suggests a strategy to cope with the falling birth rate

Although there have been expressions of growing concern about the falling birth rate throughout western Europe—in many places now below replacement level—there has been scarcely any reflection regarding the immediate political repercussions of one extraordinary aspect of the problem, most debate centering on demographic consequences two or three generations hence.

This historically quite new phenomenon, which now requires urgent discussion, is the growing number of childless couples. A few figures will illustrate this. In an until recently extremely fertile country, namely Portugal, the number of childless couples has increased from 22% twenty years ago to nearly 30% today. In Britain the number is even higher while in Denmark it is close to 50%. A moment's reflection makes it clear that the trend throughout western Europe is for childless electors to outnumber electors with children. *In other words, couples with children may soon form a minority of the electorate in all our countries.*

At the same time, throughout the western world there is growing unease about the collapse in moral values and traditional concepts of democracy, a feeling that something has gone very wrong, along with the consciousness that dictatorship of any kind can manifestly not provide an acceptable answer. The same is true in the countries recently freed from communism. Now that the first euphoria is over, thinking people in the East look at western democracy with more critical eyes and wonder whether this is really what they want. We are only too well aware

that the implementation of that famous slogan 'one man one vote' can have, in practice, less than desirable results such as the dictatorship of the majority and the electoralism of political leaders. The mediocrity and myopia of so many of our politicians seem, indeed, to be direct consequences of a system which has less to do with freedom and good government than with the reign of demagoguery.

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What is so often forgotten in these discussions is the obvious fact that if by democracy we mean a system in which government can be changed by peaceful rather than by violent means, then it is not a particular electoral system that can be regarded as a criterion of democracy. It is reasonably clear, however, that a system which allows for peaceful change of government must be one that guarantees both the basic political freedoms and also some form of parliamentary representation where free criticism may be

exercised on behalf of the citizens and, where necessary, bring about the replacement of an unsatisfactory government. At different times and in different places there have been quite different electoral systems in force which, whatever their faults or virtues, have not caused the countries in which they operate to be classed as undemocratic. Indeed, at the present time, there exist very different kinds of electoral system among the various countries of the European Union. And, some years ago, when it was possible for a citizen of the UK to have three votes, a residential vote, a university vote and a vote in his place of business, Britain was not for that reason regarded as an undemocratic country, although the argument used to abolish plural voting was that the practice was undemocratic. John Stuart Mill, not a notorious anti-democrat, favoured plural voting on the basis that the more intelligent and better educated ought to have a greater say in how the country was governed. Hayek, another thinker who cannot be classified as anti-democratic, in one of his later works recommended considerable changes in the electoral system, such as raising both the voting age and the lower age limit for holding office, as well as much longer life for parliaments. In all the discussion that has focussed on plural voting or electoral reform it has been assumed that by and large, and making due allowance for differences in educational level, voters (and the governments they elect) will all share a concern about the future of their country, and differences among them will refer to how they see the

attitudes of the parties with regard to that future. When the role of interests is discussed, it is with reference to class, economic or sectorial interests and, more recently, various minority ethnic, language or religious interests.

However, as mentioned at the outset, a new and hitherto undreamed of situation is in the making throughout western Europe, which imposes a reopening of the discussion about the electoral system (whether proportional or uninominal is here irrelevant) and plural voting.

Given the prevalent materialist and hedonistic ethos, together with the electoralist motivations of politicians, it seems very likely that if nothing is done to alter the present framework we shall continue to see policies unfavourable to the family, and short-term rather than long-term considerations dominating the agenda of parties and governments.

As things now stand it is difficult to envisage the feasibility of any measures that might help to reverse present demographic trends. The longer this situation persists the more difficult it will become politically for any radical changes to take place. However, there is one measure that might still be taken which would alter matters: namely the re-introduction of a form of plural voting. We hear a great deal nowadays about 'affirmative action', 'positive discrimination' and the like, much of which is both demagogic and counter-productive in its effects on the minorities concerned. Nevertheless, a particular kind of affirmative action with the object of empowering families would not suffer from these defects.

The affirmative action proposed here is that, rather like educational vouchers, every citizen at birth would be assigned a place on the electoral register, his or her right to vote being exercised *until the age of majority* by the parents. Thus a couple with one child would have three votes, with two children four votes and with three children five votes. In this way, despite their falling numbers, couples with children would form a majority of the electorate. A ceiling of five votes per

couple would be a necessary safeguard against undue representation of those religious or ethnic groups which still have large families.

Arguments in favour of this procedure include the following:

- a. It is totally non-discriminatory from a party, ideological, religious or ethnic point of view. For example, socialist, liberal or conservative parents would benefit equally and so would the parties concerned.
- b. It is, however, discriminatory in favour of citizens with a stake in the future. This is not, of course, to suggest that the childless are invariably unconcerned about the future of their country or that we do not find feckless citizens who also happen to be parents. However, it is likely that the childless voter who is also concerned about the country and its future will also be worried about the situation of the family and keen to support measures that strengthen it. Feckless parents, on the other hand, are probably not particularly concerned about using the votes they already have.
- c. Politicians of all parties, being what they are, would be much more likely to pay attention to the needs of families if this is where the bulk of votes were to be found.
- d. The very fact of attributing to parents this privilege would help to stimulate their sense of political responsibility, enhance their status in society and dignify an institution woefully in need of support.
- e. The family and the future of the community would be brought back into the centre of political concern.
- f. Young people brought up in a society which gave priority to families would be less likely to regard a childless adulthood as the desirable option it seems at present.

There are a number of difficulties about such a system that immediately spring to mind and would require thoughtful treatment:

- a. Would the new arrangement apply to all parents, married, un-

married, divorced and single?

- b. Who, of the two parents, would actually exercise the child's vote and how would this be decided? Could some arrangement be devised whereby each child's vote might be worth two half votes, each part to be exercised, if required, by one of the parents?

The points mentioned above are only a brief sketch of the arguments that would arise if this proposal were to be taken seriously. There is also the question of having at our disposal a breakdown of the composition of that sector of the population falling into the category of childless households. Obviously, with an aging population, a growing number of childless households include elderly couples, many of whom have brought up children and are now grandparents, as well as those who hope in the future to have children. Such electors will have very different motivations from those permanently childless couples and the increasing number of single people who have no intention of ever having children. What is required is careful consideration of the problem; this begins with facing up to the fact that the trend towards majority childlessness is already underway and it may soon be too late to do much about it.

Patricia Lança is a writer and former deputy in the Portuguese Parliament.

Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice

Samuel Johnson

The Charity Machine

Sophie Jeffreys shows how charities are becoming corporatist

The Advertising Standards Authority has recently upheld complaints against certain voluntary organisations, and has asked them to withdraw sensational and misleading advertisements. The cases raise interesting questions about the nature of the 'voluntary sector', about those who are effectively in charge of it, and about their attitude not only to their beneficiaries, but to society as a whole.

In Britain there are some 178,000 registered charities, and 23 million people who give time as volunteers. These astonishing figures are explained, first by the British tendency to 'muck in' when a good cause presents itself, and secondly by the English common law, with its concepts of trust and beneficial ownership, and its willingness to protect civic initiatives against the state. Our law of charity is largely the creation of the courts, and has all the flexibility which that implies, allowing well-intentioned people to form themselves with minimum fuss into groups dedicated to worthy purposes. The potential for mutual help, self-sacrifice and innovative solutions lies in all of us; the ability to realise this potential in successful action is an effect of the law, which protects charitable purposes, rescues them from taxation, and at the same time insists on responsible trusteeship. Recent cases of malpractice suggest that it is time to explore the true meaning of charity and to decide how charitable organisations and their management should conduct themselves. The reputation of the whole sector is jeopardised, when charities begin to intrude into the political arena, or when they seem to be managed by people with a political agenda of their own.

The advertising that prompts these thoughts involves two 'voluntary organisations' and one registered charity (the NSPCC). The advertisements make unsubstantiated claims in the context of highly emotive sub-texts — the assumption being that, if the cause is worthwhile, it is justifiable to manipulate the feelings and opinions of the public, however unscrupulously. In the cinema advertisement run by the NSPCC, with the no doubt costly assistance of Saatchi and Saatchi, an unborn child is shown to react to an argument between its parents by shuddering, screaming and crying in the womb. The charity was found to be misrepresenting the scientific truth about life in the womb, and hence to be causing unjustifiable distress to the audience. Less surprising, in view of its subversive agenda, is the case of Greenpeace, which recently tried to capture public attention with the headline 'You're not half the man your father was'. The advertisement continued: 'Scientists have shown that the same chemicals that we dump into our seas are causing willies to shrink in size'. Scientists had shown no such thing, and the misrepresentation, added to the blatant sensationalism of the advertisement, brought a severe condemnation from the Advertising Standards Authority. The nadir of bad taste, however, was reached by the International Fund for Animal Welfare — one of those 'voluntary' organisations which have proved immensely profitable to those who work in them, and especially in this case to the founder, Brian Davies, who is also the highly paid director of the Fund's British operation. Four advertisements placed by the Fund in the national press made the following announcement: 'What

kind of person mutilates small animals? Before graduating to mass murder and necrophilia, Jeffrey Dahmer mutilated birds, rodents and domestic animals... The torture of small mammals is a regular occurrence in Britain. Rabbits are hung from trees. Squirrels are nailed to them. Hedgehogs are used as footballs. None of this however is illegal. The Wild Mammal (Protection) Bill will make it so.' The ASA considered it offensive to make any comparison between the abuse of animals and the murder of humans, and shocking to refer to Dahmer's hideous crimes in the course of a campaign ostensibly to protect wild animals. But the offence goes deeper. For the real intention of the Bill was to ban hunting with hounds, and the advertisement was calculated not only to stir up hatred towards those engaged in this (in my view quite innocent) pursuit, but also to convey the implication that these law-abiding people are in some way to be compared to a sadistic mass murderer. Moreover, as those who live in the country know, the allegation that small mammals are regularly tortured in Britain is wholly unfounded: how many readers of this Review, I wonder, have come across squirrels nailed to trees or hedgehogs used as footballs? Yet the advertisement is typical of IFAW, which by making unsubstantiated claims about animal suffering, together with vague promises to do something about it, has been able to raise an enormous amount of money. Similar techniques have been employed by Nature Watch, which claims to be an agency devoted to animal welfare, and which is, like IFAW, able to tap some of the huge resources available for this cause. The director, John Ruane, founded a fund-

raising company by exploiting the mailing lists of animal protection organisations, and by using marketing strategies focussing on highly emotive issues; the company even began a parliamentary lobbying exercise accompanied by a petition to the Prime Minister — the ostensible cause being to investigate research laboratories in which animals are subject to toxic chemicals. A recent number of the BBC investigative programme 'Face the Facts' raised serious, and as yet unanswered, questions as to the real nature of this business, and the real beneficiaries.

Neither Greenpeace nor IFAW nor Nature Watch are registered charities, and it is a long-standing principle of English law that charities cannot devote their funds to political campaigning. Yet IFAW's campaign was joined by the RSPCA, which is a registered charity, and which produced advertisements of an equally unscrupulous kind, designed to stir up emotion and cloud rational debate. Now a charity, as its name implies, should be tempered by goodwill, and by a habit of toleration. Advertisements of the kind I have discussed express no such attitude. On the contrary, they convey an impatience towards humankind, an animosity and a desire to condemn which are a long way from the charitable motive. If charities enjoy legal privileges, it is because they have been viewed as instruments of peace, which carry on the good work of society outside the meddlesome scheming of politicians. This is already implied in the famous text which introduced the word into the English language:

Charity suffereth long, and is kind;
charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not
itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh
not her own, is not easily provoked,
thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth
in the truth..

(I Corinthians 13, 4-6.)

St Paul is not *defining* charity, but we instinctively know what he means. People brought up in the Christian tradition are able to distinguish charity, which respects human beings as

they are, from the political activism which wishes to replace human beings with an improved version. The advertisements complained of are antithetical to St Paul's meaning; their goal is to foster fear and hatred. It does not matter that the aim of the NSPCC is to protect children from cruelty. It is still a failure of charity to raise funds by lying, and to make a domestic quarrel look like a terrible crime against a defenceless child. The NSPCC's advertisement is not only both 'puffed up' and 'unseemly'; it also rejoices in an untruth.

The Christian idea of charity entered law through the preamble to the Charitable Uses Act of 1601. Subsequent case law on the whole supported the definition of charity given by Sir William Grant, as 'all the good affections that men ought to feel towards each other'. (*Morice v Bishop of Durham* (1805) 9 Ves.399, 405; 10 Ves. 522.) The courts have constantly ruled that trusts established for political or campaigning purposes cannot be charitable. The general principle was outlined by Lord Parker of Waddington in the case of *Bowman v Secular Society Ltd.* (1917) A.C. 406, 422: '[A] trust for the attainment of political objects has always been held invalid, not because it is illegal, for everyone is at liberty to advocate or promote by any lawful means a change in the law, but because the court has no means of judging whether a proposed change in the law will or will not be for the public benefit, and therefore cannot say that a gift to secure the change is a charitable gift.' The crucial point in Lord Waddington's statement would seem to be: 'the court has no means of judging whether a proposed change in the law will or will not be for the public benefit'. That surely captures what is at stake. Charity and politics belong to separate spheres. Socialist ideals and the desire to reform society for the long-term benefit of mankind are, for many people, the proof of good intentions. But good intentions do not amount to charity, especially when they are crystallised in a political agenda and executed by people who are paid for doing so. The superficial resemblance between the political ac-

tivist working for the good of the poor in general, and the kindly old lady knitting socks for a few of them in particular, masks a deep difference. The activist has an agenda; he is pursuing a long-term goal by a strategy which might be entirely mistaken, and which will in any case involve massive disruption to the lives of people whom he will never meet. His good intentions do not issue in any particular acts of kindness, but only in a general agitation on behalf of social change. The old lady harms no-one, and helps to make the world go round in its old familiar ways. She is helping to build society, while the activist may very well be helping to destroy it.

However, charities are now changing, and the law seems to be changing along with them. The law of trusts holds that the trustee has legal ownership, and the beneficiary has beneficial ownership. This means that the trustee has all the burdens of ownership, the beneficiary all the benefits. And in the case of a charity the burdens cannot be offset — trustees cannot be paid for their duties, or take any other reward. And this is as it should be. Charitable works deserve protection only because they involve people giving time, effort and money to others, for no reward. The ideal charity is the one in which trustees take full responsibility, and also undertake the work themselves — sacrificing their time and energy for the good of the cause. Such a charity makes an unquestionable contribution to society and civil order. It deserves the protection afforded by the law, and ought to be free from taxation.

But charities expand; they can no longer be run by volunteers, and must take on employees. Once this happens, the charity no longer exists for the sole benefit of the people or causes which it was set up to serve: the employees are also receiving a benefit. Employees, unlike trustees, make no personal gift of their time or energy, and their motive is not in itself charitable. Although the trustee is still duty-bound to take full responsibility for all decisions, in practice this legal requirement is disregarded. The trustees meet too seldom, the employees are confronted

with too many emergencies. Gradually the charitable motive is lost and the trustee pushed to one side. The charity has become a bureaucracy, with managers, intermediate officers, and workers in the field. And bureaucrats must justify their existence, finding tasks which fill their time and advance their careers. The charity changes from a peaceful association into an activist lobby. It becomes part of the system.

It is this process that has had such a dramatic effect on the nature of charities in recent years. The professionals have taken over, and brought with them the institutionalisation of charity, and bureaucratic structures of management. Charities are increasingly becoming like the American not-for-profit organisations or the German *Stiftungen*. And as they become larger they take on the character of the very thing that they once served to limit — the state.

The new class of charity professional can be understood from the appointments page of a charity magazine, or by following the career of any prominent 'charity activist'. One such is Jerry Lloyd, the former director of public relations at the RSPCA, who this year moved from the charity to become head of communications and marketing at the Construction Industry Training Board. Lloyd's career developed within the charity subculture; he was a campaigns organizer for Oxfam from 1984, becoming head of the RSPCA's parliamentary department in 1988, and director of public relations in 1991. His attitude to his work is well summarized by his words on leaving the RSPCA: 'It has been a challenge to produce good campaigning and develop good fund-raising in tandem at the RSPCA. Apart from having a great 'product', the trick is to create the highest possible degree of top-of-the-mind public awareness. This has been done through good media work, together with some cracking advertisements.' How far from the spirit of charity is this attempt to produce 'top-of-the-mind public awareness'? Yet this sales talk is exactly what we should expect, now that charities have acquired a common career structure, enabling people like Lloyd

to pass easily from one to the other, while viewing each as offering a 'product'.

Moreover, once the professionals are in charge, charity becomes big business. The *Sunday Telegraph* for 22nd October 1995 carried a report concerning the salaries and perks offered to charity directors. It shows that salaries rose by twice the level of inflation last year, and that directors of big charities can expect to receive £70,000 a year together with a chauffeur or a company car. The RSPCA, which refused to disclose the salaries of its directors, reveals in its accounts that almost a half of its income for 1994 (£34M) went on salaries, and that it currently employs over a thousand people. A charity that gets this big will inevitably look for new fields of activity, and new evidence that its work is 'more than ever necessary' — a catch-phrase which the charity managers never fail to offer in the face of any challenge.

It is partly because so much of the work of a charity is in the hands of the new professionals that campaigning has become a standard item of charity business, with the result that the distinction between charity and politics is breaking down. Oxfam's record in this respect is notorious. The charity mounted an inflammatory campaign of advertisements in support of the Marxist regime in Nicaragua, and has supported 'third world socialism' all around the globe. (See the exposé of a particular instance by Ansel Harris, himself a former honorary treasurer of Oxfam: 'The Politics of Charity', *The Salisbury Review*, March 1990, pp 27-32.) The campaign on behalf of the Sandinistas was supported by Christian Aid, War on Want and other third-world professionals, and was the subject of complaints to the Charity Commissioners. Money given for the relief of poverty was being used, it was argued, to prop up the regime which caused it.

Thanks to Lloyd and his colleagues, the RSPCA has in turn become a campaigning organisation, with an agenda in many ways similar to that of the disreputable IFAW. Indeed, the animal rights activist, Richard Ryder, who is an unpaid council member of the RSPCA, is also a political lobbyist for

IFAW and an employee of the Political Animal Lobby Company Ltd. Such a person can justify the salary paid by activist organisations, by carrying their agenda into the board of a major charity. The *Guardian*, July 24 1995 carried an advertisement from the RSPCA, announcing a vacancy in its political division. The new employee was 'to raise awareness of the Society's activities in Westminster' — in other words, to act as a paid political lobbyist; the Society advertised at the same time for a European officer, to 'coordinate the Society's political campaigning activity on European and international issues'. In short, the RSPCA now intends to be a big player on the political scene. And this is what we must expect. For charities are not only big employers. They are also immune from the control exerted by shareholders and markets, and their trustees are often all too happy to have control wrested from their hands by managers and activists whose good intentions are proven by their political colours.

The growth of political campaigning has been greatly facilitated by the Charity Commissioners, who, under pressure from the self-appointed National Council for Voluntary Organisations (NCVO) (itself a registered charity, founded in 1919 with the usual good intentions) issued guidelines on political activities in July of this year. While purporting to be no more than a clarification of the law, these in fact amount to a covert recognition of a right to campaign on issues that concern the work of the charity. Immediately on publication of the guidelines, the RSPCA advertised for its parliamentary lobbyist. The Charity Commissioners can only offer guidance — it is for the courts to determine whether charities may engage in this or that political activity, while retaining their charitable status. Nevertheless, an internal memorandum of Oxfam's, dating from 1990, following the complaints made both privately and in the press about the charity's political campaigning, notes that 'the Charity Commissioners have been very supportive of Oxfam and have rejected the complaints'. And the guidelines show a definite shift towards endorsing po-

litical lobbying by the big-business charities. The Commissioners are part of the same world as the charity professionals, and the NCVO, which mediates between them, has acquired the status of the CBI or the TUC. It claims to speak on behalf of all Britain's charities, since 600 of them are members of it — though 600 out of 178,000 is less than a half of one per cent. The fact is that it represents the *big* charities, and is itself staffed by people who belong to the profession which these charities helped to create.

Nor is it only charities that have contributed to this career structure. The 'voluntary sector' extends to all kinds of campaigning groups, quangos and government commissions — to almost any institution which has a social goal, and which is protected from the market. The NCVO has now collaborated in setting up a 'Commission on the Future of the Voluntary Sector' ('Changing Charity, 1601-2001'), under the chairmanship of Nicholas Deakin, Professor of Social Policy at Birmingham University and a guru of the social-work establishment. It is almost entirely composed of voluntary sector apparatchiks, who have moved between government departments, charities and politicised bureaucracies, while usually receiving salaries from all of them. The exception — the solicitor Geoffrey Bindman — also proves the rule, Bindman and Partners being the leading practice devoted to left-wing causes, and Bindman himself being legal advisor to the Commission for Racial Equality, arguably the most politicised of all government quangos.

We should not be surprised, therefore, if so many charities are now indistinguishable from state bureaucracies. They employ the same kind of people, with the same political agenda, and with the same vested interest in bureaucratic expansion. And here is the principal difference between the old and the new kind of charity. Charities of the old kind would make serious efforts to make themselves unnecessary — to raise the funds necessary for their purpose, spend them on the work and then close down. This no longer happens. Charities are now in the busi-

ness of perpetuating the need for themselves. Animals were in a bad way when the RSPCA began. Thanks to its work, this is no longer true. But the society is now sitting on £100,000,000 and still actively engaged in fundraising. It has no intention whatsoever of closing down, but on the contrary wishes to move into the centre of public life, thus providing more and more jobs for the professional activists who thrive in the voluntary sector and who would probably be lost elsewhere. The economic significance of its political campaigning is therefore clear: to persuade the public that the RSPCA is more than ever necessary. Yet more significant is the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association — a charity devoted to a cause which stirs the hearts of almost everyone, drawing on our compassion for human disability and our sentimental love of animals in equal measure. But blindness is ever more easy to cure, and ever less frequent; guide dogs are ever more dispensable, as the blind avail themselves of other and more up-to-date devices for getting around. But the charity's response to these changes can be gauged from the following facts: first, that it is now running management courses for the benefit of its administrative employees to equip them with management skills 'necessary to carry the association into the 21st century'; secondly, that the salary of its principal director, Julian Oxley, went up by 8% last year, and that with it came the perk of a company Jaguar. In other words, the charity is in the business of creating more charity professionals, and also of rewarding them. Nor is this surprising, in view of the fact that the charity has an accumulated fund of over £200m, and an annual income of £34m, half of which is paid out to its 800 or so members of staff.

In these circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising if the public accepts unquestioningly the idea that big charities should look to the National Lottery — in other words, to the State — for funding. For the big charities are now virtually indistinguishable from the state bureaucracies. But it is also likely that the big charities will lose public

respect, and that in the long term *only* the state will support them.

Sophie Jeffreys was until recently editor of Charity Times.

Sophist's Corner

I remember Prince Charles, in his modern-architecture-bashing pomp, asking what was wrong with a few columns and domes. The answer is provided here, in Hitler's own drawings of columns and domes. Divorced from their classical origins, these become not so much architectural features as rhetorical devices for the trumpeting of power. The lengths to which Hitler would go to impose his own aesthetic views on his chosen artists are made clear by the faithfulness with which Albert Speer worked up Hitler's drawings of colonnaded domes into large-scale architectural plans for the rebuilding of Berlin.

Great dictators are inevitably great builders. It seems that with absolute power comes absolute faith in the power of art, which is worrying for those of us who believe that it is the state's duty to interest itself in its own cultural legacy. One of the reasons why Margaret Thatcher, who had many of the right credentials, would never have made a good dictator is because she was absolutely blind to the power of art. Her predecessors on the further right of European politics knew better (or is that worse?).

Sunday Times review of *Art and Power: Europe under the Dictators, 1930-45* (Hayward Gallery).

The Union of European Socialist Republics

Jim McCue compares a Federal Europe to a soft Soviet Union

Political commentators like to say that with the end of the Cold War, the victory of freedom was completed with the crushing of Communism. They fail to see that it is now Western, not Eastern Europe that is living in a soviet union.

In May 1995, the people of Britain showed their massive disapproval of the Government by voting anything but Conservative in the local elections, and four days later showed their enormous pride in their country in the VE-Day celebrations. Listening to Robert Hardy reading Churchill's words from 50 years ago about Britain standing alone against tyranny and fighting for its independence and freedom, it was clear what the sea of Union Jacks meant: the people want to remain British. The flag of the European Union was nowhere to be seen. (Nor, incidentally, was the Prime Minister, who thought it appropriate, perhaps prudent, to be visiting foreign capitals on that day.)

Half-a-century on, the old dictatorial impulses remain strongly active in Europe, and we await a new Churchill to lead the fight against a new tyranny. For the building of evil empires continues.

Like the Soviet Union, the European Union is a group of historically independent countries, with different cultures and languages, brought together under a centralizing ideology. Like the USSR, it claims to supersede allegiance to the nation-state. Like the USSR, it has pretensions to be a superpower, yet lacks the prerequisites. Like the USSR, it is dominated by one large nation at the centre. Like the USSR, it intends to

have a single foreign policy, supported by unified armed forces. Like the USSR, it believes in central planning, and sets out to control the price and supply of basic commodities. Like the USSR, it intends to unify — “converge” — several quite different economies, by massive subsidies. As in the USSR, this is rapidly impoverishing what were once flourishing regions.

Like the USSR, the EU is apparently inspired by idealism and therefore appeals to people of good faith, who see the utopian objective but not the practical disaster. Those who oppose the EU are reviled, unfairly, as “anti-European”, but they may well be upholding the interests of the real Europe. Not all loyal Russians were communists (nor all patriotic Germans Nazis).

Like doctrinaire communists, the Euro-fanatics are determinists, who suppose that their vision is an historical inevitability, and that therefore opposition to it must be in vain. Like the communists, they are in this both arrogant and abject. They are also mistaken. As the communists stubbornly failed to see that the West was becoming richer while the Soviet Union was bankrupting itself, so Euro-fanatics now fail to notice that the world's most successful economies are those of the Far East which are least regulated and centralized, and believe most in market freedoms.

The language of European federalists fits Edmund Burke's description of the insolence of the archetypal empire built upon doctrine: France after the Revolution. “It is insolent in words, in manner, but in substance it is not only insulting but alarming. It is a

specimen of what may be expected from the masters we are preparing for our humbled country. Their openness and candour consist in a direct avowal of their despotism and ambition.”

The European Union, like its Soviet forerunner, and indeed like revolutionary France, is run not by a representative parliament but by bureaucracies. Like the USSR, its politics are the politics of concealment and coercion. Like the USSR, it will not be thwarted by the mere wish of the people: if a referendum produces the wrong result, it is over-ruled. As in the Soviet Union, the people are unable to rid themselves of their rulers. In the last British election, it was virtually impossible to vote against the European Union. Just as Soviet elections offered only Party members as candidates, so all candidates with any hope of success in our general election were members of a pro-EU party.

Like the USSR, the EU rules by fear. While people are not afraid of the midnight knock at the door, they are afraid of visitations by inspectors, regulators, quangos and other prod-noses who are able to make law on the spot — often quite at odds with common sense and long practice. By their nature, the all-powerful Self-Financing Regulatory Bodies (SEFRAs) have to be propitiated with bribes. And because ministers routinely back the bureaucrats, and the bureaucrats are prepared to ignore the courts, business can proceed only by accepting a level of dishonesty and corruption. Business puts up with nonsensical regulations and with taxes in the form of payments for proliferating licenses simply in order

to be left alone. This endless interference not only saps morale and efficiency, making EU countries internationally uncompetitive, but constitutes an offence against freedom — in short, an evil.

Systematic corruption has become one of Europe's growth industries, with goods being transported from country to country so as to attract one subsidy after another. Such Kafkaesque proceedings (which are openly acknowledged by officials) were last seen in the Soviet Union. As the Nolan Committee investigates public life, some people are claiming that official machinations have always been sleazy; on the contrary, a generation ago British professionals really did deserve our implicit trust, and self-regulation of the professions was effective. Britain felt a free country, in a way it no longer does. Now, under the rule of distant, faceless, unanswerable people, legislating over us in foreign languages and in the kind of Newspeak that means anything but what it says, we find we cannot trust in Parliament, and dishonour and distrust spread inexorably downwards, like a stain.

The scandals of the EU and its subsidies ought to be constant and easy targets for the press and television. Certainly tabloid papers relish the stupidity of regulations about straight bananas and square strawberries, but most of the serious papers are extraordinarily shy of stories of the underlying corruption. Sophisticated political commentators and editors are willing simply to accept bureaucratic waste, idiocy and dishonesty as inevitable in the EU and in local government. They imagine that because these things are rife they are not news, and that they are trivial by comparison with the big picture. But they *are* the big picture. The cant of "subsidiarity", "multi-speeds", "level playing fields", "opt-outs", "qualified majority voting", "social chapters", "building EU-rope", and the rest is so random and prolific as to be meaningless, if pernicious.

This depressing failure of politicians and opinion-formers to see the practical effects of a disaster as they unfold has happened before: when the British left refused to acknowledge the Soviet

genocide, or when a generation even of Conservatives supported the destruction of grammar schools. But perhaps the present case is most like the appeasement of the 1930s, with Britain repeatedly compromising its principles, negotiating things away and pretending each time that the destruction would go no further. As Neville Chamberlain had his meaningless piece of paper, John Major has his meaningless opt-outs. But who are the politicians who will acknowledge that the European Union can no more be reformed to our advantage than communism or National Socialism, because it is systematically wrong?

Euro-fanatics fail to notice that the world's most successful economies are those of the Far East which are least regulated and centralized, and believe most in market freedoms

In each of these instances, it was thought naive, unprogressive and laughable to complain or resist. Discontent was swept away as embarrassing.

In such cases, the public — if it were ever asked — may be utterly at odds with its leaders, as the enthusiastic waving of Union Jacks on VE-Day suggests. Certainly the rulers at the centre of the European Union are arrogant, shameless, and out-of-touch. They expend vast sums upon themselves and their self-aggrandizing monuments, without registering the public resentment. Each MEP costs an average of £1 million a year. Like the USSR, the European Union believes that the wealth it commands is bottomless and can support an ever-expanding class of officials.

The European Union is like the Soviet Union most significantly in supposing that prosperity can be achieved not by work but by fiat. As the communists boasted that they had banned

unemployment by the creation of jobs, so the EU leaders wish to ban poverty by the imposition of minimum wages and any number of other delightful but unaffordable benefits.

As the Soviet Union believed it could be a world unto itself by creating socialism in one country, so the European Union believes it is big enough to be self-sufficient and to survive by taking in its own laundering. It believes it has large enough economic muscles not to have to compete with the rest of the world (meaning the Far East), and that everyone else will eventually come round to its way of thinking and likewise adopt bureaucracy in preference to business.

Originally disliked by socialists because it was perceived to be a capitalist club advocating free trade, the EU has since evolved into a socialist club. The largest grouping in the European Parliament is of socialists. It now claims to be a "free trade area" — meaning a cabal to prevent free trade beyond its own boundaries. Of course a free trade area needs no budget; but the old European Economic Community aggrandized itself by fiat into the European Community, and then changed, once more without a popular vote, into the unmistakably political European Union. Its name will suit its nature when it formally becomes the Union of European Socialist Republics.

In all this, our leaders have supported a foreign power, in which they have more belief than in their own country. But most MPs have been like the blushing bride who imagines that she can reform the debauched and selfish husband, and is ruined by the delusion. The selfishness takes the classic form of "what's mine is mine, and what's yours is a common European resource". Britain stood about as much hope of reforming scams like the common agricultural policy as Latvia did of reforming the Soviet Union. So now it's our fish.

If the EU were about free trade, it would have subordinated its interests to those of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), which genuinely, and rightly, wishes to bring about the efficiencies of a truly free-trading world. But the EU supposes itself eco-

nomically powerful enough to dictate to the rest of the world, and mistakenly trusts that other countries will be grateful for scraps from our table.

The European Union presently appears to be much more economically successful than the USSR — indeed it uses its wealth to bribe countries to join its sphere of influence by offering to subsidize them. But Europe was

much richer than the Soviet Union to start with. The point is that it is being strangled by officialdom — which is closing industries across the continent — and that like the old USSR it is not producing enough wealth to support such grandiose schemes. How ironic that the very powers which preen themselves for having defeated the Soviet Union should now adopt the unviable

system which they watched crumble.

T.S. Eliot wrote in 1939 that victory in the Second World War would be a very hollow triumph “if in the process we were to become the Germans — or the Russians”. The principle still applies.

Jim McCue works for The Times.

The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Pfitzner

R. J. Stove examines the life, music and political controversies of Hans Pfitzner

At last the fog of prejudice which for decades prevented an adequate appreciation of Hans Erich Pfitzner's achievement is starting to dissipate. Numerous well-informed and, in some instances, deliberately rehabilitative articles on Pfitzner have found their way into academic journals over the last two decades. This phenomenon at least demonstrates that even those who find Pfitzner's whole aesthetic objectionable are now required to wrestle with it. Scorning it as a mere ridiculous personal aberration, or the old-fashioned *Totschweigetaktik* of denying its existence, can no longer be resorted to. It is true that much recent material on Pfitzner remains inaccessible to the non-German speaker; and that some of it remains largely inaccessible to the English speaker, though published ostensibly in English. In this category falls a monograph by John Williamson (*The Music of Hans Pfitzner*, OUP, 1992), displaying monumental scholarship and frequent unreadability, an authentic candidate for the starring role in that hypothetical Hammer flick *The Doctoral Thesis That Ate My Brain*.

Regrettably, given the twenty- or

thirty-year time-lag that always operates between specialist re-evaluations of composers and significant changes to reference volumes (any reader craving a giggle should look up *The New Grove* on Zemlinsky or the 1954 *Grove* on Telemann), all too little modern Pfitzner analysis has influenced areas of artistic life where it might make a major impact. Never in the field of musical conflict has so much bile been lavished by so many on a composer heard by so few. That this bile emanates largely from lexicographers — seldom, on balance, among the forms of animal life most characterized by unambiguous moral authority — should not lead one to scorn it. After all, as each adjudicator of high-school or undergraduate essays soon learns, the ability to transcribe whole pages of encyclopaedias (while proclaiming one's originality by superimposing on such transcriptions a spectacular range of spelling mistakes) is as near as the average music student comes to legitimate research. It has long been considered risibly Luddite to assume that much-touted general histories will distinguish between relating ascertainable fact and indulging in fatuous

opinion: that particular duty their authors abandoned years ago, with at least as much relish as if they were presenting *The 7.30 Report*. Nevertheless it inspires alarm when even a quick prospect through the Pfitzner entries in such histories comes up with the following gems:

“[Pfitzner] became an ardent supporter of the Third Reich; he reached the nadir of his moral degradation in dedicating an overture, *Krakauer Begrüssung*, to Hans Frank, the murderous Gauleiter of occupied Poland ... owing to his miserable condition in body and soul, he was exonerated [by Nazihunters] ... It was a miserable end for a once important and capable musician” (*Baker's Biographical Dictionary*). “[Pfitzner] wrote compositions honoring Nazis and Nazism ... identifying himself completely with the ideals — artistic as well as political — of the Third Reich” (David Ewen, *Composers Since 1900*). “[He] essentially subscribed to the Nazi creed in his old age” (Robert Wistrich, *Who's Who in Nazi Germany*).

Those among us whom amnesia has not actually turned into members of the vegetable kingdom will clearly remember the days when, with but the tiniest of amendments, the very same accusations were being levelled at

Richard Strauss. Ken Russell, who — after his commendable Elgar and Delius documentaries — graduated with distinction from the Baron Munchausen School of Historiographical Exactitude, went so far as to base upon the Strauss-as-Storm-Trooper fallacy an entire film. Well, the battle to save Strauss' reputation from these slanders was eventually won, however durable an appeal they retain within the danker recesses of colour-supplement journalism; and Pfitzner's reputation seems certain to undergo a similar cleansing.

The progress which today's Pfitzner revival has already made could not have happened without the intellectual and moral collapse of International Modernist imperatives: which collapse constituted by far the most important artistic development of the 1980s. One would nowhere guess as much from the unreconstructed critic Arnold Whittall, who in April 1994's *Gramophone* jeered at Pfitzner seeming "to rejoice in the constraints of an antimodernist romanticism which excludes any associations with a manner much more progressive [sic] than that of Schumann". Poor old Dr Whittall, still desperate to worship the Golden Teleological Calf, still imagining that you can judge music's stature by counting the number of discords in it! Most of us abandoned those particular tomfooleries about the time we finished high school. While serious thinkers continued to endorse Stravinsky's quaint assertion that "a masterpiece is more likely to happen to the composer with the most highly developed [i.e. consciously novel] musical language" — that puts Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Puccini, Vaughan Williams, Martinu and Walton in their place! — so sharp-tongued a conservative as Pfitzner could be dismissed outright, since it was "historically inevitable" that one or more of the three Ds (dodecaphony, deracination and Darmstadt) would sweep aside his "reactionary" impulses. Such hubristic nonsense can no longer be justified, now that International Modernism has met the same fate as that International Atheistic Communism which was its political correla-

tive. Pfitzner's admittedly somewhat self-serving vision of himself as civilized traditions' upholder, one libelled by barbarians wherever he turned, used always to be good for a gibe. But in our own Augustan age, where the standard academic response to *all* civilized traditions consists of execrating them as the products of Dead White European Males, the loneliness of the long-distance Pfitzner has acquired a new and terrible poignancy.

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The central truth about Pfitzner's life is the humdrum fact that he was born in 1869. Born into a world where Nazism was unimagined; where even anything that approximated to German nationalism was embryonic; where the prevailing German ideology (if we must invoke so gross a noun) was Junker, *gemütlich*, leisured, and more likely to inspire yawns than shudders among foreigners, in such an environment Pfitzner grew up and flourished; and was at ease. Though his German patriotism no doubt acquired an extra fillip through his birthplace having unexpectedly been Moscow (the family returned to Frankfurt when he was only three), it remained much more mystical than specific: "a Platonic idea", he eventually called it. When he studied at Frankfurt's Conservatorium — run by Bernhard Scholz, who in 1860 had been one of only three co-signatories to Brahms' ill-judged anti-Wagnerian manifesto — he grumbled at his teachers' obscurantism, and eventually left without graduating. Yet no demon then impelled Pfitzner to more drastic social or cultural gestures against his heritage, even if he did once steel himself to make Ibsen's acquaintance. Afterwards he secured teaching posts at Coblenz and later Berlin: in which

latter metropolis his pupils included Klemperer. Despite his subsequent reclusiveness, in his youth and early middle age he personally knew Reger, Schoenberg, Strauss, Bruno Walter, Max Bruch, Max Reinhardt, the Mahlers; perhaps most crucially, Thomas Mann. (Between Pfitzner and Strauss bad blood flowed thicker than water: in part thanks to the contrast between Strauss' aphoristic wit and the clodhopping metaphysical opinions of Pfitzner's prose. "The good Pfitzner", Strauss complained, "is so dreary and 'ideal'! We would do everything for him and his works — except have him near us!") Altogether he was attaining a rare distinction within artistic circles of the German-speaking lands, not least through his inability to get Alma Mahler into the sack.

Undaunted, at the age of thirty-five he eloped with Mimi Kwast: daughter of his old and by now antagonistic piano teacher, who so opposed his daughter's marriage that the couple were obliged to wed in, of all places, Canterbury. Soon back on German soil, he grew famous as a composer of operas (*Der arme Heinrich* and *Die Rose von Liebesgarten* were his first two), chamber music, choral music, and in particular songs. The last-named category reveals, as his own essays cannot, his discriminating literary taste. Whereas Schubert and Schumann willingly lavished great inspirations on third-rank poets, Pfitzner preferred to confine himself to setting literary giants. Such names as Goethe, Schiller, Eichendorff, Heine, Hölderlin, Lenau, Mörike, Michelangelo (in translation), Petrarch (ditto), Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer predominate in his list of *Lieder*.

Adequate recognition for all this achievement came in 1910, when Pfitzner gained the prize of Strasbourg's opera-house directorship; this, remember, was during the city's German occupation. Two years earlier he had been put in charge of the Strasbourg Conservatoire. With characteristic aversion to PR he offended many of the locals by reducing French composers' representation in the Strasbourg operatic repertory, having increased his ill fame among the more

lynx-eyed by (so a suitably awestruck Klemperer assures us) absent-mindedly picking his nose while conducting. But the more official duties he carried out, the more time he seemed to find for writing. His largest and in many ways greatest creation, *Palestrina*, dates mostly from his Strasbourg years: though World War I's outbreak ensured that it was first given in 1917 at Munich, with Walter on the podium.

Palestrina is the piece that even those who know and care nothing about Pfitzner have heard of. In its first quarter-century of life, such was the scale of its renown, it earned its composer the backhanded tribute of a citation in *Brave New World*'s second chapter: Aldous Huxley being confident that Pfitzner's name would prove as immediately recognizable as are the novel's allusions to Atatürk, Lenin and Marx. It might appear bizarre to describe a *Musikalische Legende* — Pfitzner's own phrase — as autobiographical when the work deals, however freely, with the life of a musician who had then spent more than three hundred years in the grave. However, Pfitzner's champions agreed with his antagonists in believing that he saw in Palestrina's depicted sufferings a counterpart to his own. Purist allegiance to "bald and unconvincing narrative" was no more Pfitzner's *métier* than it was Pooh-Bah's. As a matter of sober record Palestrina played a much less decisive role in the Council of Trent than Pfitzner's libretto — based on the notion that Palestrina single-handedly saved polyphonic church music from suppression by CounterReforming zealots — indicates. Nor, as another matter of sober record, did Palestrina abandon composing for years after his first wife's death: he couldn't afford to. (Pfitzner could, and did.) Still less did the real Palestrina, as opposed to Pfitzner's Palestrina, consider himself too good for money-grubbing or politicking; the real Palestrina practiced both these arts with the enthusiasm of, if with much greater dignity than, Graham Richardson. Yet against Pfitzner's blazing conviction it seems petty-minded to insist on these things at all, just as finger-wagging opponents of *Richard III*'s Tudor propa-

ganda are compelled to acknowledge the brilliance of Shakespeare's myth. In the world's whole history, there was only one man who could have written a convincing opera about Palestrina (or, if you insist, "Palestrina"). He might not have understood Palestrina's mercenary acumen, but he understood something much more significant, Palestrina's genius. That which in Palestrina is ephemeral, Pfitzner disregarded; that which in Palestrina is eternal, Pfitzner perceived. In his score he struck exactly the right balance between producing mere vulgar pastiche (which a dozen neoclassical non-entities could have contrived) and the equally vulgar dismissal of sixteenth-century music as an infuriating encumbrance on twentieth-century thought processes (which would have raised the question of why he was writing about Palestrina at all). His tenure at Strasbourg taught him little of conventional stagecraft: the title character is offstage throughout Act II, thus putting any self-respecting tenor's nose out of joint, while the impracticalities required by the opera's other *dramatis personae* — no female characters but two *travesti* parts, plus St Carlo Borromeo, Pius IV, an Assyrian Patriarch and what seem like several thousand interchangeable Cardinals — might have been designed especially to make a director's hair fall out. However, as Denis Matthews said about the *Hammerklavier Sonata*, who would want to reach Everest if one could attain its summit by helicopter? There is exalted greatness in *Palestrina*'s pages, and Mann did well to acknowledge it. Though Pfitzner had another thirty-two years to live, and would produce much sublime music, he was never again to know such applause.

Before the War To End War, Pfitzner harboured few if any interests in practical politics: though in the early 1930s he voted for the neo-Bismarkian Alfred Hugenberg for Chancellor and Hindenburg for President. During 1914-18 it simply never occurred to Pfitzner, or to the average German civilian, that the Central Powers would lose. The final breakthrough, the Kaiser's flight, and Kurt Eisner's Bolshe-

vik coup in Bavaria (whither Pfitzner had fled once the French reclaimed Strasbourg) inflicted less personal privation on Pfitzner than on most. What knocked the stuffing out of him, and turned his friendship with Mann into acidulous strife, was the Treaty of Versailles with its "German war-guilt" clause. This crass attempt to brand an entire community as criminal — a vindictiveness not entirely different from the spirit that subsequently wiped out six million Jews — somehow seemed to Mann a thoroughly good move: as did the Weimar Republic, though Mann's tortuous defences of Weimar airily disdained to make evident how a bankrupt *Vaterland* which had no more known popular sovereignty than it had known space-travel was somehow going to acquire lasting democratic institutions. (Harvard-miseducated State Department honchos, who today gobble up taxpayers' billions by "exporting democracy" to every malodorous basket-case on our planet, display a similar gift for avoiding such hard questions.) Pfitzner could never be called a compassionate or even an observant man, but he maintained enough contact with reality to greet Mann's Weimar Republican vapourisings with a less than obsequious response. Mann, like so many artists, suffered from the delusion that excellence in one field of human effort conferred on him moral authority in all other fields. He might spend as much time as he wished away with the Panglossian pixies. Pfitzner, by contrast, knew perfectly well that under an "administration" where a loaf of bread costs 200 thousand million marks, and where on the streets of every town starving women of the most spotless chastity are giving themselves to strangers for the price of some fresh meat — meanwhile hoping to God that they have not been, as at this stage Hanover's inhabitants notoriously were, offered fresh human meat — unctuous homilies about spiritual rebirth through reparations and parliamentary government will incur at the very least a certain number of Bronx cheers.

Then came 1933. Pfitzner, still mired in depression by the loss of Mimi seven years earlier, was never a Nazi; him-

self sometimes prone to petty anti-Jewish outbursts, he still condemned Jew-hating violence; on the basis of a meeting with Hitler (who had visited him in 1923 when Pfitzner was sick in a hospital bed) he despised the latter's intellectual confusion, though nurturing a certain sympathy for the Beer-Hall *Putsch*. Hitler afterwards spat out a revealing comment on his talk with Pfitzner: "He lay before me with his beard like an old rabbi". When Jewish colleagues fell under suspicion, Pfitzner interceded for them as determinedly as he could. Anger at Mann did lead him to sign a Nazi-sponsored protest against that author's Wagner lecture; weakness did lead him, also in 1933, to cancel his promised appearances at the Salzburg Festival. But he soon had rather pressing reasons for not coveting martyrdom. The following year he lost his "lifetime" membership of the Munich Academy of Music; and also Goering, having unsuccessfully tried to impress Pfitzner with his Maecenas charade, threatened the composer with a concentration camp. Most alarming of all: there persisted, and Hitler apparently believed, a false rumour that Pfitzner had a Jewish parent. When finally, in 1939, a biography of Pfitzner appeared which proved his Aryan ancestry, Pfitzner rejoiced in it (for all the book's flaws on purely musical topics). He nevertheless remained sufficiently *persona non grata* for the Nazis to discourage any official celebrations of his seventieth birthday. When he did meet with a leading Nazi's favour, it was typical that the Nazi should have been Hitler's adversary Hans Frank, who enraged fellow-hierarchs by urging that they adopt the rule of law (!); it was equally typical that the surviving sketches of the piece which Pfitzner wrote in Frank's honour should be of self-destructive triviality. Pfitzner's insistence, however hair-raising, on sending Frank a sympathy telegram when the latter awaited execution at Nuremberg constituted nothing greater or less in the evil department than Mrs Capone's similar insistence that her little boy Al had never done anything wrong. In both cases inherent cussedness, rather than any grander intellectual malfunction, operated.

By VE Day Pfitzner's condition was — as Waugh observed of Duff Cooper's published cant — "all an enemy could ask". His elder son had perished, very young, of encephalitis; his daughter Agnes took her own life around the time war broke out; Allied bombing destroyed his Munich house in 1943; his younger son was slain on the Russian front in 1944; nearly all his music, and in particular his operas, had fallen from notice. The ill-will of those producing Pfitzner's final opera, *Das Herz*, continued to disgust him. A second marriage at least brought a measure of balm to his state but for him balm no longer sufficed. With the Third Reich's downfall his compositions, having been merely ignored, were (by the American Zone's leaders) proscribed. Formal denazification inquiries wheezed into action in 1947; albeit Schoenberg, Walter and Alma Mahler-Werfel — as she now was — testified in Pfitzner's defence, the court refused to acquit him, though it also refused to punish him. The classification it gave him was *Mitläufer*: "sympathiser". Not that Pfitzner, whom financial support from friends had rescued from a Munich old people's home and placed in a slightly more salubrious part of Salzburg, seemed to care. The aged curmudgeon now found within himself that vague detachment from earthly cares which he erroneously attributed to Palestrina. His "sympathy with death", to use his own words, was finally reciprocated in May 1949.

Did Pfitzner, *de profundis*, suspect that his hour would come again? He must have done; modesty seldom impinged on his thinking. In having Pfitzner copiously represented on record without having to put up with Pfitzner himself, we of the 1990s enjoy the best of both worlds. To suppose that his output has nothing to tell the late twentieth century is absurd. Its appeal lies in its reticence, its lyrical wealth, its refusal to indulge either in iconoclastic childishness or in the equally foolish postmodernist syndrome that seeks to dignify plagiarism as legitimate homage. (Recently a thoroughgoing American postmodernist, reeling off parrot-fashion the names of practically all composers known to the

general public, announced that his own oeuvre "accepted" this musical universe: to which one felt like replying as Carlyle would have replied, "By Gad, you'd better!") If there is one thing deader than yesterday's newspaper, it is the attempt to import yesterday's newspaper's novelty-mongering sensationalism into an alleged work of art. Pfitzner so well resisted this compulsion, through the quiet spiritual force which his cantankerous soul mysteriously accomplished when he had a pen in his hand, that his best epitaph can be found in the strenuously *engagé* Kenneth Tynan's reluctant tribute to George Cukor: "By cutting himself off from his time, he may well have rendered himself timeless".

SELECTIVE PFITZNER DISCOGRAPHY

(*indicates an outstanding recording)

Just being able to select items for a Pfitzner discography assures rejoicing: ten or even five years ago, dedicated Pfitznerians merely took what they could get. But Pfitzner's is simply not a muse that can elicit the states of bug-eyed, lucrative ecstasy into which Mahler, Delius and Shostakovich send their most distracted worshippers. He has in him something of Sibelius, and nothing of Strauss' artistic sensuality (even if he, unlike Strauss, evinced in Sibelius no interest whatever). Though he loathed being typecast as a purveyor of asceticism, his output yields none of his secrets at once; it must be sought out and pondered before his essence becomes manifest. That essence, once fully appreciated, seems to keep its appeal for ever. Thus he and the Compact Disc medium make an admirable match: whereas in the concert-hall and opera-house his lack of bravura might appear recalcitrant, though it would be nice to acquire the opportunity of testing this conjecture for oneself.

First in any Pfitzner catalogue must come the studio recording — now on three CDs — of *Palestrina* (Deutsche Grammophon — 427-417-2*). Nicolai Gedda, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, Helen Donath and Karl Ridderbusch lead a superlative cast, with the Bavarian Radio Symphony

Orchestra under Rafael Kubelik. A rival recording with Peter Schreier, Siegfried Lorenz, Ekkehard Wlaschilla, Carola Nossek, Fritz Hubner and the Berlin Staatskapelle under Otmar Suitner (Berlin Classics — BC 1001-2) does not equal the DG studio version.

Das Herz, the only other Pfitzner opera represented complete on Compact Disc is after *Palestrina* something of a let-down. A recent unabridged recording (Marco Polo — X.223627-X) used the cast of a 1993 production. By all accounts, as well as on the evidence of the CD booklet photos, this was a visually repulsive affair carrying Political Correctness beyond the brink of dementia. Where it triumphs is in its marvellous love

theme that dominates Act II's Prelude and Act III's finale. An excruciatingly beautiful conception which haunts the mind for days after every hearing, this theme was reworked by Pfitzner for concert-hall use. On a superb single disc (Marco Polo — 8.223162*) Heribert Beissel conducts the orchestral-only revision of the major love theme from *Das Hertz* with the Bratislava Radio Symphony. Beissel's CD also includes distinguished though lesser works: the *Piano Concerto* and *Das Christelflein's Overture*. Wolfgang Sawallisch directs a wholly enthralling compilation of orchestral excerpts from *Palestrina* and *Die Rose vom Liebesgarten* on Orfeo-C 168881A*.

Two versions now exist of *Das dunkle*

Reich, Pfitzner's choral elegy to his first wife. The older one is with Graz-based forces (Preisner — 93311); the newer and superior one is conducted in Berlin by Rolf Reuter, President of the Hans Pfitzner Society (CPO — 999 158-2*). Of exceptional interest is a CD (Preisner — 90029*) devoted to renditions by Pfitzner himself. He performs his *Symphony in C* and (at the piano, partnering that justly admired vocalist Gerhard Hüsch) various *Lieder*.

R J Stove's next book will be César Franck (*Quaker Hill Press, Australia*).

Save Our Shires

Robert Hawley asks the Conservative party to restore our traditional counties

Growing up on the Lancashire coast I was privileged to have as the backdrop to my earliest years the dramatic sweep of Morecambe Bay. The fells, woods and snowy summits of the Lake District formed an exquisite composition, framed by the ever-changing moods of sands and sky, as we viewed them from Lancaster. It was a fact not lost upon the locals that the distant landscape we looked upon, as we gazed across the Bay, was a Lancastrian vista. It had none of the attributes traditionally granted to our home shire, admittedly: it was not clothed in serried rows of red-brick housing; nor did it sprout industrial chimneys, discharging chemical effluvia; its greenery had none of the bleakness often associated with the Pennine hills, but was soft and verdant; even the local accent owed little to the familiar twang of the cotton towns. As if

to accentuate these differences the region was geographically detached from the main body of the county. Nonetheless it undoubtedly belonged to Lancashire, and always had done. A visit to the Three Shires Stone, at its most northerly point, or reference to it in one of the numerous old county guides that abound in second-hand bookshops, or a moment's conversation with one of its inhabitants, would swiftly confirm the fact.

Edward Heath and Peter Walker were not convinced however, and in 1974 Lancashire's anomalous Lake District salient was incorporated into the new county of "Cumbria". At the behest of administrative expedience, and the tidy-mindedness inherent in the mentalities of civil servants with too much time on their hands, the identities of local people were abolished. This, as we know, was a pattern repeated across

the country: Yorkshire's ancient ridings, an etymological reminder of that county's origin in the Viking kingdom of York, were scrapped; the Berkshire Downs were shuffled, absurdly, into Oxfordshire; humble places like Huntingdonshire and Rutland disappeared from the map; and a rash of invented names, such as "Humber-side" and "West Midlands", covered our land. Boundaries which had stood since the Saxon centuries before the Norman Conquest were erased in a fit of bureaucratic bossiness. The whole enterprise seemed to fit only too well into the unconscious mind-set so many people had adopted in the middle decades of this century, in which progress was defined as something which brings about immense unhappiness and even alienation, but is nonetheless necessary and inevitable, and therefore to be borne stoically in the expectation of

some undefined long-term good.

Many people might ask if all this really matters. Surely there are more important concerns, they might ask, than worrying about what are, after all, only local government boundaries. They note that the cultural aspect of county identity is perpetuated by county cricket, or the unchanging names of agricultural shows and hunts (which ignore the new map). Anyone who wants to can still beat the bounds up to the Three Shires Stone, or peruse the old boundaries in atlases and historical documents. And the residents of that part of North Lancashire absorbed into "Cumbria" are not being ordered to give up their old allegiances and identities. They can insist on being Lancastrians till kingdom come. Isn't that enough?

I despair when such arguments are put forth by people who would ordinarily describe themselves as conservatives, for such arguments reveal a lack of understanding of the true tenets of conservatism. There are three reasons for my despair. The first is that conservatives can be gullible enough to fall for the old statist argument that "nanny knows best". As all who give the subject much thought soon come to realize, governments and bureaucracies can easily become confused as to their true role, mistaking the maintenance of law, order and economic stability for a mandate to rearrange the earth. Once they have embarked upon this course they often attempt vast increases in their administrative compass, letting nothing old, voluntary, or informal slip the net, lest its continued independence should remind people of the superfluous nature of most central bureaucracy. Classic signs of this tendency include the insistence that old counties are "inefficiently" shaped and that, even after their complete overhaul, a perpetual Boundary Commission must sit, constantly gazing upon their remnants for signs of asymmetry, angularity or inutility. It was ironic that it was a Conservative government which, beguiled by a leftist notion of what governments are for, committed the act of vandalism of 1974.

My second reason for despair concerns the way conservatives have been

seduced by liberals into repudiating the element of authoritarianism which should be a necessary component in their thinking. True, in their resistance to the wiles of the state and their concern for the common sense of the individual over the importunate demands of the ideology-motivated utopian, conservatives display their liberal side, their individualism. Their anti-liberal side, however, is shown in their insistence on a Burkean submission to the counsels of long usage, continuity, common morality and culture, and their disdain for the individual who seeks to replace these potent things with his

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own puny system. Unlike so many moderns (including, alas, many among the economic libertarians within the Tory Party) conservatives are astute enough to accept that these things must be taught, and are not to be merely picked up as one goes along. Thus they oppose the tenets of progressive educational theory and its assumption that a culture can be transmitted without rigorous teaching (when it admits that a culture ought to be transmitted at all). In the case of the shires thoughtful conservatives must conclude that knowledge of, and respect for, one's county allegiance must spring from explicit acknowledgment, in local and national culture, of that county's unchallenged and unquestioned status. There can be no question of people's local identities finding some sort of market level, with a popular consensus gradually emerging from the confu-

sion. This foolish attitude, implicit in the ridiculous questionnaires of the recent Banham considerations on local government, will only serve to accentuate the chaos. People need to be unequivocally told what their true identity is. Like the foster child searching for his true parents, they *need to know*. The failure of many conservatives to recognize this basic conservative truth, and to see that the individual is happiest when subordinated to the tried and trusted institutions of the many, is the second cause of my despondency.

But, beyond these basic mistakes, there emerges a third factor. To many it might appear as a lesser component, but I regard it as the gravest error of the three. I refer to the way our vision of the land itself, and its role as the timeless backdrop upon which our brief lives are enacted, has been usurped by the urban concepts of mutability and expedience. Our erstwhile rural culture, so distant to the modern imagination, was the dominant mode of national life until well within living memory. Indeed it is only in the post-war world that towns ceased to feel themselves under perpetual siege from the countryside — with periodic invasions of livestock into urban marketplaces and villagers into urban factories — and the countryside itself became the recipient of mass displacement. Only in the last few decades has the urban finally routed the rural, completing a process begun in the Middle Ages when the walled city became the first bastion of defiance against the landowning paternalism of the country aristocracy. It is not a transformation that conservatives should celebrate, for the concepts and ideas which animate our philosophy spring from an essentially rural world. Religious practice, for example, is an obvious response to rural surroundings which, by their nature, invite us to celebrate Creation. Our conservative notion of man as a creature with an immutable nature finds its mirror in the natural world, where every creature acts within the bounds of its innate essence. Our acknowledgment of the futility of vain-glorious leftist schemes to build earthly utopias is vindicated by the inexorable swing of the seasons, in which every

hope-filled spring is thwarted by the ineluctable approach of autumn. Our sense of the vastness of history is awakened by country sights, such as the motte and bailey on the village edge, or lynchets revealed by evening sun, or the cup and ring marks on a standing stone. Thus we learn humility in the countryside, respecting the immutability of nature's grand design, and the paradoxical transience of our own brief lives. The wise ruralite, acknowledging his insignificance in the face of vast natural forces, sees the futility of demanding a spurious set of "rights". We also learn hierarchy from the rural life, noting the inequality built into the animal kingdom and being scarcely surprised to realize that a similar natural disparity pervades our own human society. Egalitarian hankerings become less tenable for those who live in rural parts; the robustness of the country scene, and of the flora and fauna which have to survive in it, merely serves to underline the essential rightness of conservative claims.

Many of our cultural cornerstones, from which we British draw our identities, originate in the country. Our common law, based upon precedent, remembers the immemorial customs and rights of our village ancestors, often over the central issue of land use. Our field sports, in which the country customs of hierarchy, genial fellowship and natural balance are brilliantly preserved, offer us a vision of home that seems to harbour a quintessence of Englishness. The lack of a rural dimension to the lives of so many moderns, however, threatens to disinherit whole swathes of our society from these national roots. It is modern man's removal from the natural world, and the harsh lessons embodied in its cycles of life and death, that has led to the growth of a spurious greenism and the concomitant vegetarian and animal rights movements.

If we are not careful an overwhelming majority of our population will soon have no empathy, no intimacy, with the countryside at all. This is not to say they will have no interest in it: on the contrary their half-baked ideas, their hatred for the vigour of the traditional country life, and their numerical

superiority, might ensure that one day we will look back on the abolition of hunting (should it occur) as a mere staging-post en route to some far greater disaster. Education might help us counter this trend, although the prerequisite of success is, surely, an initial realization of the extent to which this mass alienation has occurred. Yet with so much of the animal rights furor fuelled more by the class-hatred of rancorous leftists than concern for foxes or stags, such a realization seems unlikely. However, if the desire for a closer relationship with nature — latent in the green movement — can be detached from leftist politics, progress might be made. True intimacy needs restoring, and there is no more intimate a part of the landscape than an ancient boundary, whether shire or parish, as it follows the paths of stream, hedge or vanished road, taking in cairns on mountain summits and "shire oak"

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trees on village greens, often, by its twistings and turnings, divulging the tell-tale signs of land-use long ago. To know something like this is to know the land itself, and thus become a recipient of some of the lessons our land can afford us.

Where the old counties helped in the maintenance of our vision of ourselves as essentially rural creatures, natural even, was in their subordination of the merely human — our cities, our suburbs — to the wider context of the land. To live in Manchester or Liverpool (before the creation of the hideously-named "Greater Manchester" and "Merseyside") was to be aware, through one's Lancastrian identity, of being part of a larger whole, a historical region that was unchanging no

matter what the people on it elected to think or do. Thus the vast Irish influxes into Liverpool in the nineteenth century, which changed the character of that city forever, did not prevent its inhabitants from knowing themselves to be part of that greater entity which contained the summit of Coniston Old Man and the arable flatlands of the Fylde. Land was seen to be above the transience of human migration, culture and opinion. Implicitly the towns were seen to be secondary to the geographical county and the individual was seen to have retained that link with the land that his remotest ancestors enjoyed. Moreover, the civilizing effect of identifying with a multifaceted region, with all the local differences it contains, is far healthier than the morbid parochialism which focuses on one small place, and consumes itself in a narrow local nationalism. But our laudable county system was foolishly scrapped in 1974, and now each city lords it over its own "metropolitan county". Each one, hermetically sealed from its neighbour, views itself as its own little universe, incestuously absorbed in its own petty localism. Small wonder the urban mentality reigns supreme, and the rural hankerings of so many manifest themselves only in the ill-informed posturings of fashionable greenism.

It is vital for the future of conservatism — and hence for the future of our society as a whole — that the link between our identities and our land be reforged. But the rot has gone very deep and our culture, which shapes us all to some degree, is dominated by the ideas and assumptions of the city dweller. To restore our traditional county boundaries would be a first step towards regaining that intimacy with the land — and with our history. After the deliberations of the Banham commission, some progress seems likely. The most notorious creations, Humberside, Avon and the like, are to go. Rutland will re-emerge, as might Huntingdonshire. A new East Riding of Yorkshire will appear around Hull and the plains of Holderness. But a word of caution: the new riding will eschew the boundaries of the real, old East Riding and thus miss out many of

the places which drew their identity from that division of Yorkshire. Worse, the proposed North and West Ridings (thankfully rejected by the Secretary of State) were mere mockeries of those names, scarcely coinciding with their traditional areas at all and even taking chunks out of each other. At best they

smack of the cynicism of unelected bureaucrats; at worst they betray the way our hankering after our true culture, and the certainties embodied in our history, can fall prey to a trivializing Disneyfication. If we are not careful the motorway signs will read "Welcome to the new West Riding Theme

Park! Next left for the Ee Bah Gum Public House and Branwell Bronte Burger Bar."

Robert Hawley is a graduate student and anti-federal activist.

F. R. Leavis

Arnold Harvey looks at the founder of Eng. Lit.

Last July saw the hundredth anniversary of the birth of F. R. Leavis. Five of his books are still in print, and though much of his teaching is now regarded by the academic English Literature establishment as quaintly old-fashioned, the mere fact that there is an academic Eng-Lit. establishment that people take seriously is largely Leavis's achievement.

He was a man who attracted legend. He is said to have carried a copy of Milton's poems in his knapsack throughout the First World War, and Ronald Hayman, his first biographer, suggests that he may have been gassed and shell-shocked while serving as a stretcher-bearer on the Western Front. In reality he never served on the Western Front. When war broke out in 1914 Leavis was one of the minority of his Cambridge generation who did not volunteer for the Army. Shortly before military service became compulsory in 1916, he joined the Friends' Ambulance Unit and spent two years as an orderly on an ambulance train operating well to the rear of the trenches. Though he may have had a knapsack to use when travelling, he would also have had a private locker for his Milton. No doubt his work was dreary and dispiriting, but it can scarcely be compared to trying to hurdle unbroken barbed wire between bursts of machine-gun fire with sixty pounds of equipment on one's back.

Leavis later spoke of the 'dazed and retarded way' in which he struggled to

come to grips with literature, in 'those early years after the great hiatus', but his chief contribution to the stories about his war career was his refusal to speak about it in detail.

But he was responsible for most of the chapter and verse in the traditional account of his academic career and his virtual ostracism by the Cambridge oligarchs. Though university posts were few and far between in those days, he became a lecturer for the English Faculty at Cambridge in 1927, three years after finishing a Ph.D. which he himself considered unfit for publication, and in spite of the fact that in the previous year the Director of Public Prosecutions had written officially to the Vice-Chancellor to complain about a course of lectures Leavis proposed to give. One of the books Leavis wanted to refer to was James Joyce's *Ulysses*, then banned in this country (though the DPP offered to lend the Vice-Chancellor a copy). Leavis wrote later, 'There is a kind of irony for me in recalling that in the 1930s the reason for the steady academic disfavour I enjoyed was "We don't like the books he lends undergraduates."' This 'steady academic disfavour' involved appointing him Director of Studies in English at Downing College in 1932, and requiring him to take on the prestigious chore of university examiner in 1937. Part of the Leavis legend is that his colleagues tried to ship him off to a professorship in Tasmania, and there is no doubt

that, despite a rather mediocre publishing record during the first half of his career, he could have got a better job outside Cambridge. But even in Cambridge he enjoyed responsibility and emolument, and his books, though ignored by that notoriously selective publication *The Year's Work in English Studies*, were politely reviewed in *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Leavis's bitterness was fuelled by that of his wife, Queenie, who remained jobless after her university research scholarship expired — mainly of course because there were almost no vacancies for women in the Cambridge of the 1930s. Amongst the best article published in *Scrutiny*, the journal Leavis founded and edited, were two pieces of Queenie Leavis denouncing the British academic establishment. In 'Academic Case-History' she dealt with the pioneer anthropologist A.C. Haddon, whom she claimed sacrificed a remunerative post in Dublin in order to establish anthropology as a degree subject at Cambridge, and as his reward was neglected, ignored and starved of funds. She did not mention that Haddon retained his Dublin post and salary for eight years after 'moving' to Cambridge in 1893, and from 1904 held a London University post together with his lectureship and college fellowship at Cambridge. She asked, 'what does the academic world gain by ... snubbing and starving a Haddon?' Her answer was, 'The existence on its doorstep of a Haddon be-

comes a reproach and an intolerable nuisance.' For Haddon, of course, read Leavis. One wonders what she would have made of the situation today when scholars with a research record much better than Haddon's or Leavis's can't even get an interview for a vacancy at University College, Aberystwyth.

Leavis was not only allowed to lecture, he was paid for doing so. And he was a rivetting lecturer. He spoke very much as he wrote, and if you heard him speak once, that sour, totally assured voice of his became audible in everything by him that you read afterwards. But his contorted syntax became something of an identifying signal, and his self-assurance generally teetered on the edge of hubris:

There seemed little point in going on to deal with Tennyson and the pre-Raphaelites in detail. They do not, in fact, lend themselves readily to the critical method of this book; and that it should be so is, I will risk suggesting, a reflection upon them rather than upon the method: their verse doesn't offer, characteristically, any very interesting local life for inspection.

His off-hand dismissal of reputations he considered spurious was received with gratified amusement, as examples of timely iconoclasm:

Fielding deserves the place of importance given him in the literary histories, but he hasn't the kind of classical distinction we are also invited to credit him with. He is important not because he leads to Mr J. B. Priestley but because he leads to Jane Austen, to appreciate whose distinction is to feel that life isn't long enough to permit of one's giving much time to Fielding or any to Mr Priestley.

But the object of his iconoclasm was the setting up of a rival icon, one's own personal judgement — *Leavis's* personal judgement — as a sacred totem:

The only way to escape misrepresentation is never to commit oneself to any critical judgment that makes an impact — that is, never to say anything. I still, however, think that the best way to promote profitable discussion is to be as clear as possible with oneself about what one sees and judges, to try and establish the essential discriminations in the given field of interest, and to state them as clearly as one can (for disagree-

ment, if necessary). And it seems to me that in the field of fiction some challenging discriminations are very much called for; the field is so large and offers such insidious temptations to complacent confusions of judgment and to critical indolence.

He flattered the audiences he addressed in person by seeming to assume they were already enlisted on his side, for example telling staff of the English Departments of the University of Wales at a conference at Gregynog, 'I know I can't assume that everyone who holds a post in "English" believes intensely that English Literature matters — believes intensely that it ought to be a potent living reality in the present .. I can, though, assume such a belief as common to us all here.' In his writing he offered his private paranoia as a magnet and comfort to the paranoias of his readers:

Successful academics have been able to write their successful books because of what they have found in *Scrutiny* ... contributors to other journals have been reporting for years the editorial excision from their contributions of acknowledgments to *Scrutiny* authors and of references to *Scrutiny*.

Leavis's emphasis on the central, absolute importance of Eng. Lit. appealed to undergraduates who were bored by marginally more fashionable subjects like sociology and enabled one or two of his more dedicatedly monotonous disciples to use their position as professors of English to set themselves up as heavy-weight social critics; but in retrospect one sees that it was simply yet another case of the medium being the message. Despite Leavis's insistence on the 'criteria to be observed ... in the centrally and basically human non-specialist field of intelligence, concern and judgment,' what he taught was less an ideology than a set of mannerisms that served to identify, not what one believed, but in whose company one believed it. As the university profession grew in numbers during the 1960s and 1970s, so it became more wedded to the idea that it should function as an exclusive community. Leavis's rhetoric about 'the values we all regard as most important' was perfectly suited to the needs of an academic establishment that in-

creasingly insisted on the significance of what it was doing, without actually explaining what it was that it did. The man who complained all his life of being victimised by his peers became a kind of mascot for campus careerists who, by the time Leavis became Visiting Professor at the University of York, had adopted a practice unknown in his younger days, the blacklisting and total exclusion from employment of individuals who were deemed to threaten the interests of their profession.

Queenie Leavis's most scathing attack on academic hackery was an article published in *Scrutiny* in 1943 on George Gordon, Merton Professor of English at Oxford University (1922) President of Magdalen (1928) and Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1934), who once wrote, 'If I am accused on Judgment Day of teaching literature, I shall plead that I never believed in it, and that I maintained a wife and children.' Today's post-modernist Eng. Lit. professors claim no more: but it misses the point to suppose that post-modernism is a retreat from Leavisite ideas about the need for judgement, discrimination and committed values. When George Gordon made his excuses about teaching literature in the 1920s he was addressing himself to a public which for the most part had not studied — had not had the opportunity of studying — literary criticism at university, and which regarded the teaching of literature at university as a harmless luxury of very little importance within the established order of professional life. Three quarters of a century later, an Eng. Lit. profession that no more believes in what it is doing than George Gordon ever did nevertheless claims to be making an absolutely vital contribution to the intellectual life of the country. Leavis is dead, the details of much of his critical doctrine forgotten, but his sour, self-assured tones live on.

Arnold Harvey's last book was Sex in Georgian England (Duckworth 1994).

Is there a Problem of Black Crime?

Ray Honeyford outlines the difficulties of discussing it

If you wish to write about anything connected with the subject of race, then you have to make a choice. You can write in accordance with the dictates of the race relations lobby, and take absolutely no risk of being condemned, or even questioned as to your motives. Or you can challenge race relations orthodoxies, and risk being excoriated. This is true of any race relations issue. But it has a special, highly emotive significance when race is associated with crime. Of all the subjects which require a glance over the shoulder before pen is put to paper, this is the most threatening.

The reason is that, since about 1970, and, more particularly, since the advent of the Race Relations Act, 1976, and the creation of the Commission for Racial Equality (CRE), there has existed in this country a formidable race relations lobby. Broadly speaking, this lobby consists of anti-racist activists, race relations professionals, radical blacks and Asians with ideological aims, assorted "social scientists" who have based their reputation on the allegation that Britain is a racist society, and certain MP's, particularly those dependent on the ethnic vote for their seats in Parliament. This lobby has had considerable success in constructing and maintaining an intellectual climate which is essentially repressive and authoritarian; and which has created a view of multi-racial Britain which is manifestly one-sided and self-serving.

The Nelsonian perspective of the race relations lobby can be readily illustrated by its attitude towards criminal behaviour. That racial attacks occur is beyond dispute, and anyone with any claim to decency condemns them un-

reservedly. Predictably, the race relations lobby has loudly and repeatedly drawn the public's attention to the fact that most of the miscreants are white, whilst most of the victims are non-white. The CRE has even issued lurid posters displaying the injuries of some of the victims. Moreover, the reporting of racial attacks, their seriousness and incidence has, on more than one occasion, been seriously misleading. (*Misreporting Racial Attacks*, Gerald Hartup, Hampden Trust, 1995.)

However, the people who engage most assiduously in this process are the self-same people who resent, and seek to suppress, any sort of public debate regarding the fact that young blacks are proportionately over-represented in the attacking and robbing of citizens in the streets of London. In other words, where the villains are white, they are quite properly condemned; where they are black, they are protected from public exposure and obloquy. Yet the evidence relating to black mugging is more powerful than that associated with white-inspired racial attacks. If a white thug assaults an Asian lady and steals her purse, is it her skin colour or her purse which motivates the crime?

I am not seeking to minimise the awfulness of racial attacks, or to deny the absolute necessity of making them the object of public debate and concern. I am illustrating the double-standards that the race relations lobby is happy to maintain. The latest episode in this attempt to insist upon a one-sided racial taboo occurred in July 1995, when the Metropolitan Police commissioner, Sir Paul Condon, announced that about eighty per cent of muggings in London are being carried

out by young black males. His intention, which seems not unreasonable, was to acknowledge publicly what every resident and visitor in London has known for years from personal experience; and to seek to enlist the support of the black community, and those who claim to represent it, in reducing both the number of muggings and the involvement of blacks in carrying them out. It should be emphasised that the commissioner was especially careful to point out that he was speaking of a minority, and was very anxious to stress the innocence of the vast majority of black citizens.

The response to this attempt to violate the taboo was predictable. Furious letters were sent to the press from anti-racists, who alleged that the commissioner had stated that eighty per cent of black people were criminals — a total perversion of what he actually had said. Paul Boateng MP used the standard left-wing argument about the perfidy of stockbrokers living in Surrey as if commercial malpractice were the equivalent of violent assault and robbery in the street. Criminologists trotted out the wearisome notion that poverty rather than the person was the root cause. (So why were the white working class in the 1930's not similarly attracted to criminal behaviour?) And, naturally, Bernie Grant, MP, alleged that the whole thing was a licence for racism — that catch-all totem of the race relations industry.

The sad truth is that, far from being in any sense over the top, Sir Paul Condon was almost certainly understating the extent of the problem. It is not just mugging which causes concern. Despite the attempt to impose a taboo the British press has, from time

to time, sought to expose the incidence of black crime. I first became aware of the issue in January 1982 when *The Guardian* — a newspaper hardly likely to take a strong line on this subject — ran a three-part series, the first part of which carried the headline, "Tension as black gaol population increases". Although, at that time, only four per cent of Britain's population was of ethnic minority origin, no less than twenty per cent of the prison population was from this source. The overwhelming majority of prisoners were from an Afro-Caribbean background. In some borstals and prisons for people under twenty-one the proportion of blacks was over forty per cent. So this is scarcely a new issue. Moreover, if there were an element of racial discrimination within the judicial system at that time, it would have had to be on a quite spectacular and publicly obvious scale to explain these massive ethnic discrepancies.

In 1983, in reply to a parliamentary question, the Home Office Minister of State revealed that a disproportionate number of robberies and violent thefts in London were carried out by blacks in that year. Out of a total of 19,258 cases, 10,960 were perpetrated by black people, 5,262 were carried out by whites, and 534 by mixed groups; whilst, in the remaining cases, the ethnic group was not identified. At that time thirteen per cent of London's population was black. (*Daily Telegraph* 23.3.83.)

In October 1984, David Dale, an experienced London social worker, revealed in these pages that even the Marxist sociologists whose work and ideology had until then dominated the issue of ethnic crime, were, with great reluctance, admitting that there was a problem. The fact of black crime was not a function of faulty perception, oppressive capitalist definitions of crime, or the actions of bigoted police officers. Disproportionate black crime was an observable fact. (*Salisbury Review*, October, 1984.) In 1986 the first Home Office survey of ethnic minority groups in prison showed that the numbers of blacks in prison was excessively disproportionate both to their numbers in the general population and

to comparative ethnic numbers in prison. The likelihood that a black of West Indian or African origin would end up in prison was ten times greater than the likelihood that a white would do so. The same survey showed that prisoners of Indian sub-continent origin were somewhat under-represented — two per cent in prison compared with three per cent in the general population. Blacks tended to serve longer sentences, had fewer previous convictions, and were less likely to be granted bail. But the survey also showed that many offences carried out by blacks were more serious. For instance, nearly half the blacks over twenty-one convicted of a sexual offence were convicted of rape, compared with about 130 out of the nearly 900 whites convicted of sexual offences. (*The Times* 19.6.86.)

[The race relations] lobby has had considerable success in constructing and maintaining an intellectual climate which is essentially repressive and authoritarian; and which has created a view of multi-racial Britain which is manifestly one-sided and self-serving

A similar picture emerged in March 1989 in a debate on crimes of violence which took place in the House of Lords. Lord Reay spoke as follows: "Let me give some statistics. In figures released last week by the Home Office (Statistical Bulletin, issue 5/89, Table 5) covering the Metropolitan police district — where, let it be remembered, 60% of all robberies in the country take place — of those arrested for street robbery in 1987, 61% were black, and 34% white. Another table, table B, shows

that 85% of blacks arrested were under 21. Table 5 of the Bulletin also gave figures for all robberies in the Metropolitan police district. The ethnic breakdown for those arrested is as follows: in 1985, 50% black, 45% white. In 1986, 49% black, 43% white. In 1987, 54% black, 41% white. As regards Underground robbery, figures were made available to me by British Transport Police. In 1987, white 10%, black 80%, mixed gangs, 8%. In 1988, white 10%, black 70%, mixed 19%. The recent Home Office Research Study 106, "Concerns About Rape", in a rare excursion into the subject of the ethnicity of the offenders, analysed the results of two surveys into rape in the two London boroughs of Islington and Lambeth, which were chosen because they have high levels of recorded rape. In Lambeth, with a black population of 14% of the total population, 72% of offenders were reported as black. In Islington, with a black population of 6%, 43% of offenders were reported as black". (*Hansard* 15.3.89.)

On the disturbing question of rape, further evidence of black over-involvement is contained in *The Imprisoned Rapist and Rape*, by D. Grubin and J. Gunn, Institute of Psychiatry, 1990. One of the factors investigated was the ethnic origin of offenders. I quote the findings: "It is notable that when compared with the rest of the population, rapists contain a much higher proportion of men of Afro-Caribbean origin: 23% of the men in the sample were Afro-Caribbean compared with 10% in the entire sentenced population. Though the percentage of all imprisoned rapists who are Afro-Caribbean is 16% (Prison Statistics, 1989), a lower proportion, the difference is of even greater statistical significance because of the large numbers involved. An over-representation of black and ethnic minorities in rapist populations has also been reported in American studies. The over-representation of Afro-Caribbean men in our sample may reflect the fact that one local prison (Wandsworth) was in an area with a high Afro-Caribbean population. This, of course, does not account for their over-representation in the national figures, which may have a number of

causes.... Finally, it may be the case that Afro-Caribbeans are more likely to be involved in rape”.

In a study of serial rapists reported to the British Psychological Society by a psychologist at Wormwood Scrubs in March 1992, 39% of those involved were non-white: “Double the proportion of rapists were ethnic minorities. Although this variable did not produce a statistically significant difference, it has research significance. Research shows that ethnic minorities are over-represented in both reported rape by victims and in rape convictions both in the UK and USA. In fact, apart from drug offences, rape is the offence having the highest representation of ethnic minorities”. Of the seventeen ethnic minority subjects involved in this research, thirteen were Afro-Caribbean. Since the size of the samples here are small, one needs a proper caution before generalising from the results. However, taken in conjunction with the other sources I have referred to, there does appear to be a serious question about the association of rape with a particular ethnic group.

More generally, the most recent figures for young prisoners on remand for offences of robbery, violence, crimes against property, and motoring offences show a disproportionately large number of blacks involved. A report by the National Association for the Care and Re-Settlement of Offenders and the Association of Chief Officers of Probation issued in early July, 1995, indicates that at Feltham Remand Centre, which serves the London region, no less than 53% of the young people there were black.

The concerns which have been expressed about the level of black crime, therefore, would appear to have some justification. Whether such concerns should issue in the publication of relevant data and statistics, and form part of our view of ourselves as a multi-racial community, in the same way as racial attacks are constantly being brought to the public's attention, is a matter which has never been resolved. The victims of black crime do not have a powerful statutory body to broadcast their fears and resentments, for the race relations lobby has always been

passionately opposed to the publication of any information in which the ethnic minorities are shown in a less than flattering light. The CRE has never been happy about linking crime with ethnic origin, and has taken refuge in the notion that blacks are the victims of a criminal justice system which treats them unfairly. Many prominent people have taken the same attitude. When the Metropolitan police first entered the fray, and provided the public with impeccable data about race and crime, their information was dismissed as “statistical garbage” by

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one, Roy Hattersley, whose seat in Parliament has, for many years, depended on the ethnic vote. (*Daily Telegraph* 25.3.83.) The police took such a battering from the race relations lobby over their temerity in publishing such data that commissioners and chief officers refused to publicise statistics, for fear of being branded racists. It took a further twelve years before the present commissioner dared to expose the problem. The authorities have also been inhibited by a fear that race-crime statistics, if placed in the public domain, could result in the sort of riots seen in some American cities. In many areas with large black populations police chiefs are very reluctant to comment. Both Birmingham and Manchester police deny they keep figures on race and crime — though both do record and report racial attacks. (Private phone conversation 28.9.95.)

Assorted grievance-mongers have argued that, though race and crime figures are better not publicised, the

over-representation of blacks in gaol should be a cause for public concern, since, it is alleged, it provides proof that the criminal justice system is racist. The Rev David Haslam, erstwhile “Executive Director, Community and Race Relation Unit, the Council of Churches for Britain and Ireland”, has even argued that there should be a racial quota system, so that there would never be more than five per cent blacks in prison. And when the campaigning journalist, Bernard Dineen, of *The Yorkshire Post*, attempted to air the subject in October, 1990, local anti-racist activists condemned his words as, “an unjustified, unsupportable and wholly racist assault on young blacks”, and urged his editor to keep him on a tighter rein, i.e., to deny his right to free speech on this issue. (Correspondence in *The Yorkshire Post*, Oct. 1990.)

Various commissioned sociologists and statisticians have attempted to show that the excessive proportion of blacks in gaol is due to some sort of racial discrimination in various parts of the criminal justice system. This sort of approach has been supported by the CRE. This is probably a non-starter, if only because the number of factors which have to be held constant in order to isolate the specific influence of alleged direct and indirect discrimination make an appropriate and convincing research design highly unlikely.

Moreover, even if valid and reliable research could establish the presence of discrimination, this could scarcely account for the very high differential levels of imprisonment. The most recent review of the statistical literature, “Ethnic Minorities and the Criminal Justice System”, Research Study No. 20, prepared by Marion Fitzgerald of the Home Office for The Royal Commission on Criminal Justice (1993) says this: “The prison figures suggest that crime rates amongst Afro-Caribbean are much higher than those for whites... Moreover, the difference is almost certainly too great simply to be accounted for by differential treatment within the criminal justice system... It may not automatically be assumed that these differences are evidence of discrimination; taken

together, the available research findings suggest that many are explained by legal and social factors".

In December 1992 the CRE published a report into sentencing in the Midlands. This research was the biggest of its kind ever undertaken in this country; and it did, indeed, establish that Afro-Caribbeans were more likely than whites to receive a prison sentence in relation to similar offences. The CRE, which had financed the project, welcomed this finding as valuable ammunition in its battle to make such variations unlawful. However, the validity of the findings is brought into question by the fact that, though blacks fared worse than whites, Asians fared better than whites. Whilst Afro-Caribbeans had, on average, a 17% greater chance of a custodial sentence than whites, Asians had, on average, an 18% less chance of going to gaol than whites convicted of similar offences. (*The Independent* 10.12.92.) Now if the differentiating mechanism is, as the CRE insists racism then why are the courts, dominated as they necessarily are by white people, penalising whites in relation to Asians? Surely, if the racism allegation is to stick, then we could reasonably expect whites to do better than either blacks or Asians.

Interestingly, the courts, in ranking blacks, whites and Asians in descending order of culpability, are reflecting precisely the same situation in schools with regard to serious misbehaviour resulting in suspension or referral. Detailed studies in both Birmingham and Nottingham schools have indicated that Asian pupils are the least likely to create serious behaviour problems, black pupils the most, and white pupils come somewhere in between. ("Birmingham LEA and Schools: Referral and suspension of Pupil", 1985 and report from Nottingham County Council, 1991.)

These sorts of outcomes rather suggest — I put it no stronger — that it may be cultural variations, rather than the criminal justice system's tendency to engage in racial discrimination, which are the decisive factor. On the specific issue of sentencing, even when the category of offence is held constant, there may be systematic varia-

tions with regard to ethnic group in the following factors: the manner in which the crime is committed, degree of co-operation with the police, the degree of genuine regret, the accused's behaviour in the witness box, character references — all these are likely to influence the way in which the court deals with those convicted. Moreover, once they reach the point of trial, Afro-Caribbeans are more likely to have no further action taken against them, or to be acquitted. Now this could mean that blacks are innocent to a greater extent

The discussion of race and crime should not have to be conducted in a whisper or with Nazi slogans, with nothing in between; for to continue to cloak the subject with silence for political reasons, is, for one thing, to confer a sense of immunity on the perpetrators of these violent crimes

than other groups, or the courts require a higher standard of proof to convict blacks.

The key point in all this is that the assumption by researchers that the immensely complex range of factors involved can each be regarded as a single, separable object which can be weighed and measured, and its effect on outcomes confidently assessed — this sort of reasoning may be less than adequate in this context. Research Study 20 referred to above says this: "Additional research, however, may still not provide *definitive* explanations for ethnic differences in criminal justice statistics, because it will always be difficult to account for the full range of variables which need to be considered". If that is so, just how seriously should we take those who argue for

interference in due process in order to produce egalitarian ethnic outcomes?

The unlikely possibility of racial discrimination being the cause of so many blacks in gaol is reinforced by anti-racist measures taken by the authorities. Twelve years ago the director-general of the prison service issued a policy document to all staff of prisons and detention centres. This committed the service "absolutely" to a policy of racial equality, and emphasised the need for race relations training and understanding of racial and religious differences, equal access to training and jobs inside prisons, and the necessity for links between prison staff and outside minority groups. (*Sunday Telegraph* 7.8.83.)

In 1989 a Home Office circular, which might have been written by officials of the CRE, was issued to all magistrates courts. This required the following measures to be carried out: all staff to be trained to spot any form of racial discrimination; court jobs to be advertised in the ethnic press; monitoring of the number of black people employed; court notices to be in certain ethnic minority languages, search for any evidence of black people feeling uncomfortable; verification of the types of complaints received. (*Daily Telegraph* 17.10.89.)

By the same year the prison service had established race relations officers in most establishments, and ethnic statistics were being systematically gathered. A seminar of assorted governors, Home Office officials, probation staff and clergy was also held in 1989, and the following measures agreed: training courses for race relations officers; seminars for governors; a handbook about racial minorities for staff; more sympathetic treatment of Rastafarians; and increased attempts to recruit blacks and Asians into the prison service.

As for the police, training in multi-racial matters has been a required part of initial and in-service training for many years. All police forces have community relations officers who keep a special eye on ethnic minorities, and many have race relations personnel at a senior level. One of the first things said by the present commissioner of the metropolitan police on his

appointment was that he was determined to root out any suggestion of "racism" in the force.

As for the attitudes of lawyers and judges towards the ethnic minorities, we have an Ethnic Minorities Advisory Committee, which has considerable powers; and the Lord Chief Justice in 1993 decided that all judges should have training in how not to be influenced by any sort of racial prejudice.

In short, the whole criminal justice system has publicly demonstrated its abhorrence of racial discrimination in the treatment of ethnic minorities. Indeed, it might be argued that the system is now so colour conscious, and so manifestly afraid of criticism from the race relations lobby, that the danger in the present climate is not that too many innocent blacks and Asians will be convicted, but that too many guilty ones will be acquitted.

However, despite all these measures to guard against possible discrimination, there is little evidence to show a reduction in the proportion of blacks in gaol. Indeed, if the Metropolitan Police were more efficient, then we could confidently predict a considerable rise in black incarceration: although the crime of mugging has increased from 13,000 incidents to 23,000 over the last five years, and eighty per cent of the assailants have been identified as black, only ten per cent of the perpetrators have been caught and dealt with.

Not all those with a concern about black crime have seen fit to condemn the criminal justice system for failing to produce egalitarian racial outcomes in the prisons. Some have had the courage to respond in a rather more constructive manner. For instance, Lord Reay, whose speech to the House of Lords is referred to above, has said this: "The discussion of race and crime should not have to be conducted in a whisper or with Nazi slogans, with nothing in between; for to continue to cloak the subject with silence for political reasons, is, for one thing, to confer a sense of immunity on the perpetrators of these violent crimes. To do that is monstrously unfair to those others who share those areas where crime is endemic, who have to live in bandit country, who cannot

leave, and who largely provide the prey for the criminals. It is also to fail in our duty to the vast law-abiding majority of the black population whose members have that much harder a task in setting their children on a lawful career". (*Hansard* 15.3.89.) And in an open letter to her community the black journalist, Donu Kogbara, has written as follows: "Face reality with dignity. And *earn* respect, recognition, better jobs, better incomes and better treatment by being industrious, determined and, above all, law-abiding. We blacks do not need to utter aggressive or self-pitying words at every opportunity. We do not need bravado and belligerence, even when we have been provoked. Nor do we need to nitpick about ultimate irrelevancies like whether or not the perpetrator of a crime is identified as black in court reporting. We must not hide black crime. We must reduce it, and do as much as we can to eliminate it". (*Daily Mail* 31.8.91.)

But why point these things out? Why should anyone wish to expose the fact that there is convincing evidence of criminality varying according to ethnic group? After all, and despite the race relations lobby's obsession with equality of outcome, at least when the ethnic minorities are "under represented", we now know, and have known for a considerable time, that socioeconomic outcomes such as housing, employment and education, all display intra-ethnic variations. So why should we be concerned about similar variations in relation to crime?

There are a number of reasons. First, crime is a corrosive thing. Unlike other areas of human experience, crime produces individual human victims who undergo emotional trauma, and, often, physical hurt. Moreover, crime threatens the coherence and stability of whole communities. Crime is a deeply serious matter, and any group which is over-involved in committing crimes is bound to become the focus of strong, condemnatory responses from other groups. Resentment is generated, and relationships are inevitably placed in jeopardy. Secondly, solving the problem cannot begin unless and until the problem is openly and honestly acknowledged. All communities need

critical feedback in their conceptual blood stream; without that they cannot form a valid view of themselves, or understand how they are being perceived by others. Thirdly, exposure of negative truths, however hurtful that may be, makes the growing generation less likely to give way to temptation and start on a life of delinquency. Attempts to conceal the reality, or to blame "the system" — which is currently the case — does a grave disservice to those young blacks who need, not chips on their shoulders, but a candid confrontation with the truth about just where a life of crime leads to, and how damaging it is to their own community. And, lastly, and perhaps most important of all, what we now have cannot be good for race relations. On the contrary, it dismays the decent, tolerant majority, and provides the real racists with all the ammunition they need.

We must surely now all take the risk of telling the truth. There is much at stake. However risky a procedure facing the reality may be, and however relentlessly the forces of untruth attempt to conceal the facts, we can no longer afford to evade our duty — not if we really believe that an integrated and harmonious multi-racial society is attainable.

Ray Honeyford was a major contributor to the Daily Telegraph's schools guide.

*Natural ability
without
education has
more often
raised a man to
glory and virtue
than education
without natural
ability*

Cicero

The Rights of the Child

Stewart Deuchar and Barbara Hug describe another attack on the family

One of our grandfathers was a complicated character. To an outsider he was a great man of great charm and good humour; to his own family he was a tyrant and a bully. One morning he claimed to have discovered a head-lice in one of his offspring's hair. On the way to the office he called at the local barber and instructed him to go to his house and shave the heads of his seven children, of whom five were girls. Anybody doing the same today would no doubt be in breach of the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child. This shows how much more enlightened we are today than a hundred years ago. Or does it?

Our school system is insensitive to the feelings of children. The gigantic schools — in which the Head does not even know all his staff by name, let alone the children — are nightmare places, designed primarily for the purpose of providing a career structure for the staff. Worse still is that horrible institution, the school bus, in which children spend a substantial portion of the day being driven about the countryside unsupervised, easy targets for verbal and even physical abuse.

Parents, too, are not always considerate. Far too many find it normal to throw their children into the back of the car and drive hundreds of miles with the radio at full volume. There are many homes where the television is on all day, so that the children must compete with it if they are to attract attention. In the schools many of the children can hardly keep awake, having been up in to the small hours watching videos with the grown ups.

It is obvious that many of the benefits of the 'progressive' social reforms of recent years have been at the expense of children. Some sort of reappraisal of

where children stand in this brave new world which we have created is thus overdue. What sticks in the gullet, however, is that the very same anarchists and neo-marxists who have been so successful in the movements which have prospered at the expense of children, namely feminism and homosexuality and related fields, are now clearly determined to use children in the same way by a strident and spurious campaign for their so-called 'rights'. The real aim of these people is to destroy the family and every other institution which stands in their way.

The Convention for the Rights of the Child was passed by the UN in 1989. It was ratified by most European countries, sometimes with reservations, although not by the Netherlands and Switzerland. Britain ratified it in 1990, but since then has sensibly done nothing about implementing it. The CRC does have some worthy provisions, but these are already enshrined in laws in most western countries.

The actual initiative for a UN children's rights convention came from the Gierek government in Poland in 1978. According to Adam Lopatka, professor of constitutional law in Warsaw, it was supposed to be a humanitarian instrument. The USA were against a children's convention at that time; they found it superfluous because the human rights convention covered these rights already. The fact that the freedom rights in the form of civil and political rights are in the CRC at all, is thanks to the USA which wanted to brake the advance of communism. 1989 saw the end of the Cold War and of course changed East-West relations. The CRC was then accepted in a great hurry by the General Assembly of the UN, as well as by the Inter-

national Save the Children's Alliance. Lobbying began all over the world, particularly in Sweden.

The ideas of well-known representatives of the children's liberation movement, indeed the fathers of the sixties ideological neo-marxist thinking, have influenced the interpretation of the "civil and political rights for children". These "Pioneers of the CRC" as they are called, are Richard Farson and John Holt. Richard Farson was the long-time president of the ESALEN Institute in California, the Gestalt centre. John Holt was the leader of the anarchist scene in New York during the sixties and the leader of the free school movement. These are some of the rights they wanted for children: the right to vote, the right to work, to own property, to have an income, to choose a guardian, to travel, to have a driving licence, to have sexual relations, drugs, full legal and financial responsibility and to determine what and when to learn. (Richard Farson *Birthrights* 1974, John Holt, *Escape from Childhood*, 1974.) Farson and Holt used material from the Afro-American Civil Rights movement and Women's Liberation groups as their models.

The UN Committee on the Rights of the Child consists of ten people, and their task is to monitor the implementation of the CRC. The targets of the UN Committee for 1995 include universal ratification and effective national and international monitoring.

In London the Children's Development Unit was set up as a three-year independent project, presumably with government backing. Helped by money from the Gulbenkian Foundation, it has published its report 'The UK Agenda for Children', dated April 1994. This massive document gives us

some idea of what is going on and what is at stake.

The general ideological tendency can be gauged by the chapter on Children in Northern Ireland, which is grotesquely one-sided. It does not go as far as to say that children of seventeen and under have an inalienable right to throw stones at the police and soldiers, and act as the eyes and ears of the IRA with impunity, but that is the general implication. Anything unpleasant which the terrorists perpetrate has to be 'understood' against the context of the armed struggle. Kneecapping is seen as justified. "Community Groups have suggested that some young people may perceive an assault (i.e. kneecapping) is quickly done with... and that the monetary compensation which they are able to receive from the State (i.e. the British taxpayer) can make up for the long-term effects of disability" (p.263). Of course youngsters also have an inalienable right to show their impatience with their 'high levels of deprivation' (p.267) by stealing cars and joyriding them through army road-blocks. On the other hand every measure taken by the security forces is seen as oppressive and intrusive on the rights of the child.

The Agenda may have sensible things to say about the treatment of children in matters of divorce, adoption, abuse and much else, but to find any traces of moderation and common sense you have to plough through enormous quantities of tendentious matter which detract from the credibility of the whole document.

For instance on the third page of the introduction we are told that, "the massive rise in unemployment together with changes in the structure of employment, with more workers in part-time and temporary jobs, has led to a vast growth in poverty. Since 1979 there has been a threefold increase in the numbers of children living in poverty, measured by a standard accepted across Europe". It is immediately clear that we are in familiar territory.

We are told that, "a baby born into a manual worker's family is twice as likely to die in his or her first year of life than a baby born into a professional or managerial family" (p. xiii).

This statement is intended to arouse feelings of indignation in the reader, leading to demands that the government should 'take appropriate measures' to put things right. But what if it were found that the factors affecting infant mortality were within the control of the manual worker? What if the evidence pointed to his deliberately adopted lifestyle? Would our children's champions rise up in wrath and demand that manual workers should change their lifestyle? Certainly not. Elsewhere in the Agenda it is made very clear that nobody's lifestyle is to be regarded as better or worse than anybody else's.

If we can manage to read as far as page 5 we learn that "the discrimination experienced by many travellers and Gypsies fundamentally affects their enjoyment of many of the rights contained in the Convention. The lack of adequate sites and the appalling standard of many existing ones and the proposals to... introduce criminal penalties for stopping on land without permission have major implications for children living in Traveller and Gypsy families. Such children are effectively being denied respect for their cultural rights in breach of Article 30 as the government seeks, through its proposals, to restrict the opportunities for a nomadic way of life."

It is interesting that the word 'discrimination' can be stretched thus far. First you adopt a certain lifestyle, then you claim 'discrimination' if society does not go out of its way to provide you with the special facilities to enable you to enjoy it. In the minds of the children's champions, any perceived injustice or imbalance in the 'enjoyment' of what life offers is regarded as an indictment of the existing order of society, regardless of what the real causes may be. The alleged disparity in infant mortality rates is assumed to be the fault of an uncaring government, and the remedies are assumed to be readily to hand.

On page 141 we are informed that "over 300 million gallons of raw or virtually untreated sewage are discharged around the UK coastline every day. As a result children swimming in the sea at many of Britain's beaches

can face health problems." Is the Agenda so short of genuine evidence of children being short-changed that it has to drag in stuff like this? Unsurprisingly, we get the ozone layer in the next paragraph.

The pervasive assumption is that everything that affects children is done to them out of a craving to dominate them and force them to conform to oppressive norms, whether it be school uniforms or not being instructed in class about the joys of homosexuality. The exception to this rule is schooling itself. The marxists and even the anarchists approve of compulsory education, for it is one of the main instruments whereby they intend to mould people and society after their own pattern.

We have not come across the word 'autonomy' in the Agenda of the UK Children's Rights Development Unit, but it certainly cropped up in the international conference held in Ghent in December 1994, which was attended by the children's rights lobby elite. The best way to assess the ethos of the Ghent congress is to quote from Jens Qvortrup, a Danish sociologist, and Nigel Cantwell, director of International Monitoring of UNICEF — he is responsible for fund raising. Jens Qvortrup said that children are discriminated against because of their age and their exclusion from mainstream society. Children should have conceptual autonomy; they should have the opportunity to earn money and should be organised like members of trade unions. Cantwell added that while he agreed with these aims, "if the arguments that Jens puts over ever get beyond these cloistered walls (Ghent University), all the efforts we have made in trying to get public support around the CRC are likely to be jeopardized. Let's be very careful how we put these goals over."

Why should parents be obliged to go to the enormous expenditure of time and effort to raise children when, on the one hand the ability of children to make any worthwhile contribution to the survival of the family is negligible, and on the other hand everything the parents do with their children is likely to be criticised in terms of 'rights' by the intelligentsia? The more vocifer-

ous elements of the chattering classes will never acknowledge the wonderful arrangement whereby each generation starts deeply indebted to the previous one — for life itself, if nothing else — and pays off this debt to the next.

Many children do suffer unnecessary hardship or handicap in our society; but there is a point at which the preoccupation with rights does much more harm than good. If all the rights claimed in the UK Agenda for Children were fully implemented tomorrow, would children be any better or happier? Governments cannot and

should not try to legislate for happiness or even for fairness. On page 161 of this Agenda an immigrant child is quoted as saying, “we had difficulties with English and with dealing with a different culture.” That is entirely as it should be. If the Convention for the Rights of the Child is successful in the future, the emotional bond between children and parents will be broken. Children will cease to experience sympathy for their fellows or to exercise responsibility for their elderly parents. A taste of a possible future can be read in horrifying studies from California.

(Carol Sanger/Eleana Willemsen (1992) *Minor Changes: Emancipating Children in Modern Times*, University of Michigan). In California and other states of the US old people are brought to the entrance of a hospital, and abandoned there on the outside steps.

Stewart Deuchar is Vice-Chairman of the Campaign for Real Education. Barbara Hug is a psychologist working in Zurich.

Letter from Ireland

David Quinn

It is still possible for progressives to portray Ireland as the society of which liberal nightmares are made. Abortion is still illegal except in cases where the mother's life is endangered. Divorce is banned, although that may change after November 24. The average wage for women is equal to just 69% of men's. Domestic violence is rife we are told, and we are treated to stories of child abuse on an almost daily basis. The Catholic Church, while it may be in steep decline, is still strong, thereby constituting a massive threat to liberal dreams of a “pluralist” Ireland. Something in the region of 75% of the people still go to Mass each week. Sexism abounds, and terrible things go on in hidden corners of Ireland even in this more “enlightened” age.

Some of this at least is true, but depending on one's philosophical outlook, may or may not be a bad thing. Thus for example, there are some deluded souls who would applaud the fact that abortion is illegal in Ireland. If women's wages are equal to just 69% of men's, well, that too may not be such a bad thing. It masks the fact that women get paid the same wage for the same job as men. Secondly, it hides the fact that a lot of women are quite

content, through their own free choice, to opt for part-time, or service industry jobs. This means that a goodly proportion of children in this country still have a parent to go home to each evening after school.

At the present time, just 3.5% of marriages in Ireland have ended in separation. Since 1989, the actual rate of marital breakdown (or is that marital failure?) has escalated rapidly to the point where there is one separation in a year for every six marriages in that same year. While this rise can be attributed mostly to cultural change, some of it can be blamed on the no-fault separation law we introduced in 1989. Still, a breakdown rate of one in six compares very favourably with Britain's two in five, or America's one in two.

A vote is to be held in November concerning divorce. As it is banned by the Constitution, people are to decide whether or not the ban should be lifted. At the time of writing, the vote promises to be close. Predictably enough, the debate is raging between those who place a premium upon social cohesion on the one hand, and those who place absolute value upon personal freedom on the other. The result of the vote will tell us a very great deal about whether

Irish people are conservatives or liberals at heart. At present, it is difficult to gauge this. If the newspapers we read are anything to go by, then we are radically liberal. Incredibly, for such a supposedly conservative country, there is not one mainstream national newspaper in existence which can be called “conservative” in any meaningful sense. While it is true that the biggest selling Sunday newspaper is right-wing, it is right-wing in the worst possible way. It is radically libertarian and self-consciously “hip”. The *Sunday Business Post* is mostly a business paper. It is tolerant enough to allow me to appear each week in its pages. But being a specialist newspaper, it has a small, albeit influential readership. All of the other newspapers, whether daily or Sunday, are divided between the politically correct and the politically indifferent. The politically indifferent espouse no particular ideology, preferring instead to allow their editorial policy to be dictated by marketing considerations. The politically correct newspapers, led by *The Irish Times* (our *Guardian*), are dominated by the generation of '68. They are waging unrelenting war on traditional society and the Catholic Church.

Our broadcasting media are, if any-

thing, worse. Unfortunately Ireland is not big enough to support more than one homegrown national television service. The one we have, called RTE, is state owned. As a state owned service dominated by "the state class"; it supports, either directly or indirectly, state expansion and a corresponding decline in the role of intermediate structures such as the family and the Church. One fairly prominent public figure who worked in RTE for some years remarked to me recently that the hatred many of the people who work there feel for the Catholic Church is "bottomless". Although she is something of a liberal Catholic, she said she was often the victim of snide anti-Catholic remarks — these coming from supposedly tolerant "liberals". The generation of '68 dominates not only the media, but also the universities, the schools, politics, and even, increasingly, the churches, certainly at "middle management" level. This state of affairs is too familiar to readers of this journal to need description.

The strength of the Catholic Church led indirectly to the present enfeebled state of Irish conservatism, or if you will, neo-conservatism. The Catholic Church was the main conservative institution in my country. So dominant was it that it allowed no room in the public arena for any other major conservative institutions to evolve. Hence, when it went into decline — a process which has accelerated rapidly over the last three or four years — there was nothing of significance to replace it. We have no major conservative political party. As mentioned, we have no conservative newspaper. We don't even have a conservative think-tank. Therefore, the forces opposing the rise of the state and the decline of mediating structures are weak.

Ironically the very people who threw off the yoke of the Church and traditional society are the ones who are busy constructing, for themselves and for the rest of us, a new yoke. These "Artisans of a New Ireland" go about their business blissfully unaware that, as the Church and all other mediating structures retreat before the advance of individualism, the State automatically rushes

in to fill the vacuum. This, I believe, is a crucial point. Every blow for personal freedom since the Enlightenment has been struck against the supposedly repressive traditional family, against the Church, and against the community. As each of these has weakened, the State has become, both by accident and by design, more powerful. Therefore, personal freedom has paradoxically led to a more powerful state. This paradox is completely lost on Irish liberals.

Not so long ago, attitudes were taboo which offended the moral sensitivities of "holy, Catholic Ireland". Nowadays the reverse is certain to be the case. If it offends the old household gods then it is not only acceptable, but chic. Taboos, however, remain, they have merely changed form. And so for example on chat shows it is commonplace for a person who is too overtly Catholic in his views to be shouted down in the name of "liberal", "pluralist" Ireland. In the liberal lexicon these terms are exactly analogous to "holy" and "Catholic" in the older more conservative lexicon. There is no need to argue against Catholicism anymore. It is simply necessary to say that such views have no place in a pluralist society.

The writer Colm Toibin, who considers himself something of an expert on Irish Catholicism, wrote in an article for *The New York Times*: "I like to think that there is a new awareness among most Catholics in Ireland that their faith is all the more precious and secure for being private, that it no longer needs to reach out into the public world and control legislation and state policy." This is a classic statement of the modern liberal view of pluralism. As one commentator here has remarked, it is the Henry Ford version of pluralism, i.e. you can hold any views you like, just so long as they're liberal; if they're not, then keep them to yourself. This is also not too unlike the old Roman attitude towards all those religions within the empire. You could worship any god you liked so long as you worshipped the Emperor as well.

This "liberal" view of pluralism is as counterfeit as the "liberal" view of freedom. The American theologian Fr

Richard John Neuhaus has written that liberals, "in the name of difference, are destroying the differences that make a difference". How an Ireland in which virtually all traces of religion have been expelled from the public arena will thereby be more pluralistic, is quite beyond me. Surely one less public voice means less pluralism, not more? While it is true that in the old Ireland the Catholic Church was too dominant, in the new Ireland, if it loses any more influence, a distinctive voice in Irish public affairs will have been lost. Catholics have as much right to their say in public life as liberals, feminists, socialists, and the whole rag-bag of modern progressivism.

Ireland has a long history of colonial domination by Britain on the one hand, and moral and intellectual domination by an over-authoritarian Church on the other. Such a history does not breed a culture of self-reliance and responsibility. We Irish are not accustomed to being masters of our own destiny.

This history makes us vulnerable to the slow take-over by the State of more and more areas of our lives. It also makes us vulnerable to the siren call of Brussels. Having just freed ourselves from Rome, we seem only too eager to rush into the tender embrace of the EU. Dependency comes naturally to us. It sometimes seems that just so long as the State doesn't tax us too punitively, and within limits determined mostly by the feminists, allows us maximum sexual freedom, then we are pleased to have the State look after us in all other respects. We are merely replacing an over strict parent with an over indulgent one.

Ireland stands at a critical crossroads in its history. We are jettisoning the baggage of our past with breathtaking speed and moving headlong into modernity without taking stock of the experience of countries which have long since embarked on that route. Such is the backlash against the Church and traditional society more generally, the danger is that Ireland will blunder into the most extreme and pathological version of modernity.

David Quinn writes for the Sunday Business Post.

Editorial

Nick Tate, the Government's chief advisor on religious education, has warned that we are fast becoming a nation of religious illiterates. The rising generation does not go near a church, has no knowledge of what takes place there or why, is ignorant of the Bible, the Prayer Book and the sacred stories, and is unable to recognize any reference to the words, doctrines or narratives of our native religion. Phrases like 'salt of the earth', 'vexation of spirit' or 'reap the whirlwind' evoke, for young people today, nothing besides a vague air of forgotten wisdom, and they have no store of proverbs, parables, symbols or analogies with which to make sense of the unforeseen. Faced with birth, love or death they are equally inarticulate, since the religious language which our ancestors evolved in order to deal with these great events is no longer available, and they must stutter out their raw emotions in the monosyllabic idiom of pop songs.

The fashionable view is that British society has become 'multicultural'. But this is nonsense. Our dominant culture remains Christian, even if minority cultures now flourish in its shadow. In growing up without religious instruction young people do not acquire some other culture: they acquire no culture at all. No lines are ruled on the blank slate of the teenage mind. Without faith, proverbs, parables or liturgical language, the young person of today lacks the means to make sense of his experience, which passes before him as a play of shadows. If he is confused, disorientated, and incapable of making serious decisions, then it is surely not hard to find the reason why.

Many of the older generation have held on to their religious beliefs only precariously, consulting them in times of crisis, paying lip service to them at marriages and funerals, but with a dwindling sense of their validity. They imagine that it does not matter very much, if the rising generation begins

life with no beliefs at all. But there is a great difference between someone who has lost a religion, and someone who has never had one. The person who has lost his faith still sees the world in religious terms. Although he no longer finds God's presence, he is acutely aware of God's absence. He knows the difference between wrongdoing and sin, between disrespect and sacrilege, between contracts and sacraments. He is aware of the disaster that threatens us, when people are no longer able to take real decisions. Even though he doubts that God is there to forbid him, he turns instinctively away from unholy things, and from the lewdness and cruelty of the modern world. And when, in later life, he feels the need for religion, he returns to the faith he once lost, like the prodigal son coming home to forgiveness.

None of those experiences will be available to the person who has received no religious instruction. The above reference to the prodigal son will probably be lost on him. Nor would he, should someone chance to acquaint him with the parable, place it in the context of Christ's teachings, or understand its profound message — a message which concerns not only the relation of man to God, but the nature and meaning of fatherhood, of the family, of prosperity and its uses, and of the purpose of our life on earth.

Matters are in fact rather worse than that implies. A person who has learned nothing of our native religion and who is unfamiliar with the Bible, cannot possibly understand the history of our society, nor the condition in which it finds itself today. Our culture, institutions, customs and laws stem from Christian ways of thinking, and make little sense when considered without reference to their religious roots. How, for instance, could you understand the monarchy, if you knew nothing of the history of the Anglican church, and how can you know that history, if you are unfamiliar with the King James

Bible and the Book of Common Prayer? How could you understand the present conflict in Northern Ireland, if you knew nothing of the religious conflicts of the seventeenth century, and what will those conflicts mean to you, if you have no acquaintance with the Biblical culture that inspired them? English law, the Parliament of Westminster, and local government in this country, all have their origin in the dialogue between Church and State, and between a Christian people and their Christian sovereign. Is it surprising if they are now so widely misunderstood?

Many university subjects are now difficult to teach, precisely because they assume a background of Christian culture and a knowledge of the Bible. Try teaching History of Art or English literature, to people who barely know who Jesus is, who recognize none of the parables or Biblical stories, and who have not the vaguest idea of religious symbolism and its importance in our national culture. Of course, you can *explain* all the Biblical references in Milton, Keats or Eliot: but then they cease to be allusions and become footnotes instead. The teacher of English literature is forced into the position of his colleague teaching Chinese, who must explain the allusions to Confucius in the poetry of Lao Tzu, while knowing that Confucius has no real significance in the lives of his students, except as a name in the footnotes to Lao Tzu. The absence of religious instruction therefore makes it difficult, perhaps even impossible, to transmit our literary heritage: the rising generation will never be familiar with its inner meaning, since it is addressed to people whose souls and minds were formed by Christianity.

No-one doubts the potential of religion to stimulate conflict and war, and many good-natured humanists welcome the demise of faith, as a sign of mankind's maturity. A glance at the history of our century ought to refute this shallow optimism. Into the vacuum

left by the old religion, some new enthusiasm will certainly pour, and the blank uncultured youth of today is a prime candidate for the fanatic of tomorrow. Whatever the defects of the Christian religion, it exerted a moderating influence over the passions which it channelled, and guaranteed human

peace and happiness far more effectively than the atheist religions of our century. The two great attempts at building a society without God — communism and Nazism — each borrowed the character of religion. And each was a crime against humanity, that fed on the religious passions of those who

were conscripted to the cause. If we are to avert another such disaster, we should take heed that future generations have an old and tried religion to which they can return, and whose language and symbols will have meaning for them, even in their times of doubt.

Letters

Sir

Whilst fully agreeing with the drift of your Editorial (SR September 1995) I would mention that Dr Mengele's experiments at Auschwitz were of no benefit to medical science, and not intended to be. The experiments on Jewish or Gypsy children who were identical twins were designed to determine the heredity of certain factors, like the colour of the eyes, in order to provide support for the Nazi race "science" as opposed to scientific anthropology. This man felt no hatred for the children, often offering them sweets etc., and, in total amorality, simply considered them as guinea pigs, just as the Japanese determined the most effective methods of germ warfare on fellow-Asian prisoners of war.

G Schmerling.

Old Coulsdon, Surrey

Sir

Please allow me to record a correction to my review of *The Hand that Signed the Paper*, (SR September 1995).

I described the author, Helen Demidenko, as a 'young Australian woman of Ukrainian descent'. It was later revealed that she is of English parents named Darville and that she had invented her Ukrainian *persona*.

The angry controversy that ensued has not altered my assessment of the novel.

Peter Coleman,
NSW, Australia

Sir

Eugenics and euthanasia begin with the same two letters, but Moritz Nestor (SR September 1995) jumbles them, and the groups advocating them, up. The fact that Hitler was an extreme and idiosyncratic sort of Social Darwinist, and brought in both policies in an exceptionally ruthless form as part of his comprehensive antisemitism does not mean that a purely humanitarian case cannot be made for either policy, though personally I am opposed to even voluntary euthanasia as well as almost all abortion and all infanticide.

Mr Nestor cites with disapproval *Man, the Unknown* by the French (not American) Nobel Prizewinner Alexis Carrel, who correctly emphasised the disproportionate costs inflicted on the normal majority by criminals and their subsequent prison-upkeep. Carrel proposed painless execution for murderers, armed robbers and child kidnappers, but also suggested that insane persons who committed such crimes should be similarly rested in peace. Elsewhere, however, he ruled out killing malformed babies, although this has been recently urged by our leading exponent of *animal* "liberation" (*Spectator*, September 14 1995)!

There remains much in that famous 60 years-old essay which would chime in with the values and observations of your readers, from Carrel's defence of lifelong monogamy to his indictment of "materialism" in its worst definitions; and they might profit from his constructive ideas, including volun-

tary eugenics, for recovery from the general barbarism that he predicted, if they can find a copy anywhere of this "politically incorrect" text overlooked by the "liberal" censorship.

Too many such classics now survive almost only in small extracts, selectively paraphrased or misquoted in the large amount of secondary literature attacking western eugenics, immigration control and racial science, over the last two decades especially, whose writers sometimes repeat one another's errors without researching the original material. Their main objective, as with Mr Nestor, is to smear all eugenics with the horrors of Nazi murder-sites, though of course these left-wing cosmopolitan academic careerists handle questions of abortion and demography slightly differently in order to fit in with the overall aim of deconstructing our civilisation.

Particularly disgraceful is Mr Nestor's suggestion that the Eugenics Society in Britain "preached that the strong should kill the weak". I do not know whether he got this canard from some religious tract, a "disabled rights" poster or one of the American degreefactory hacks just mentioned. (Perhaps you should invite someone like Dr Richard Lynn to contribute a fair and accurate article on the movement?) Why should genetic counselling, family planning or even careful sterilisation, designed to reduce hereditary suffering or to improve cultural creativity for future generations, be classified as morally equivalent to the

mass-killing or torture of helpless and innocent prisoners? They are not just distinct in ethical evaluation, but opposites.

John D Rushmore
Agua Zarcas, Costa Rica

Sir

The article *The Spiritual in Art and Culture*, (SR June 1995), by Peter Abbs evades defining the term spiritual and thereby cuts the word loose from its sense. He then applies it in a subversive manner, by confusing a heightened state of consciousness with spirituality.

The search for spirituality should be compared to a man wishing to grow barley on a barren piece of land — the man wishes but the land is barren. The wish can be converted into barley but only with two processes, one of which is in our control, the other is not. The ploughing of the barren field is — this

is the removal or extinguishing of the self, or to put it more clearly the renunciation of the self or as the author of the *Cloud of Unknowing*, describes it; naughting.

The second process, the sowing of the barley, is not within our command — for if it is, we are following ourselves which has nothing to do with spirituality but with its antithesis, egotism. To confuse spirituality with egotism is a very serious matter indeed and many of the problems which Peter Abbs points to are caused by this confusion, which he himself displays.

Secondly to cite the words of painters on painting and not the pictures themselves is inadequate and misleading; people frequently say or write one thing and do another. Such, I would suggest, is the case with both Max Beckmann and Kandinsky.

Thirdly, 'the teacher has to bring the spontaneous myth-making propensity

of the mind to the immense variety of myths in the common culture.' reads as a nonsense and is.

The *Work* is to clear the mind, perhaps more difficult today than previously, not to fill it with psychoanalytical distractions. The article could perhaps have been better titled from its final paragraph, 'The life of the unconscious', which has nothing to do with the spiritual, or for that matter with sense, with or without a capital S.

I would commend to Peter Abbs: *Sacred Art in East and West* by T Burkhardt; *Christian and Oriental Philosophy of Art* by A Coomaraswamy; *The Cloud of Unknowing*, Anon, Penguin paperbacks, *Symbol and Archetype* by M Lings (particularly the chapter on Seven Deadly Sins), all of which are in print.

Terrance M P Duggan
Antalya, Turkey.

Notes on Reviewers

David Edelsten is Hunting Correspondent of *Country Life*.

Keith Jacka is a computer analyst.

Sean McGlynn is a research student at the London School of Economics.

Dennis O'Keeffe is Senior Lecturer in Education at the University of North London.

A.W. Purdue is a Lecturer in History at the Open University.

Roger Scruton's latest book, *Modern Philosophy*, is now published in America (Viking Penguin).

Johnathan Sunley is secretary of the Budapest branch of the Windsor Group.

Helen Szamuely is a writer and translator.

Robert Thomas is a research student at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies

Derek Turner is Editor of *Right Now!*.

Reviews

Prosperous Treason

Helen Szamuely

The Secret World of American Communism, Harvey Klehr, John Earl Haynes, Friedrikh Igorevich Firsov. Yale University Press £16.95.

Double Lives, Stephen Koch, 1994 Free Press/Macmillan.

Dante placed traitors in the lowest circle of Hell, in the ice. His hierarchy was interesting: traitors to kindred were closest to the edge; then followed traitors to country, traitors to guests and traitors to liege. For our own century E.M. Forster famously and tritely pronounced a different relationship between betrayal of country and betrayal of friends. Recent political shenanigans tempt one to agree with Sir John Harrington's cynical Elizabethan comment about treason never prospering, "for if it prospers none dare call it treason". Yet something in the human psyche finds treachery particularly repulsive. Despite Forster, despite the glib cleverness of Bloomsbury, loyalty to one's country has, since Dante's day, come to encompass all other loyalties, while the importance accorded to the personal above the public has been disastrous for our culture, not least because this was cynically utilized by emissaries of a system that does not acknowledge any right to the personal. The whole issue has been muddled in the twentieth century (as it had been in the seventeenth and the fourteenth) by an ideological battle. Was Willy Brandt, who returned to Germany after the war in a Norwegian uniform, a traitor? Was General Vlasov, captured in a German uniform to be hanged by the Soviet government, a traitor? Or were they patriots who recognized that the real traitors to Germany and Russia were those who

had inflicted monstrous ideologies on them and murdered millions of people in the process? Was one of them simply unlucky in not triumphing?

Stephen Koch's *Double Lives* and *The Secret World of American Communism* by Harvey Klehr, John Earl Haynes and Friedrikh Firsov deal with treason for the other side. In both there is a parade of people who so believed in or were so beguiled by a monstrous ideology that they were prepared to betray kindred, country, liege and sometimes their own souls. Both books are also about those who manipulated the traitors and one has to admit, the manipulators appear to be of greater interest. *The Secret World of American Communism* is one of a series of books based on compilations of documents released by the KGB. Though the Russian archival material is inadequate and incomplete, some fascinating documents have been collected in this volume. Far from being a jolly little joke, the American Communist Party was a seriously disciplined organization under Soviet control with an important secret branch from the very beginning. That alone, as the editors of the book point out, would make it somewhat unusual among democratic political organizations. It is a little worse than that: the secret section was there to infiltrate various organizations; to ensure that a pro-Soviet line was followed by many of the New Deal agencies, the trade un-

ions, large sections of the media (including especially Hollywood); and, finally, to pass secret material to the Soviet Union. All the anti-Communist accusations of the late forties and early fifties are proved to be correct even in this small selection: the trade unions were systematically subverted; the State Department was infiltrated by, among others, the Hiss brothers; the Ware group was active in the powerful Agricultural Adjustment Administration. None of this is surprising, though direct evidence is always useful. The really intriguing aspect is why it has been so difficult for so-called public opinion to accept these perfectly obvious points. Why is it that even archival evidence is treated sniffily by people who seize on the slightest pretext to vilify those who told the truth?

The answer to this riddle can be found in Stephen Koch's *Double Lives* which traces the construction of an all-pervasive point of view: the belief that any opinion that happened to serve the foreign policy of the Soviet Union was derived from the most essential elements of human decency....that to criticize or challenge Soviet policy was the unfailing mark of a bigoted and probably stupid person.

Alas, this view, instilled by those two geniuses of propaganda, Willi Munzenberg and Otto Katz, is still with us, though in a somewhat diluted form. Koch traces the network of organizations that bound many of the

leading intellectuals and even more of the would-be intellectuals to the Soviet line. He tries to disentangle the various allegiances of the puppet-masters and shows up the ridiculousness as well as the sinister intent of the dupes. One look at the dates will demonstrate that it was not fear of fascism, much less Nazism, that motivated these people. Nor were they for the most part duped idealists. Their activity as agents of influence that easily shaded into agents of the more straightforward variety began long before Hitler came to power. The primary aim was to produce a pro-Soviet atmosphere and to aid the Soviet Union. Attitudes to Hitler were secondary for all witting and quite a few unwitting agents. Under Munzenberg's guidance, politics in the twentieth century became an apparent morality play that hid the grisly truth about Communism and created a vast network of full-blooded treachery.

Much of the seeming glory of left-wing activity in the thirties may have left a dire effect but in its own time it ended in tears. The Comintern was gradually subjugated to the NKVD and the spies parcelled out between it and the military intelligence organization, the GRU. The Popular Front which allowed American communists to infiltrate large sections of the political establishment was really the end of the Comintern, though it was dissolved only in 1943. Control over agents of every kind was tightened after 1935. Stalin used the Popular Front to camouflage the bloodbath in the Soviet Union and in Spain (where communists murdered their supposed Republican allies) as well as his rapprochement with Hitler, according to Koch his one constant aim. The Nazi-Soviet Pact may have been a shock to run-of-the-mill members and sympathizers. The leaders and the hard core did not even flinch. The fight against Nazism was less important than the glorification of the Soviet Union. The spies, too, remained active.

The "pilot", however, was dropped. Comintern operatives disappeared. Spy masters were found dead. Willi Munzenberg, the creator of the propaganda front, fell out of favour and

found himself manoeuvring for his life. He even started an anti-Communist publication, the precursor of the later Congress for Cultural Freedom ones. In the chaos after the fall of France he died violently in mysterious circumstances. Koch weighs up the evidence and comes down on the side of murder rather than suicide. This seems likely. Those who disobeyed Stalin usually were murdered. Besides, had he lived, Munzenberg would have been a formidable anti-Communist force either on the left or the right. He knew where the bodies were buried and he knew how to fight the system he had helped to create. Which brings us to the man who clearly did not know: Senator McCarthy. *The Secret World of American Communism* shows that the accusations made by Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, Hede Massingham and, above all, the spymaster Krivitsky, were true. That they were taken at all seriously against the prevailing opinion was largely due to politicians like Richard Nixon. McCarthy, on the other hand, with his wild accusations, bombastic rhetoric and lack of evidence destroyed the anti-Communist cause. Anti-anti-Communism or anti-McCarthyism became the respectable attitude. It is strange that no one has asked the obvious question: exactly whose side was Senator Joe McCarthy on?

Klehr et al.'s selection of documents necessarily leaves many of the stories unfinished. Koch winds some of them up, often bloodily. The puppeteers fared especially badly. Radek and Maly disappeared in the purges, Ignaze Reiss and Munzenberg were murdered by NKVD agents as was probably Krivitsky. Otto Katz, the most effective and devious of them all, paid the highest price. Tortured and humiliated, he confessed to every crime in the Slansky trial (except the ones he really did commit) and was, of course, hanged. Oddly enough, real treason did prosper after a fashion. Many of the Ware network died in honourable retirement. The Cambridge spies came to little grief, though Burgess and Maclean cut rather pathetic figures towards the end. Hiss spent four years in prison but has had the satisfaction of

becoming a martyr. His wife and brother were not punished. The arch-traitors did best of all. Blunt had betrayed country, kindred and liege. After many years of the good life he was stripped of a few honours. Hiss's colleague, Noel Field, the gentle Quaker, whose guilt seems unimaginable to people even now, ended his career of unspeakable treachery by betraying his closest comrades. His "testimony" was central to the East European show trials of the late forties and early fifties. These not only replicated the Soviet ones of the thirties, established Stalinist bosses and tightened the Stalinist order; they also wound up the pre-war Comintern network so lovingly constructed by Willi Munzenberg and Otto Katz. Those Field denounced died a terrible death. He and his family survived relatively unscathed. After his release and "rehabilitation", he did not return to the West but worked in a publishing house in Budapest. It is said that his colleagues fell silent when they saw him approach. The mark of Cain was upon him, but unlike Cain he did not care. One wonders whether he ever read Dante's *Inferno* and shivered.

***Men make
history and not
the other way
round. In
periods where
there is no
leadership,
society stands
still. Progress
occurs when
courageous,
skilful leaders
seize the
opportunity to
change things
for the better.***

Harry Truman

A Child of the Enlightenment

Keith Jacka

Cricket versus Republicanism and other essays, David Stove, Quakers Hill Press, 1995.

Australia is the land of *Neighbours*, the land of equality, where everyone can have a go at everything, a land where equality is a fact, not a theory: it is in the blood, not in the head. It is also a land where the best in any field, in talent much more equal than others but yet by necessity adepts at simulating averageness, are often very good indeed, sometimes matching the best in the world. David Stove was one of these. By vocation a philosopher who spent his working life teaching at universities in Sydney, he latterly defined himself as an occasional man of letters. Ranging widely he writes a direct succinct prose: never straying from the point, always serious, always lively and often very funny.

The characteristic structure is as follows: first the thesis, placed before you clear and definite, delimited with the exactitude of a professional philosopher.

I believe that the intellectual capacity of women is on the whole inferior to that of men. By "on the whole", I do not mean just "on the average"; though I do mean that much. My belief is that, if you take any degree of intellectual capacity which is above the average for the human race as a whole, then a possessor of that degree of intellectual capacity is a good deal more likely to be a man than a woman. [The Intellectual Capacity of Women.]

That's telling 'em.

Most educated people nowadays, I believe, think of themselves as Darwinians. If they do, however, it can only be from ignorance: from not knowing enough about what Darwinism says. For Darwinism says many things, especially about our species, which are too obviously false to be believed by any educated person; or at least by an educated person who retains any capacity

at all for critical thought on the subject of Darwinism

[So You Think You Are A Darwinian?]

Then follows the defence of the thesis, the detailed argumentation. Statements of theses are admirable — unequivocal, blunt and trim — but the quality of argumentation is more than this, it is superb: vivid, ingenious, thorough, entirely free of pedantry, personal without personality, forceful but implicitly courteous. Conservatives will be particularly interested in his vigorous and comprehensive attack on what he calls the only general argument for anti-conservatism, namely the 'Columbus Argument'.

In brief:-

All innovators have been persecuted, All improvements in human life have come from innovation.

Therefore we ought to, not merely tolerate, but welcome and actively encourage innovators and innovation.

The weakness of the argument is glaring; it has held its own because of a one-sided diet of examples. Mention Columbus, Copernicus, Galileo, Socrates (and exaggerate the persecution — only Socrates was killed, and he died with dignity; Galileo was treated with kid gloves ... the mildest of house arrests). Do not mention Robespierre, de Sade, Lenin, Stalin, Pol Pot; do not mention the hatred and love of homicide that saturate the pages of Karl Marx; do not mention any of the numerous mass murderers who have ruled and terrorised much of Africa in the last fifty years, all the while proclaiming innovation, revolution and the brotherhood of man.

In fact innovations-for-the-worse

have always been far more common than innovations-for-the-better: they always must be so. Typically a hardware fault in a computer can be fixed in one way only, whereas an ignorant meddler can fail to fix it, or can wreck it, in a thousand different ways. And a society is infinitely more complex than a computer.

Which is not an argument for reflex rejection of all social innovation; but it is an argument for giving it a rough ride, treating it as an unexploded bomb until proved otherwise.

Now for some caveats. (The mildest of warnings: Stove is such a straight writer that his virtues shine through his inadequacies.)

He does not understand religion:

To heirs of the Enlightenment such as myself: the reasons for the very existence of religion have remained an absolute mystery.

Remarkably, this failure to understand does not prevent him from doing justice:

Not to understand religion is, quite simply, not to understand nine-tenths of human history. There is no mystery about why there is farming or industry, why there is instruction of the young, why there is architecture, medicine, or law. But the most salient fact of all human history is this: that all those things, and many others, have almost always been suffused though-and-through with religion, and subordinated to it.

He values honesty and lucidity so greatly that he dismisses out of hand any (e.g. Hegel, Heidegger) who are suspect in these areas. Hegel is often obscure; he wrote much nonsense; he is also, sometimes, a charlatan. Unfortunately for comfort there are serious arguments for considering him a great

philosopher. The same goes for Heidegger, in spite of the incomprehensible rubbish written by most of those who describe themselves as his followers. Heidegger provides a foundation (the only satisfactory one known to me) for beginning to construct a

theory of the person, something which the natural scientists (and their philosophical supporters such as Stove) are by their self-imposed charter incapable of doing. It has been said that the errors of a great man are more instruc-

tive than the accuracies of a little one. There is a truth there, and it applies to David Stove. Read him and you will come to much good and to no harm; you will be both enlightened and enlivened.

The melting of the pot

Derek Turner

Alien Nation, Peter Brimelow, Random House, New York, 1995, \$24.

This is an important book, because race will be the issue that dominates politics in the ever more dis-United States in the coming century. Increasingly, as Brimelow himself says in this long-overdue work, "Race and ethnicity are destiny in American politics." The United States is the recipient of half of all the legal immigrants in the developed world; in 1991, for example, a record 1.8 million people, 90% of whom were from Third World countries, were legally admitted into the United States (normally it is about one million), and there is further illegal immigration, estimated at between 300,000 and 500,000 each year. As long ago as 1983, President Reagan candidly admitted that "This country has lost control of its borders." Projections from the 1990 Census suggest that by 2050 — when Peter Brimelow's young son will still be alive — the United States will only be 53% European-American. In this 'folksy' but profoundly serious book, Brimelow seeks to alert us to the sort of America his son may be living in, and analyse the reasons for America's transformation from the 80% British, 90% Protestant nation it was once to the disintegrating empire it has become. Massive immigration of the kind now radically altering large parts of America

might be manageable were it not for the fact that new arrivals are now positively *begged* to retain as many of their old country customs as possible, in contradistinction to former policies of 'Americanisation', whereby immigrants were expected to fit in to the prevailing culture, not the other way around. Aggressively anti-Western, anti-white trends and policies, promoted unconsciously or consciously by multifarious people, have replaced 'Eurocentrist' trends and policies, in a tacit supposition that two wrongs must make a right. Every group, except the European-American one, now seems to think in explicitly racial terms, a situation which clearly places European Americans at a considerable disadvantage.

Of course, countries can gain from immigration, which can bring with it new ideas and new energy — but much depends upon who is immigrating, and how many immigrants there are. One must remember the vast numbers involved, and the even larger numbers who may choose to head for the rich North in the future. An Oxford professor estimates that as many as 60 million Third Worlders will soon move or are presently thinking of moving to First World countries. There are considerable social and environmental

implications — not least of which is the defensive, resentful mentality which arises, as natives observe minorities getting preferential treatment and see whole districts of their cities and whole tranches of their cultural life being rapidly transformed (without their permission being asked). Greater urban overcrowding and degradation and pressure on green belts are accompanied by greater consumption of resources and the creation of more pollution — especially important in areas like the unique desert states of the American southwest, where groundwater levels are already dangerously low.

The second point to consider is the kind of immigrants who are coming. The so-called 'New Immigration' of the period between 1890 and 1920 was at least European immigration, even if it was not very North European or Protestant. This immigration was strongly opposed, with good reason, by the black leaders of the time, who knew that the burden of immigration usually falls first on unskilled workers, and that black grievances would be heard less in a society where other ethnic groups were clamouring to be heard. A few years after arrival, these immigrants were largely assimilated (except for Michael Novak's famous

'Unmeltable Ethnics'), and this happy outcome appears to have lulled Americans into a false sense of security about immigration. The immigrant of today, however, is all too often only in America to avail himself of welfare 'entitlements', and is more likely to feel like Donna Shalala, President Clinton's Secretary of Health and Human Services, who showed her inability or unwillingness to assimilate when she famously said: "My grandparents came from Lebanon. I don't identify with the Pilgrim Fathers on a personal level."

Brimelow is himself an immigrant — which may give him an objective vantage-point — a Briton who has now adopted US citizenship. A former columnist for the *Times*, he is now a contributing editor to an influential conservative magazine, the *National Review* (the present book arose from an essay he wrote in the *Review* in 1992), and a senior editor at *Forbes*. As befits an economic journalist, he expends much energy attacking present immigration on economic grounds. Many of the most commonly heard arguments for immigration are pseudo-economic ones: "immigrants do the dirty work nobody else will do", "im-

migrants built America", "it's all part of the free market process; labour will find its own level", or "immigrants bring skills and vibrancy".

Brimelow, an apostle of free trade, is anxious to remind us that free trade and free movement of peoples are not synonymous, and proves that immigration is — at best — a luxury and may even be a net drag on the economy. Some say that the total cost of immigration is as much as \$60 billion a year (*Middle American News*, October 1995). Today's immigrants all too often need special education or training (thanks to the ill-conceived, mendaciously-promoted 1965 Act, which emphasised family reunification over skills as a criterion for admission), housing and welfare assistance. To take one extreme example, some 27.9% of Dominican immigrants exist on welfare; in California, a whole third of public assistance goes to households headed by immigrants. Immigration — and this is a point Brimelow underlines — is definitely a political, not an economic phenomenon. There are many useful tables and germane statistics, even a chronological history of immigration into America in the book, in accordance with Brimelow's wish

that *Alien Nation* be "a sort of toolkit of arguments for ordinary Americans."

The immigration debate in the United States is heating up, as the situation gets out of control. Brimelow has done much to break the taboo surrounding this most fundamental of issues, and hasten the necessary counter-revolution. A rash of books examining the race relations dilemma are coming out, and most are coming from the right, counterbalancing received race relations wisdom, which comes from the left. Even the most middle-of-the-road Republicans are now talking of abolishing affirmative action, and whites feel so dispossessed that many will even countenance electing ex-Ku Klux Klan leaders as their representatives. Although hindered by left-liberal unwillingness to listen, white feelings of guilt, the opposition of minority lobbyists, a lack of information amongst the public at large and intellectual inertia, articulate voices are finally being raised in protest — but not in hatred — against the destruction by dilution of America. More and more people are beginning to suspect that if 'all-American' is to retain any meaning, then all cannot be American.

Deficits of Grandeur

A.W. Purdue

The Lost Victory: British Dreams, British Realities 1945-1950, Corelli Barnett, Macmillan, £20.
Churchill and the Grand Alliance: The Anglo-American Special Relationship 1940-57, John Charmley, Hodder and Stoughton, £20.

Both these books are about the decline of Britain and of British power, a decline that was apparent to the discerning by the end of the Second World War and to all but the purblind by the late 1950s. Both are revisionist in that they attack shibboleths that have dominated most interpretations of Britain's recent history: in Charmley's case the

supposed benefits to Britain of the alliance and "special relationship" with the United States; and in Barnett's, the merits of the post-war Labour government.

Otherwise these books could not be more opposite. To Charmley British sovereignty and her position as a world power matter above all and he sees

them as progressively diminished under American pressure. To Barnett, sovereignty and aspirations to continued great power status were chimeras, the pursuit of which impeded the real agenda of the need for a medium sized state to earn a living.

Charmley's hero is Neville Chamberlain who he sees as accurately ap-

preciating the position and the problems of Britain in the 'thirties and foreseeing that involvement in a major war would lead to the end of the British Empire and would be disastrous for the British economy. His policy of appeasement was therefore designed to avoid such a war at almost any cost. Britain was, John Charmley asserts, still a great power in 1939 but a power that dared not engage in a major conflict:

Chamberlain had always feared that a war to remain a great power would prove to be self-defeating — and so it proved. Rather like the Habsburg Empire Britain could remain a great power only by avoiding the war that her more romantic statesmen imagined would re-establish her in that position.

Britain's commitments to imperial defence were a classic example of the overstretch to which great powers are prone. Even the most careful allocation of resources and the giving of priority to defence would have resulted in a shortfall between commitments and military strength. As it was the combination of a foolish faith in the League of Nations, the dropping of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the refusal of the Dominions to contribute adequately to their own defence and the decline of the defence budget in response to a mass electorate's obsession with social spending meant that, when the ten year rule, that no war could be foreseen within that period, was dropped in 1932, Britain's military strength made a mockery of her obligations. To risk a war for the European balance of power when the Empire was so vulnerable could appeal only to those with a romantic misreading of Britain's real position. Such a romantic was around, John Charmley suggests, in the shape of Winston Churchill.

Charmley has in previous books, *Chamberlain and the Lost Peace* and *Churchill, the End of Glory*, defended Chamberlain and attacked Churchill's record. In *Churchill's Grand Alliance, The Anglo-American Special Relationship*, he argues that it was Churchill's overestimate of British power together with his faith in the compatibility of British and American interests that led to the demise of Brit-

ain as a great power.

Chamberlain's attempt to appease Hitler ended in failure in 1939 but Chamberlain never finally gave up hopes for a compromise peace. The position of Britain by late 1940 demonstrated how correct his diagnosis of Britain's strength had been. Britain had not been defeated but there was little prospect of dislodging Germany from her commanding position in western and central Europe while the resources for defending the Empire against any threat in the Pacific were scanty. There seemed little possibility of the USSR desisting from her cooperation with Germany nor of America's entering the war. Churchill realised for the first time the limits of British power but believed that America was bound to enter the war. There was little reason for this belief. The USA favoured Britain continuing the war but had no intention of getting involved. What altered things was the folly of Adolf Hitler in invading Russia. Even after Pearl Harbour, America's intervention in the European war was by no means certain and only Germany's declaration of war made it so.

Alliance with the United States and the Soviet Union saved Britain from a desperate position; but Churchill's deference to Roosevelt made British policies subject to an American veto. From 1941 Britain was the junior partner in an Anglo-American alliance and the appeasement of the United States began. Churchill believed that the USA had British interests at heart while in reality her own interests, quite naturally, came first. The USA disliked the British Empire on both political and economic grounds and the results of a pathetic faith in American goodwill were to be the end of empire and, in the longer term, the end of sovereignty, as Britain was pushed towards a federal Europe by American pressure.

While Charmley sees a bankrupt foreign policy, Barnett emphasises the literal bankruptcy of the British state. He sees the Empire as never more than a drain on British resources and a distraction from the need to concentrate on industrial production and the

modernisation of the economy. He too has little time for the special relationship with America but bewails the missing of that famous European bus. In his previous book, *The Audit of War: The Illusion and Reality of Britain as a Great Nation* (1986), he demonstrated the failings of Britain's war-time industrial record and the degree to which Britain had become by 1945 a pensioner of the USA. The pension was abruptly withdrawn in 1945 and Barnett comments on British loan negotiations that the Americans "were demonstrating the warmth of the "special relationship" by driving the hardest possible bargain".

Britain had, according to Barnett, a real opportunity in 1945. She should have forgotten about her great power pretensions, withdrawn from the Empire and her world-wide defence commitments, and adopted a national corporatist strategy for industrial recovery at a time when Japan and Germany were in no position to compete for world markets. Instead of this the Attlee government attempted to maintain Britain as a world power while at the same time embarking on the "New Jerusalem" of a costly Welfare State. Instead of hankering after a world role, Britain should have realised her destiny lay in Europe and joined in the early moves towards European federalism. No doubt a corporatist Britain would have felt at home in a corporatist Europe.

Was the Empire of value to Britain? Could Britain's decline as a world power have been averted? Should Britain have adopted the Barnett approach of a developmental and technocratic state wedded to industrial production?

Crucial to both theses is the question of just how valuable the Empire was to Britain. Charmley accepts rather than demonstrates its utility while Barnett's view that it was never more than a playground for public-school boys seems deeply flawed and old-fashioned. W.D. Rubinstein in *Capitalism, Culture and Decline in Britain 1750-1990* (1993) has demonstrated that British wealth depended far more on trade and investment than on manufacturing industry, while Peter Cain and A.G. Hopkins (*British Imperial-*

ism, vols. I and II, 1993) have stressed that "gentlemanly capitalism" developed a network of trading and financial interests centred on the City of London and penetrating via formal and informal influence to the far corners of the world economy. It was this position that Churchill's appeasement of the USA surrendered. Churchill may

not have wished to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire, but his incompatible desires to preserve every plume on every governor-general's helmet and to retain American approval can be contrasted with Neville Chamberlain's attempts to modify and yet preserve the imperial connections and British power.

There is considerable force in Barnett's critique of the policies of the Attlee government's performance but his view that what was needed was a more effective corporate state eagerly joining in European Union is not only suspect on economic grounds, but will appeal only to those who do not value British sovereignty or traditions.

The Pursuit of the Perfect

Roger Scruton

The Utopian Mind and Other Papers, Aurel Kolnai, Athlone, 1995 HB £42.

Aurel Kolnai ended his life as a lecturer in philosophy in London University, after a turbulent existence little of which was spent in academic posts. He was not a philosopher of the 'analytical' school, and had taken no notice of the logical positivism of Vienna. And although he began his intellectual life as a left-liberal, an opponent of the Habsburg Empire who favoured the allied cause during the First World War, he was, by the time of his residence in London, a trenchant critic of socialism in all its forms, and of the mental and moral disease of Marxism in particular. Since his colleagues in London tended to belong either to the positivist or the socialist traditions, it is not surprising if his writings were little read by them. However, no-one who met Kolnai could fail to be struck by the intelligence, courtesy and high culture of his words and ways, and several of those closest to him were sensible of his genius. Among these were David Wiggins (then Professor of Philosophy at Bedford College, who contributes a foreword to this volume) and Francis Dunlop, Kolnai's graduate student, and the translator of several of his works, including this one. It

is thanks to these two philosophers that an effort is now being made to revive Kolnai's reputation, which at one point, with the publication in 1938 of *The War Against the West*, diagnosing the militant nihilism of the Nazis, stood very high. And there is no doubt that the present volume, containing the study on which Kolnai worked for many decades, which he left unfinished at his death, and which focuses on the phenomenon that most concerned him in his later years, will establish his reputation as one of the true conservative *thinkers* of our time.

Kolnai was a Jew by birth, who converted to Catholicism in the nineteen thirties, perhaps as an act of penitence for his earlier attitude towards the 'Holy Roman Empire', the demise of which he came to see, in time, as the greatest of tragedies. He was a follower of Max Scheler, and explored, like Scheler, the phenomenology of social life. His early work, *Sexualethik*, 1930, was perhaps the first attempt to give a systematic account of the phenomenon of sexual experience, in terms that would show the true basis for the moral prohibitions by which it is surrounded. The urgency of the Central European

crisis caused Kolnai to turn away from such pure philosophy, however, and devote his pen to the battle against Nazism. Escaping first to France, and then via Spain to America, he ended up in the University of Ottawa, where he began to reflect on the tragedy of Europe, and on the nature of the totalitarian disease which had caused it.

The Utopian Mind is a surprising book in several ways. First, while the underlying target of the argument is Marxism, Kolnai offers no discussion of the other Central European thinkers who did so much to expose the corruption of thought by Marxist Utopianism: Hayek and his teacher von Mises; Michael Polanyi (Kolnai's relation, and like Kolnai a Hungarian Jew turned Catholic, living in exile in England); Popper and Voegelin — although some of these are mentioned in a bibliographical list attached to the manuscript. Secondly, although the book was composed at the time of the Marxist revival, when all the moral and intellectual diseases that it exposes were plainly erupting over the intellectual world, no mention is made of the new utopians — of Lukács (Kolnai's near contemporary), of Sartre, Foucault, Althusser; of the *New Left*

Review, Perry Anderson and Raymond Williams; of Bloch, Marcuse, Adorno and the Frankfurt School. Thirdly, Kolnai sees the utopian mind, not in terms of the errors of reasoning to which it is prone, but in terms of its phenomenology. It is, for him, a distinct *kind* of consciousness, rather than a consciousness which is wedded to its own mistakes. There is no reasoning with the utopian mind, which views the critic as automatically disqualified — tainted by the reality which he seeks to defend. The utopian mind leaps across the chasm between is and ought, and inhabits a kingdom of its own devising. From the vantage point of that unreal kingdom utopianism declares war on mere reality, and on all the ways of compromise. Pursuing the perfect, it becomes the enemy of the good; and envisaging a final solution to the question of history,

it scorns to negotiate with those who wish to remain with the question. Utopianism, Kolnai argues, 'rejects the common-sense submission to the human condition... erecting in its place the idol of a perfect human condition.' To this perfect condition man must surrender himself, and in doing so he surrenders to something alien, unreal, and — in the last analysis — riven with contradictions. This new condition is envisaged as a final unity, joining all mankind; but, as Kolnai puts it, unity in the utopian sense is a 'collective solipsism'. All the ways which have been given to us, whereby to recognize and accept the reality of others, are wiped from the face of the earth by utopian perfectionism. The resulting solipsism can tolerate the other only if he submits entirely to the fantasy that governs the self. In

Rousseau's memorable words, the other must be 'forced to be free'.

The Utopian Mind contains many astute observations. If I have a criticism, it is that the argument seems to be too much fixed in the modern world, and too much obsessed by the project initiated by the French revolutionaries. Kolnai points to the Manichaean tendency in all Utopian thought, and therefore to the vast pre-history of the phenomenon that troubles him. But he pays no attention to the millenarian movements of the Middle Ages, or to the gnostic ideas which inspired them. It seems to me that modern utopianism has a religious meaning, and that its constant resurgence — whether or not in atheist disguise — is testimony to a religious need that cannot be satisfied by a world of imperfection.

“Engrossed by her idea”

David Edelsten

Jane Austen's Letters edited by Deidre Le Faye, Oxford University Press £30

Scholars and Janeites will have already purchased their copies of this new edition of *The Letters*, much as you and I might pick up the latest issue of a railway timetable, and it will grace their shelves alongside R.W. Chapman's pioneering edition of 1932, and its successor of 1952. This third edition is more complete than its predecessors, containing a number of previously unpublished fragments; the chronology has been amended in the light of newly established dates (the letters are re-ordered to reflect this, and a concordance with earlier editions included), the text has been where possible corrected, and we have the benefit of fuller end-notes. It is all that one would expect of a necessary new edition; it is also beautifully produced, and deserves its place in an honourable

succession. If Miss Le Faye produces a fourth edition I hope she will include a family tree (in the blank end-papers?) and a fuller general index, including, for instance, such nonentities as the Prince Regent.

I address this review to those for whom the book may not be an automatic purchase. They will wish to know if the letters are worth reading for their own sake, for their style and matter: those of a conservative orientation may also wish to know if they speak to our present times. Do they delight: do they illuminate: do they connect? “*Fanny* at what time would you have the carriage come round?”. We are instantly in the drawing room at Mansfield Park, like *Fanny Price*, electrified by her uncle's condescension, and, like her, anticipating her aunt's scolding rage. This

mise-en-scene, typical of the novels, is typical, in a less highly coloured form, of the letters, so much of which has to do with the minutiae of travel, with the concerns of a maturing woman, and with the small change of human intimacy. The majority are addressed to Jane's only, and, by all but three years, older sister Cassandra: seldom parted, never out of each others' thoughts, they stretched hands towards each other by almost daily correspondence during brief intervals of separation. We should be grateful the telephone did not exist.

One must resist the temptation to build, certainly beyond a few tentative courses, on the evidence in the letters. But it is difficult to avoid speculating about the girls' mother — she features so little, and nearly always as, one

guesses, an imagined invalid. Is this correspondence the record of a defensive alliance, and was Emma Woodhouse's exemplary, almost superhuman, forbearance with her valitudinarian father a peace offering to the author's conscience? Repeatedly the reader will find questions of this sort arising which add interest and colour to the novels.

That the letters are also a cornucopia of social history is not their least attraction. There can be few better depictions of the domestic transactions and concerns of an upper middle class household during and just before the Regency, and none told with more humour or with a lighter touch. Everything from dress-making to dentistry is brought forward for us to smile at and to understand.

The plot is maturation, flowering, and a mercifully brief decline, the style, ironic, epigrammatic, and full of fun. The 21-year-old bubbling girl of the opening page becomes a young woman (the modulation seems to me to be most marked at Letter 47), an aunt, and at last a celebrity. Letter 153 suddenly strikes a premonitory minor chord, "The walk is beyond my strength". For those in love with her, some of the final letters are almost too

painful to be read. "She was the sun of my life" wrote Cassandra, from the small house in College Street in which her sister's body lay.

A few weeks ago I was standing in the bedroom at Ibthorpe which Jane Austen used when she so frequently stayed with her friends the Lloyd's. Letter 28 was without doubt written from that room, its author's glance straying occasionally to look at the small steep patch of Hampshire opposite. Looking no doubt through at least some of the same panes of glass, I found myself straining to gauge the refraction of those eyes and of that peerless mind to see the view she saw: do we not strain in this way as we read the novels? The letters, privately expressed (what would Anne Elliot have thought of our reading them?), and therefore to some extent unmediated, afford just such a view. The past few weeks of re-reading them, in this excellent new edition, have given deep interest and pleasure. *It would be futile* to try to lay some pattern of 20th century middle-class English life upon that suggested by Jane Austen's correspondence, they would touch nowhere — the one disciplined, collected, self-assured, the other chaotic with undigested liberties. But something

useful can be plucked out of the philosophy of life revealed in these letters; I would suggest that it is astringent realism.

We all accept that it was a great virtue of her fiction that she wrote only of what she knew and had observed. The otherwise delightful Elizabeth Gaskell embarrasses us with a poorly imagined desert battle, Dickens takes us into all sorts of regions unknown to him and improbably depicted, so does Thomas Hardy. With such a model they had no excuse, "I could no more write a Romance than an Epic Poem....I must keep my own style & go my own Way". She concerned herself with what was within her reach and within her competence.

We, who live in an ambient atmosphere of 'news', who are presented daily with details of a thousand things we cannot mend but which are difficult to ignore, and in a world where policy is dictated by sentiment and the cynosure is a flood of tears, may perhaps learn to study the real limits of our influence, and do the things we can. Jane Austen reminds us to cherish and enjoy our kin and neighbours, and helps us to recapture a proper sense of human scale.

Germany's Modern Tragedy

Sean McGlynn

The Rise of the Nazis, Conan Fischer, Manchester University Press 1995, £8.99

Paper and Iron: Hamburg Business and German Politics in the Era of Inflation, 1897-1927, Niall Ferguson, Cambridge University Press 1995, £45

The proliferation of publications on Weimar Germany continues with these two fine studies of this chaotic and ultimately tragic era. Many readers will already be familiar with the ubiquitous historian Niall Ferguson, a seemingly permanent feature in the media

these days. But Ferguson the pugnacious polemicist and Ferguson the meticulous Oxford don are two different animals. In this, his first book, he characteristically but convincingly applies a revisionist approach to the question of Germany's Great Infla-

tion. (Revisionism appears to be the order of the day: witness Sara Moore's recent study of the Versailles settlement.) Ferguson argues that Germany in fact experienced three decades of inflation, starting in the Wilhelmine period; despite the constraints of the

title's dates, he follows his study through to Germany's last outbreak of hyperinflation in 1947.

The book has been described as 90% economic history, but it is much more than that: it encompasses social, political, military and diplomatic history as well, and it has much of importance to say on each of these areas. It is a seriously academic book: 60 of its 580 pages are taken up with an extensive (but not exhaustive) bibliography; another third is consumed by some 60 graphs and well over 2,000 footnotes. Yet this should not deter the interested lay reader, for this is high but not dry history. Ferguson deals with the complex issues in a clear style that elucidates rather than obfuscates his subject matter. He is not one of those scholars who write only for other academics. The result is an absorbing and sometimes riveting piece of historical writing.

Ferguson covers much contentious ground. He disputes the view that Germany, and big business in particular, gained from inflation, no matter how beneficial it was thought to be at the time: the printing of paper money to invest in iron capital assets; the reduction in real wage costs, business debts, interest payments and dividends; the high subsidies to industry and the subsequently inflated profits; and the boost to exports by devaluation — all of these "gains" are comprehensively challenged by Ferguson. In fact, these misguided policies backfired, as currency depreciation had a greater effect on much needed imports than on exports, thereby assisting the British and American economies more than Germany's. As such, Ferguson's conclusions turn back full-circle historical interpretation to Bresciani's contemporary view of 1931. Ultimately, the greatest damage inflicted by inflation was the erosion of bourgeois economic values and the opening it made for Hitler.

At the heart of the book is the contention that there was an alternative to inflation: a responsible economic policy. Although it was largely Germany's passive resistance to the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr (Ruhrkampf) that sparked off the

hyperinflation of 1923, Ferguson identifies its underlying cause as a combination of excessive government spending and, crucially, the weaknesses of fiscal organisation to raise sufficient taxes to meet it: in 1919 public expenditure was twice its 1913 level, with less than half covered by taxation. He believes that a major consequence of fiscal weakness before 1913 was Germany's inability to fund an adequate armaments programme. Fears that the other great powers were outstripping her with sustained and relatively higher military expenditure precipitated a preemptive strike by Germany: ironically, the First World War may have been avoided had Germany been able to obtain a greater sense of security through higher spending on her defence budget. The Weimar governments were especially weakened by over-generous welfare spending. Ferguson dismisses the opinion that this was necessary to prevent a Bolshevik takeover, an argument employed effectively by German delegations in their endeavours to lessen the burden of reparations. The Germans themselves had, in 1918, imposed far harsher treaty terms than those of Versailles upon the Russians at Brest-Litovsk.

Since throughout the book Hamburg serves as a microcosm for Germany, with Ferguson always detailing the wider context, an excellent opportunity is missed during the study of the labour market to investigate the much neglected role of foreign workers in Germany. These workers amounted to approximately one million (4% of the workforce) in 1907 and were to be a source of contention at times of high unemployment. Patriotic groups who feared "over-foreignisation" (*Überfremdung*) called for mass deportations; and the appalling treatment of this group — especially of the Poles — was an ominous indication of the emerging racist state. Ironically, by the end of the second world war, Nazi Germany was using nearly eight million foreign workers to stave off the collapse of the Third Reich.

Ferguson could perhaps have made more of the inflationary impact of post-war demobilisation in 1918-19. By maintaining economically unjustified

full employment (hidden unemployment) for returning troops through ever-higher public spending and subsidies, the government was stoking inflationary pressures. There were no spoils of war to pay for all this, as was the original plan. A much over-looked result of defeat which compounded this jobs-for-all policy was that the loss of expected subjugated territory (and, indeed, of existing lands) obviated the need for large numbers of German troops to be garrisoned abroad, which meant even greater numbers than anticipated returning home. This serves to reinforce Ferguson's persuasive thesis even further. He has written a quite superb work of history, replete with pertinent lessons; it would be hard to praise it too lavishly.

A peripheral but important aspect of his study is to disabuse those who think that cosmopolitan Hamburg proved unreceptive to the ideas of National Socialism. However, the Hamburg slum clearances of 1934-35 — a local initiative against "undesirables" which saw whole areas of the city demolished — is only cursorily dealt with; and no reference is made to neighbouring Bremen's Hashude colony for "asocials" — a form of prototype for the concentration camps.

Conan Fischer shows just how pervasive Nazism really was. The reverberations of the economic see-saw of inflation and the subsequent deflation provided the most significant factor in this popular appeal. Hitler was aware of this: both authors refer to his decree that inflation was "economic high treason". Fischer's succinct examination of Weimar's fall and the concomitant rise of the Nazis engages all the main arguments on the subject, thus providing a useful synthesis of the current state of the debate. Through clear and concise chapters he analyses the ideological basis of National Socialism, its policy and propaganda, its party organisation, and the support of the working and middle classes. A frightening picture materializes of an NSDAP (National Socialist German Workers' Party) that skillfully exploited the febrile political atmosphere with great opportunism: their blend of brain and brawn created the political nous that

was to make them such a potent and effective force.

Fischer charts how a party that won only 2.6% of the vote in 1928 went on to establish the Third Reich just five years later. This was principally achieved by capitalising on the misery caused by mass unemployment: half the economically active population was effectively without work during the winters of 1931-32 and 1932-3. The NSDAP were sufficiently adept to deliver their own welfare programme to alleviate the widespread suffering, generating gratitude and boosting their support amongst an embittered and disillusioned electorate. The Nazis could afford to do this because of the volume of party membership subscriptions and popular fund-raising events. Support from wealthy corporations was as "a drop in the bucket" compared to these. One is reminded of the satirical anti-NSDAP election poster depicting Hitler receiving a large back-hand of

notes from a business fat cat, with the message of "*Millionen stehen hinter mir*" ("Millions stand behind me"); the reality was that this money actually came from the masses. It would have been interesting if Fischer had developed his discussion on the NSDAP's courting of the agricultural vote to consider the financial motivation behind this. Agrarian society is widely regarded as having benefited from the Great Inflation: was it targeted as a source of relatively rich pockets to pick for party funds before the depression and hardship struck?

Fischer supports the view most recently advanced by Richard Pipes that Hitler and his party owed much to emulating the tactics of Lenin: ergo, no Lenin, no Hitler. Goebbels "interpreted Stalinism as a Russian form of National Socialism". However, the Nazis' greatest strength came from succeeding in forging a new social

solidarity which, "being volkisch, would transcend class" and overcome the social divisions of the Weimar Republic. Thus the Nazi movement "was a social coalition, a *Volksbewegung*, which accommodated the interests of bourgeois and workers alike by offering them a place in a national ethnic community". Fischer is therefore clearly — and rightly — rejecting the orthodoxy that National Socialism's main constituency was, in essence, a middle-class *rassemblement*: in reality it was much more than this. He supports his case with the latest evidence: 40% of voters and party members and over 60% of Brownshirts came from the working class. Many of the book's large selection of documents reveal the economic grievances that lay behind such popularity. Hitler's appeal was all too universal: the legacy of Weimar Germany's economic mismanagement saw to that.

What Went Wrong?

Johnathan Sunley

The War that Never Was: the Fall of the Soviet Empire 1985-1991, David Pryce-Jones, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1995

The World after Communism: a Polemic for Our Times, Robert Skidelsky, Macmillan, 1995

'To tell you the truth, I am angry when we in the Politburo and the State Economy Committee have to think about where to where send 5 kilograms of gravel.' Though this complaint by Hungarian communist party leader Janos Kadar is not quoted in David Pryce-Jones's superb survey of the Soviet system's final years, it might well have been. *The War that Never Was* consists of hundreds of revealing confessions and depositions of this kind, most of them extracted at first hand by the author from once top-ranking communists looking back over

the events that had landed them (some of them, anyway) in early retirement.

Any system in which the country's politicians sit around discussing where to send gravel is, of course, bound to collapse. But as Robert Skidelsky shows in *The World after Communism*, that was not how most people in the West viewed the Eastern Bloc in 1964, the year of Kadar's grumble. The CIA may have been way off the mark in its estimate of an annual Soviet growth rate between 1950 and 1960 of ten per cent (even Skidelsky's more modest seven is generous), but the USSR had

made an impressive recovery from the ravages of war, and when in 1961 Yuri Gagarin became the first man to orbit the earth it was that unflinching opponent of communism, Ede Teller, who noted that the USA had lost a battle more important than Pearl Harbour.

Come 1984, and there were fewer grounds for cherishing illusions about Soviet economic performance. This did not stop John Kenneth Galbraith from writing in that year that the USSR had made great material progress: 'One sees it in the appearance of the solid wellbeing of the people on the streets...

and the general aspect of restaurants, theatres and shops'. One of the strengths of Pryce-Jones's book is the power of its descriptive passages exposing the crassness of such a view. As he puts it in his first chapter, entitled 'No one was happy':

Soviet life, then, was an abyss of limitless degradation, creating in each individual a sense of his own helplessness. But on top of imposing discomfort and deprivation, communism also demanded moral and intellectual capitulation. Its considerable success in achieving this is what ultimately distinguishes it from other types of tyranny that have marked this century. *Homo Sovieticus* may have been less fully-formed in Olomouc than, say, Omsk, but it is worth repeating the chilling lines Pryce-Jones cites from Vladimir Bukovsky in order to remind us of the communist system's procrustean prowess. 'It is said that for twenty years an eccentric Englishman cut off the tails of rats in the expectation that they would produce tail-less offspring, but nothing came of it and he gave up. What can you expect of an Englishman? No, that's no way to build socialism. It was quite different in our country. They cut off people's heads for decades, and at least saw the birth of a new type of headless people.'

Yet if one accepts the bleakness of this view, the question arises how 1989 came about at all. How were millions of helpless, passive subjects of the communist order suddenly able to break their chains? And why didn't their masters fight back, as they had been ready to do in Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Poland in 1981? From the scores of interviews with politburo hierarchs conducted by Pryce-Jones two main answers to this question emerge. Using the jargon of Sovietology, one might be said to rest on a 'bottom-up' and the other a 'top-down' understanding of the processes occurring.

Admirers of the 'underground' that had emerged in most communist countries by the mid-1980s, may find *The War that Never Was* hard to appreciate. Dissidence as such is not analysed, and even broad-based opposition movements like Solidarity receive only pass-

ing attention. The exception is in the Baltic republics. Here Pryce-Jones carefully reconstructs the sequence of events from demonstrations through declarations of sovereignty to full independence. But he also turns back to the 1939 Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact and skillfully evokes the mood of tragedy and desolation created by the subsequent mass deportations of Balts and resettlement of Russians. Culturally, linguistically, demographically, the three Baltic nations were by the end of the Soviet era on the edge of existence. The Popular Fronts that began forming in Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia in 1988 — the model for similar movements in nearly all the republics of the USSR — were rooted in national defiance.

But, as Pryce-Jones shows, they were also suffocated in communist party manipulation and KGB penetration. Even today it is difficult to disentangle the role played during those critical years by the people and the party, by 'us' and 'them'. For a long time it was the Lithuanian communists themselves, led by Algirdas Brazauskas, who made the running. Certainly their decision to secede from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in December 1989 ('What kind of perestroika is it, Comrade Brazauskas, if you announce that the main aim of your party is to set up an independent state?' demanded Ligachev) dealt that organization a fatal blow. But it was *Sajudis* under the inspiring (and inspired) guidance of Vytautas Landsbergis which won the more-or-less free elections in the spring of 1990, and which continued forcing the pace right up to the moment of the USSR's disintegration in the wake of the failed August 1991 coup.

Today, of course, it is Brazauskas who is president of Lithuania and not Landsbergis. If nationalism (or 'positive nationalism' as Franjo Tudjman rightly insists on calling it) rather than samizdat was the real force which exploded the Soviet system, then it was the communists themselves who were able to channel this energy. (Of the three Baltic states, interestingly enough, only Estonia — which in the late eighties had given birth to a strong

ultra-legitimist movement outflanking the local popular front on the *other* side — saw a victory for the right in the first genuinely multi-party elections. Indeed, the front's former leader, Edgar Savisaar has just been forced out of government, implicated in a bugging scandal.)

It should be obvious from Brazauskas's triumph — one might just as easily mention Nazarbayev in Kazakhstan, Kucan in Slovenia or Kwasniewski in Poland — what motivated the communists to play their own 'top-down' part in the system's downfall. Given the choice between attending dreary Central Committee sessions and holidaying in Cuba, and rubbing shoulders with the leaders of the Western world at snazzy forums organized by the Council of Europe or OSCE while banking in Liechtenstein, which would you opt for? Naturally not all apparatchiks could see so far ahead, and not all that willed this end were capable of the means. Pryce-Jones's interviews offer a marvellous glimpse of the struggle for survival which ultimately consumed the Eastern Bloc's politburos, and the greed, vanity and fear animating their members. In a sense, the years 1985-90 were nothing more than a milder rerun — or continuation, even — of those from 1945-50: what in Hungary after the war, Kadar had done to Rajk (who had done the same to the Smallholders), now Grosz did to Kadar — only to receive the same treatment from Pozsgay, who was humiliated by Nemeth, who was outmanoeuvred by Horn, etc. In this battle to be master, anything was permitted, even democracy. As one of Pryce-Jones's interlocutors tells him: 'You needn't delude yourself that Yuri Afanasiev or some reformer roaring and ranting on Manezh square really enjoyed support. People do not know who they are. As official leader of the party, Gorbachev was exploiting party structures to reinforce his own position.'

Gorbachev miscalculated in his moves, which he is why he is now reduced to running an institute on Moscow's airport road (and where, by the way, you can stay for \$100 a night in rooms which lack heating). Many of

his former subordinates — including several of those imprisoned for their part in the August coup attempt — are doing rather better, thank you. As for Hungary and Poland, the countries which pioneered 'reform communism', there is now an accumulating body of evidence to show how the old order has made good. According to one recent Hungarian study, for example, two-thirds of the new economic elite used to be party members, while average sales in 1993 of businesses owned by ex-nomenklatura came to around \$3 million at a time when the median figure was \$300,000. Along the way, judging by the shape of the present ruling coalition in Budapest, these thrusting reformers also managed to co-opt many of their supposedly staunchest political opponents. Indeed, Jaroslaw Kaczynski is only exaggerating slightly when he calls those famous Round Table negotiations 'a process of fraternization'.

It is, however, precisely the rogues-to-riches success stories of so many former apparatchiks that cause Lord Skidelsky to be so optimistic about the prospects of Central and Eastern Europe. In some ways, this comes as a refreshing change to the wearying 're-birth of history' school of post-communist analysis popularized by Misha Glenny. Yet both 'optimists' and 'pessimists' — using the maddening distinction insisted on by Skidelsky — miss the point. The latter tend to recycle largely irrelevant anecdotes of authoritarianism and irredentism from between the wars; the former simply draw a line under the year 1989 and dismiss out of hand the idea that anything which may have occurred over the preceding decades might impinge on the form of free market practices or democratic institutions introduced afterwards.

A brief glance at this region today reveals two main flaws in Skidelsky's reasoning. First, it is becoming increasingly obvious that the communists-turned-capitalists who have profited most from the 'transition', understand more about strong-arm deal-cutting than they do about the invisible hand. Asset-stripping, skewed privatization, manipulation of subsi-

dies and flogging raw materials below world prices do not a market make. To say, as Skidelsky does citing Jeffrey Sachs, that the post-communists elected to power in Poland and Slovenia in 1994 pursued the same pro-reform policies as their predecessors is to betray no knowledge of recent developments in those two stagnating societies. And to suggest that everything will stay on track while the key positions 'usually the presidencies... remain in the hands of anti-communist reformers' is even more naive. Who is being thought of here? Ion Iliescu? Or his neighbour, Bulgaria's Zhelyu Zhelev, all of whose vetoes this year of dangerously regressive legislation have been overridden by the Socialist-dominated parliament?

Second, it is by no means assured that even if these ex-apparatchiks *could* deliver the goods, this would stop them interfering in one another's affairs (or those of the West, for that matter). Skidelsky holds that the choice between ethnic cleansing and civil society 'largely depends on the economic context'. Yet, in many ways, there was no Eastern bloc state with brighter economic prospects in 1989 than Yugoslavia, and no leader with a better ability to blend into Western banking circles than Slobodan Milosevic.

Otherwise Skidelsky's book is quite a useful complement to Pryce-Jones's, in that it lays bare with striking clarity the economic lunacies of the communist system. In other words, it returns us to Kadar's gravel. But Skidelsky is not content to leave it at that, since in his view communism was merely a more extreme form of the collectivism that for most of this century has also plagued Western societies. To him it was therefore no coincidence that just when Reagan and Thatcher were doing their utmost to release the economic energy of individuals in their own societies, Gorbachev should have been attempting something similar in the USSR.

While viewing Soviet communism and Western socialism as two strains of the same disease may not be entirely mistaken, Skidelsky pays too much heed to abstract historical forces and not enough to the force of human char-

acter which — as Pryce-Jones shows — is what ultimately did for communism. The same outlook is what held back second-rank reformers such as Petar Mladenov, preventing him from rising to quite the same heights as his former politburo colleague, Andrei Lukanov, who is today one of Bulgaria's wealthiest men. Having recourse to communist ideology, even to explain events which turned out to be the opposite of those foreseen, he tells Pryce-Jones: 'Lenin says that the system which guaranteed higher productivity would prevail, and this proved to be capitalism'.

*We trained
hard... but
every time we
were beginning
to form up into
teams, we
would be
reorganized. I
was to learn
later in life
that we tend to
meet any
situation by
reorganizing...
and a
wonderful
method it can
be for creating
the illusion of
progress while
producing
inefficiency
and
demoralization*

Gaius Petronius
(d. 66 AD)

Scholarship, Christianity and Enterprise

Dennis O'Keeffe

Manifeste pour une Economie D'Enterprise Jean-Paul Gardinier, Editions Lettres du Monde 1992.

The author is a businessman scholar which sounds like an oxymoron to British ears; but in France the idea is less exotic. Gardinier is a successful industrialist with a deep knowledge of political economy, a traditional liberal rather in the Thatcher mould. His crucial practical concerns are management of production, cost control and innovation. Theoretically, however, he utterly rejects economic reductionism. For him private property and free markets are necessary but not sufficient conditions of a good society.

Gardinier is a Catholic and sees us as essentially defined by our spirituality. He is a cultural conservative and cultural nationalist of the kind still common in France and sadly lacking in the Anglophone world. This outlook involves no chauvinism. He expects other nationals to treasure their cultures in the same way he treasures French aesthetic and intellectual traditions. He rightly identifies multiculturalism as a dangerous socialist ideology.

Even in secular mode he goes beyond economics to larger issues of philosophy and morality. Here he draws on writers who do not share his Christianity. From the atheist Hayek he derives his emphasis on the spontaneous order of the market, and Gardinier is also exceptionally well versed in the writings of the French pro-market economists, like his friend Jacques Garello and the scholarly journalist, Henri Lepage.

His social science acumen is very "modern". He regards Fascism and Nazism as unlamented socialist phe-

nomena and lumps them with Communism for purposes of discussion. All forms of socialism must fail but it is a great relief to find his book free from the archaic vocabulary of the "left" and the "right". This would put him well ahead of the taxonomic imagination in the USA or Great Britain. In France it makes him a real innovator.

Gardinier does not, however, lay claim to anything new in economic theory. This should not disturb us. Europe's economic ministries are full of allegedly brilliant economists, many of whom spend much of their overpaid time giving governments bad advice. Gardinier's suggestions are sound. He is right that "enterprise" is a kind of matrix of endeavour, around which an economy can organise. It was, as he says, the spirit (and phenomenon) of enterprise which differentiated, economically, the free societies from now fallen Communist ones. Gardinier suggests we should use the basically Marxist term "capitalism" sparingly, since it loads the vocabulary of debate in favour of our enemies. He prefers "enterprise economies".

Gardinier insists that there is no incompatibility between Christianity and wealth production and thinks the biblical grounds for free enterprise are overwhelming. For me the latter case is more ambiguous. I also find that like Michael Novak, Gardinier attributes to John Paul II a more direct espousal of free enterprise than the words of His Holiness convey to me.

The section on education is shrewd.

Gardinier scorns the posture of many universities today which have stopped preaching naive economic planning, only to propose the "third way" in which we progress without free politics or a free market. Gardinier says, to the contrary, that the study of economic and political liberalism is still indispensable. He would thoroughly endorse Eamonn Butler's witticism that the "Third Way" leads to the "Third World".

Gardinier quotes Arnold Gehlen's view that man is a naturally culture-acquiring being. This should mean that school goes with the grain of human nature. Catholic pessimism suggests that Saint Augustine or even Saint Benedict would be better guides. But Gardinier is right that the mania for educational gigantism ("massification") is quite the wrong direction for policy.

British educationalists and politicians often claim, without good evidence, that French education is much better than ours. Gardinier rather spoils his case by suggesting that we British and the Americans, with our decentralised traditions, have better education than France. In fact the centripetal tendencies in British and American education today are enormous. Furthermore, while British schools may not on average be quite as bad as the French, the American performance is worse still. Indeed, in the advanced "white" world, the schools and universities are mostly shocking, to an extent which now threatens the "enterprise economy".

Another Balkan Tragedy

Robert Thomas

Romania after Ceausescu: The Politics of Intolerance, Tom Gallagher, Edinburgh University Press 1995 £16.95

Political discussion of the post-communist Balkans has, naturally, tended to focus on the maelstrom of conflict in the former Yugoslavia. At the same time other, less extensively reported, countries in the region have been facing the challenges of transition from socialism to pluralism in an atmosphere fraught with the dangers of ethno-national conflict. Tom Gallagher's work provides a well informed account of contemporary trends in Romanian politics, and an appreciation of their historical context. He traces the historic fragility of the inter-war democratic process in Romania with its flaws including 'limited public involvement in politics, the inadequacy of political structures and the abuse of power.' In addition to these weaknesses there developed in this period an intellectual class which derived 'symbolic capital' from a messianic sense of national mission. Such individuals, notable amongst them being Nichifor Crainic and Nae Ionescu, followed the doctrines of the renowned Romanian poet, Mihai Eminescu, who had written that: 'a political crime committed by a private person ceases to be a crime when it is based on higher views and dictated by the clean notion, even if it be mistaken, of saving the state.' These currents of thinking found their most extreme manifestation amongst the leadership of the Legion of the Archangel Michael, also known as the Iron Guard. It sought to attract a constituency from the peasantry with a dangerous mixture of contemporary European fascism and indigenous Orthodox mysticism. The activities and violence of the Legion injected a new

element of instability into Romanian politics which by the end of the 1930s had degenerated into authoritarianism under Carol II and subsequently General Antonescu.

Despite this bleak legacy the author does not accept, as some more deterministic commentators have, that Romania in the post-war period was locked in an undemocratic 'prison of history' from which it lacked the ability to escape. Rather he notes that, with the new King Michael being 'a brave and democratically minded sovereign aware of his public responsibilities' (and the respected Iuliu Maniu as the most popular figure in politics) 'if Romania had been allowed to control its own affairs after 1944 there are grounds for thinking that it might have broken free of the cycle of despotism and instability that had plagued it for the last thirty years.'

The Romanian Communists, who had been a marginal force in pre-war politics, sought to consolidate their power by ferocious repression and radical social manipulation. Under Ceausescu such programmes followed a contradictory 'twin-track' approach, whereby all the traditional patterns of Romanian life came under assault in the name of 'systemisation' while at the same time the Romanian historical past was glorified. Ceausescu placed himself at the pinnacle of the national past and it is observed that 'the leader was seeking a mystic populist appeal stretching from the regal to the revolutionary.' The appeal of nationalism in Romanian society, which St Ceausescu sought to cultivate, was genuine but by the end of 1989 it was outweighed by

public alienation from the social and economic chaos his policies had inflicted on the country.

In Gallagher's view the 1989 revolution marked another possible turning point away from previous authoritarian patterns of political life. He draws a contrast with the passage to democracy in post-Franco Spain to illustrate the course which events could have taken in Romania: 'its (Spain's) shift to pluralism would be overseen by members of the authoritarian political elite who had distanced themselves from an intransigent and increasingly isolated ruling circle. But in Spain the democracy-builders were prepared to share power with the opposition and allow the mechanisms of the transition to be worked out via negotiations and pacts. Reformers dismantling the Franco dictatorship were also intent on marginalising hardliners who were clearly opposed to genuine liberalisation.' In Romania, however, as the author demonstrates, the actions of the post-Ceausescu elite determined that events followed a very different route.

The National Salvation Front (NSF), which took power in 1989 headed by Ion Iliescu (it later changed its name to the Democratic National Salvation Front and in July 1993 to the Party of Romanian Social Democracy) showed a high degree of continuity with the Ceausescu period in terms of personnel, methodology and mentality. In December 1989 this nomenclatura element 'placed itself at the head of the revolutionary movement the better to contain it.' The author, however, rejects the description of the NSF as neo communist arguing that 'a case could

be made for describing the NSF as a non-ideological grouping which had emerged from the party apparatus with the aim of protecting a set of caste interests in new conditions. Those leading the NSF were motivated by a desire for survival which enabled them to secure the loyalties of political functionaries used to being directed from above. 'The requirements of survival rather than any deep rooted loyalty to the communist system...helps to explain important features of NSF behaviour. Within the NSF structure old norms of operation persisted with 'appointments down to the most junior level...made on the basis of loyalty rather than ability.'

The authoritarianism of the NSF, and its successor groupings, was able to find a receptive constituency. The close identification between the party and the state, abhorrent to many urbanised Romanians whose wish to see a complete break with the past, was not necessarily shared by the less sophisticated Romanians in the villages and provincial towns among whom Iliescu was well received. The villages where Iliescu, and more extreme elements, found supporters were evocatively described by one Romanian observer as 'confined worlds at the mercy of television, rumours, and the local nomenclatura.'

Iliescu and the NSF quickly demonstrated to both a domestic and international audience that they were willing to use extreme methods in order to maintain their grip on power. In June 1990 miners from the Jiu valley, with government encouragement, descended on Bucharest to attack opposition demonstrators and activists. In September 1991 Iliescu once again unleashed the miners onto the streets of Bucharest. On that occasion they acted to remove the Prime Minister, Petre Roman, who had begun to entertain dangerously liberal ideas about the economy. Significantly the Jiu valley, from where the miners came, proved in the 1992 general election to support the Socialist Labour Party (PSM), a group claiming direct ideological continuity with the Communist Party of the Ceausescu era.

Far from seeking to distance himself

from extremist elements Iliescu has forged ever closer links with such groups culminating in the agreement of January 1995 which created a formal pact between the government, the PSM, and the Greater Romania Party (PRM) led by Corneliu Vadim Tudor. An earlier protocol of August 1994 had brought the Party of Romanian National Unity (PRNU) led by Georghe Funar into the government. Both the PRM and PRNU specialise in virulent xenophobic rhetoric with the PRNU, having its predominant support base in Transylvania, particularly emphasising to its supporters the danger posed by the Hungarian minority. These nationalist groupings have proved themselves capable of mobilising significant electoral support in both national and local elections.

In the local elections of February 1992 the PRNU won control of the Transylvanian town of Cluj and since then their rule has been characterised by heightened symbolic conflict with the local Hungarian minority and financial opportunism, with backing being given to the failed 'Caritas' pyramid scheme. While there have been tensions between Iliescu and his ultra-nationalist allies he still appears to prefer to work alongside them, with their pronounced nostalgia for the Ceausescu period, than to reach an accommodation with the opposition which might involve general and radical change to the status quo.

In the formation of a coherent alternative to the government, the opposition parties have faced formidable problems. The 1990 General Elections saw the rapid reconstitution of the 'historic' pre-war parties, the National Peasants Party and the National Liberal Party. These revived parties, however, found themselves operating in an alien electoral environment 'the worlds of private agriculture, urban business and commerce and independent religious organisations from which these organisations had derived values, material support and a steady flow of recruits had been shattered in the communist era.' By 1992 the opposition groupings had succeeded in uniting eighteen parties under the banner of the Democratic Convention of Roma-

nia. In the elections of September 1992 the Democratic Convention gained 20 percent of the vote, with particularly strong support in urban areas, and were widely acknowledged to have fought a credible and well organised campaign. The recent fragmentation of the Democratic Convention has, however, raised doubts as to whether they will be capable of building on this result in the elections due for 1996. The author also questions whether if the Democratic Convention had formed a government after the 1992 elections their attempts to initiate change would not have been thwarted by entrenched nomenclatura power. He observes that the opposition 'might well have found itself a prisoner of the state bureaucracy. The state in Romania shows an undiminished ability to incorporate new political forces and drain them of any reformist potential.'

In reviewing the Romanian political landscape, with its powerful degree of continuity from the communist past, the pervading influence of nationalism, and the sharp social, ethnic and regional divisions in the country Gallagher sees dark parallels with the situation in former Yugoslavia. Commenting on the cordial relations between the Romanian head of state and his Serbian counterpart Gallagher states that 'it would be unnatural if there was not an affinity between Presidents Milosevic and Iliescu. Both of them have built a power-base on the support of apolitical citizens whose livelihood was bound up with the command economy and who were responsive to paternalistic appeals often couched in nationalist terms.' It would be wrong, however, to look at the negative aspects of Romanian political life, which this comparison emphasises, without also taking into account the positive developments since 1989. Despite its present weaknesses, parliamentary life has been established in the country, with a free press also acting as a valuable mechanism for public comment. Outside politics there are signs of improvement in the economy. It remains to be seen whether these positive signs will be strong enough to outweigh the negative inheritance of the past.

In Short

The Aachen Memorandum, Andrew Roberts. Weidenfeld and Nicholson £15.99 1995.

It would be interesting to know how much influence novels have had in warning people about future dangers. Some of the predictions of *Brave New World* have already been realized and if the anti-family lobby and genetic engineers triumph, human beings will be de-humanized. Ex-communists speak highly of *Animal Farm* and *1984* in alerting them to the evils of the totalitarian state.

I hope that Andrew Robert's *Aachen Memorandum* will perform a similar function in identifying the horrors of a United States of Europe. The crucial issues about the European Union are not understood by the politicians and managerial classes, let alone by the man in the street. He will not read Bernard Connolly's brilliant exposé of these issues in the *Rotten Heart of Europe* but would certainly enjoy Roberts' racy thriller and derive a message from it.

In 2045 Britain is in the grip of Orwellian rule from Brussels assisted by a perverted technology — street cameras outside and bugs inside — together with an extreme version of political correctness. Real people — defenders and enemies of our national sovereignty — enliven the story: Edward Heath's face adorns the new currency, King William is living in New Zealand and an elderly John Redwood is still flying the flag in Oslo. Although the Anti-Federalist movement was snuffed out in 2016, the European Resistance movement (ERM) has not finally died. The plot centres around the discovery by the hero, Horatio Lestocq, that the Aachen

Referendum of 2015 which abolished all the national parliaments, was rigged. Supporters of the Referendum party might particularly note this detail. In spite of the rather confused dénouement, the narrative sweeps along to a surprising and exciting climax.

MC

Hegel and Marx: Introductory Lectures, Elie Kedourie, ed. Sylvia and Helen Kedourie, Blackwell. HB £35 PB £11.99, 1995.

Elie Kedourie was perhaps the last great English Tory to have taught in an English University, and to have conveyed the civilised vision of social order which is the true Tory message. It is no more paradoxical that this vision should have been cherished and passed on by an Iraqi Jew than that it should have been rescued from political ineffectiveness by Disraeli, or provided with its philosophical underpinnings by Burke (an Irish aesthete) and Hegel (a German romantic whose political vision was understood by no one more clearly than his Victorian and Edwardian disciples). In these posthumous lectures Kedourie presents the thought of Hegel, with its aftermath in Marx and its prelude in German romanticism, with a clarity and lightness of touch that are truly remarkable. Reading them, one is made deeply aware of what the conservative cause lost in losing Kedourie, and of the small likelihood that so cultivated a mind will ever be found in the political science departments of the future.

Kedourie traces Hegel's political thought to its origins in the Tübingen years and in the early manuscripts

from Jena. He sees the root ideas as emerging already from Hegel's fascination with Greece, and with Greek religion, in which the sundering between the objective and the subjective had not yet occurred, and in which man was truly at home in a world where his gods stood side by side with him. Christianity introduced a supreme negation, isolating the spirit in its subjectivity, and placing God outside the world, endowing Him with an objectivity which is inaccessible and alien. Private property, for Hegel, provides man with the means to escape from subjectivity, to enter actively into possession of his world: it is an *Entäusserung* of the spirit, all the more valuable in that the spirit has been cut off from its union with God. From such institutions personality and freedom emerge, to realise themselves in a civil society under the protection of a sovereign state. Such is the imagery of man's condition which determined the logic of Hegel's political philosophy, and also of Marx's impetuous attempt to undo it; and Kedourie tells the story with a finesse and simplicity that are all the more remarkable for the range of his thought, and the great distance covered by the argument.

Kedourie describes Hegel as deeply hostile to the Christian religion; but this may be doubted. The *Phenomenology of Mind* shows the enormous respect with which Hegel approached Christian theology, and his novel attempt to rescue its underlying message. Quibbles aside, however, there is no doubt that this is the best existing introduction to Hegel's politics, and a vindication of their importance for us, who live in an age that is no longer wrestling with an established religion.

RS

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