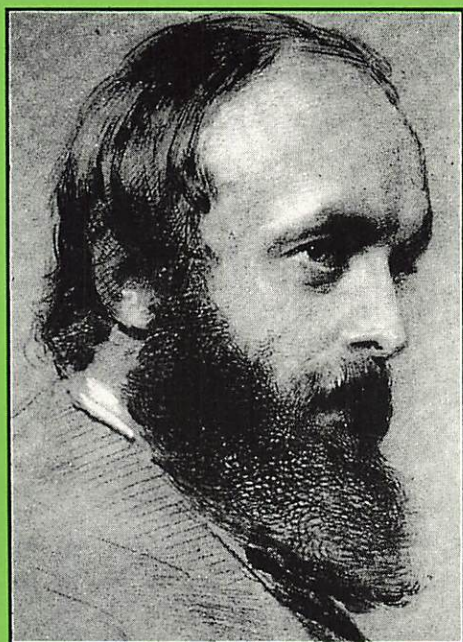


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The Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



The Third Marquess of Salisbury
1830 - 1903

Flight from Freedom

Theodore Dalrymple

A Letter to the Scots

Esmond Wright

The Bell of Knighton

Roy Kerridge

Identity Cards

Simon Pearce

The Covenant of Europe

Charlotte Horsfield

Trust the Germans

Alexander Boot

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Conservative Journal

Hunting

The most important short-term small-c conservative cause in our country is the defence of hunting. This sport, vital both to the natural and to the social ecology of our countryside, has been under attack, not only from the intransigent sentimentalists of the animal rights movement, but also from ordinary decent people who have no understanding of what actually occurs when a fox or a stag is hunted by hounds. *Hunting* magazine, under the able editorship of Julie Spencer, has set out to give heart to hunt followers, and information to their critics. It covers all aspects of the sport, and argues the case for it on every level and with robust conviction. Any open-minded person who read the journal would be convinced of the need to conserve hunting, and to expand its territory.

Articles by distinguished masters of hounds alternate with technical discussions of equine and canine matters, while opinion pieces and editorials explore

all aspects of the case for hunting, and all weaknesses in the case against it. Beautifully illustrated with pictures designed to renew the reader's love not only for the sport, but for the wonderful tracts of countryside which it opens to those who practise it, *Hunting* magazine ought to lie beside the *Salisbury Review* on any civilised library table. Each issue concludes with a witty and erudite column by 'Proteus', who is clearly a country gentleman in the Surteesian mould. His short glimpses of the changing year combine classical learning with rugged country views, and offer delightful instances of the unmodernised English spirit, as it sways between native eccentricity and ancestral prejudice.

Hunting magazine is available price £29.50 (plus £4.90 postage and packaging) for 10 issues from PO Box 4041, London W9 1ZH.

The Salisbury Review

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It is not certain whether Britain will have a Conservative or a Labour government when this issue of the *Salisbury Review* appears. Rather than speculate, therefore, we have continued in our old ways, meditating in conservative accents on the social world and its culture, and on the long-term political decisions which our country faces. These decisions are of the gravest significance, and it is our tragedy that we should be faced with them at a time when no political personality is endowed with the qualities of leadership required to steer us into the future. We are at last seeing the results of a century of democracy: namely, a political élite which is no more qualified to govern than those who vote for it. The final destruction of our political class has been achieved, and with it our claim to be the exemplar of a self-governing nation. We should not be surprised that the ensuing vacuum is filled from outside — only that it should be filled from Brussels, which is itself a vacuum of an even more cavernous kind: a capital city without a nation-state.

In fact, if the truth were known, there is no such thing as Brussels. Granted, there is a city of that name, erected into a capital in the aftermath of the French Revolution, and endowed with a monarch by the vicissitudes of Great Power diplomacy. Visit the city, however, and you will find no evidence that it stands for anything whatsoever, apart from the machinery of international trade. Somewhere in the sewers flow the currents of Flemish nationalism; here and there stands a bookshop with a few of the literary remains of France. One or two unvisited churches are propped between the modernist office blocks. But none of this amounts to a nation, a culture or even a capital. Only the same grey emptiness for mile after mile, the stench of meaningless riches swamping the streets, and tightening the faces which patrol them.

No wonder, then, as Charlotte Horsfield shows, that the European Union is embodied in no sacred covenant. No wonder that the true players in the game — identified by Alexander Boot as Germany and Russia — have so little to do with Brussels. No wonder that our political élite is so intimidated by the European treaties, when it discov-

ers that they were signed by ghosts, and have the eery character of a pact with the non-existent.

Nothing could be further from the spectral Union imposed on Europe, than the substantial Union between England and Scotland, forged over centuries, and enshrined in a single crown. As Esmond Wright shows, the United Kingdom is neither a federation nor an alliance, but a single organism, which can be sundered only by risking the health and life of its parts. The Labour Party's proposals for devolution, as ill-thought out as the Party's other proposals for constitutional reform, will do nothing to satisfy the Scottish nationalists; added to the pressure from Europe, however, they will hasten the end of our national sovereignty, and discredit both Westminster and the Crown.

There is no doubt that, under pressure from Europe, the media, and other trans-national forces, the nature and expectations of our country are rapidly changing. True, Roy Kerridge can wander anywhere in the Kingdom, and still find the living spiritual roots. But will he be able to roam so freely when European-style identity cards have become the norm? If Simon Pearce is right, the introduction of such cards will affect the very heart of our liberties as subjects of the Crown — liberties gained over centuries, and integral to our national self-esteem.

But what remains of this self-esteem? The grievance industry, with its branches throughout the academic and administrative world, has successfully persuaded the British public that there really are two nations — the rich and the poor — and that the gap between the two is widening. Left-wing charities like the Joseph Rowntree Foundation spend millions on proving the point — not because it is true, but because it furthers the grievance industry and the thousands who depend on it if people *believe* it to be true. We publish in this issue a statistical analysis of the real facts about real income by Ros Wyeth and Les Birwood. As they lucidly show, the fashionable belief is the opposite of the truth: another example of the mythopoeic view of modern society upon which left-wing sentiments depend for their force and vitality.

A Letter to the Scots

Esmond Wright presents a Defence of the United Kingdom

The United Kingdom is a fact and a product of history. It has existed as a union of the thrones since 1603, when a Scottish king, whose descendants still rule, went hot-foot to London and returned for only one brief visit. An ex-leader of the Scottish National Party, the late Professor Douglas Young of St. Andrews, used to say 'what a pity it was that King James VI and I did not stay at home and send viceroys to London, Cardiff, and Dublin.' This is, of course, a quite unhistoric view, and it was the last thing in James's mind. England was much wealthier than Scotland and was the goal of his long contriving. It was Elizabeth's London the king aimed at, in a strong and salutary awareness of the blessings that come from unity. The same processes were at work in the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella, and in contemporary France.

James VI was acceptable to the English because he was a Protestant and Elizabeth's named heir. For their part, the Scots accepted his migration because he was a Scot, and because the inherited prize was in any case a glittering one. And it was the real union of the two kingdoms that the king consciously sought. He proposed, in fact, to do with Scotland what Henry VIII had done with Wales. His native country would, he hoped, 'with time become but as Cumberland and Northumberland and those other remote and northern shires.' He meant it to be a total union, a single king, a single law, and a single Church, 'all manners and statutes welded into one as they are all one body under one head,' and he declared:

The union of these two princely houses is nothing comparable to the Union of two ancient and famous kingdoms... if

we were to look no higher than to natural and physical reasons, we may easily be persuaded of the great benefits that by that union do redound to the whole island. If twenty thousand men is a strong army, is not forty thousand a double the stronger army?... Do we not remember that this kingdom was divided into seven little kingdoms? And is it not now the stronger by their union? And hath not the union of Wales to England added a greater strength thereto? Hath not God first united these ... kingdoms both in language and religion and similitude of manners? Yes, hath he not made us all in one island, compassed by one sea?

The events of 1603 have been buttressed by the whole of our subsequent history.

The union of the thrones became in 1707 a union of the parliaments, and under the wee terms of the Act the complete freedom of Scots law, education, and Kirk were guaranteed as they had not been by the Scottish Stuarts. The Union was, of course, carefully manufactured on both sides. Each side used bribery, which was part of the process of diplomatic negotiation well into the nineteenth century, and so — again — our contemporary emotion about it is historically irrelevant. Each side needed the other: for the English wanted to deny to the old enemy France a base in Scotland at the climax of a long war against Louis XIV; and rightly. The Scots, after the Darien failure, wanted to enjoy some of the boom of England's empire — from which they were excluded by the Navigation Acts of 1660 and 1663; and with equal justice. England's wealth was clearly due to her overseas trade, and her prosperity was assured by the string of Atlantic colonies, from Newfoundland to the Caribbean, which supplied her with sugar, tobacco, and

raw materials, and held out the promise of markets for her manufactured goods. She was very much wealthier than Scotland; her population was some six millions against Scotland's one million; her land taxes yielded £2m, Scotland's £3,600. In contrast with England, Scotland's agricultural methods were primitive, her trade small and very vulnerable, her capital resources and products meagre. So she naturally wanted a share in the New World and in the new society.

Each country was prepared, in exchange for the benefits of the Union, to vote her own sovereign parliament out of existence and to establish a new parliament of the United Kingdom. (It is not nearly widely enough realized that England now has no parliament of her own, and in that sense she is as 'unfree' and 'unsovereign' as Scotland.) And so the deal was made. It was made, it is true, by a minority of Scots. If Scottish 'public opinion' — or English, for that matter — had been consulted, the deal would probably not have gone through. Here, as so often, a minority was wiser than the majority; referenda are not automatic guides to wisdom. To use the argument about 'who bribed whom' in 1707 is to ignore the vast merits of the union that was accomplished. It would be equally absurd to judge the state of Israel by the nature of the deal that was made with Dr. Weizmann in 1916, which led to the Balfour Declaration, or to judge Czechoslovakia by the promise made by President Wilson to Masaryk in 1918. However accomplished, the union of the parliaments, like the union of the crowns, became — happily — a fact of history.

The history of neither country since 1707 can be seen in separation.

Glasgow made the Clyde and the Clyde made Glasgow: but Glasgow made the Clyde in order that the tobacco, and later the cotton, of the (now British) colonies could get more quickly to its doors, and the profits from them more quickly into its pockets. By 1775 half the tobacco imports into Britain came to Glasgow, and half her exports to continental Europe went from Glasgow. In 1707 Glasgow was a 'dear green place', a little country town beside an undredged river fordable on foot; and its population was 12,000. In 1807 it was a major city and port with an open channel to the sea; and its population was over 70,000. The fine houses of the tobacco lords were a product of the Union. And so were the Scottish trading banks. 'Since St. Mungo caught herrings in the Clyde,' said Bailie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow, 'what wa ever like to gar us flourish like the sugar and tobacco trade? Will anybody tell me that and grumble at a treaty that opened us a road westawa' younder?' These developments made possible the exploitation of Scotland's resources of coal and iron. The Carron works were opened in 1759, on an Englishman's initiative and with English plant and artisans; by 1806 there were twenty-nine blast furnaces in Scotland. James Watt began life in Glasgow, but prospered much more in Birmingham in partnership with an Englishman. In 1787 John Gladstone, a Highlander, exchanged a business partnership at Leith for one in Liverpool, and so William Ewart Gladstone was born a Highland Liverpoolian. Moreover, from the very outset of the Union, the West of Scotland was morbidly afraid of its breakup; afraid in 1715 and still more in 1745. It was as prompt in '45 to bribe the Highland army away from the city as it had been to attract the English forty years before. And on the east coast there grew up the New Town of Edinburgh, with one of the finest situations of any city in Europe, essentially a creation of the Act of Union. Edinburgh's golden age, like Dublin's, in painting, architecture, philosophy, literature, music and poetry, as well as theology, political economy, and applied science, was a

direct outcome of the union; so were its prosperity and its fructifying new contacts and opportunities.

And it should be stressed that neither in 1603 nor in 1707 was this a conquest by an occupying power. There was no tyranny and no interference with freedom. The main pillars of the Scottish establishment, law, Church, education, were not only preserved, but guaranteed. Indeed, the very sound and imagery of Scotland that is expressed in its folk culture, its tradition and its lore, its pipes and drums, are a product of the world after 1707. Until General Wade built his roads, the north was seen as barbarous and backward by Lowlanders as well as by Sassenachs. Of the Scottish regiments only seven were raised before 1707 and all these, in fact, in the years between 1660 and 1690. They did not come into being to defend Scotland against England; on the contrary, they were raised and paid for in England itself. The Scotland of legend and of song was a product of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and it was in particular the product of Sir Walter Scott's imagination — and of his publisher's pressures upon him. It was this image that was sold to George IV, and it was cemented thereafter by the romanticism that produced Balmoral.

It is, of course, possible from this long story to select ugly and less happy episodes and to lament them: the Victorian slums of Glasgow and Edinburgh, though some of these were as much an Irish as a Scottish phenomenon; the Clearances, overwhelmingly of Scots by other Scots; a tendency to anglicization in the southeast of Scotland, matching the complementary scotticization of the north-east of England, so that by this time few north-country Englishmen seem unable to claim a Scottish grandmother. But in fact, Scottish nationalism as we know it, an awareness of the existence of a Scottish people conscious of their unity and living in an identifiable area, was a product first of the Union and then of Sir Walter Scott. Until then there were in Scotland at least two nations, Highland and Lowland. The massacre of Glencoe in 1692 was the result of an order, not from England, but from a

Scottish Lowland administration. The two areas were distinct in language — Gaelic and Lallans — in religion, and in their way of life. Most Highlanders were Jacobite and Catholic; the Lowlanders were far more in sympathy with the north of England than with the Highlands. And insofar as there came changes in the Highlands in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, they came from the steady penetration by Lowland sons with their Presbyterian faith. 'Have you no music, no singing, no dancing, now at your marriages?' asked a lover of Gaelic speech and custom on a visit to the Hebrides in 1899. The good wife replied:

May the possessor keep you! You are a stranger in Lewis or you would not ask. It is long since we abandoned these foolish ways. In my young days there was hardly a house in Ness where there was not two or three who could play the pipes or the fiddle.... A blessed change came over the place.... The good men and the ministers who arose did away with the songs and the stories, the music and the dancing.... They made the people break and burn their pipes and fiddles.

As Celtic culture dwindled it was overlaid by Calvinist austerity. Moreover, insofar as there was in Scott's day a single nation in Scotland, it still sought ever closer identity with London and prospered from it, just as the twentieth century nationalism of Ulster was, and remains, intensely pro-British. It is too often assumed that Scottish patriotism is necessarily anti-English; there was in the eighteenth century Glasgow of James Watt and Adam Smith and in the Edinburgh of Principal Robertson and Walter Scott no such wish for separation. Pride in Scotland then connoted an equal pride in Union. Burns himself was a champion of the Union and of the British Navy. It was for the Dumfries Volunteers that he wrote in 1795 'Be Britain still to Britain true among ourselves united.' 'Rule Britannia' was the work of a Scotsman, Thompson; it was Thomas Campbell of Glasgow who wrote in praise of 'Ye Mariners of England'.

Nor was the prosperity that arose from the English connection limited to the homeland. It was reflected in the

Scottish families who saw in the Empire a ladder of opportunity and adventure. The history of British India is sonorous with names like McPherson and Metcalfe, Elphinstone and Dalhousie; so is the history of Africa with Mungo Park and David Livingstone; the true founder of Canadian federalism was John Macdonald, born and raised in Glasgow. And it is not the fault of the 'wicked English' that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries Scottish investors sent their money to those places where it has brought the highest returns. Names like Jardine-Matheson are bound up with Britain's role in Asia. In 1884 *Blackwood's Magazine* commented:

For a small country like Scotland to be able to spare, even for a time, tens of millions sterling, is one of the most striking paradoxes in the history of commerce. The Scotch, of all people in the world, are supposed to be best able to take care of themselves and their money. Wherever a passable honest penny can be earned they will not be far to seek; and yet it has come to this with them, that they will face almost any risk for the sake of the difference between 4 per cent at home and 4° per cent across the Atlantic.

The Scottish American Investment Company was founded in 1873 and is still going strong. The Matador Land Company was the most famous and most profitable of the American cattle companies, and its roots were in Dundee. The Swan Investment Company was fundamental to the early development of Texas and the American west. Arizona copper sent home £6 million in dividends between 1901 and 1921. The development of the western United States would not have been possible without Scottish capital and this came, not from the landed aristocracy, but from Scottish industry, from the flax and jute mills of Dundee, the thread mills of Paisley, and from heavy engineering on the Clyde, all of them direct products of the Union. The failure of Scotland to invest in itself and its wish to seek profits elsewhere is not a new phenomenon. What was striking in the nineteenth century was that there was an opportunity for thrift, and willingness to take risks in investment. Obviously a fraction of this investment

in the American west would have done much for the Highlands and the Borders; but the fact remains that by their own choice the nineteenth-century Scots entrepreneurs were more distinguished for their shrewdness than for their patriotism.

Scotland's history since 1707 is the story of her contribution towards the history of Great Britain, and it is a remarkably successful one. The UK built up the greatest empire the world has ever seen and the mightiest sea-power until the emergence of those super-powers of today, the USA and the USSR. Two small islands in the northern sea became the greatest trading nation on the face of the earth, the pioneer in the first industrial and agricultural revolution of the modern age, a leading scientific and inventing power, with the finest universities in Europe, and with London as the financial capital of the world — as it still is. This was an empire strong enough and resilient enough to survive Lord North and the loss of the American colonies. It is fashionable to be cynical about the Union, the Empire, the imagery of the past, and even the Crown itself. Yet Great Britain could still have a splendid future. She is still rich, still highly skilled, enterprising, and inventive; still in the van of the new industrial revolution, of electronics, computers, and all the science-based industries.

Is Scottish Nationalism in fact a side-product of the decline of empire? Do Scots want to desert England now that the possessions have gone? Let them think very carefully before they risk a drastic shrinking of their fields of opportunity.

Dead the Imperial idea is, but we still have access to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. Scots would expect this to continue. They still seek fortunes — some of them considerable — in London and the Midlands. Of all the peoples of Britain the Scots have the greatest practical gifts, of shrewdness, thrust, hard work. It would be a pity indeed to confine all this energy within the boundaries of a far northern country with a population of only five millions.

The Union is a fact of history and it has brought to both countries a high

standard of living. I believe that in Union lies hope for both countries for the future also.

But the SNP would replace the union by seeking to create a separate Scottish kingdom. One assumes it would be a kingdom, though some of their voices are republican. Let me suggest some of the major risks of any such development.

One, it is a parochial, inward-looking movement in an age whose main characteristic is its internationalism. Of course no one can deny the strength of roots. We love the place where we were born and never forget that love. Without it, our powers of imagination and perhaps the most deeply felt and most spiritual forces within us would be arid and bleak. A sense of 'apartness' is preserved in songs, poetry, and folklore, and reinforced, in Scotland's case, by her own systems of law, religion, and education. When things go wrong the Scot, like the Welshman, has an identity-kit available and can fit easily into it. The Clydesider, unlike the Tynesider or the Yorkshireman, can express his local grievances through nationalism.

But patriotism — and it is not the monopoly of any one party — is not necessarily parochialism. Some of the most fervent nationalists have been, in fact, imperialists seeking to create larger systems rather than smaller ones. Bismarck was a Prussian patriot, but he created a federal German Empire; Cavour, Prime Minister of Piedmont, the only modernized and the most prosperous of the Italian states in his day, dreamed of the unification of the whole peninsula, although all of it south of Tuscany was economically very backward and much of it ruled by Austria. He knew that Piedmont could never be a world power, but that Italy could. The great and successful nationalist movements of the nineteenth century, led by fervent patriots, were not separatist at all, but movements for unification, often federal. The intense pride and sense of identity of the Texan has been in no way diminished by the absorption of the Lone Star State into the greater union, and Stalin's Georgia is no less itself for having become part of the USSR. Brittany could

patently only be weakened if it — or any other region — broke away from France. All the great nations of the world, France, Spain, USA, USSR, Germany, Italy, have been built as the UK was built — by fusing the regions together. We are too apt, on hearing the word ‘nationalism,’ to see it as a viewpoint of smaller nations or smaller regions.

And we are too apt to assume that the core of the sense of identity is political — the common life lived by a group of people, sharing history, a common language, and common traditions. But it is doubtful if it is politics that taps the spirit. Was it Czechoslovakia or the particular beauty of the Moldau that inspired Smetana? Was it England or the beauty of the Lake District that moved Wordsworth? We can name a host of American poets and writers who have voiced their pride in the United States, but what stirred Robert Frost were the vistas of the New England landscape, its little red schoolhouses and its tall white spires; what moved Stephen Foster or S V Benet was the American Deep South and what William Faulkner captures in his novels is his own understanding of Oxford, Mississippi. In an age made international by satellites and by mass communication, it is not the American South that is communicable, but Yoknapatawpha County; it is not Scotland that is understood but Tannochbrae. Andrew Cruickshank is far more significant than Mrs Ewing or Hugh MacDiarmid.

Secondly, it is at this point that one is moved to question whether there is a genuine Scottish Nationalism at all. It is hard to prove in a literary, or in a geographic sense. Much of the ‘Scots language’ is synthetic and, as with much of the writing of Hugh MacDiarmid, contrived; indeed, where the spoken word is concerned, much of it is shared on both sides of Cheviot. Even if one accepts that the Lallans is the native Scottish language rather than a dialect, and if one accepts that it is the living language — both highly debatable theses — it is not the language of the majority of the Scottish people; any more than is Gaelic. Unlike Welsh Nationalism, Scottish Na-

tionalism is not a movement of linguistic or cultural identity. The politics of the SNP are not the politics of Gaeldom; its roots are in the Lowlands, not in the Celtic areas; its impact on the Highlands has been negligible thus far. In any event a movement towards devolution cannot be halted at Carter Bar or Cheviot. Orkney and Shetland have recently indicated that they have no natural links with Caithness and no especial liking for Edinburgh. Geographically, there are sharper contrasts between Orkney and the Borders, or between the Western Isles and Fife, than there are between most regions of England. There is in Scotland no basic natural unity of economics or of race, of religion or of culture. And if a victorious SNP were to claim independence for

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the area at present labelled Scotland, what would be the limits of secession? A Scottish Government which expected Orkney and Shetland to share water and police authorities with the mainland, as St. Andrew’s House directs them to do, would command no more sympathy than does the present Secretary of State. Does the future of the Borders rest with England or with Scotland? How far is a prosperous Edinburgh prepared to go in carrying Glasgow’s huge debt? It should constantly be borne in mind that UK subventions to British Airways and to British Rail in Scotland would cease.

Indeed, both would cease to exist. English Airways would presumably operate only to termini in Glasgow and Edinburgh — if not Newcastle and Carlisle — thankfully abandoning the heavily subsidized routes to the north. Cunard and naval orders for hitherto Clyde-built ships would go to Belfast, Barrow, or Tyneside, and there would be no one to stop English firms — or American ones — pulling out of Scottish branches if the economic climate in a free Scotland worsened.

This raises the fundamental point. The case for Scottish separatism is based on the belief that Scotland is a nation state and that the boundary lines of nation and state are identical. Some of the Scots’ own leaders take pride in claiming that they want an independent Scotland to sit at the United Nations between Saudi Arabia and Senegal — apparently assuming that either of these has any influence there whatsoever. They forget that it was disruptive nationalism which destroyed the stability of central Europe and that the seeds of Hitlerism and irredentism were sown at the Peace Settlement of 1919. The repeated model they use for an Independent Scotland is Norway, forgetting that Norway has none of our industrial problems because it has no industrial base, and no huge city like Glasgow to subsidize; forgetting that its money market is not in Oslo, but in London; and forgetting how completely dependent it is on its own relations with the Scandinavian bloc, with Europe, and with Canada. But why choose Norway as prototype? Why not Eire where, since its independence, its wages rates have been approximately half those of the UK, where there is only a very rudimentary Welfare State, and where since independence its export of people to the UK has increased sharply? The true parallel ought to be with Ulster, which faces the same problems of race and religion as does Scotland, where unemployment is much higher than in Scotland, and where, nevertheless, nationalist sentiment is firmly pro-British. If we need to look for parallels elsewhere why not Texas; or Bavaria, which finds it possible to marry pride in Bavaria with pride in the greater

unity of Germany; or with the Mezzogiorno, which is booming because of the aid given to it by the larger unity of Italy; or with Sicily, which became completely autonomous after the war, but now seeks closer links with Rome again?

It is too often contended that healthy nationalism is at the centre of healthy internationalism. This is, in fact, historically untrue. Nationalism, and the quest to align state and nation, has been the truly disruptive factor in modern history, and it has produced more frontier clashes, and in the end world wars, than any other single cause. In a world that is becoming more and more an international one, and in which indeed the UK is itself too small, the case for separatism is difficult to sustain. Nationalist voices tend to be those of repeated protest and frustration, and the policies that they voice are less and less relevant to our times. The great internationalists of our age, Norman Angell, Robert Cecil, and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, have never been deceived into the pretence that nationalism is anything but the enemy of genuine internationalism.

Third, it is clear that while SNP policy is for total separation from England — and indeed there is no other reason for their existence as a party — many who at present vote for it do not in fact want complete independence. But in the content of the rest of their policy the Scottish Nationalists are extraordinarily varied. At the 1968 Conference, they passed a resolution confirming that they were against the principle of party whips either at local or central government levels. Mr Keith Bovey said a man's first duty was to his principles, and he hoped that no member of the SNP would ever become lobby fodder. 'We believe that this system can be made to work with no sacrifice of efficiency. Representatives of the party can work on a consensus of opinion among themselves,' he said. 'No SNP representative at any level has the right to bully any other into voting for something in which he does not believe.'

It is clear that they are, of course, a radical party. Mrs Ewing's national-

ism is plainly rooted deep in socialism and pacifism. At their Conference in 1968 the Scottish Nationalists said 'the land and all natural resources belong to the people [that means the government] and will be held subject to the... control of the proposed National Assembly.' But it is also clear that the party would split into right and left once the battle was won. This became obvious at the Oban Conference in 1969. One of the policy statements was described by the party's own supporters as 'straight out of Karl Marx.' The SNP is not a party but a revolutionary movement with many strands. As a result its policies are extraordinarily mixed. Many of its *obiter dicta* about maximum land holdings, the break-up of assets and compulsory purchase of the land are, of course, extremely controversial. It has made no contribution as yet to the basic arguments of today over democracy and participation. On defence policy in particular it has been a party with many and inconsistent voices, though it seems clear that it will want no foreign bases on Scottish soil. The Polaris base on the Holy Loch, the Naval base at Rosyth, and the RAF stations at Leuchars, Kinloss, and Turnhouse will all go.

But in some mysterious way Scotland will have an Army, Air Force, and Navy of her own and a force to be put at the disposal of the United Nations. There has been no estimate of what it costs to buy or build just one jet fighter, much less to equip an infantry brigade. But what is curious here is a total indifference to the conspicuous military tradition of Scotland. The SNP is happy to have the pipes and drums, the kilt and the Glengarry, to have its party ceilidhs and to exploit a martial imagery; but a coherent defence or foreign policy it is impossible to find.

The basic truth about the United Kingdom is that since 1707 we have built in these islands a unique political system, unmatched elsewhere, a federal society of English, Scots, Welsh, and Irish and nowadays many more, that is nevertheless a single centralized political system, a working parliamentary democracy that can even

now curb and control an over-mighty executive through the House of Commons, and through the fact that ministers must be members of parliament. This union of equals and the energy it released gave our tiny islands a standard of living to which their natural resources in no way entitled them, and a place in history alongside the Romans themselves. We have lived, since 1945, through a traumatic period of loss of empire, loss of status, loss of pride. But the pride and status at least can be regained, and the society and the system remain unique, flexible, and workable. We must change the political character of the union only if we genuinely believe that the present weaknesses in it are of so fundamental a sort, so intrinsically related to our decline as a world power and an economic force, that they are the cause of our 'failure'. I do not believe this to be the case, and I find nothing in the SNP phrases to convince me.

This is not to say that I see no need for any form of devolution. On the contrary, I would welcome help from some sort of Scottish Assembly, sitting in Edinburgh, to discuss purely Scottish legislation, perhaps seeing Acts through their earlier stages before being finally debated by the UK parliament. It could with ease replace the present Scottish Grand Committee in the House of Commons, which takes bills through their second reading. But final proposals on the composition and selection of such an Assembly cannot be made until we know what the shape of Scottish local government is to be. We must be very careful, whatever we decide on, to avoid a proliferation of bureaucracies. But this is premature. Meanwhile, I prefer the UK to the dangerous, emotional and ill-considered notions of separatism.

Esmond Wright is Emeritus Professor of American History in the University of London.

The Telephone Call

Gregory Schmerling recalls his journey from Moscow to Surrey

I am writing this story in my comfortable home in Surrey, looking out into *my* garden with *my* carefully tended roses. My retirement as a Surrey freeholder was due entirely to a telephone call made in distant Moscow more than 70 years ago.

1917! The German Army was advancing towards St. Petersburg. There was panic and in February Nicholas II, Tsar of all Russia, Tsar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, and cousin of King George V, abdicated and handed over all power to a Parliamentary Government commanding a majority in the Duma. But the war continued.

On the Western front America tilted the balance, their firepower broke the stalemate and the German line was dented. General Ludendorff, the German Supreme Commander, was in a panic. It was essential to get Russia out of the war and to transfer all those Divisions and heavy artillery to the Western front. Some aides, no doubt, drew the General's attention to the existence of a group of exiled Russian revolutionaries, known as Bolsheviks, residing in Switzerland. They were Marxists and wanted an end to the war so that soon all frontiers would melt away and Europe would form one large Socialist country. If the revolutionaries were let loose in Russia, they would cause considerable trouble, hamper the war effort and might even force Russia out of the war.

General Ludendorff was impressed and authorised an operation to transport the revolutionaries clandestinely into Russia. During the First World War Germany was allied with Turkey, so that Russia was completely cut off.

Churchill's imaginative attempt to force open the Dardanelles and bring help to Russia through the Black Sea

had unfortunately failed. There was no chance of travelling from Switzerland to Russia except through Germany. General Ludendorff authorised the setting up of a special train which would transport the revolutionaries, all Russian nationals, from Switzerland through wartime Germany into neutral Sweden, where the sum of 80 million Marks would be handed to them and they would then make their way in small groups through Finland into Russia. Several dozen revolutionaries boarded the train, which was then carefully sealed, so that none of them could alight in Germany and commence the revolution there. In Churchill's immortal phrase, when after the war he reported to the House of Commons, the revolutionaries were transported through Germany "like a pest bacillus". The leader of the revolutionaries was one Vladimir Ulyanov, akas Lenin, and he ultimately arrived in St. Petersburg (re-named due to the War Petrograd) in April 1917 in great style at the Finland railway station.

Lenin and his henchmen immediately began with Bolshevik propaganda and organisation in St Petersburg, to subvert the soldiers of the Garrison and the sailors of the Baltic Fleet at Kronstadt and form the Red Guards.

In October 1917 the Bolsheviks were able to organise a successful coup, ousting the lawful government, headed by the socialist Kerensky, who fled to England. Lenin immediately sued Germany for peace and an armistice was signed at the end of 1917. This enabled Ludendorff to begin with the transfer of troops and equipment to the Western Front.

In 1918 Lenin signed the infamous Treaty of Brest Litovsk with Germany, which in its ferocity made the Treaties

of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon, imposed after 1918 by the victorious Allies on Germany, Austria and Hungary, appear like a vicarage tea party.

In the Brest Litovsk Treaty Russia ceded the Baltic Provinces, Poland, Belorus; the Ukraine and the Crimea became German "protectorates" (as Bohemia in the 2nd World War).

The infamous treaty reduced Russia to the size of Muscovy before Peter the Great and Catherine II, in fact to its present (1996) borders. Even the Bolsheviks were stunned, but Lenin forced the treaty through and proceeded to introduce Communism in Russia. All landed, industrial and commercial property was expropriated from their owners. The State began a war against the Nobility, the Church and private property and enterprise, not only against these institutions, but also against all persons who quite lawfully had engaged in these activities. Landowners and Bishops, bankers and merchants had to flee for their lives. Prominent people were arrested and never came back.

Father was born in Belorus, as indeed was Mother. Both families had lived there for generations. Father had studied chemistry, specialising in textile chemistry, and at the beginning of the century was employed as a chemist at a dyeworks on the outskirts of Moscow. After some years he became, through marriage, partner in a Moscow firm of textile manufacturers and wholesalers. The firm, founded by my maternal grandfather, bought the cloth from the mills, partly dyed and printed it themselves and kept stocks in their warehouses in Moscow, St Petersburg, Kiev and Warsaw. A branch in Irkutsk was planned. Local dealers were thus enabled to purchase their requirements

within the region.

Early in 1918 the Head Office had been closed. The factory and the Moscow and St. Petersburg warehouses were run by Works Committees, apparently not too successfully. Father spent his days at home, awaiting events. Anti-Bolshevik forces were forming in the Baltic, in Siberia and in the South of Russia. It was thought Moscow and St. Petersburg would soon be liberated.

And then, in the Autumn of 1918, the telephone call came one morning. Before the revolution, Mother had used her private means for many charitable purposes. She had also helped several impecunious young students, who had successfully overcome the *numerus clausus* barrier, to complete their studies and obtain their degrees. One young lawyer, whom Mother had thus helped, was now employed in a junior capacity at the Ministry of the Interior, now headed by a leading Bolshevik. The young man rang Mother and in a guarded but unmistakable way told her that he had seen Father's name on the weekly arrest list. The Cheka secret police could pick him up any night. This bombshell resulted in feverish activity. Father managed to procure, at great expense, tickets for all of us, for the Crimea Express, departing next morning. Father also obtained from the German Embassy, again open in Moscow after the Peace Treaty was signed, the required transit visa for the German occupied Ukraine, through which the express had to pass.

Father spent the night at the home of our family doctor and arrived at the station next morning shortly before departure time, and we all boarded the Express. The Cheka had not called that night; however, they did call the following night to arrest Father. Later we heard that Father's elder brother had been arrested in his home town in Belorus because he had been a banker. He was sent to one of the arctic labour camps instituted by Lenin, where he perished.

The Crimea, shielded by the German occupation of the Ukraine, was solidly in the hands of anti-Bolshevik "White" forces, headed by General Wrangel.

We spent a very pleasant year in the Crimea, with its Mediterranean climate, awaiting the final ousting of the Bolshevik usurpers. The dowager Empress Maria, Mother of the Tsar, and sister of Queen Alexandra of Great Britain, had her villa not far away. The German troops had left the Ukraine and General Denikin in the South, supported by the French, and Admiral Kolchak in Siberia, supported by the British, were steadily advancing towards Moscow. And then Britain and France gradually withdrew their support from their former allies. The French were more interested in an independent and strong Poland. In Great Britain, Churchill, who wanted anti-Bolshevik intervention, was overruled by Prime Minister Lloyd George.

Dock strikes and political campaigns were organised to prevent the shipment of munitions to the White Armies. The White forces were defeated on all fronts. Quite suddenly, thanks to a pro-Bolshevik mutiny among the sailors of the two French cruisers guarding access to the Crimean peninsula, the Red Army broke into the Crimea. Panic ensued among the many refugees who had crowded into the Crimea. The bulk of the British Mediterranean Fleet, headed by the dreadnought "Iron Duke", was at anchor in the Marmara Sea, off Constantinople, but a few light units were at Sebastopol. There were also some cargo boats on Admiralty charter. The British were doing their very best to evacuate all whose life was in danger from the Red Army, but shipping space was insufficient.

We were fortunate in getting aboard a small British cargo boat, one of the last to leave, and were all crowded in the hold which still had some of the original cargo of Cheshire cheese for the Fleet in it. After some days we were lucky in finding ourselves in Constantinople, where we disembarked. We had been saved by the Navy.

Everyone was most anxious to get to the West, but visas for France, Great Britain or Italy were very difficult to obtain. Mother was very ill, but there were no medical facilities. Most refu-

gees were becoming destitute, but there were, of course, no public funds to support them.

It took almost a year until Father managed to obtain a visa to the West. One day we found ourselves in Paris, after a six day liner voyage to Marseilles. Mother died in Paris from her illness.

Father found the French xenophobic and saw no opportunity of earning a living there. On the other hand, there were openings in Germany, where he knew the language and had also several University friends. So in 1923, still propelled by the telephone call, we found ourselves in Berlin, the capital of defeated Germany. We lived very modestly in furnished rooms, but Father managed to give my sister and me a good education up to academic level. After ten years Father was in the position of renting our own flat and buying furniture, and shortly before Christmas 1932 we moved in. I still remember Father's face, how happy he was at having provided a family home after fourteen years of living out of suitcases.

Six weeks later we watched, from our balcony in a side street of the Kurfürstendamm, the torchlight procession marking Hitler's ascent to power. Socialism, albeit of a different hue, had again caught up with us. The alarm call rang again in our ears, life became increasingly difficult, even dangerous for people of Jewish descent, even for dedicated anti-Communists like Father (or my cousin Alec in Paris, who later perished at Auschwitz).

Thanks to the generosity of my employer, I was offered a job as a chemist in Great Britain, a country otherwise then firmly closed to refugees. Once here, I could apply for an entry visa for Father, who so narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Bolsheviks and now was threatened with being tormented to death in some concentration camp. I had to guarantee his upkeep, of course, so that he would never fall a burden to public funds, and Father arrived in the Summer of 1939. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, my sister and her husband managed to emigrate to

Shanghai, by then the only place open to German-Jewish refugees.

Father and I survived many air raids and Father died peacefully in London after the war.

Before retirement I was able to pur-

chase the house in Surrey in which, thanks to the telephone call in distant Moscow over 70 years ago which saved us all, I am writing these lines.

I hope never to hear a warning call again. But I wish the British people,

who have offered my Father and me a second home, would hear any warning calls addressed to *them*.

Gregory Schmerling is a chemist who worked in the metal finishing industry.

The Distribution of Income in the United Kingdom 1961-1996

Ros Wyeth and Les Burwood look at the real facts about poverty

It has become common wisdom that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. This ideology has been propagated in misleading ways by key reports and papers such as those published recently by the Rowntree Foundation (1995), the Commission on Social Justice (1994) and the Fabian Society's *Income and Wealth in the 1980s*

—an update (1992). These reports have, of course, tried to stress what was believed to be greater inequality of income distribution. We show that their analyses are misleading because inappropriate and inconsistent measures of income have been used. We argue that a less misleading picture can be painted by using final income as a measure: thus taking into account the effects of the tax-benefit system as a whole. Indeed, we show that from the mid-1970s to the

mid 1990s the tax-benefit system has reduced the gap in income between the top 10% and the bottom 10% of the population. While distribution of *original* income became more unequal, growth in cash benefits helped weaken this trend and equality of distribution of *final* income was thereby increased.

The "rich are getting richer and the

poor are getting poorer" message has been propagated with varying degrees of sophistication and with varying degrees of attention to relevant evidence. For example, the latest edition of a well-known Sociological textbook (Bilton *et al*, 1996, p158) states: "... the erosion of the redistributive effects of taxation during the past fifteen years

has meant that the proportion of total income of the richer households has increased at the expense of the poorer". But this is supported only by the fact that "in 1994, the top 20% of households received 50% of total household income, while the poorer 40 per cent took less than 6%...". No comparison of one year with another is made. Halsey (1995) is more meticulous and bases his message on Atkinson's Keynes lecture for 1991. He reports that "the fall" in income difference between 1949 and 1976 was a noticeable one, but most of the

Table 1 Percentage share of top and bottom decile groups of UK households 1974 to 1992.

(Sources: *Economic Trends*, 1974-1994)

	Original income		Final income	
	Bottom decile	Top decile	Bottom decile	Top decile
1974	0.10	26.70	2.70	23.60
1975	0.10	26.20	2.80	22.10
1976	0.08	26.70	4.45	20.83
1977	0.05	26.20	4.49	20.72
1978	0.04	26.50	4.58	20.93
1979	0.02	26.9	4.52	21.04
1980	0.02	27.7	4.56	21.95
1981	0.01	28.3	4.79	21.84
1983	0.00	29.4	5.35	21.89
1984	0.00	29.5	5.33	21.68
1986	0.00	31.9	5.00	24.5
1988	0.70	29.2	4.03	23.16
1989	0.70	27.8	4.19	22.45
1990	0.80	29.4	3.94	24.00
1992	0.90	29.2	4.42	22.57

redistribution was from the top 10% to the next 40%, not to the bottom half. But after 1975/76, in the period 1984/5, the top 10% went back to having five times the average of

the bottom half, and there was further and sharper increase after 1985. The share of the top 10% rose from 24.40% to 29.20%.

Such textbooks, from edition to edition, are significant in influencing a generation of students. They do not encourage readers to go back to raw data published by the government. Doing so need not be complicated. In

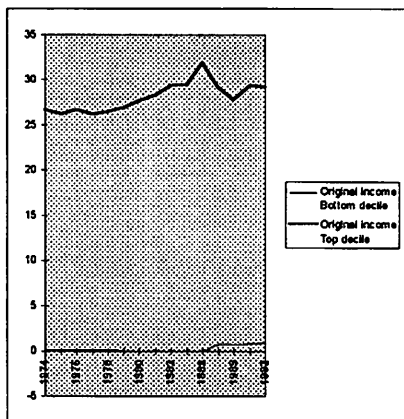
this paper we confine our analysis to original and final incomes of households in the UK from 1961 to 1996, in order to assess how original income is modified by taxation and welfare benefits to produce a final income distribution.

Table 1 shows the decile shares of original and final incomes for the years 1974 to 1992. (Figures for decile groups for the years 1993-1995 are not available). Over the period from 1974 to 1986 the share of the top 10% of UK households of

original income increased by 5.20 percentage points, from 26.70% to 31.90% and then fluctuated between 1986 and 1992 finally declining by 2.70 percentage points by 1992. Over the period from 1974 to 1992, the share of

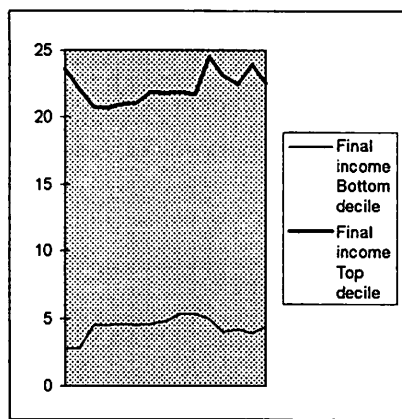
original income received by the top decile group had increased only marginally from 26.70% to 29.20% (a percentage increase of only 9.36%).

Fig 1 Percentage share of original income of top and bottom decile groups of households in the UK, 1974-1992.



The bottom 10% of UK households also increased its share of total original income over the period 1974 to 1992. In 1974 this decile group received 0.10% of total original income; by 1992 this had increased to 0.90%: an increase of 0.80 percentage points

Fig 2 Percentage share of final income of top and bottom decile group of UK households by original income in the UK 1974-1992.



This analysis of overall trend ignores the decline in the percentage share of original income of the bottom decile from 1976 to 1986 when their share of

income decreased by 0.10 percentage points and the rapid increase in their share between 1986 and 1992 when their share rose by 0.90 percentage points.

Redistribution of final income for the top decile shows an overall decrease in percentage share over this period, although there was a significant increase in the early and mid 1980s (see Table 1 above). In

1974, the top 10% of households received 23.60% of total final income; this declined to 20.72% in 1977, rose gradually to 21.89% in 1983 and then rose abruptly to 24.50% between 1985 and 1986. Since then the share received by the top 10% has decreased to 22.57%.

Overall there has been a marginal decrease of about a 1.0 percentage point (a percentage decrease of 4.49%) in the share of total final income for the top 10% of UK households over the period 1974 to 1992.

From Table 1 it can also be seen that the bottom 10% of UK households has increased its

share of total final income by 1.7 percentage points over the same period, with share of final income rising from 2.70% in 1974 to 4.42% in 1992. The highest share of final income for the bottom 10% of households during this

Table 2 Percentage share of incomes of the top and bottom decile groups of UK households in 1979 and 1991/2 (1990 for Stark).

Sources: Rowntree Report (1995), Commission for Social Justice (1994), Stark (1992) and Economic Trends No. 339 (Jan 1982) and No. 483, (Jan 1994).

	1979		1991/2	
	Bottom 10%	Top 10%	Bottom 10%	Top 10%
Rowntree Commission				
Original income BHC	4.30%	20.60%	3.00%	26.00%
Original income AHC	4.00%	20.90%	2.00%	27.00%
Commission for Social Justice				
Original income BHC	4.20%	21.00%	3.00%	26.00%
Original income AHC	4.00%	21.00%	2.00%	27.00%
Stark (Fabian (Society))				
Gross income	2.20%	23.50%	(1990) 1.60%	(1990) 28.90%
Wyeth & Burwood				
Original income	0.02%	26.90%	0.90%	29.20%
Final income	4.52%	21.04%	4.42%	22.57%

(a percentage increase of 800%). Of course, both in percentage points and in absolute value, the bottom 10% of households did not gain as much as the top 10% and the gap between them in original income increased by 1.70%.

period was in 1983, significantly under a Conservative government, when they received 5.53% of total final income; an increase of 2.65 percentage points from 1974.

The differences in distribution presented by these two sets of data can be seen more clearly when they are plotted on X-Y scatter graphs (Figs 1 and 2). However it must be noted that comparison with years prior to 1975-1976 is limited due to changes in estimation procedures.

Stark (1992), in a report published by the Fabian Society, examines the distribution of incomes of decile groups of UK households using gross incomes, ie original income plus cash benefits from the state. According to Stark, the top 10% increased their share of gross income by 4.60 percentage points from 24.30% to 28.90% over the period 1974 to 1990 (a percentage increase of 18.93%). This contrasts with our analysis of original and final incomes over the same period (see above). Indeed, our analysis showed final income of the top decile rising over this period by only 0.40 percentage points from 23.60% to 24.00%; an increase of only 1.70%. According to our data, abstracted from Economic Trends, the share of original income for the top 10% of households during this period (1974-1990) rose by 2.70 percentage points from 26.70% to 29.40%, a percentage increase of only 10.00% which is just over half of that suggested by Stark (1992). Stark also presents data to show that the share of gross income of the bottom 10% of UK households for the period 1974 to 1990 fell by 0.60 percentage points from 2.20% in 1974 to 1.60% in 1990 (Stark, 1992); a percentage decrease of 27.27%. This again contrasts with our data which show a rise in the share of original income for this decile group (see Table 1) by 800%, from 0.01% to 0.90% — an overall increase of 0.89 percentage points. From our analysis, share of final income also rose by 63.70% from 2.70% to 4.42% of total income over this period — an

increase of 1.72 percentage points.

The Rowntree Commission (1995) considered distribution of income over the period 1979 to 1991/2. According to their report, the share of income, before housing costs (BHC), of the bottom 10% of UK households fell as a percentage of total income, BHC, from 4.30% to 3.00%; that is by

Table 3 Gini coefficients for original and final income for the years 1961 to 1995.

Sources: Halsey (1988) for data for years 1961 to 1973 and Economic Trends (1976 to 1996) for years 1976 to 1995.

Year	Final income %	Original income %
1961	33.50	38.40
1963	33.90	39.80
1965	32.80	38.60
1967	32.20	38.20
1969	33.20	40.70
1971	33.40	41.70
1973	32.80	42.20
1976	28.90	44.30
1978	25.10	44.70
1980	26.30	45.90
1981	29.80	44.20
1982	26.20	48.20
1984	30.40	49.90
1985	27.10	47.60
1986	28.60	48.80
1987	25.40	43.40
1988	27.70	43.70
1991	28.10	44.00
1993	26.20	45.40
1995	26.60	44.60

30.20%. In the same period, the share of the top 10% of households increased from 20.60% to 26.00% — an increase of 26.20%. Percentage share of incomes, after housing costs (AHC) for top and bottom decile groups show a similar, but steeper, trend. In this case

the share of the bottom 10% fell by 50.00% from 4.00% to 2.00% and the share of the top 10% rose by 12.00% from 20.90% to 27.00% of total AHC income over the period 1979 to 1991/2 (Joseph Rowntree Foundation, 1995, Volume 2, edited by John Hills). This analysis also contrasts with the results of our examination of original and final income over the same period (see Table 1).

The Commission on Social Justice (1994) also considered incomes BHC and AHC. Their report claims that between 1979 and 1991/2 “the poorest 10% saw their real incomes fall by 17%” (Commission on Social Justice, 1994, p31). A summary of changes in income distribution between 1979 and 1991/2 for the different measures of income used by the groups examined in this analysis is shown in Table 2.

It can be seen from Table 2 that our data for share of final income for the year 1991/92 shows greater equality than data from other sources. In particular, for the year 1991/1992 the difference of percentage share of between the bottom and top 10% of households varies widely according to which measure of income is used. Stark has the widest gap between rich and poor (27.30%) using gross income, while our data show a gap of only 18.15% using final income. Our analysis of the Gini coefficients for the years 1961 to 1995 also differ from Stark’s findings (1992) and those of the Rowntree Report (1995). Our data are presented in Table 3. The Gini coefficient is a coefficient showing the degree of inequality in a frequency distribution and is the most widely used summary measure of the degree of inequality in income distribution. As distribution diverges from the uniform, the Gini coefficient increases: the higher the coefficient, the greater the degree of inequality in the distribution of income.

While Stark and Rowntree *both* show an increase in inequality as measured by this coefficient, they use gross and

original incomes measures in their calculations. While we accept that both these measures of income *do* show an increase in inequality over the period we suggest that it is *the distribution of final income that is important in considering the degree of*

Table 4 Percentage share of top and bottom decile groups of UK households of four measures of total household income and Gini coefficients (1993).

(Source: Economic Trends No. 494, December, 1994.)

	Original income	Gross income	Disposable income	Post-tax income
Decile group				
Bottom	0.9	3.0	3.0	2.5
Top	33.0	28.00	27.00	28.00
Gini coefficient	53%	38%	35%	38%

inequality in standards of living. Table 3 shows the Gini coefficients for original income and final income for the years 1961 to 1995. This shows the trend towards reduced inequality continuing. Neither Stark nor the Rowntree Report have figures for 1990 to 1993, but both suggest that in their view the trend towards inequality is continuing (Rowntree Report, 1995, Vol. 2, p62 and Stark, 1992, p4).

As Table 4 shows, a comparison between the Gini coefficients of original and gross income for 1993 suggests that *much of the inequality in original income is overcome with cash benefits resulting in a reduction of the Gini coefficient from 53% to 38%*. Cash benefits can be of two types: contributory (paid from the National Insurance Fund to which individuals have made contributions while working), and noncontributory. Non-contributory benefits form the most important source of cash benefit income and do most to reduce inequality. Child benefit payments are higher at the lower end of the income distribution, in proportion to the number of children per household. Other non-contributory benefits are income related and so payments are concentrated

in the lower decile groups. An increase in non-contributory benefits would therefore help the lowest earners.

Both income tax payments and employees' National Insurance contributions are closely related to the size of original income. However, since National Insurance contributions are only levied on the first £420 of weekly earnings (in 1993) households in the top decile group pay rather less in contributions as a percentage of gross income than those in the bottom decile.

Conclusion

From this examination it seems that the effect of the tax-benefit system as a whole has, over this period, been to *reduce* the gap in income between the top 10% and the bottom 10% of the population. While distribution of original income became more unequal, growth in cash benefits helped weaken this trend and divergence in the distribution of final income was decreased. Looking back at Table 3 we can see that between 1963 and 1969 the Gini coefficient was reduced by 0.70 percentage points, from 33.90% to 33.20%; that is, a percentage change of 2.10% ($0.70 \times 100/33.90$). This occurred under the 1964 to 1970 Labour

government. Between 1969 and 1973, the 1970 to 1974 Conservative government again reduced the Gini coefficient, this time by 0.40 percentage points; that is by 1.20%. The 1974-1979 Labour government introduced measures that reduced the Gini coefficient between the years 1973 and 1978 by 7.70 percentage

points; that is, by 23.50%. Since the Conservatives gained office in 1979 the Gini coefficient has risen from 25.10% in 1978 to 30.40% in 1984, but since then has fallen to 26.00%; a rise of only 6.00% on 1973 and is now much lower than it was during the 1964-1970 Labour government. Indeed John Major's two terms of office have seen the Gini coefficient decrease by 12.50%. This is in contrast to the evidence put forward by research bodies such as the Rowntree Commission (1995) and the Commission on Social Justice (1994). It can be seen that from the mid 1970s to the mid-1990s the tax benefit system has reduced the gap in income between the top 10% and the bottom 10% of the population. While distribution of original income became more unequal, growth in cash benefits helped weaken this trend and equality of distribution of final income was thereby increased.

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Flight from Freedom

Theodore Dalrymple examines the collapse of personal responsibility

My experience, while narrow, is—I flatter myself—quite deep. The observation of phenomena which appear in themselves to be insignificant can raise important suggestions. Important social changes, which are desirable, cannot be brought about by government fiat alone: we must never lose sight of the fact that Man is a conscious being, with intentions and desires of his own. He may desire things which are harmful to him, he may think badly and sloppily, but without taking into account his thoughts we are unlikely to get him to change his behaviour for the better. The study of how people think about the world and their place in it, as revealed by the language they use, is not, therefore, a trivial one. Having talked at some length to thousands of people in the last few years in a poor area of England, it has come as something of a shock to me to realise that my way of conceiving of my place in the world — that principally I am the author of my own destiny — is not only not universal, it is not even common. And when people think the opposite — they are feathers on the wind of circumstance — change is extremely difficult to effect.

Recently, I asked a prisoner whom I knew to have been imprisoned for an assault on his wife whether he had been jealous.

‘There was some jealousy there,’ he replied.

There was some jealousy there — but where, exactly? He spoke of it as if it had some existence independent of his thought and conduct, as if he were talking of a kind of electromagnetic radiation seeping through the walls of his apartment. No doubt I could in

time have persuaded him that the jealousy was in his own mind, that it even performed a certain function in disguising his inadequacy from himself, but it would have been a very lengthy process, and his resistance would have been considerable.

Another patient explained his distress to me.

‘When I got home, doctor, there was a row going on.’

‘A row? Between whom?’

‘Well, me and the missis.’

In other words, he conceived of the row as having an existence independent of his participation in it. The row induced him to say nasty things and then to beat his wife: it wasn’t he who was responsible, it was the row, which had been present in the house when he arrived there.

A thief who attempted to rob a post office said to me, by way of extenuation for the fact that, in the process, he had shot and wounded an employee of the post office, that it — the robbery — had gone wrong. (Incidentally, this form of words is almost universal among robbers who injure someone in the course of their activities.) In effect, it was the abortive robbery which shot the victim, not the robber wielding the gun.

I asked a prisoner whether he had ever taken an overdose, or made any other attempts to kill himself.

‘It has been known to happen,’ he replied.

He spoke as if he were talking of something utterly remote from himself, something which had happened, say, on the far fringes of the solar system.

I ask the many drug addicts who consult me both in and out of prison

why they take drugs. Their most frequent reply is that they take drugs because drugs are so easily available to them. It is as though the existence and presence of drugs exerts an influence over them, rather like that of a magnet over iron filings. If I advise them to desist from taking drugs, they say, ‘I’d like to, doctor, but they’re everywhere.’

I spoke recently to a burglar. I asked him whether he would receive many more prison sentences.

‘That depends,’ he replied.

‘On what?’ I asked.

‘Whether I’m caught and sentenced,’ he said.

‘You could try to stop burgling,’ I said.

‘But I’m a burglar,’ he protested. ‘Burgling’s what I do.’

As they say in Nigeria, you can’t stop a goat eating yams.

Another prisoner admitted to having stolen forty cars a week for a number of years.

‘I’m addicted to stealing cars, doctor. I can’t stop myself.’

The argument here is that any pleasurable and exciting behaviour which is repeated often enough becomes an irresistible impulse, rather than an impulse which is not resisted, and it implies also that no one can be expected to overcome his own addiction — a thoroughly self-serving, philosophically incoherent and empirically erroneous conception of addiction. (Recently a young patient claimed to be addicted to truanting from school.)

A patient said to me, regarding his wife’s protests that he consorted regularly with prostitutes, ‘I can’t help the people I like, doctor.’

A 16 year old girl, the lover of a 24 year old man who was violent towards

her (as he had been to his recently divorced wife), said when I suggested that she should no longer accept his violence — that there was no point in leaving him, because all men were the same. As far as she was concerned, her fate had been sealed by the nature of men in general. There was nothing she could do.

A murderer returned from court having been found guilty of murdering his common law wife. He complained that the trial had been a farce.

‘That wasn’t a trial,’ he said. ‘That was a kangaroo court.’

‘How so?’ I asked.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘they didn’t call no medical evidence.’

‘Medical evidence about what?’ I asked.

‘About how she died.’

‘And how did she die?’ I asked.

‘They pulled the knife out.’

It is a matter of interest, at least to me, that murderers who kill by stabbing almost always say the same thing: ‘the knife went in.’ In other words, the knife — which may well have been carried by the perpetrator a considerable distance to the scene of the crime — has a life of its own once it arrives there, and is unguided by human hand.

I could multiply *ad nauseam* the cases in which people perceive, or at least describe, themselves in purely passive terms. What they are saying is that they are not themselves agents, but are vectors of forces which play upon them. They are not actors, but puppets. Only the puppetmasters have a will of their own.

I hear these things so frequently that they have become normal — in the statistical sense of the word — to me. If you ask people directly whether they control their own lives, their own actions and their own destinies, they say outright that they do not.

The consequences of this view of the world are, of course, considerable. As a doctor I often find that I am being handed the responsibility for my patients’ conduct. For example, last week I met a young man who was epileptic and who was therefore banned from driving. He had nevertheless persisted in driving, to such an extent that the

magistrates in the end could think of nothing but to imprison him.

‘I think I need counselling, doctor,’ he told me.

‘What about?’ I asked.

‘To make me stop driving.’

He was perfectly serious, and though he was a man of limited intelligence, his statement was not without a certain psychological craftiness. It was my responsibility to stop him from performing his illegal acts, which he committed in full consciousness. If I didn’t send him for counselling, he would be able to argue to himself and no doubt to his family and friends that ‘the system’ had let him down, by not acceding to his request; if on the other hand he received counselling and it failed to work — if he re-offended — then, to use the language of my patients, ‘it’s down to the counsellor’. He or she had been insufficiently skilled to effect the change in him which would make him stop driving cars illegally.

This is no isolated example. One expression which I hear constantly is ‘My head needs sorting out’. Of course, only those in some kind of trouble, domestic or forensic, speak thus; and the picture that they seem to have in their minds *of* their minds is of a small box of variously coloured wooden bricks, such as one gives to small children, which it is the duty of the doctor — or some other official agency — to arrange in due order, an arrangement which will, in and of itself, lead the person along the narrow path to prosperity and a decent life. And since, of course, such a ‘sorting out’ is not achievable, they are able to continue to behave as they have done in the past (which, though it has certain disadvantages, brings them certain gratifications), safe in the knowledge that the fault lies not in themselves but in the medical profession, and the other services.

If one fails to do as the patient requests — I am talking now of patients both inside and outside prison — they often say that henceforth whatever they do, whether it be bank robbery, rape or child murder, is *on the doctor’s head*. He, not the patient, is the real bank robber, the rapist or the child mur-

derer. How can a man who has been refused sleeping tablets be responsible for his own actions?

Freud used the German ‘Es’, standardly translated by the Latin word *id*, to denote the primitive instincts which drive the human being, and which have, if society is to exist in peace, to be restrained and controlled by other hypothesized psychic structures. My patients use the words *it* and *one* in their explanation to themselves and others of their behaviour (only bad behaviour stands in need of such explanation, of course). They say, ‘I just lost it, doctor’, or ‘I went into one’. They are in fact describing a state of post epileptic convulsive automatism, minus of course the epilepsy. They went into one, or lost it, when they strangled their girlfriend.

Strangely enough, this is an interpretation of events often accepted even by the victims of their attentions. Large numbers of young women who have been semi-strangled by their lovers, up to twenty times, tell me that they believe there is something wrong with their lovers, because their faces change, and they appear to lose control of themselves.

‘I think he needs counselling, doctor, or tablets.’

Indeed, such women feel sorry for their tormentors as if they suffered from, say, terminal cancer of the pancreas. They are not in the least *judgmental*, to use the modern cant term.

‘I really think he doesn’t know what he’s doing, doctor,’ they say.

A single question is often sufficient to put paid to this nonsense, however. I ask, ‘Would he strangle you in front of me?’ The answer, is No, of course not, he would never do it in front of you.

‘Then he can help it, can’t he?’ I say. And the young woman, who has concluded in this absurdity in order to disguise from herself her responsibility for resolving her painful dilemma — ‘but when he’s nice, doctor, he’s lovely, you couldn’t meet a nicer person’ — suddenly realises that there is no alternative to making a choice, where all the alternatives are to some degree painful to her.

This curious view of personal agency, or lack of it, is espoused not only in matters of crime and personal relationships, but pervades all areas of life. Passivity, which is a form of fatalism without resignation, is a very widespread phenomenon in England. On several occasions I have remarked to the occupants of houses rented from the council that their front gardens were littered with papers and other rubbish; and they have all replied 'I've asked the council to do something about it', although it would take no more than a couple of minutes to clear it up themselves.

Where does this extraordinary phenomenon come from? Most of us make excuses for ourselves some of the time, almost always when we have done something wrong. 'It wasn't me, it was...' To an extent, therefore, this way of thinking is part of human nature; but most of us come to recognize, sooner or later, its dishonesty. We realize that it is special pleading.

But for many people, special pleading on their own behalf has become a way of life. This is a new phenomenon. I have practiced in other parts of the world, and I did not encounter it there, even among people who, by any objective measure, were much less fortunately placed than people in England. What, then, is the explanation?

There is a concatenation of circumstances which has promoted this way of thinking. The first is that, for at least a century, intellectuals (who in an age of information are more important than they have ever been) have been promoting various explanations of human behaviour which exclude conscious thought. The Marxists, of course, see Man's conduct as an end-product of vast economic forces, over which an individual has no control. Social reformers, such as the Fabians, have long supposed that bad, antisocial or dysfunctional conduct can be explained wholly by environmental circumstances, such as overcrowding, and poor nutrition. (Shaw once said that poverty is the only crime.) Human decision-making hardly comes into it. Durkheimian sociologists pore over statistics in an attempt to find the

'true' causes of social phenomena such as suicide and crime. Somehow behaviour results from social forces which proceed straight from statistical tables to actual conduct without passing through the human mind. Freudian psychology, strangely enough, reinforces the idea of a man being the plaything of circumstance, despite its emphasis on the individual: for it makes Man a prisoner of his personal past. In Freud's view, men are largely determined by what happens to them before they can make much contribution themselves to what they become, when they really are helpless, putty in the hands of their parents. Since then, few psychologies, even if they admit that significant changes happen after the age of three, admit that what one is results largely from the choices one has made. More recently, neurosciences offer the same opportunities for the habitual explainers away: crime will soon be but a blue patch on the scan of the criminal's temporal lobe.

Since one's choices are made in an intellectual and moral climate, and are profoundly affected by that climate, it matters a great deal what ideas are current. Ideas that portray man as the helpless product of his circumstances have had a great deal of influence in the last hundred years, with not altogether happy results.

The second great development which has promoted the view of oneself as a victim of circumstance is the creation of social structures which make it advantageous (at least in the short-term) for large numbers of people to think of themselves in these terms. A drug addict will get more from his doctor by portraying himself as the victim of insatiable craving, who is also in fear of the most terrible and unbearable withdrawal symptoms, than if he portrays himself as a weak sybarite in search of an effortlessly-produced state of well-being. And there is no doubt that one of the greatest promoters of chronic sickness — or perhaps I should say chronic sickness behaviour — in this country is the fact that people with chronic sickness receive more by way of state benefits than those who are merely unemployed. Since need irre-

spective of desert is the measure of what public assistance should be given to people, those people whose conduct results in the most need get the most assistance. It isn't difficult to imagine what kind of conduct results in the greatest need.

The culture of dependency does not just affect those who receive the rewards of helplessness: there are large numbers of well-educated people whose livelihoods now depend upon the existence of allegedly helpless people (I have to confess that I am one of them, though in my work I try to sift the genuinely helpless from the pseudo-helpless, and try to get the latter to see the falseness of their position). So we see a kind of positive feedback cycle: the idea spread by intellectuals that people are helpless creates a large number of people who behave as if they are helpless, which in turn creates a large class of people whose livelihood depends upon the existence of allegedly helpless people, so a further large intellectual effort goes into proving that they are, indeed, helpless.

Recently I was at a seminar on the causes of crime; a member of the audience — incidentally a well-known radio presenter — spoke of what he saw as the principal cause of property crime (or what should more properly be called crime against the owners of property), which is as prevalent in the United Kingdom as anywhere in the world. He was clearly an intelligent and thoughtful man, and he spoke with great fluency. The main cause of the increase in crime, as he saw it, was the great increase in the possession of moveable property.

It is curious to what lengths certain people will go to avoid the thought that the first great cause of crime is the decision of people to commit it. First poverty caused crime; now wealth causes it.

Observations about the myriad decisions to commit crime are much easier to make if you believe that you live in a very unjust world, in which any differentials between people in material possessions indicate a state of social injustice and illegitimacy. This is precisely what most of the hundreds of

criminals to whom I have spoken believe. An economy is a cake, and if I have a slice, or a crumb for that matter, I must be depriving someone else of it. Any economy in which some people possess things which others do not possess — sometimes by inheritance — is unjust, and therefore there is no moral obligation upon the individual to behave according to the dictates of the law.

Crime, then, is restitution, a form of redistributive taxation. Moreover, since we know that material possession is not the main end of life, crime against the owners of property is not really serious. Innumerable car thieves — some of whom may have taken hundreds of vehicles — have told me that they have never done anything serious, such as child abuse or murder. They believe that ownership of property is, *ipso facto*, proof of the fact that the owner can afford to lose it — in any case, it is probably insured. Besides which, property is theft; and so theft becomes property.

The idea of social justice as equality of economic outcome actually the only content which the idea of social justice can be given — is thus a powerful promoter of crime. And social justice, in the meaning I have given to it, is still the battle cry of a very large proportion of the opinion-forming classes.

It can be found in surprising places, the medical journals, for example. The *British Medical Journal* is the principal organ of the British Medical Association, and is read by some hundreds of thousands of doctors around the world. Despite the reputation of the medical profession for conservatism, not least about its financial standing, the *BMJ* returns to the subject of inequality as a dog returns to a bone. It regards any inequality whatever as a sign of injustice; if there is an increase in inequality, say, in infant mortality rates between social classes, it thunders about increased injustice, even if the rates have declined considerably for all classes. It follows that it would regard a deterioration for all classes,

provided only that it led to the situation being equally bad for all, as representing an increase in social justice. Indeed, a situation in which every child died at birth would be one of perfect social justice, as far as the *BMJ* is concerned. In short, better East Germany or Cuba than the United States.

This is an attitude which, repeated over and over in the media of mass communication, and only feebly opposed, soon communicates itself to those who wish to take practical advantage of its psychological possibilities in loosening moral constraints. It is not sufficient to get policies right, unless we think that Petrine reforms, as in Russia of the early eighteenth century, are sufficient in themselves. We must change the climate of opinion, and this is slow and difficult work.

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The Covenant of Europe

Charlotte Horsfield argues that a constitution is the property of the people and not their rulers

People who have common interests and need to bring order to their affairs will quite naturally select leaders from the talent at their disposal to act on behalf of them all. The common good requires those chosen to take charge in circumstances which may be set out in a covenant or constitution. An example of such an agreement has been left to us by the Pilgrim Fathers who settled in America.

The journey of the *Mayflower*, which set sail from Plymouth in September 1620, took two and a half months. As soon as the hundred or more travellers were safely landed at Cape Cod, they

drew up a covenant between themselves which ran as follows:

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc. Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends

aforsaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

This document was agreed by the settlers who not only survived under very difficult conditions but pioneered the founding of a great nation.

The texts which describe the constitution governing the European Union are very different; they are exceedingly complex and are only understood by a few people even though they affect the lives

of millions. Indeed, now that the Treaty on European Union is to be revised it is being suggested that it should also be simplified and clarified, although, of course, without affecting or undermining the *acquis communautaire*. A preliminary draft of the revised Treaty was prepared for the Dublin summit held last December.

The obfuscation of the Treaties has enabled them to be established before their import was properly understood for it is not easy to object to what you do not understand. Although the people are named as the inspiration behind the Treaties, perversely the political parties have avoided taking the people into their confidence enough to explain the significance of the changes. Even during the election campaigns which have preceded constitutional reform, the parties have preserved this reticence. A Labour government came to power in 1974 promising to renegotiate the terms of entry to the Common Market within a year and to let the people decide, "through the ballot box", whether to continue with the adventure. The Rome Treaty was not an easy read and it did not occur to a people, who had no experience of tyranny, that Parliament, acting on behalf of all the people, might be delegating its powers to those who were less adept than themselves at government. The voters on balance felt inclined, in all humility, to accept the advice of the government which had been elected to look after their affairs.

The hoodwinking of the electorate continued and the Single European Act was ratified without any significant reporting or serious public debate during 1986, despite the fact that it is now openly claimed that the UK negotiators took a leading role in its formulation and in extending the use of the qualified majority vote. (Note, however, the penetrating analysis of the Act and its consequences offered at the time by Lord Denning, in the pages of this Review April 1987.)

The political parties even managed to fight a General Election in 1992 without the Maastricht Treaty being made familiar to the people, despite its terms being known, its text signed and awaiting the approval of Parliament to bring it into effect (the HMSO text, costing

£13.30, came out after the election). The newly elected House of Commons could approve or reject the Treaty but not amend it and after a brief struggle it was approved even though it meant inflicting more wounds on the country's self-governing powers.

The Treaty on European Union has two strands to it: one which deals with political and the other with economic and monetary union. For a common currency to take root, political union must first be established. This has always been known. In 1970 not only the Davignon Report on political union "in the context of enlargement" was published but also the Werner Report on economic and monetary union, both of which had been commissioned by the Council in 1969 (the Marjolin Report of 1975 envisaged EMU by 1980). For peers and MPs not to have taken the 1970 reports into account when they passed the European Communities Act 1972 would have been a dereliction of their duty. Twenty years later Parliament reluctantly accepted both.

If things go on as planned the euro-currency will be introduced as a Council Regulation which will enter into force on 1st January 1999; the European Central Bank, presently being set up by the European Monetary Institute, will begin issuing the currency some three years later and six months after that national banknotes and coin will lose their legal tender status.

Initially the new currency may be adopted by France and Germany and those countries whose currencies are most closely linked to the Deutschmark. The euro may start as a greater Deutschmark, but its use could be extended — from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Dublin to Athens and beyond as other states join. The Treaty assumes that there will be late starters with a derogation operating whilst the economies are brought into line. A flexible timetable was envisaged so that, as countries meet the criteria, they can be integrated into the system at two-yearly intervals, subject to the approval of the Commission and the Council. Denmark has already said that it will not be joining at the start of stage three but the United Kingdom will declare its hand on 1st January 1998, and after the General Election.

What needs to be made clear to the electorate before the Election is that once we are in then there is a commitment to remain in; that the Maastricht Treaty says that joining the euro-currency is irreversible and that the exchange rate will be fixed irrevocably. Retaining party unity may be the excuse for remaining silent on the issue, but it would be deceitful of candidates not to make known their voting intentions on monetary union.

Much intellectual energy has gone into creating a Constitution for the European Union and much guile has been used in order to get it accepted by all the countries. It has not been presented as a constitution so much as an intergovernmental trading agreement, as a single market rather than as a single government. It is an unusual treaty in that it places the United Kingdom and her Parliament under foreign domination; stranger still is the willingness of Parliament to accept a subservient role. Something has caused Parliament to lose its courage, for a robust defence of its own powers has been the hall-mark of Parliaments over the centuries.

During those centuries the British mastered the art of self-government; they learnt too the wisdom of disengaging themselves from the government of France. Their colonists carried with them this instinct for self-determination. The British who settled in North America came to claim their independence from the parent parliament once the first thirteen states were established. Thomas Jefferson gave expression to the growing confidence of the colonies in 1774 in his "View of the Rights of British America". He asked:

Can any reason be assigned why 160,000 electors in the island of Great Britain should give law to four million in the states of America, every individual of whom is equal to every individual of them in virtue, in understanding, and in bodily strength?

The Declaration of Independence, dated 4th July 1776, and the war which culminated with the Treaty of Paris in 1783, gained for the colonies their independence from the British King and Parliament. Their independence was therefore still something of a novelty when in 1787 the Philadelphia

Convention proposed to turn the existing states into a federation. The proposed constitution needed to be ratified by nine of the thirteen states to bring the federation into being, and this led to a debate, most notably in New York City, where the most formidable opposition to the proposed charter was being mounted by the Governor of the State of New York, George Clinton. The Constitution was ratified in 1788 and Washington began to be built, to become the seat of the federal government in 1800.

In 1791 Thomas Paine, in his treatise on the Rights of Man, praised both France and America for adopting written constitutions. "Make government what it ought to be, and it will support itself", he said. In chapter IV of his treatise he defined a constitution: "First, as creating a government and giving it powers. Secondly, as regulating and restraining the powers so given." He observed that "All power exercised over a nation must have some beginning. It must either be delegated, or assumed. There are no other sources. All delegated power is trust, and all assumed power is usurpation. Time does not alter the nature and quality of either." Furthermore he claimed that "a constitution is the property of a nation, and not of those who exercise the government".

The British people felt at home with their Parliament, their kings and queens and their courts of justice; they have never been the driving force behind the adoption of the Rome Treaty or any of its amendments. They remain content to govern themselves. The people were assured that their institutions would not be violated; that their prosperity would increase if we signed the Treaty of Rome. They were told that pooling sovereignty made us stronger when in fact it makes us weaker and less effective. It was never suggested that Parliament was delegating its powers to a republican state with a written constitution.

Thomas Paine believed in the efficacy of written constitutions. He also preferred presidents to kings. He compared the presidency of America, the executive, "the only office from which a foreigner is excluded", with that of England's kings, "the only office to

which a foreigner is admitted". He thought that all personal oaths should be abolished. In America the oath of allegiance is to the nation; "and the name of the Creator ought not to be introduced to witness the degradation of his creation".

He might have approved of the oath which Commissioners and other functionaries must swear under the European Constitution, for no mention is made there of a Creator. Office holders must be loyal to the Treaty. No loyalty is yet asked of MEPs, who swear no oath before occupying their seats in the European Parliament. They sit as citizens of Europe rather than as British citizens and may stand for election anywhere in the EU for they represent the international rather than the nation state.

The Constitution of the European Union is republican and has an appointed executive, a "Praesidium" which works with the "Council of People's Commissars", to use Soviet terminology. In contrast the United Kingdom's executive is drawn from the legislature; all Members of Parliament are elected as individuals and can be removed individually. Our flexible unwritten constitution has had to adapt to the rigidities of a written one and it has taken a real buffeting. Since 1973 our institutions have had to accommodate themselves to European government and our whole economy, our inward and outward trade, our heavy industries of coal and steel and our atomic power have had to adapt to the rule of the three Communities.

The British character and constitution have been shaped by British history. Britain, from the sanctuary of her island fortress, has traditionally tried to control the excesses of the continental states. By becoming embroiled in the minutiae of continental government the danger is that the art of democratic and parliamentary government will be lost. It is argued that if the United Kingdom is to have influence she must be part of the decision-making process, which means submitting to the will of the majority who form the European government; but much energy is wasted fighting to survive within the system. Meanwhile the electorate becomes alienated from Parliament and from the laws which they are expected to obey.

Parliamentary democracy evolved in Britain only to be abandoned in 1972. We can no longer provide a working example of how democratic government should be conducted. Already we are aware that the government machine has grown more authoritarian and overbearing. Laws and government appointees oversee every aspect of our lives; we are being invited to inform on our neighbours to the state *apparatchik* like any good Soviet citizen. We are being asked to invest in a card to prove our identity. Our identity card can be attached to our driving licence on which is recorded the penalties we have earned. It will allow us to travel within the Union. It will show our photograph and will have to be renewed at ten yearly intervals, a small, plasticated, machine-readable card, difficult but not impossible to forge.

The 1936 republican and federal Constitution of the Soviet Union promised its citizens freedom, rights and equality, but it did not protect them from the appalling tyranny of the Communist Party and its leaders.

The European Parliament in 1994 produced a draft Constitution for the European Union "On behalf of the peoples of Europe" based on "freedom, equality, solidarity, human dignity, democracy, respect for human rights and the rule of law", a constitution which respects "diversity, history, culture, language and institutional and political structures" so long as this accords with the *acquis communautaire*. This document was commended to the 1996 Intergovernmental Conference as a model of simplicity and clarity. It was written to inspire those who are even now preparing the draft Treaty for the Amsterdam summit in June 1997.

The one redeeming feature of the document is Article 47 which allows those who do not accept the constitution to leave the Union with a "preferential status in its relations with the Union."

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Corrupting Leviathan: Identity Cards and the Modern State

Simon Pearce sees good cause to fear Whitehall's ambitions

A national identity card is promoted as a shield for the British way of life. It is an article of faith for many angered by crime, illegal immigration and abuse of the social security system. They are misled by those who should — and probably do — know better. An identity system would do little to tackle such problems, and that at the price of eroding long standing national values of privacy, freedom and public service. Ordinary citizens will, at best, be exposed to onerous new bureaucracy and intrusion. At worst the state will be empowered to track, exclude and harass on a scale hitherto unknown in Britain. And power conferred seldom rests idle.

Recent Conservative proposals have been stalled by the imminence of the general election. This tactical retreat has irked but not deterred the ID lobby. Permanent officials can afford to wait. "Voluntary" cards are high on the Whitehall agenda. They will be pressed on either main party as the natural culmination of their pre-polling day competition for whichever can offer the most miraculous cures for our social ills. It would be wrong to accuse civil servants, or the politicians who take their brief, of positively desiring tyranny on the instalment plan. Consequences are not synonymous with intentions. Yet the modern, hi-tech identity card spells death to the delicately constructed scruples of British public service. It would corrupt our institutions by tempting their personnel with ever greater power over their fellow-citizens. For all the achievements of the 1980's our state is still a Leviathan. But it is a beast restrained

by the habits of a free society. The card, with the surveillance and manipulation that follows in its train, will wear away benevolence and teach Leviathan new and savage tricks.

Our political culture is disturbingly receptive to such a change. Short-term advantage takes precedence over long-term consequences. Principle is obscured by the attractions of technique. Freedom is increasingly defined in terms of mere convenience and security. This is a mood congenial to despotism and deadly to that supreme if imperfect British achievement that Burke called "a free government". It should hardly surprise us that bureaucratic statism has found enthusiastic followers amongst all too many MPs, officials and policemen. Some, in all fairness, are consumed by genuine anxiety over current dangers. Others are captivated by the opportunities for mastery and manipulation inherent in the scale of modern government. Many have no other purpose but to pander to every flurry of concern from a public they no longer seek to lead or educate. All are attracted by the prospect of an argos-eyed and invasive state. Information technology now places the means at their disposal.

Smart Cards, Dangerous Uses

How often are we invited to admire the old identity card of 1939-52? But that simple piece of cardboard bears no resemblance to its modern namesake. Millions of us use electronic cards for banking transactions. These will soon be replaced by so-called "smart cards" containing a miniature computer. Its contents can be read, amended or added to by contact with a small computer

terminal. The cards are designed to regulate access to a wide range of additional services — telephones, transport, health and social security. They can easily be upgraded to serve as a multi-purpose identity card. A fully fledged smart version would hold the equivalent of up to four A4 pages of data with its capacity doubling every two years into the foreseeable future. One can now be produced for as little as £5 though the supporting network of terminals and databases would naturally prove expensive.

Even an old fashioned national identity scheme would require a central database to prevent fraudulent card applications. A smart version would necessitate extensive electronic files on each card holder. These would confer remarkable powers on the officials running the system.

Surveillance. Individuals would be vulnerable to remote monitoring via electronic registration of the times and places where their cards are used. Car journeys could also be tracked if cards were required for entry to electronically tolled roads. All such information would in any event end up in official (and often commercial) records.

Data Matching & Profiling. Smart technology facilitates data matching (the rapid collection of electronically stored information on groups or individuals) and the preparation of detailed profiles. The more services requiring the card the more extensive the information available to government. Personal identification numbers (PINs) facilitate this process but are not essential to it.

The Electronic Leash. Access to

places, services and benefits would be conditional on the pleasure of the issuer. Use of a particular card could be restricted by keying in instructions at a central terminal. The greater the range of services requiring the card the greater the blow to the individual concerned.

Data matching represents the most pressing danger for the average citizen. A former Data Protection Registrar has warned that it

offers possibilities for the wide use and disclosure of information without an individual's knowledge or consent; for the use of information out of context to the detriment of individuals; for the wide replication of errors; for unjust decisions taken about individuals simply on the basis of a profile which causes them to fall into a group with certain selected characteristics; for automatic decision making on facts of doubtful completeness, accuracy or relevance; for the surveillance of individuals and for influencing people's lives.

The Canadian, Australian and United States governments have already recognised these dangers and pledged action to prevent datamatching.

A False Prospectus

Why should any British government want a system with such inherent risks? To fight terrorism, crime, illegal immigration and social security fraud, and to give the honest citizen a ready means of identification say its advocates. Detailed evidence is available on all these points. The Home Affairs Select Committee of the House of Commons conducted an inquiry into identity cards in the winter of 1995-96. It reported in favour of a so-called "voluntary" system though numerous submissions served to refute its conclusions.

Fighting Crime. Detection and conviction usually depend on proving guilt, not establishing identity. Speaking on behalf of the Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO), Sir Ronald Hadfield told the Committee that identity cards were not imperative to the police service. He was supported by the Chairman of the Police Federation who admitted that, small-scale fraud excepted, they would have little or no effect on crime. The British Bankers Association (BBA) pointed out that major fraud and money laundering would be unaffected (simple

photocards are already reducing credit and cheque card fraud).

Immigration Control. A simple identity card will not in itself prove that its holder is a *bona fide* resident; immigration status involves more than mere identity and can change over time. An identity card would be ineffective without frequent and ubiquitous checks by police and officials which would affect us all, not just illegal immigrants. In any event, high levels of illegal entry are a result of inadequate port, airport and visa controls, not the absence of internal identity checks (for instance, scrutiny of EU passport holders has been reduced in deference to European policy). The heart of the immigration problem, a large ongoing *legal* inflow, will be unaffected by identity cards.

Social Security Fraud. Ministers have repeatedly stated that most fraud against the DSS arises not from false identification but false declarations of circumstance. Fraud arising from stolen benefit books will soon be reduced by the introduction of a personalised Benefit Card. ID cards could cut fraud if they facilitated extensive cross-checking of a claimant's financial status but the Government is already moving to this end by other means.

In view of the evidence set before it the Committee was reduced to defending the card on the grounds of "convenience". It would provide proof of age, facilitate foreign travel — we might take off to foreign parts on a whim without going home for our passports — and deterring football hooliganism and bogus callers (though claims for the last were exploded by numerous witnesses). Even these modest benefits would depend on the prevention of widespread forgery, inevitable with a simple plastic card and still possible with more sophisticated versions.

The full significance of the Committee's report lies in its omissions. An identity card of a simple, non-obligatory kind would achieve little. A more sophisticated system would clearly create dangers of its own. We may be reluctant to believe that British officials could become a serious threat to liberty, but new powers bring new temptations. Our standards of public service are still relatively high, but recent history does not

confirm that "those who have nothing to hide have nothing to fear". The innocent have frequently become the objects of official suspicion and police and civil servants have committed serious injustices. Is the potential for surveillance and intrusion outlined above any more fantastic than the notion that the police and security services might equip themselves with video cameras to monitor all vehicles using major roads? Or that the police would seek a right of access to all personal credit files without court orders? Or that Parliament would be asked to permit police officers to bug homes and solicitors' offices without a warrant? Or that MI5, an agency whose methods were designed to seek out traitors and terrorists, should be redirected to domestic policing? Or that respectable citizens would be compelled to surrender their firearms under threat of law? Or that children could be taken from their parents on unfounded suspicion of abuse and held by the authorities even when those suspicions were dispelled? Or that a growing number of statutes should reverse the once sacred presumption of innocence?

All these examples are drawn from the recent public record. All have been furthered, tolerated, or advocated by a Conservative government. All would have quite recently been regarded as not only repugnant but impossible. They demonstrate that in modern Britain the fantastic can become the commonplace with great speed and little soul searching. Ministers, officials and policemen brush aside traditions reserving remarkable powers for remarkable contingencies. They dismiss as insulting suggestions that such powers tend to corrupt and wholly disregard the notion that their successors might be less reasonable than themselves. Yet we need not look to Eastern Europe or Asia or back to the 17th Century to confirm our reservations. Would we have trusted a far-left Labour regime with the powers conferred by smart identity cards? Would we feel comfortable with them in the hands of a Blair government gripped by political correctness? Can any government or police force be trusted not to abuse such powers when held on a permanent rather than an emergency basis?

The Hidden Agenda

The Government's own proposals, published in August 1995, appear modest, even innocent. All drivers would be obliged to hold a simple licence-cum-photocard which they may combine with an identity card. Non-drivers will be able, but not obliged, to apply for a similar version. A card would also be available for travel within the European Union.

Simple though this may seem Michael Howard's announcement is in the nature of an *hors d'oeuvre*. Whitehall sees many advantages in a multi-function identity card. A Cabinet committee is working to develop a co-ordinated approach to card technology. The Government's Centre for Information Systems (curiously known as CCTA) has already made a recommendation to ministers for a national smart card serving as a driving licence, passport, record of DSS entitlements and portable medical and banking file. Eventual cost savings are alleged to be significant, the bureaucratic convenience of enabling greater data accumulation and transfer between departments overwhelming. Both the 1995 Green Paper on identity cards and the November 1996 green paper *Government Direct* have confirmed the Government's enthusiasm for this strategy. Mr Howard's introduction to the former makes clear that "we must ensure that we make the most of new technology available to us" (his speech to the previous year's Conservative conference had enthused over the advantages of the "all in one" option). It was noted that a multi-function smart card scheme might have to come as "a second generation" card once existing plans for the introduction of a photocard driving licence, a benefit payment card and any identity card scheme have been implemented, tried and tested". Sure enough both the Department of Social Security's Benefit Card and the new Driving Licence have been planned so as to ensure smooth transition to smart card status.

Much public comment has focused on the Government's decision to reject a compulsory identity scheme. However, witness after witness had already told the Select Committee that such a prom-

ise would prove not only a meaningless but a deceitful gesture. Compulsory cards would inevitably attract considerable opposition; a voluntary version would not only be more acceptable but would become obligatory in all but name as more officials and businesses demand its production. The Chairman of the Police Federation stated that "a voluntary scheme would be the most effective way to start the process". Compulsion would "come from society at large". The British Bankers Association, the Building Societies' Association/Council of Mortgage Lenders and the British Retail Consortium agreed that a voluntary card linked to the driving licence "would have a greater chance of acceptance" and would effectively become compulsory. The gradualist approach also makes administrative sense. The CCTA has stated that "data capture" would be eased by a gradual growth of card holding as opposed to a "big bang".

A number of witnesses to the Select Committee made clear that they welcomed *de facto* compulsion. ACPO's Sir Ronald Hadfield said that voluntary cards "would become a licence to access the benefits, if you like, of our society" — an extraordinary statement. The main Police evidence (a joint ACPO, Police Superintendents Association and Police Federation submission) is particularly disturbing. In praising "those individuals that are prepared to 'stand up and be counted' — those people that believe they have nothing to hide and are quite happy to carry a card in order to prove their identity" it flashes a clear warning to potential refuseniks. Another senior police officer has bluntly warned that "The public with an identity card will be treated more favourably than those without in terms of finance and jobs and in the way the rest of society reacts to them".

Major businesses are also lobbying hard for an identity card and the lucrative contracts that would follow. The Chairman of the Smart Card Club, an association of card suppliers and operators who are in close touch with the Home Office, has told officials that the Government should "issue voluntary cards for 'other' (attractive or useful)

purposes but... deny services (benefit receipts, road toll payments, obtaining of library books, access to football matches etc.) to those not in possession of their 'citizen' card." The companies concerned would no doubt pay any price to prevent an extension of state power over their businesses. They confirm the eternal business credo: individual rights are tradable, corporate rights sacred.

Threats of back bench rebellion have forced the Government to rule out legislation in this Parliament but its intention is clearly to present a Bill in the event of a Conservative victory at the general election. Nor should one put one's faith in the Labour Party, whose prime concern is to appear tough on crime, even at the cost of liberties it was once anxious to defend. Shadow Home Secretary Jack Straw has made clear his party's sympathy for voluntary cards, and it seems unlikely that a future Labour Government would long resist pressure from Whitehall or the police. It would be less likely than the Conservatives to resist European demands for "harmonisation" of identity documents. Most EU states have schemes which are overtly or effectively compulsory. Ever closer control of the citizen comes second only to federalism as the EU's guiding light, and it comes as no surprise to learn that the European Council has already approved the principle that member states should have a universal, standardised identity card.

"Function Creep"

Powerful lobbies will turn a national identity card into a multi-function smart card through which new means of monitoring, and even penalising, individuals will be developed. Bureaucracies thrive on information and will opt for more regardless of the cost or inconvenience to those whose must supply it. New technology now makes it practical to store detailed information on millions which could previously be kept only on the few. But public sector prying and empire building are mere consequences, not the purpose of the exercise, which is a permanent and fundamental extension of state power.

ACPO has stated that mandatory cards and their production on demand by police

officers could follow “as a longer term objective”. The police submission to the Select Committee envisaged that illegal immigrants would face demands for identification in “seeking legal employment, claiming benefits, or requiring state services such as education, treatment at hospital or local doctor’s surgery” — in which case the rest of the population would be obliged to do the same (can anyone imagine the storm of protest if only persons of foreign appearance or accent were asked to “show their papers”? A universal obligation would be imposed as the only non-discriminatory option). The submission also suggested that the police could be granted judicial leave to search a national fingerprint database “in cases of terrorism or life threatening situations”. It is more than a little painful to criticise a force which, for all its faults, is a brave and indispensable bulwark of law and order. But many senior police officers are displaying an increasing appetite for omnipotence. They have frequently used statutory powers in ways quite beyond their intended purpose. We should be cautious about allowing them access to a new national database. Why would searches stop at fingerprints? Might not details of income, travels or health also prove useful? And why should not the Inland Revenue, Customs & Excise and in due course the NHS and social services be denied fuller profiles of their customers? Where are the limits of confidentiality when an identity card could make so much personal information so readily accessible? And what might be done with such data? Here are endless opportunities to pressure individuals in pursuit of public or even personal ends (there is ample evidence of widespread criminal abuse of existing public databanks involving corruption of officials).

Respect for privacy is a measure of a state’s regard for its citizens. Families and individuals need space for authentic self-expression safe from external judgement. It is a value that imposes an intangible but powerful restraint upon government and its servants. Those regimes claiming the most total dominion over their subjects have not only violated privacy but been at pains to

discredit it as an idea. The accelerating disrespect into which it has fallen in contemporary Britain confirms that the socialist era has left a mark even upon its enemies. Every act or choice is now a potential object of registration, pressure or coercion. The private sphere exists on sufferance and the cumulative pressure of innumerable official demands, of which identity cards are the most pernicious, will, if unchecked, collapse it completely.

Identity schemes are of unique value to the ambitious state because they are capable of almost infinite extension. The number of public bodies requiring production of the old British identity card increased steadily to 23 between 1939-51. France’s “voluntary” card, introduced in 1940 as a war-time expedient, is now required in order to vote, receive social security and conduct financial transactions. Police powers to check cards have recently been widened and 99% of French citizens now carry them at all times. In most countries of the European Union cards are required by business as well as public servants; in Portugal they may be demanded by private security guards. The abortive Australian scheme of 1986 graphically demonstrates the process known as “function creep”. The number of government agencies planning to use the proposed “Australia Card” leapt from three to thirty within six months. Its scope was rapidly extended to cover financial transactions, property dealings, employment, health benefits, passport control and housing. Huge reporting obligations were planned. Fortunately the Federal Government’s candour proved counter-productive and a sudden surge of public hostility led to withdrawal of the proposals.

Function creep has reached its zenith in Thailand. Every adult now possesses a machine readable card containing a digitised thumbprint and photograph, details of family and ancestry, education and occupation, nationality, religion, and information relating to police records. The government’s intention is to connect all official databases, law and order, social security, tax, immigration, housing, employment, driving licences and information on census, electoral, passport, vehicle, insurance, education

and health matters. The card can be demanded by any policeman or official and numerous abuses have been reported.

The British proposals bear every mark of having been made deliberately incomplete so as to create a demand for subsequent steps from a public inured to the principle of an identity system. Business and officialdom will be inconvenienced by the minority who refuse to use the card; pressure will mount for compulsion. Simple plastic cards will prove easy to forge; demands will grow for an allegedly invulnerable smart card. The police will complain when refused permission to access the national database in hard cases; backbench MPs and the tabloid press will clamour for bad law. Fools will be distracted by periodic debates about which flag should grace its surface. Each new demand will be harder to resist than the last as the point of principle — an objection to a peacetime national identity system — will have been cast aside.

It is in the truest sense ironic that the loudest public cheerleaders have not been Marxists or liberals, but Conservative activists and MPs, men and women so used to proclaiming freedom that they cannot conceive it should ever suffer at their hands. Chief constables and permanent under-secretaries have taken Conservatives on their blind side, exploiting their ancient instinct for order at a time when they believed liberty seen safe to harbour. Britain indeed faces serious threats from terrorism, crime and immigration, but our way of life cannot be protected by measures which would damage the freedom that is its defining characteristic. Remedies must be informed by respect for a tradition where law and liberty have proved mutually supportive rather than antagonistic. The best that can be said of the identity card lobby is that it is obsessed by today’s agenda at the expense of historical perspective. A narrow security is thus the limit of its horizon. Attainment of its goal would turn the guardians into predators.

Simon Pearce was a Conservative parliamentary candidate at the 1992 general election.

Political Correctness

Kevin Lamb looks at IQ, Race & Censorship in the publishing industry

One hallmark of modern civil society is its commitment to a free exchange of ideas and viewpoints. In academe, for instance, scholars often depend upon unfettered access to another colleague's research. Restrictions which suppress the publishing of peer-reviewed material not only undermine the dissemination of scientific findings, but jeopardise the academic tradition of free inquiry. Such constraints on free expression, inquiry and open debate threaten the autonomy of free institutions.

Reputable publishers serve as gatekeepers in society by determining which manuscripts are worthy of publication. The decision to publish a manuscript involves several related factors: the author's credibility, the validity of an author's work, a book's marketability and profitability, and so on. Another decisive factor that can influence the publishing of manuscripts is the pressure of political correctness. H.L. Mencken once wrote that "the danger in free speech does not lie in the menace of ideas, but in the menace of emotions." As the following pattern illustrates, publishers are reluctant to issue provocative books that challenge the prevailing orthodoxy of societal taboos. This trend, in which publishers are more likely to disregard an author's credentials or the empirical quality of his work rather than forfeit to competitors not only market share but access to distributors and wholesalers who trade with indispensable booksellers, places politically correct constraints on what major publishers consider "safe" to publish.

One leading publisher of academic titles, for instance, no longer considers studies that examine racial differ-

ences in IQ, even though the American Psychological Association issued a task force report earlier this year that accepts the reality of these differences. This distinguished panel of experts concluded that

The differential between the mean intelligence test scores of Blacks and Whites (about one standard deviation, although it may be diminishing) does not result from any obvious biases in test construction and administration, nor does it simply reflect differences in socio-economic status. Explanations based on factors of caste and culture may be appropriate, but so far have little direct empirical support. There is certainly no such support for a genetic interpretation. At present, no one knows what causes this differential.

Last July, John Wiley & Sons declined to publish Arthur R. Jensen's latest work *The g Factor* after reviewing it for ten months. Jensen's 800 page tome provides detailed evidence for a general level of intelligence or what Charles Spearman, the pioneering British psychologist, once identified as 'g'. Two of the book's fourteen chapters consider possible genetic and environmental explanations for racial differences in IQ. Even though it received favourable reviews from independent referees, including one who stated that it could be *the* definitive study on general intelligence for years to come, and was supported by the publisher's psychology editor, Jensen received a brief letter from Wiley stating, without any further explanation, their decision to reject *The g Factor*. "We looked at it and considered it but we never entered into an agreement, either verbal or written contract with Dr Jensen," said Susan Spilka, Wiley's Manager of Corporate Communications. When asked why Wiley decided

not to publish Jensen's book Spilka replied, "I have no idea and we'll probably never know. Chances are it wasn't a quality factor." Furthermore, Spilka noted that the rejection of Jensen's book was a "very deliberate decision" since Wiley does "not want to publish in this field." These views merely confirm the suspicions that scholars had last Spring when Wiley retracted another work on general intelligence (also titled *The g Factor*) after distributing review copies and pre-paid backorders. In an unprecedented decision to suppress one of its own publications, Wiley dropped Christopher Brand's *The g Factor: General Intelligence and Its Implications*, two days before its official publication date. Brand, a lecturer in psychology at the University of Edinburgh, examines the significance of general mental ability, the degree to which it is inherited, and why society must recognise the realities of innate individual differences. What exactly prompted Wiley to suppress a book that was already available in British bookstores and has been acquired by several academic libraries?

In a newspaper interview just before the book's release, Brand rejected the idea that only environmental explanations account for racial differences in IQ and, defying the conventional wisdom, he conceded that these differences are "deep-seated" and probably genetic in origin. He also suggested that in order to curb high rates of illegitimacy among the underclass, black teens should refrain from having casual sex and argued that when it comes to relationships, intelligence is an important trait that one should value in others. In a long

and candid interview, Brand denied that he was a “racist,” but added that it would be more accurate to describe his views as that of a “scientific racist.”

The next day Wiley issued a press release explaining why they had decided to abandon their publishing arrangement with Brand, a move that even Wiley concedes was unusual for a publisher to undertake. Susan Spilka, Wiley’s public relations manager, noted that in light of Brand’s offhand remarks one could easily misconstrue certain aspects of his book. But when asked to identify the specific passages in question Spilka replied, “I’d prefer not to get into details on that. Wiley is not comfortable with being the publisher.” Spilka added that Wiley believes the book deserves to be published as long as it is by another publisher. While some question Wiley’s judgement suddenly to withdraw *The g Factor* after a lengthy editing process, others consider such an unprecedented decision as being contrived.

The broader impact of Wiley’s reversal concerns a number of scholars. Some view Wiley’s action as an attempt to back away from a controversial title, despite the credibility of its author or the well-established findings on which his study is based. A number of scholars regard Brand’s work as an insightful summary of current studies on intelligence. Brand reviews the evidence for ‘g’ in a broad philosophical context, explaining abstruse concepts, like speed of mental measurement, in practical terms. He explains why the results of inspection and reaction time experiments support the concept of general intelligence, scrutinises popular criticisms of IQ tests, and recommends utilising IQ research as a way of improving Western educational policies.

Moreover, Brand considers whether or not rising IQ scores reflect actual increases in general intelligence. Some researchers like James R. Flynn, a political philosopher at the University of Otago in New Zealand, attribute this to improvements in nutrition and a quality home environment. As Newsweek reported last May, Flynn and others believe that rising IQ levels may be narrowing the 15-point black-

white gap in IQ scores. As the findings from the APA task force show, the source of this gap remains unresolved.

These incidents have set off a storm of criticism within the scientific community. A diverse range of scholars have criticised Wiley’s actions, including Flynn, Thomas J. Bouchard, Professor of Psychology at the University of Minnesota, and Cambridge University psychologist Nicholas J. Mackintosh. The National Association of Scholars has issued a joint statement with Canada’s Society for Academic Freedom and Scholarship, noting that this “seriously impedes the free flow of ideas, chills the academic climate, and encourages efforts to suppress opinions of every stripe.” In Brand’s case, even those who disagree

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with his views, such as the principal of Edinburgh University Sir Stewart Sutherland, believe that Wiley should have honoured their publishing agreement.

Are these two incidents merely isolated cases or simply the latest in a series of encounters in which controversial scholars have had their manuscripts rejected under peculiar circumstances?

Michael Levin, Professor of Philosophy at City College of New York and author of two previous books, experienced similar difficulties in acquiring a publisher for his controversial manuscript *Why Race Matters: Race Differences and Their Implications*. An exhaustive critique of egalitarianism, Levin probes the societal consequences of race differences in meticulous detail. Although dozens of publishers have rejected his manuscript, includ-

ing several academic publishers who seemed initially interested but eventually turned it down, Praeger has agreed to publish Levin’s book next year. “I had a very interesting definite no from Yale University Press,” Levin recalls. “It was very interesting the kind of no it was. Amazingly, my agent sent them the first chapter and they asked to see the rest of the manuscript. So I sent the rest of the manuscript and I got the rest of the manuscript back before I got the little post card saying, ‘we’ve received your manuscript.’ They actually read three sentences and all had heart failure and immediately put the radioactive thing back in the mail before it could contaminate the office.”

Levin forwarded a copy of his manuscript to an editor at the University of Oklahoma Press who seemed enthusiastic about publishing it. In following customary academic publishing standards, the University of Oklahoma Press required separate reviews from two independent referees. Months passed before the editor finally notified Levin that a third referee would have to review his work. When the editor refused to return Levin’s calls, it was clear that after fifteen months they were unwilling to publish his book. As it turns out, two out of the three reviews were favourable toward Levin. Fortune columnist Daniel Seligman encountered similar problems in his efforts to publish his 1992 book, *A Question of Intelligence*. Seligman’s initial publisher, Whittle Communications, declined to publish his manuscript just before the proof stage late in the editing process. Whittle, who was enthusiastic enough to give Seligman a sizeable advance for his work, cancelled the publication of Seligman’s book in order to avoid any controversy that it may have generated and that could have adversely affected his investments in educational reform. Seligman walked away with both Whittle’s advance and his initial manuscript, which Birch Lane Press published in 1992.

A former Guggenheim fellow and now Professor of Psychology at the University of Western Ontario, J. Philippe Rushton experienced similar encounters with academic publishers.

The author of nearly 200 research papers and six books, Rushton's most recent book *Race, Evolution and Behavior*, expands upon his controversial theory of racial differences. Rushton contends that human differences based upon evolutionary principles can explain diverse patterns of human behaviour. His work stems from data analysis involving dozens of variables that show consistent global patterns of racial differences in physical and behavioural traits. Rushton submitted the results of one study that showed average racial differences in head size to *Behavioural Brain Research*, a prestigious journal in the neurosciences. After passing the peer review process and several editing levels, the journal accepted Rushton's work. Shortly thereafter the publisher, Holland's Elsevier Science, intervened and vetoed the paper in the final proof stages of editing. The intervention by a publisher in the affairs of an academic journal, overriding the judgement of the journal's editor as well as independent referees, is extremely uncommon.

Before Transaction decided to publish his latest work on race differences, Rushton ran into publishing difficulties with Cambridge University Press. Under a signed book contract with Cambridge University Press, Rushton submitted his manuscript to the publisher's editor. When the manuscript placed the emphasis on race that it did, Cambridge reconsidered their offer but only after keeping Rushton dangling for many months. Moreover, after Transaction published his book, the Canadian customs officials temporarily blocked its entry into Canada for nine months on the grounds that it constituted "hate literature."

Shortly after the publication of his seminal work *Bias in Mental Testing* Jensen wrote *Straight Talk About Mental Tests*. As a solicited volume by the editor of The Free Press, the book essentially simplifies for the interested lay person the findings from his major study. Jensen's *Straight Talk* book appeared in 1981, one year after the publication of *Bias in Mental Testing*, generating numerous reviews and steady retail sales. Some college pro-

fessors used it as a supplemental course textbook for their undergraduates once it appeared in paperback.

A staff change at The Free Press during the 1980s affected the course and direction of Jensen's popular book. Although it was still in print, customers were told that the book was "unavailable" and advertisements that once promoted the book in trade catalogues soon disappeared. The handling of the book's inventory status by new personnel raised peculiar questions as to its availability. If the book was still in print, why was it no longer obtainable? For that matter, why would a publisher let a popular book go out of print, especially when there was a demand for a solicited title? Once Jensen considered legal action, The Free Press made the book available again. Fifteen years after it first appeared, Jensen's *Straight Talk* remains in print.

Jensen encountered a similar incident which involved his often cited 1969 *Harvard Educational Review* article, "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" Jensen's article, one of the most publicised in the history of academe, provoked a series of rebuttals and seminars. Despite the high level of interest in this book-length article, the *Harvard Educational Review* quit selling the Winter issue even though copies were still in stock. On average, scholarly papers published in academic journals generate less than 25 reprint requests. Upon attaining public notoriety, Jensen received thousands of reprint requests and, after depleting his own supply, he eventually referred such inquiries to the *Review*. In the wake of Jensen's article, Harvard initially refused to sell copies of the Winter 1969 issue or offer reprints of the original article. After having a lawyer evaluate these unusual publishing restrictions, Jensen negotiated a deal with the *Review* and now receives half of the annual sale proceeds from his 1969 article.

Although publishing decisions may involve factors unrelated to the empirical quality of someone's work, these recent encounters reveal a callous disregard of well established findings by major publishers who, in massaging the politics of their own corporate cul-

ture, undermine the integrity of scientific research. Wiley's decision to recall a book that was released and sold to numerous individuals and institutions raises a number of unanswered questions. If Wiley had concerns about *The g Factor*, why were they not raised in the editing process and why was Wiley willing to promote the book prior to Brand's newspaper interview? How was the decision reached to scrap Brand's book? How much if any direct or indirect outside pressure did Wiley receive in order to suppress it? Did any of the Wiley officials who were involved in this decision actually read Brand's book? How did Wiley go about recalling the books that were already distributed? And finally, since a scaled down version of Brand's views appear in a 1993 book by Wiley, *Twins As A Tool of Behavioural Genetics*, is Wiley also concerned about readers misinterpreting this earlier work and will Wiley withdraw this title from circulation as well?

In defending its decision not to publish Jensen's book, Wiley noted that unsolicited manuscripts are rejected quite frequently. Since it is not uncommon for publishers to notify scholars when reviewers find their work unacceptable to publish, it seems quite reasonable for a reputable scholar to expect some explanation why, despite positive reviews and the support of the publisher's editor, his work is discarded. When The Free Press published *The Bell Curve* by the (late) Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray, some IQ experts thought that once such a comprehensive and lucid account of IQ research had captured the public's attention, the controversial implications of these findings would no longer remain taboo. Moreover, given the level of public interest in *The Bell Curve* (over 500,000 copies in print), one would think that any publishing obstacles on IQ-related matters would now be minimised. Think again.

Kevin Lamb is a library assistant for *Newsweek*. This article first appeared in the *National Review*.

The Bells of Knighton

Roy Kerridge describes the Town where Sheep are Hogs

The winding River Teme divides Radnorshire in Wales from Shropshire in England. Offa's Dyke, the Saxon border, crosses the Teme valley at Knighton, a Welsh market town built on a steep hill. A tall clock tower stands at the head of the main street, and behind it a lane called "the Narrows" mounts still higher, between old whitewashed shops. Old inhabitants mourn the cobblestones of the Narrows, now replaced by tarmac down which the wild young rascalions of Knighton whizz on their BMX bikes. I had been told by one of the locals that the castle of Knucklas, a nearby village, was the birthplace of Queen Guinevere. So one October day, when the rowan trees in the hedges blazed with scarlet berries, I climbed the Narrows and then took the lane up Garth Hill, high above the town, with views across the valley to the range of hills beyond. The eighth-century dyke, dug to hamper Welsh cattle raiders, crossed the hills just below the dense, overhanging oaks of Kinsley Wood. In the midst of this forest stood a black patch of conifers, where an inspired Forestry Commission foreman had planted the letters 'E.R.', in bright shrubs among the firs, to commemorate the Coronation of nineteen fifty three. The two letters dominated Knighton. Behind the hill, in another plantation, he had done the same thing on a larger scale, each letter seeming half a mile in height, in autumnal red against coniferous blue-black.

Below the patriotic hill, the river lazily looped its way between fields and hedges, nature's contrast to the straight railway line beside it. Every field had its sentinel heron. Here and there a magisterial raven stood apart

from the crows. Buzzards and kestrels were common, and the hillside facing me was dotted with vivid Herefordshire cattle, red and white. Sheep were everywhere, to be sold at the "gradings", or butchers' auctions, held in Knighton every Thursday. I reached the top of Garth Hill, marked by a radio aerial and the noisy kennels of the hunt, and trotted rapidly down the other side, between well-kept hedges. The care and love given to hedges along the Border is remarkable. Every local tree is pressed into hedgerow service, be it oak, beech or holly. Hedge-cutting machines have not yet come here.

"Farmers here won't stand for too much change", I had been told, as an explanation of the council's unusual sanity.

Walking rapidly up the hill towards me was a tall, vigorous old man in a cloth cap, the normal headwear in these parts. He was Ted Duggan, who had once worked for the council. His love for Radnorshire was all the greater because he had spent part of his youth among "the South Walians", and had worked down an Aberfan coal mine at the age of fourteen, earning half a crown a day. It was a cold, bright day, but I was glad to stand and talk to Ted and to tell him how much I enjoyed looking at the trim hedges that curved over the tops of the high banks of sunken lanes. Now and again a round hole and a trail of earth on either side of the path showed where a badger had established right of way. Ted had been a hedger in his time, and he told me how unlucky it was to burn the mountain ash (or rowan) branches when laying a hedge.

"I'll just tell you what do 'appen, I

was pleating a hedge along wi' a young feller, and he set light and began to burn the mountain ash branches! 'Don't you never do that!' I warned him, but he just laughed. Next day he ran up to me white-faced! A wall had fallen down be'ind 'is garden and killed most of his chickens. 'That'll teach 'e to burn the mountain ash!' I says."

"Talking of chickens, it's a most unlucky thing to own a crowing hen. Someone gave me a hen once. I put her in a shed and she began to crow! 'You'd better get rid of that hen', my next-door neighbour said, but I took no notice. And by gum, the very next day a lorry trailer broke loose, rolled downhill and injured my son! That isn't no tale, that isn't! I said 'That hen's got to go'."

"Now you see that farm over yur, that's near a place called Craig-y-don. On the hill there, above the Knucklas Road, there's a rock called the Devil's Chair. You can't see it from the road since the Forestry come. But I always yeard that the Devil sat in his chair at Craig-y-don and threw a great big stone to knock the steeple off the church at Beguildy. His aim fell short, and the stone stuck in the middle of a field at Beguildy, where I've seen it myself. Nobody takes it from there, they ploughs round it. Of course if that'd been an ordinary stone, the farmer would've dug it up years ago. So that must be true."

I asked Mr Duggan if it were true that Queen Guinevere had spent her formative years at Knucklas Castle, where her wedding to Arthur was supposed to have taken place. He recalled that a gold torque, an arm or neck-band, had been ploughed up near Castle Hill. Furthermore, a broken iron

sword had been found in a hen house nearby, and had been taken to the chairman of the local history society.

"I never heard of King Arthur's wife staying at Knucklas Castle", he admitted thoughtfully. "They do say that *giants* reigned there. But don't put that in your book until you've checked the facts."

However, if Ted Duggan said that it was so, that was good enough for me. Bidding him a grateful "Good day", I walked smartly on my way. Guinevere, a big girl, was supposedly the daughter of Cogfran Gawr, the Giant King of Knucklas Castle, so everything fitted in nicely. Perhaps the "torque" was really her wedding ring, lost by a nervous best man on the way to the ceremony.

Crossing the lane at the foot of the Garth, I ascended the next hill and soon found myself high up in a wild country where cattle grazed freely, or crouched like deer with their heads emerging from the bracken. Then I turned down a very steep lane between hedges alive with songbirds, chaffinches and yellow-hammers, and found myself looking down at Knucklas. An immense grey Victorian railway viaduct, with grim Gothic castle towers at each end, bestrode the valley and almost seemed a part of Castle Hill itself. A flat-topped hill, eerie in Iron Age mystery, Guinevere's birthplace was clearly visible from above. Its steep, broken ramparts reared up to meet me as I descended the impossibly steep lane known as "the Cuckoo's Nest", and stepped into the village of Knucklas.

At the post office shop, I asked about the castle, and was told that a narrow road wound its way almost to the top of the hill. So the local rabbits were surprised to see me stumping about the rows of grassy knolls around the former hill fort, later the medieval castle of the powerful Mortimer family. A deep scooped-out hollow with a jagged earthwork rim may once have been the hall where the Dark Age princess had played. It seemed hard to visualise Royal luxury in this spot, and my mind turned instead to visions of grim stone walls, thatched roofs, wooden pali-

sades and sharpened stakes in ditches. But when I looked around at the views across the valleys I could see where giants or glaciers had once strode knocking the corners off mountains as they went. Clouds slowly flew above vista upon vista of hills, each one sweeping down in a curve to rise again as a brother mound casting long shadows over the hedge-patterned valley. Every hill-top seemed haunted by prehistoric or Dark Age man. King Caractacus is supposed to have held his court near here. Sharpened flints found in a non-flint-bearing land show that prehistoric man had here engaged in trade from the earliest of times.

The River Teme passes through Knucklas, a small border village with a cheerful new council estate by the railway. Not far from here I found the Castle Inn, which was being rebuilt inside. "Deakins", the name of the last landlady, still hung over the purple doorway. Apparently the late Mrs. Deakins had been a well-loved local character. When asked for a glass of beer, she would take a jug and bring it up full from the cellar. Until the council estate had been built, she knew everyone in the village. When strangers appeared, she became nervous, and kept the door locked. If anyone wanted a drink they would have to knock. She would open the door a crack, and if she knew them, she would reappear with jug and glass. Strangers had to go without. She owned the place outright, and was constantly being worried by generous offers from rival breweries, eager to buy her out and modernise the Castle.

"If I don't have my pub, what can I do with myself?" she would cry rhetorically, refusing them all. Along a gentle winding lane, I walked back to Knighton on the Shropshire side of the river, where the road passed under the hills where Old King Offa dug his dyke. A loud bellow, ending in a sawmill whine, proved to have been uttered by a magnificent Aberdeen Angus bull with enormous horns. As we were separated by both a hedge and electric fence, I gazed into his eyes to see if he would turn away, as animals did when stared at by Mowgli in *The Jungle*

Book. Eyes like polished black buttons stared distantly through me and across the lane, where Hereford cows were grazing. So in the end, it was I who turned away. Black calves raced around the field like lambs, jumping and whisking their tails, but their father paid them no heed.

Kinsley Wood, which looms above Knighton, is a great place for tawny owls. I had heard them calling below me when walking on the hill-top in the dusk, but I did not expect to see one now, when the sun's setting rays turned the greenest trees black before a glow of gold and scarlet. Yet there was a big round owl perched on a branch and pestered by a chirping blue tit. Eventually the owl flew away on silent wings, still pursued by the angry tit. The leaves were on the turn, and the ash trees seemed a spring-like yellow-green in autumn. I crossed a stile by a white cottage and walked back into town by the banks of the Teme, sheep moving away as I passed.

There had been heavy rain the day before, and the waters hurled on their way, no doubt bearing insect food for the dippers. While looking out for kingfishers, which sometimes swooped in twin flashes of blue above the current, I saw what appeared to be a fat blackbird perched importantly on a wooden post in the middle of the shallow river. The bird turned towards me, showing a brilliant white breast, and I saw it was a dipper. As if in ecstasy it flew up in a breeze over the hurrying waters, then whirled round abruptly in mid-air with a fanning of wings, dived towards the river and slipped beneath the waves without a splash.

It seemed as extraordinary a thing to do as if it had been its relative the robin flying underwater. A dipper, though built like any garden bird, can hold its breath and run along the bed of a river, snatching water beetles. It makes its nest behind waterfalls. After some time, I saw it bob to the surface like a cork, and float for a while in a sea-bird-like pose, reminding me of a Little Auk I had known at Ilfracombe. Then it flew to the opposite bank, wings whirring a foot above the water like a guillemot.

Orange lights came on around the

clock tower as I walked into Knighton.

Next morning there was an important calf auction in Knighton, and farmers and stockmen walked around the town in cloth caps, brown overalls called "slops" over thick jackets and waistcoats, and tall boots. This, together with a long ash stick with a fork at the top, was the unofficial uniform of a farming man. Compared to the grim farmers of Pembrokeshire and the harassed ones I had known in Sussex, these men seemed almost uniformly jokey and genial.

A narrow stream joins the Teme at Knighton, disappearing under the main street and emerging by the iron rungs of the cattle market. As I crossed the bridge, I saw my old friend the dipper fly out of the water to perch on a stone near the tunnel.

In the market, stocky, adolescent and rather oafish calves, Herefords and muddy-white Charolais cattle, were tightly penned in, admired by all, as their owners anxiously groomed them. One farmer and his wife seemed particularly busy as they combed tails, sponged flanks and sprinkled knobby calves with a watering can. They were helped by their two eager sons of ten and twelve years old and a teenage daughter, all correctly clad in the farmers' uniform except for the girl's hat. This belonged on Frank Sinatra. The youngest boy, tired of leaning over the top rail, jumped onto the sea of tightly-pressed-in calfbacks, and climbed from beast to beast peppering them with water from a shiny purse of the kind once used for carrying shot for a flintlock rifle. Soon they were the cleanest calves in the market.

"Oh, drat the animal!" the farmer cried, as a tail swished across his eyes.

"What language!" cried his wife, shocked. "Good thing there's no parsons yurr!"

"Sorry, Mother," he replied.

"Blast", I learned, was a terrible swear-word in the Shropshire-Wales countryside. A young man told me that stronger language had appeared among young people ten years' before. He believed that such swear-words had not existed at all until then. Meanwhile, lads with buckets and brushes were slapping paste on the calves and

sticking labels on them. The auction was soon to begin. In a pen of his own, a magnificent white Charolais bull stamped and chafed, a ring in his nose and a rope bridle around his muzzle.

Everyone began to hurry into the auction barn as an old man in a cloth cap vigorously rang an old hand bell. He walked up and down the pens, ringing away, with an extra loud peal outside the shed-like tea room, with its warnings of Warbles disease on the walls. Knighton was a place of bells, and I would not have been surprised to learn that a Celtic bell-cult flourished there in early Christendom. Bell-ringers practised in the parish church three

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nights a week, and a Town Crier rang a bell and announced important local news. This Crier, who was also the Mayor, came of four generations of hereditary Crying stock, unlike other gimmicky Tourist Board-appointed Criers. Main attraction at the Baptist Church Harvest Concert had been the Clun Handbell Ringers, who, spurred on by their fervent conductor, had played a selection of classical airs, ending with a beautiful version of "The Bells of Aberdovey". Now the jollity of the farmers was replaced by tight-lipped pop-eyed intensity, as herd after herd was driven into the cockpit-like ring and sold by the auctioneer. I climbed the ladder to the topmost wooden stand,

and stood elbow to elbow with the farmers. The sale proceeded as rapidly as the auctioneer could sing and the cloth-capped bellringer could drive the cattle in and out again. Those who got in the way of the calves as they were driven out had to jump up onto the railings. Galleries were packed, and the bidding, staring farmers reminded me of horse-race-goers, their livelihood a gamble.

Using a rap from the handle of his stick to announce a sale, the bearded auctioneer rapidly introduced the heifers and "steer calves", beef cattle sold for breeding.

"HUP two ninety five, HUP two ninety five, sold and away for three hundred pounds if you're done!"

That night, as I climbed up the Narrows to the chip shop in the rain, I could hear the unsold calves mooing in their pens far below. On my way down I had a look at them. Packed into concrete-floored pens with no room to move, they stood beneath bright lights that revealed the drizzling rain. The old bellringer, still in his cap and brown overalls, was tossing them bundles of greenish hay with a pitchfork.

All night long, as I lay comfortably in bed, I could hear them lowing and moaning. Their unhappy sounds seemed to ring through the town like bells.

Thursday is market day in Knighton, and the first Thursday in December is known as the Christmas Auction. Fatstock are sold from the "Smithfield", as all livestock markets are known in the county. The firm of McCartney's, the auctioneers, give free beer and whisky to farmers who have been their regular customers. So a holiday mood grips Knighton on Christmas Auction Day, and the streets are full of cloth-caps, ash sticks, and red-faced farmers somewhat loosely attached to them. A barrel of beer is placed on the counter of the market café, surrounded by six bottles of whisky. First come, first served is the order, and some rugged old men turn up very early indeed, to wait outside as housewives do at the January sales in London.

At "the auction fields", Clun Forest sheep stood disconsolately in their pens, a bead of blood at the rim of the hole

punched in each right ear, the mark of the butcher. Knightonians still referred to "fields", even though modern regulations ensured that the Smithfield was now a Smith-concrete-floor. Drovers today do not herd cattle or sheep for days along green lanes. That ended with the railway age, when special market day trains were introduced to bring the livestock to town in trucks from Llandrindod Wells. More recently came the "giant stock-lorry age", and the trains were discontinued. However there is still a use for drovers, who are expert in driving cattle from the hills, into the lanes and up the ramp of the stock lorries. At the market, the drovers guide the beasts to the pens and auction ring. One well-known drover in Knighton used to be called before the vet to see an ailing cow.

Plank platforms had been lashed to the top of iron railings surrounding the sheep pens. Glyn Owens, the bearded auctioneer, walked rapidly along the planks, pointing with an ash stick at the sheep crammed together beneath him. His stick resembled a microphone as he sang the age-old Auction song.

"Hup thirty pound bid, all down here, HUP thirty, HUP thirty ... Hup thirty four pou-ounds, HUP thirty four *twenty*, if you're all done, Peter Badger!"

Peter Badger is not a Beatrix Potter animal but the much respected buyer from North Devon Meats, who lives at Malvern. On this occasion, he was not only buying lambs but judging them in the fatstock show.

All the lambs looked like sheep to me, but a farmer told me that lambs born this year remain Official Lambs until next January 1st, no matter how large they grow.

"Then they become Hoggets!" he added.

"That sounds as if they should be pigs", I remarked.

"Well, they don't have many pigs round here, mind. Round here they call sheep 'hogs.' But we get farmers from the North who use all kind o' funny words. They call a ewe a Gimmer and a yearling a shirling, they do! And I'm telling you truly!"

Roy Price, a young man from the mountain farm of Goat House, won the

silver cup for the Best Pen of Finished Lambs. Pending the official presentation, he was walking about with his cup tucked under one arm. Tightly packed together, and marked with yellow spots of dye, the lambs were oblivious of their triumph. Farmers congratulated young Price, who smiled modestly.

"I live up on the top, eleven thousand feet", he told me. "They call it Goat House 'cos a goat herder used to stop there."

"Hway hway hway hway hway!" the stockmen carolled, chasing sheep from lorry to pen.

Meanwhile, in the market café a feast had been provided. Wall-to-wall farmers were munching steadily through ever-replenished stocks of ham sandwiches, Welsh cakes and mince pies. Large plastic tumblers of neat whisky passed from hand to hand. A metal keg of beer reposed in one corner, with pump attached, and a cloth-cap man was drawing pints for one and all with the regularity of a steam engine. Laughter and talk filled the air, for this was the mountain farmers' wintry Harvest Home. Motherly women behind the counter cut bread, poured tea and produced plate after plate of cakes.

After some hours, everything eatable was finished and the crowds moved to a cattle ring, inside a barn, where the prizes were to be given. These had been sponsored by Barclays Bank, and the local manager stood beaming in the ring looking like a boxing promoter. Roy Price received his cup again, another farmer received a shield and a third was presented with the "Horse and Jockey Shepherd's Crook" with a tortoiseshell handle soon to be engraved with some inspiring ovine message. Cheers, good-natured boos and claps rang out, as the "Jockey's" landlord presented the trophy. Then everyone moved on to the "Horse and Jockey" itself.

Here the food was free, but drinks had to be paid for. Trays of hot chips and sausage rolls were being passed round when I arrived. Soon young men were reeling, while old men gently glowed. Glyn Owens, the auctioneer, the bank manager and all the

McCartney's crowd were pressed in with the rest. Couples waltzed solemnly in circles to country music on the juke box. Ribald young men shut their eyes, opened their mouths and sang "Amazing Grace" and "Silent Night."

Night had not yet fallen, and when it did it was far from silent.

Two middle aged farmers, both clutching goblets of whisky and orange, complained to me that their profession had a "bad image."

"We don't spend all our time enjoying ourselves", one told me. "This is our treat — it's only once a year. Normally we go straight home after the auction, have a meal and go back to work. I came here at five in the morning, put the sheep in the pen and went back to the farm for a few hours, like, before the auction. Farming is in my blood, I'd never do anything else. Mind now, there's another Christmas Auction at Kington next week, so we're going to that too! "

Knighton's other day of glory is the August Carnival, and I was surprised to see a video for hire in a nearby shop, bearing this home-made label: "Knighton Carnival — 'The Movie.' A Spiel Steveberg Film in association with Warner Sisters. A Film You Will Never Forget or Forgive."

Someone ought to film the Christmas Auction, as when I returned to the "Jockey" I found that dramas had been taking place. A brawl had been quashed, some young men found it hard to stand or walk but could still sing, and best of all, an American had innocently entered the bar wearing a Stetson hat. This had been snatched off his head, auctioned rapidly in the usual "Hup" fashion, and knocked down to the prize-giving bank manager for the lamb-like price of thirty eight pounds. Honest to a fault, the auctioneer pressed the money into the bewildered American's hand and the bank manager walked out in triumph looking like a cowboy. It could only happen in Knighton on Christmas Market Day.

Roy Kerridge is writing a book about Black History ("Blackademe").

Trust the Germans

Alexander Boot warms against an old meeting of minds

Trust the Germans to have named their significant art trend '*Sturm und Drang*'. What happened to artistic little names, deriving from Pegasus, Parnassus, Melpomene or whatever? Names like those bespeak languidly artistic youths nursing endless cups of coffee and getting excited only when the subject of fees comes up. '*Sturm und Drang*' is phonetically different. It evokes the smell of cordite and jackboots, the clanking of steel helmets and *Deutschland Über Alles* (written, naturally, by the greatest of the *Sturm und Drang* composers). *Drang*, for instance, is much more at home in *Drang Nach Osten*, Germany's earlier contribution to the Euro idea. Take the two phrases, overlap them on the common element, and what do you get? *Sturm und Drang nach Osten*, as neat an encapsulation of Germany as I can think of.

A difficult country to understand, that. It is not an algorithm you can programme into your PC, and make some sense out of at the push of a button. Rather, Germany is a potpourri of sounds and images, all clashing violently. One hears the Goldberg Variations shoved in the background by Hess screaming '*Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer*', the K488 meekly giving way to *Horst Wessel*, the rhythmic smashing of Jews' windows muffled by the atonal Webern. The images are going haywire as well, with sad Ludendorff and smug Kohl transformed by a quick turn of the kaleidoscope into Cranach's Adam and Eve and the front page of *Der Stürmer*.

Dostoevsky sensed this audio-visual chaos, which is why one of his characters amused party guests with a piano improvisation symbolising the Franco-

Prussian war of 1870. The number started with the Marseillaise, and as the tune unfolded there appeared discordant notes that soon became recognisable as *Mein Lieber Augustin*. Step by step the vulgar German song became dominant, overshadowing the vulgar French anthem — and a great time was had by all.

Before we go crazy, let's take a quick trip to Teutoburger Forest. It is not, as one is tempted to think, a picturesquely situated American fast-food restaurant, but a strategically situated German locale, the site of the battle Tacitus believed to be the most important in history; and the intervening centuries have done little to challenge that view. There, in 9 AD, the German warlord Arminius, imaginatively nicknamed The German, shredded two Roman legions under Varus, for ever stopped the Romans at the Rhine and established an outpost of barbarism in the dead centre of Europe. For the Roman Empire, that spelled the beginning of an end, and the offshoots of the great civilisation of antiquity have since been suffering the constant erosion coming from the barbarian culture thus entrenched.

Now, accusing the Germans of barbarism does not come easily to someone who passionately believes Bach to be perhaps the greatest man in history, who knows that no reasonable list of the ten most influential composers is likely to include more than one non-Germanic name, who has pondered Faust, struggled with Kant, spent hours in front of Dürer's portrait of his father, and was tortured with Hegelian dialectics as a child. One has to acknowledge a cultural debt to the Germans. And if one still persists in

thinking of them as barbarians, elementary credibility is impossible without this seeming contradiction being resolved.

So let me run this thought by you and see what you think: There is no contradiction between culture and barbarism. The contradiction exists only in the minds of the people who think civilisation and culture are interchangeable concepts. In fact, they are anything but. Culture is aristocratic; civilisation is populist, at least in spirit. Culture, the art of refining man's mind and soul, is the product of dozens designed for hundreds. Civilisation, the art of people living together without causing too much mutual damage, ipso facto has to involve all or most members of society. Culture thrives on illiberal attitudes and undemocratic exclusivity. Civilisation subsists on liberty and the rule of law. Culture is the most visible and least important part of civilisation. In fact, the two can exist independently. The United States, for example, has a civilisation but no culture. Germany has the latter but not the former.

At the heart of culture lies man's ability to assume the role of creator, which emulates that of The Creator. This is veiled anthropomorphism, and implicitly, therefore, creation of culture is a process not without pagan overtones. That is precisely why the world's most monotheistic religion bans both painting and instrumental music from its temples.

Civilisation, at least its Western variety, owes its existence to Judeo-Christian ethics and morality, which are as far removed from paganism as Maastricht is from free trade. So it is no coincidence, in Lenin's favourite

phrase, that the renaissance of the culture of pagan antiquity brought about the Renaissance of European culture. Nor is it inexplicable that the thought that lies at the foundation of Western civilisation springs from the rigid monotheism of the Old Testament, leavened with Christianity and the protomonotheistic strain in Greek philosophy. Echoes of our pagan past are the sound of culture — and the muffler of civilisation.

So let's not be surprised that the two most cultured countries in modern Europe, Germany and Russia, are also the least civilised. Monotheism came late to those lands, and in forms that cannot be traced back exclusively to Western, which is to say classical, roots. In Russia, where peasants still jump over and dance around fires on high holidays, Christianity anthropomorphised God through icons, sublime graven images created by man; whereas German Christianity, under the guise of the Reformation, elevated the Germanic common man to a God-like status, and — almost — lowered God to the level of the common man (or killed Him, if you believe Nietzsche). Great news for culture; rotten news for civilisation.

Now that the barbarians are at the door, and our enfeebled civilisation is no longer capable of defending itself, it is interesting to observe how the two cultured tribes have operated, and co-operated, to contribute to this state of affairs.

The barbarian cordon with which the Teutons dissected Europe protected Russia from Western liberalism for centuries. Russia repaid the favour by shielding the racial purity of the German *Volk* from an infusion of Asiatic blood. Say what you will about the 'special relationship' between Britain and America, it has nothing on the intertwined destinies of the two barbarian strongholds. The Germans, of course, are more serious people than the Russians; and the culture of their *Volksgeist* is more important to them than all those Tolstoys and Dostoevskys are to most Russians. Partly it is due to the historical twist of culture having been the sole unifying element of Germans for most of our era. The Russian

state is half a millennium older; and culture has historically played second fiddle in their orchestra of state tyranny.

Yes, there are differences. But they are not nearly as interesting as the similarities. Germany and Russia distrust each another, of course, inasmuch as they both reach for the same pie, and it can only be sliced so many ways. But they hate and distrust their Western adversaries much more, sensing antagonism there that cuts all the way to the bone marrow. That is why, when faced with a serious threat from outsiders, they easily form alliances, and just as easily break them when the threat is no longer there. A bit of internecine blood-letting then follows, old scores get settled and before long things go back to normal. One side sometimes emerges victorious; a few years later the tables are turned. The key factor there is fluctuating relative strength — not the strength of moral rectitude, but the kind expressible in the number of bayonets, and the ability to deploy them in the most efficacious manner.

Until the 18th century, the Russians had been torn by internal feuds and could have been taken over for a song. Fortunately for them, the Germans still had not produced Bismarck, and could not take advantage of this weakness. So they co-operated instead. The new, strong Russian state owed its existence, at least in part, to the fraternal help selflessly offered by its barbarian brothers. From Peter I onwards Russian institutions, including the army, were largely modelled on Prussian counterparts and led by Germans; their monarchs were supplied by assorted German principalities, and between the 13th and the 20th centuries the Russians and Germans rarely found themselves on opposing sides. 'You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours' was the logic behind their togetherness; and it is to Russia's role in the defeat of Napoleon that the German state owes its belated birth. The ensuing weakening of the dominant continental power created a vacuum, and Germany was just strong enough to fill it.

The Russians were instrumental in the creation of the first German state; the Germans in turn produced the

modern version of theirs.

Neither Seeckt nor Ludendorff considered the long-term implications of sending Lenin, armed with millions in German gold, to Russia in a sealed train. They were guided by the short-term objective of paralysing a war adversary. But the ineluctable logic of the special relationship was pulling in the same direction. The Russians kept their end of the bargain, as thieves are known to do, and promptly withdrew from the war. The policy of War Communism with which the modern Russian state inaugurated itself was touchingly based on Ludendorff's War Socialism, and the new chapter in the history of the special relationship was written. For, despite having been stabbed in the back by Russia, the Allies managed to defeat Germany, just.

For a few years Germany and Russia finally found themselves outlawed by the West, and you thought the West ought to have seen the light earlier. Their natural affinity thus strengthened by external circumstances, the two countries got as close as only brothers can. Full details of this closeness have never been put together in anything like comprehensive form, and at the time no one in the West really knew what was going on. This despite a fair corpus of evidence pointing at the mutual rebuilding of the two predators.

The 1922 treaty of Rapallo, for example, made only an anaemic impression on the West. Yet it was Rapallo and not Versailles, as is fashionably believed, that adumbrated the carnage that followed. Versailles was, after all, above board. It was a bit harsh, but probably no more so than the terms imposed on France by Prussia in 1871, and certainly not so strictly enforced. It might have had something to do with the rebirth of the German militaristic spirit, had the spirit actually died. But it had not, so historians who talk about the key role played by Versailles in the Second World War are largely repeating Hitlerite propaganda.

The spirit lived on; it was the means Germany wanted. Rapallo provided the means, and it was the least the Russians could do to repay the Germans

for the sealed train, the millions of gold marks, and the invaluable help the Red Army had received from Freikorps training officers who managed to whip some *Ordnung* into the disorganised Bolshevik hordes. According to the terms of the Rapallo treaty, and perhaps other treaties that still remain secret, the Germans built a number of armament factories in Russia, under the guise of technical co-operation. The deal was that the Russians would keep some of the output and all of the technology for their own use. Thus it was German ingenuity that was partly responsible for the tanks that later smashed into Berlin and the planes that shot the Luftwaffe out of the Russian skies. In exchange, the Russians supplied the Germans with strategic raw materials, established training grounds for Reichswehr airmen, tank crews and chemical war specialists, shared with the Germans their experience in planned economy accompanied by rather baroque terror, and Versailles was dead in all but name.

The 'non-aggression' pact, which was the logical culmination of this process, predictably caught the West by surprise, even though Soviet defectors, most notably Krivitsky, had warned it was coming. But the Western press, expertly duped by Comintern's Popular Front propaganda, would have none of that. A pact? Preposterous. Yet another ex-commie fear monger. The Soviets are anti-Nazi aren't they?

In fact, there is strong evidence that the Soviets had begun to support the Nazi party even before it acquired its name, a decade before it took over. It was probably the Soviets who refinanced the NSADP in 1932 after, as Goebbels testifies in his diaries, a disastrous election campaign had left the party bankrupt and desperate; and it was definitely the Soviets who brought Hitler to power by ordering the German Communist Party not to support the Social Democrats in the 1933 election. The Nazis expressed their gratitude by giving Stalin a long-term 'loan' of 200,000,000 gold marks in 1935, which signalled to those with eyes and

ears that the pendulum of the special relationship had swung eastwards.

Until then the barbarian partners had been using each other; from then on Russia *was* using Germany, while Germany only *thought* it was using Russia. As Viktor Suvorov showed persuasively, the Soviets assigned to the German war machine the role of an icebreaker, chopping through the floes of the West, weakening the West terminally and making it ripe for a Russian take-over. Stalin saw the Second World War, started by a two-pronged attack by Germany and Russia on Poland, as the final step towards world domination. (As an interesting aside, following the rape of Poland Britain felt called upon to declare war on Germany. The idea that the other aggressor should have been punished too was not even mooted. Even as Nazi and Bolshevik soldiers were embracing in no-man's land, Stalin was still seen as a champion of anti-fascism, and the West refused to acknowledge the blood bond between the two barbarian powers.) Short-term, things did not quite work out the way the Russians had planned, what with Hitler proving to be a fortnight or so quicker on the trigger than Stalin in June, 1941. Long-term, they have worked out fine.

For, by splitting Germany in two in 1945, the Russians acquired a mighty lever eventually bound to dislodge the fragile Western alliance. Sooner or later, a German leader had to come along who would compromise Nato for the myth of a united Germany. The Russians were a bit unfortunate that it took so long, a delay caused by the staunchly Western attitudes of Konrad Adenauer. *Der Alte* did not trust his subjects as far as he could throw them, having contributed to the epigrammatic art such gems as 'Germans are Belgians with megalomania' and 'A Prussian is a Slav who has forgotten who his grandfather was'. He also felt about the Russians the way a tree feels about dogs, and for much the same reasons. So he steered an unwavering pro-Western course and, in spite of *seven* separate overtures coming from Russia in the fifties, would not bite the

carrot of a unified Germany, a development he rightly felt would be catastrophic in view of the price the Russians demanded.

The momentum Adenauer generated was maintained by all German chancellors, until Brandt made an ever so imperceptible eastward turn, possibly under the influence of his entourage who shared their loyalties between the FRG and the KGB. But the ultimate calamity could still have been averted — had the process that began in Rapallo, Italy, not ended in Maastricht, Holland.

Few people see Maastricht for what it is: the final nail in the coffin of free Europe. Debate shifts too easily into economics, an area of critical importance to democracies but of nothing but propaganda value for barbarians. In fact, a united Europe spells a tragic confluence of factors: America losing European markets, Europe losing America's protection which alone has kept Britain or France freer than Poland or Finland. With Americans out, barbarian Russia aided and abetted by barbarian Germany will be the sole — and unchallenged — military power in the otherwise disarmed region. And when you have a moment, ask the people of Hungary and former Czechoslovakia to what use the Russians tend to put irreversible military superiority in what they consider to be their sphere of influence.

The drama unfolding in front of our eyes has three key players: our two barbarian brothers, plus the United States. The latter, you must admit, is behaving illogically, displaying none of the much-touted American pragmatism. One would think that having lost a great deal of Asian markets, and not doing particularly well in their own, the Americans would hang on to Europe for dear life, opposing protectionist Maastricht with what is left of their vigour. And yet from Reagan's second term onwards America has not only acquiesced in protectionist European federalism but has been supporting it with nothing short of fanaticism, ever so apparent during the Bush administration. Are they bent on economic suicide?

The answer is easy to find if you don't mind dipping into the murky waters of circumstantial evidence. Judge for yourself: when all those *glasnosts* and *perestroikas* came into effect under Andropov and Gorbachev, nothing at all pointed at the subsequent 'collapse' of the Soviet Union. The system remained perfectly stable, its monopoly on armed violence in the country complete; and none of the constituent republics had any kind of organisation capable of challenging the Soviet supremacy. The consumer economy was not doing well, but then it never had; and if famines killing fifteen million peasants in the thirties had not toppled the Soviets, why would they roll over and play dead at a time when their country was, by comparison, prosperous and their hold on power firmer than ever?

As to the lost arms race having provided the last straw, that argument does not hold water either. For by the mid-eighties the Russians already had the Americans outgunned in almost every strategic category. And if you think this is a biased hawkish view, here speaks the dove of all doves, Eugene Rostow, Kennedy's and Johnson's foreign policy guru and Reagan's Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency: "In 1985, the Soviet Union had a lead of more than 3.5 to one in the number of warheads on ICBMs and a lead of more than four to one in the throw weight of these weapons. Its sea-based and airborne nuclear forces have made comparable if slightly less spectacular gains. In addition, it had a near monopoly of advanced intermediate-range ground-based weapons threatening targets in Europe, Japan, China, and the Middle East." The new weapons subsequently brought on stream, such as the 'stealth' fighter SU-27 and its newer modifications (the SU-37 was a big hit at this year's Farnborough show), prove that Russia is not out of breath in the arms race. So why did it collapse so suddenly?

To quote Lenin, the greatest authority on such matters, for a revolution to succeed, the country must have a 'revolutionary situation' in place, wherein

the rulers cannot enforce the old ways and the ruled will not accept them. And yet a dispassionate look at recent history reveals that no such situation existed in Russia at the time of 'collapse' in 1985.

No question, the Russians wanted, for tactical reasons, to loosen the reins, or the thumbscrews if you'd rather, but no 'collapse' was on the cards — until the Germans managed to break the back of anti-federal resistance in Europe.

When it became clear that Kohl's fanatical push for a united Europe would succeed, the Soviets, ever the opportunists, began to promote the 'collapse', in some cases shoving it down the throat of the reluctant constituent republics. They jumped on the European bandwagon knowing that sooner or later they would be able to steer it.

That is why these days Russian chieftains love to talk about "our common European home", in Gorbachev's phrase, except they seem to be rather hazy of what constitutes Europe. In his 1994 Nobel lecture, delivered six months after he was ousted, Gorbachev spoke of "...the European space from the Atlantic to the Urals..." "Since it includes the Soviet Union," he said, "which reaches the Pacific, it extends over the nominal geographic borders..." But every child knows the Soviet Union had collapsed and no longer existed at that time, and the area of the 'former' Soviet Union that lies between the Urals and the Pacific is in Asia, not in Europe. What every child doesn't know, and neither do the grown-ups who write for our mainstream publications, is that 'geographic borders' have become 'nominal'. In other words, 'Europe' is not a geographical but an *ideological* concept.

Indeed, writes Golitsyn, today's answer to Krivitsky, "the phrases 'From the Atlantic to the Urals, 'From the Atlantic to Vladivostok' and 'From Vancouver to Vladivostok' are interchangeable in the strategists' lexicon." Thus Shevardnadze, no longer the Soviet Foreign Minister, talks about "Great Europe from the Atlantic to Vladivostok" which will constitute "a

united military space". Dominated, needless to say, by you know whom.

The Russians would not be so blatant if some tacit understanding with the Americans had not been reached, to the effect of "boys, you leave Europe for us, in exchange we'll 'collapse', and you'll get fat on the peace dividend." Balsam for the fiscal wounds Americans had suffered trying to keep Europe free, music to isolationist ears.

Meanwhile, the Russians, in spite of the temporary and inevitable transitional disarray, are getting even stronger on the massive transfer of technology and capital secured by their barbarian brothers. In addition to its great face value, this transfer gives the Russians a potentially deadly blackmail weapon.

Americans love to paraphrase Keynes and say that "if you owe a bank a thousand dollars, it's your problem; if you owe a bank a million dollars, it's the bank's problem". At present, the Russians, aka Soviets, owe Germany 130 billion DM. So whose problem is that? By threatening a summary default, the Soviets are in fact controlling the German currency, which would do a Jericho should they act on that threat. This makes it Germany's problem. The unification of European economies will in effect tie the reserves of every major European country to the imperilled deutschmark. That, my friends, makes it our problem. This is just one economic and geopolitical prize the Soviets have won since 1985; some day someone will write a book about others. Always assuming that intrepid individual will get his quid in before such books are outlawed by the European Court.

For the time being, the Russians, their hands firmly on the control levers, obviously feel they have every reason to trust the Germans. Do you?

Alexander Boot grew up in Russia and emigrated to the United States before settling in London.

The Kinship in Husbandry

Clare and Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke examine the work of H J Massingham, Viscount Lymington and Rolf Gardiner

During the 1920s and 1930s a widespread current of ecological conservatism arose in England which united High Tory values with a *volkisch* reverence for the region. These representative writers regarded agriculture, husbandry and craftsmanship as the proper fulfilment of man. In their view, the ills of modernity arose from the rise of the industrial system, the growth of the towns and the decay of a vital peasantry with its customs and crafts. Such adverse developments were variously traced to usury, the Puritans, Whig magnates, the repeal of the Corn Laws and laissez-faire economics which had destroyed England's ability to feed herself in the mid-nineteenth century. Above all, these conservatives shared a common belief in the power of the countryside and agriculture to redeem man from the malaise of modern urbanism.

The essential philosophy of Harold John Massingham (1888-1952) is evident from just a few of his titles: *Where Man Belongs*, *The Faith of a Fieldman*, *The Natural Order*. Man is a part of nature and societies can only be stable and secure where man is rooted in the practice of agriculture and related rural crafts.

Massingham came slowly to this philosophy. His upbringing was urban. He was born in London, the eldest of six children of the distinguished journalist, H. W. Massingham, who edited *The Nation*, an important liberal newspaper. Educated at Westminster School and The Queen's College, Oxford, Massingham developed an early love of English poetry.

He entered journalism after university and began writing for *The New Age*, a non-party magazine edited by A. R. Orage, that attracted many progressive intellectuals in a crusade against money power and vested interests — “the unseen forces that pulled the strings” behind political parties.

Massingham acknowledges that *The New Age* stood for “something outside the unreal divisions of parties, something far away and long ago and behind and deeper than the Liberal tradition.” It was the principle of the Trade Guild, a system which gave the artisan worker an interest and security in his work on the basis that “the good life was not in acquiring but in making” and that a creative way of life transcends the economics of narrow self-interest.

His criticism of modernity and liberalism could only be balanced by a positive vision of a traditional agricultural society. Massingham's pilgrimage towards the country began with a love of birds, which then deepened into a complex understanding of the organic links between geology, landscape and culture that gave each region of England its particular character. The Londoner's sentimental love of nature was thus transformed into a political and social theory of the natural order.

A major impetus for this development came from Massingham's interest in prehistory. During the mid-1920s Massingham was associated with the anthropological staff at University College London, with whom he spent two years in “a kind of roving commission to prospect the upland homes of prehis-

toric man in England.” As a result of his archaeological fieldwork in Bronze Age Wessex and other parts of Britain, Massingham refined his thinking on the interaction between man and nature, which he perceived as the divinely ordained law of the universe. Because man depends upon nature, his relations with it have to be moral. In tune with nature, his own life is a pattern of behaviour which follows natural laws and rhythms. In later years Massingham became a Christian, seeing a biblical pattern in traditional husbandry. He regarded the medieval village plan of church, manor and fields as the hallmark of feudal stability and a guarantor of cosmic order.

Massingham was for more than three decades a well-known writer for *The Field*, a magazine devoted to country issues, and the author of more than thirty books. He was also a co-founder, together with Viscount Lymington (1898-1984) and Rolf Gardiner (1902-1972), of the Kinship in Husbandry at Oxford in September 1941. This ginger group of farmers, landowners, authors and scientists was concerned with the restoration of traditional agricultural practices in England through symposia, editorial collaborations and political lobbying.

In comparison with Massingham, the politics of Lymington and Gardiner seem much more radical. An Anglo-Saxon nationalist, Lymington was a Conservative MP between 1929 and 1934. In 1930 he led the English Mystery, a group for the revival of English customs, and in 1936 formed the English Array which had similar concerns but was more overtly politi-

cal and opposed to war with Germany. As a large landowner, Lymington was especially preoccupied with ecology and wrote two prophetic books on the catastrophic consequences of soil erosion and degradation due to mechanised intensive farming.

The German connection was more explicit in the case of Rolf Gardiner. While an undergraduate at Cambridge, Gardiner had become a Guild Socialist but soon became enamoured of the German Youth Movement and the Social Credit of CH Douglas. His early

interests focused on traditional English (Morris) dancing, regarded as a dionysian cult of regeneration. In the 1920s he bought the Springhead estate in Dorset which he farmed organically and transformed into a rural university devoted to agriculture and ecology, craft and folk festivals. By the end of the decade he was involved with the *bündisch* movement in Germany, organising festivals and work camps with Erich Bitterhof of the *Deutsche Freischar* and Ernst Buske. His outlook in the 1930s was underpinned by

visions of a united and pagan England and Germany. Gardiner was initially enthusiastic about the Nazi take-over in 1933 and later visited Walther Darre, but he had distanced himself from Third Reich by the outbreak of war.

Whatever we think of them now, these conservative ruralists left their mark on our national culture, and deserve a niche in history, as well as a measure of recognition from a Party which has veered dangerously away from its social and philosophical roots in rural life.

The IRA's Barbarism

Ray Honeyford gives a Mancunian's Response

There is no more point in being proud of one's birthplace than in boasting of one's parentage. In neither case is any merit shed on the individual. Each is an occurrence outside one's power to affect the crucial decisions involved. Nevertheless, if pride is inappropriate, feelings of deep attachment are surely permissible in relation to the place where one was conceived and entered the world.

Such emotions have been evoked in me by the recent IRA's murderous bombing. I was born not half a mile from where the blast originated. I went to school in Manchester. And I got my first job as an office boy in the very heart of the city: the building where I worked would have had its windows shattered by the explosion. Manchester may not be as culturally powerful as London, as elegant as Edinburgh, as dynamic as New York, nor as beautiful as Florence. But there is enough about its history and character to stir up a powerful sense of outrage in the hearts of all Mancunians, when its very heart is ripped out by the mindless violence

in which the thugs of the IRA specialise. This, after all, and as its name makes clear, is a place where the Romans put down roots. This is a city with an ancient cathedral, and a town hall whose scale and bursting Victorian confidence knocks visitors sideways.

Manchester played a crucial part in that industrial revolution which underpinned the greatest of all empires, and, for so long was the epicentre of the cotton trade whose goods were known and valued the world over. Here is the home of the Hallé orchestra, and the Free Trade Hall — an edifice which symbolises the victory of high-minded principle over narrow self interest. This is the city to which Abraham Lincoln sent a personal letter thanking the working men of Lancashire for supporting the Unionists in their noble fight against slavery — at great cost to themselves and their families. Manchester houses the greatest of the civic universities, a place where Rutherford, who later split the atom, lectured, and where Wittgenstein, the

greatest of twentieth century philosophers, found his academic feet.

In this city I have attended lunch-time concerts and listened to ten year old violinists playing like gifted angels at one of the world's greatest music schools — Chetham's. And I have marvelled at the incredible academic record of the distinguished Manchester Grammar School. Here, too, is Old Trafford, the home of a football club known and respected the world over. At the Royal Exchange Theatre — out of action for possibly a year, thanks to the bombers — you can enjoy productions peopled by the greatest of thespians.

It is little wonder that the historian A J P Taylor once described Manchester as "the only English city that can look London in the face," and "the last and greatest of the Hanseatic towns."

But he would scarcely recognise its centre now. The devastation wrought by the IRA has not been seen in my city since the Second World War. To those of my generation the sight of a great city landmark such as Marks & Spencer

lying shattered, broken and desolate irresistibly recalls the vivid and fearful images of war. Manchester incorporated Trafford Park, the biggest industrial estate in Europe, and the Ship Canal linked the city with Liverpool, a port of great strategic importance — so Manchester was hammered by the Luftwaffe as a result. I can so readily picture the searchlights and the barrage balloons; and I can hear the exploding bombs, and the machine gun fire as the Spitfires and Hurricanes attempted to shoot the Dorniers and the Heinkels out of the night sky. And I recall the dark hours of the Blitz, and my mother shouting, as she ran up the stairs, “Come on, get up. Quickly, the bombers are here again.”

And we dashed from our house across to neighbouring Queen’s Park, where we could gain sanctuary in the underground shelters — and as we rushed through the park we registered the sky over Piccadilly rainbowed with the red, orange and white flames of the burning buildings. I recall, too, the saddest moment of all — a direct hit on the house opposite ours which made our walls shake as we cowered in the cellar, and all the soot fell down the chimneys; and, in the morning they discovered an old man and his little granddaughter had been killed, though the budgie had, miraculously, survived.

As a boy I could understand what was happening. I could accept that this was war, and terrible things happen in war. And, just as German planes were raining fire and brimstone on our cities, so the Royal Air Force was gunning for their homeland. But this is something different. We are not at war with Ireland. Far from it. The Irish have been in Manchester for generations. They are liked by native Mancunians. Their culture is admired and enjoyed by all. Many is the time I have spent a vastly entertaining evening at the Irish Centre on Queen’s Road in the company of gifted musicians, singers and dancers. So why have the vile thugs of the IRA, whose bitterest critics are the vast majority of Irish Mancunians, why have they seen fit to reek such appalling vengeance on this city

and its people?

I do not know the answer to this question. What I do know is that no good can come from an organisation which treats human beings and their property with such contempt. I wonder what the men of violence felt as they observed the result of their handiwork on television. What did they make of those innocent people, terrified and fleeing for their lives? Of a tiny baby in arms bloodied and bandaged? Of an elderly lady shocked and confused with blood pouring down her face? And how did they feel about the young woman thrown fifteen feet by the blast with an unborn innocent clinging perilously to her womb?

Can they really claim that they did not know these things would happen after letting off a massive bomb right in the middle of a great conurbation housing literally millions of people, on a sunny Saturday in June? They knew all right. They knew only too well, as they sat round a table plotting this appalling outrage. They knew to the second and to the square foot when and where. They also knew it would take a veritable miracle if dozens, perhaps hundreds, of people were not to be killed outright. They knew. But they did not care. What is human life worth to such messengers of evil? What is the point of talking about the “peace process” with such people? The IRA have never wanted peace. They, like all armies, want victory. Why else will they, and their political front, Sinn Fein, never condemn violence? And they are willing to maim, destroy and kill to fulfil without compunction their objectives.

But if they think that bombing Manchester will further their wicked intentions, then they are sadly mistaken. Mancunians are not boastful people. They hate swank. They talk quietly, and with flat vowel sounds. But they are a determined lot. Even before that fateful weekend was out, I heard Manchester voices speaking, not of the past and defeat, but of the future and the rebuilding of what the IRA, for the moment, have destroyed. A city that defied Hitler is not likely to be intimidated by a bunch of psychopathic thugs.

All that the IRA have created in the hearts and minds of all Mancunians — including those of Irish origin — is an abiding contempt.

Ray Honeyford is a former headmaster and writer.

Sophist's Corner

Gerard Quinn’s new series of ten paintings show different parts of the human body, legs, arms, hands, torso, their surfaces afflicted with scabrous skin diseases. While the paintings themselves are monumental, approximately 3m x 2m, their sources are miniscule medical textbook illustrations dating from his initial experience as a medical student prior to attending the Ruskin and then the Slade ...

Quinn writes of these new paintings:

I see a correlation between the physical properties of painting, its language and this subject matter that confirms its suitability for this project. Marks of painting and marks of illness interlock and form codes in the same way — consist of similar substructure carried in layers/skins. A similarity of process on a functional perceptual level. Both are messages to be decoded, both consist of signs/signifiers. Also in the physical nature of skin and paint in the way colour is carried as pigment and the slow evolution of a mask into growth/smudge/blister etc.

Press release from Reed’s Wharf Gallery

Editorial

Philip Lawrence, the public-spirited headmaster of a London school, was brutally murdered when attempting to subdue a quarrel among teenagers. The case shocked the public, and following the conviction of the teenage murderer, Mr Lawrence's widow launched a nation-wide appeal for the revival of moral standards. The question of morality has since begun to dominate British politics, as it will before long dominate the politics of all democratic countries. Indeed, it is a question that has been postponed, largely because the generation which now holds office was brought up in the habit of postponing it. The sixties were lived in the manner of the young St Augustine — let me be moral, only not yet. And the 'not yet' persisted, until the call of morality was too faint to be heard.

To blame everything on the sixties, however, would be naive in the extreme. For what caused the sixties? How far back must we go to find the sources of our moral decline? Should we trace the process to the Enlightenment, to the loss of religious faith and the hubris which caused humanity to take charge of its own destiny and to abolish its God? Or should we look to more recent events — the industrialisation of modern society, the ever-increasing social and geographical mobility, the uprootedness of our urban manners, and the aftermath of two world wars in which the state expanded to take control of our lives?

Those are rhetorical questions. For it is obvious to any impartial observer of our civilisation, that the present moral decay is part of an enduring process. And there is no greater sign of moral decay than the habit of finding social and historical explanations of it. The experts to whom the politicians turn for advice regard evil and wrongdoing not as the free acts of blameworthy people, but as inexorable social forces, which operate through us and on us, as though nobody in particular were re-

sponsible for them. For the liberal criminologist, the murderer of Mr Lawrence is merely the blind product of 'social deprivation', a victim of 'institutionalised racism', 'structural violence', or 'the dependency culture'. But the greatest evil is the refusal to believe in evil, and the final loss of freedom occurs when we cease to treat ourselves as free. This surely is the lesson of Theodore Dalrymple's essay in our current edition.

This is not to deny that the present moral crisis has causes: of course it does. But these causes are many and various, and to dwell on them is simply to compound the problem. We need to re-discover the primary *outlook* of morality. We need to see the world as made and changed by free choices, and to hold ourselves and others accountable for what we do. This is the first requirement of anything that could be called moral education. It is not that children must be taught the difference between right and wrong — for this teaches itself. The first unjust injury that a child suffers will bring the matter home. It is rather that children must be taught to act on their moral knowledge. Hence we must blame children for their wrongdoing, and discriminate between those who act badly and those who act well. Punishment is a necessary part of this process — whether the psychic punishment that comes from the withdrawal of expected love and affection, or the more dispassionate punishments that are necessary to establish the authority of adults such as schoolteachers, who lie outside the sphere of domestic love.

It is necessary to teach children that bad behaviour is neither glamorous nor rewarding. This means that children's literature and stories need to be edifying, replete with moral examples and cautionary tales. It means that adults should actively engage in *shaming* children whose bad behaviour disgusts or harms them. It means that the appetites and impulses of children

should not be instantly gratified, but systematically frustrated and postponed, in order that the higher but weaker impulses of morality should have the chance to exert themselves. It means that, in everything he says and does, the child should know that he is *judged* by those upon whom he depends for his happiness and well-being.

It is simple to say all that, but hard to put it into practice. Nevertheless, when today's adults throw up their hands at the spectacle of their immoral children, they ought also to reflect upon their own responsibility for producing them. Did they not allow television to displace conversation from its central place in the household? Did they not go on allowing their children to watch, long after the tide of violence, pornography and vulgarity had swept away the few improving images? Did they not connive at the absurd reforms in education, which forbade teachers to use physical punishment, and which encouraged everyone to extend towards destructive children the blanket toleration due to the 'disadvantaged'? And if they found it difficult to give guidance and discipline to their children in the matter of sex, was it not because they themselves had assumed the right to a sexual freedom which would make it hypocritical in them to deny it to their offspring?

In short, the present moral crisis is clear proof that wrongdoing is caused by wrongdoing. The remedy consists in doing right. And that means obeying the promptings of conscience, however hard and embarrassing this might be. Let us take an example. When an unruly child disrupts a class, terrorizes other children, and insults his teacher, the teacher ought to respond severely and vigorously. This usually means hitting the child, and hitting him hard. In Britain such an action will immediately bring a criminal charge against the teacher.

Most of us would find it easier, in

these circumstances, to go along with the law. We live under a rule of 'totalitarian liberalism', in which the law forbids us to forbid. While lenient in the extreme with those who do wrong, our law is merciless towards good people who try to prevent this wrongdoing by opposing it. In such circumstances few of us are prepared to face martyrdom. But that is only another way of saying that we are to blame. Every time you observe a wicked act, and allow it to persist without a reprimand or punishment, you put yourself on the side of evil. Teachers and parents in our country persist in wrongdoing with a clear conscience, merely because the law — a law for which they themselves, in their egregious sentimentality, are re-

sponsible — will punish them if they behave as they should.

Nor is the problem peculiar to our country. The motorcycle gangs of Denmark, the mafia in Italy and Eastern Europe, the drug-addicted youth of the American cities — everywhere we find the same result of lenience and *sauve-qui-peut*. There is no expertise, no sociological theory, no political programme that will reverse the trend. It can be reversed only when individuals make a point of doing right; and that means actively and energetically *forbidding* things. A society in which people no longer resist wrongdoing, but bless it with a sentimental toleration, is itself deeply sunk in wrongdoing. We all know that such a society is

in the process of destroying itself. But we should also recognise that its destruction will not be an evil but a good.

This is not a counsel of despair. Good and evil are mixed in all of us, and we are free to mend our ways. But if we form the habit of passing the buck, expecting governments, bureaucrats and the law to supply the deficit in moral feeling, then we are to blame for the disaster. To escape blame, we must resist the prevailing toleration. And this means exposing ourselves to blame of another kind — the bewildered but intransigent blame of the totalitarian liberal. In a society of extreme toleration, doing the right thing is far harder than doing what is comfortable but wrong.

Letters

Sir

Your Editorial in *The Salisbury Review* (Winter 1996) about "The Labour Party's proposals for the reform of the House of Lords" says all the right things about their irresponsible motivation and their likely consequences. But it should have concluded by pointing out that, if only the hereditary peers had turned out in force to insist that the Treaty of Maastricht must not be ratified without the consent of the British people in a referendum, then they would surely have made their exclusion politically impossible.

For while 'The people against the peers' might otherwise have been an attractive slogan for Labour, that insistence would have made it inescapably clear that those peers were siding with the people against the politicians of all parties who are determined to subordinate us, willy nilly, to Brussels' rule.

Antony Flew

Reading

Sir

Vivian Linacre's article *Reconstitut-*

ing Britain (Winter 1996) will be readily understood by many over the age of 55, but for most younger people I suspect it is incomprehensible.

The post 1945 social revolution has been hugely successful. Who could have believed that in so short a time the marriage ceremony with its solemn religious ritual would be swept away as so much superstitious mumbo-jumbo? Who could have imagined that in the space of a generation a nation could be converted from a sense of pride in its past to one of abject guilt? Who could foresee a populace falling ardently into the embrace of bureaucracy? Who could have believed that Conservative governments would sign away the nation's sovereignty? Yet all of these things have come to pass.

The battle for hearts and minds was won on two fronts — education and the media (radio and TV). Both, in their different ways, embraced a non-judgmental, value-free ethos which replaced a sense of personal responsibility with 'rights'. No doubt societies evolve, but we have witnessed the demand for freedom and choice become a juggernaut,

crushing all considerations that stand in its way.

The changes called for by Vivian Linacre are unlikely to occur because too many people desire a nanny state, including politicians, for whom the raising and re-deployment of taxes has become their *raison d'être*. As Helen Szamuely points out on p54 — "socialism is not just an economic system; it is, above all, an ideology, a state of mind". This condition exists in all western European nations and the EU is merely adding further bureaucratisation. Career politicians and the vast and growing army of public sector workers will not impede this process, it is very much in their interest.

I suspect our culture has reached its bread and circuses phase. The hype injected into sporting events by TV coverage is calculated to invoke near hysteria among spectators, akin to the atmosphere at 'pop' concerts. Players do not represent a locality, they are professional mercenaries similar to the gladiators of the Roman arena. Dance, once a form of social intercourse, has degenerated into 'raves', fuelled by

drugs. Meanwhile we fail to re-produce at a level that will maintain our own kind.

L A Chambers
Cirencester

Sir

Patrick Roche's *Irish Nationalism* (Winter, 1996) was illuminating, but perhaps the most interesting question was outside its scope. What consideration, if any, have Eire politicians given to the impact of union with Ulster if it should take place? Leaving aside the complex problem of the constitutional legality of the Dail in that event, there is the fact that for the first time in its history the Dail would have a solid block of Unionist deputies, perhaps 25% of the total, *holding the balance of power*. We do not know how many Unionists there are in Eire, but we do know that the majority of deputies voted for the Treaty and that the Treaty Party secured a majority in

the subsequent elections. Presumably *Fine Gael* has had their support ever since, but with the emergence of a Unionist party in the Dail there is the possibility of its having some support in the 26 counties. If the Unionists follow the logic of their argument it will be to advocate the re-union of Ireland with Great Britain.

Unfortunately we cannot assume that. Conservatives tend to see the Unionists in a rosy light not justified by their past performance. The Unionist vote carried the Treaty of Accession to the EEC in the House of Commons. Although it was made plain to Unionist MP's that the Maastricht Treaty would ultimately render partition and the border irrelevant, and that the Maastricht vote was the ultimate test of their loyalty to HM the Queen and to the British Crown, they, for a transitory gain, ensured its passage. In short, we are in the EU thanks to the

Unionists! With friends like these, who needs Santer and Kohl?

The Truth is that no Unionists, any more than the Nationalists, have ever regarded themselves as representatives of the Commons of Great Britain, but rather as delegates of a province, whose function it is to represent purely provincial interests. The so-called "Beef crisis" illustrates the point. They have not raised their voices to condemn, nor even question, the wicked sabotage of our national herd, but only to gain exemption for their part of the nation. It is entirely possible that if they come to the conclusion that EU "Regionalism", (a weapon directed at the hearts of the Nations,) serves their provincial interests better than a sovereign United Kingdom, they will jettison their much vaunted "loyalty" to the Crown and change the object of their "Unionism".

Anthony Cooney
Liverpool



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As the Left has moved right and the Right has moved left they have met in corporatist/fascist policies amenable to a "Europe" built on the 1942 Nazi blueprint, inspired by the anti-Anglo Saxon politics of 1930s fascism and supported then as now by Establishment figures and corporate elites in Britain, the USA and Europe. Identical methods used by Hitler to rule Germany have forced EU rule on Britain. Nazi influence after the war. Toynbee and Hoare's treason. The CBI's attacks on British sovereignty. The Bilderberg Group and its founders.

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Reviews

Migrants, Cultures and Discrimination

Antony Flew

Migrations and Culture: A World View, Thomas Sowell, Basic Books, New York, 1996, \$30.00.

What was originally “conceived of as a single book” has, the author explains, “ended up as three (thus far).” The first was *Preferential Policies: An International Perspective* (New York: William Morrow, 1990) and the second *Race and Culture* (New York: Basic Books, 1994). A fourth, earlier book by the same author, *Ethnic America: A History* (New York: Basic Books, 1981), is equally relevant. This examined the often spectacularly different track records of all the largest sets of immigrants into the USA.

The key concepts in all these studies are those of the cultures shared and the human capitals possessed by members of the set in question. But there is little if any attention to their music, art and literature. Indeed the concern is with “those aspects of culture which provide the material requirements for life itself — the specific skills, general work habits, saving propensities, and attitudes toward education and entrepreneurship — in short what economists call human capital”. It is not absurd for proponents of multiculturalism to insist that all cultures are equally good or equally valid if the word ‘culture’ is construed as referring only to music, art and literature, and if it is assumed that aesthetic judgement is purely subjective. But it is absurd if the goodness and the effectiveness claimed are goodness and effectiveness as means to worldly success. For what are and are not effective

means to worldly success are matters of objective fact.

Migration and Cultures examines the fortunes and misfortunes of five major sets of migrants throughout the different periods of their migrations and in the different areas of their immigration. These sets are the Germans, the Japanese, the Italians, the overseas Chinese, the Jews of the diaspora, and the overseas Indians. However financially penurious migrants were upon their entry into their countries of immigration, they all already possessed some human capital. Thus German migrants “did not simply leave Germany. They took Germany with them ... Germans in Russia were noted for traditional German orderliness, discipline, frugality and calculation. Germans in high government positions were noted for their efficiency and incorruptibility — both characteristics in sharp contrast with Russian officials.” Again, in every country of their immigration Germans and the descendants of Germans have become proportionately over-represented in positions of military command. For instance: the supreme commanders of the US Army in both world wars were of German descent.

But *Migrations and Cultures* provides much more than well presented expositions of historical material. As in *Ethnic America* and *Race and Culture*, they constitute overwhelming evidence of the falsity of the assumption

that without hostile discrimination against their members any racial, ethnic or other subsets of some larger human set will be more or less proportionately represented in every form of occupation and achievement.

Because, unless it is openly admitted, such hostile discrimination is so difficult to prove to the satisfaction of an open-minded court, bureaucracies charged with combatting it, rarely resist the temptation to insist upon the supposed truth of this demonstrably false assumption. These bureaucracies are of course ones whose members have strong job-preservation and job-improvement interests in finding ever more of such hostile discrimination to combat. It is significant that, at the latest time of asking, the Library of the UK Commission for Racial Equality still contained no books by Sowell.

Misguided by their prejudicial assumption that equalities of opportunity are bound to result in equalities of outcome, promoters of social policies are forever insisting that people who have not actually attained desirable positions must have been actively excluded from them. “The whole issue of performance differences is often”, Sowell characteristically observes, “verbally pre-empted by confounding them with differential treatment, . . . through the use of such words as ‘advantage’ or ‘privilege’, on the one hand, or ‘opportunity’ or ‘access’, on the other, to characterise empirical

differences in outcomes. This vocabulary transmutes all performance differences *ex post* into externally imposed 'disadvantages' *ex ante*."

Those who speak of advantages and disadvantages in this way are also likely to say that these advantages are given and these disadvantages are imposed by Society. Sowell shares Margaret Thatcher's impatience with such misleading reasoning. He objects to those who think "in terms of some arbitrarily collectivized 'society', 'power structure', or other such construct not corresponding to any empirically demonstrable decision-making unit. The poetic licence of speaking of 'Society' as acting in this way or that is a declaration of intellectual bankruptcy, as far as empirical evidence is concerned."

To anyone who shares Sowell's open-minded zeal to discover what actually

is the case, and how things have become as they are, his writings are endlessly exhilarating. Why, for instance, when Europeans began dealings with Africa South of the Sahara was it — as the politically correct would have us say — so underdeveloped? Sowell finds much of the answer in major geographical disadvantages. Again, for years, "the high rate of single-parent, teenage pregnancy among blacks" was asserted to be "a legacy of slavery. Evidence was neither asked nor given." But just so soon as anyone seriously sought the truth they discovered that "the vast majority of black children grew up in two-parent homes, even under slavery itself, and for generations thereafter." Sowell's exasperated comment is: "Passionate commitment to 'social justice' can never be a substitute for knowing what you are talking about."

With reference to that commitment he also comments that "Dramatic rises from poverty to prosperity, whether among nations or among various immigrant groups" raise the question "why wealth is created abundantly under some conditions and not under others." But to pursue that question would be to abandon the agenda of "those who focus on the distribution of wealth, as if its creation could be taken for granted ... and as if its uneven distribution . . . could only be explained by malign forces or sinister machinations." Readers of Rawls's *A Theory of [Social] Justice* will be reminded of his wholly unargued assumption that all wealth already produced or in future to be produced is available for collective distribution or redistribution altogether free of any morally legitimate prior claims to possession.

A Universal Man

Gerald J Russello

The Vision of Richard Weaver, Joseph Scotchie, editor, Transaction Publishers, 1996.

Richard Weaver holds a special place in the history of American conservatism. He is regarded as one of modern conservatism's "founding fathers", along with Russell Kirk, William F. Buckley, Jr. and Friederich Hayek. His seminal book, *Ideas Have Consequences* (published in 1948), is a tightly focused critique of modern life and the perils of mass society, and it found a ready audience among the nascent American Right. Weaver was a founding editor of the primary conservative intellectual journal, *Modern Age*. His other books, such as *Life Without Prejudice* (1965) and *The Southern Tradition at Bay* (1968), served to link him with the literary and philosophical movement known as Southern Agrar-

ianism. In addition, Weaver taught at the University of Chicago as a professor of English, where he concentrated on the study of rhetoric and published several important works in that field.

This *Festschrift* collects fourteen previously published essays on various aspects of Weaver's work; the essays are grouped according to Weaver's contributions as a rhetorician, political philosopher and social critic and his continuing importance for American conservatism. The volume also includes an autobiographical account by Weaver himself, a useful bibliography and a helpful Introduction that places Weaver in context and highlights the major themes in his writings. In all, it is a worthy companion to

the work of one of the great conservative intellectuals of the twentieth-century.

Weaver was well-known for his contention that the troubles that beset the modern age were the fruits of a philosophical conflict that occurred during the fourteenth century. Specifically, Weaver saw the triumph of nominalism, as espoused by William of Occam, as the root of the decadence of modern life, and its increasing sense of purposelessness and mindless acquisition. He wrote in *Ideas Have Consequences* that the defeat of logical realism in the late medieval period was the "crucial event in the history of Western culture." Nominalism denies the existence of universals, terms such as

“nature”, “man” and “good” are merely convenient idioms with no real content. Its conflict with the older medieval realism was, for Weaver, a debate over whether any truth higher than and independent from man existed.

If one accepts the nominalist argument, there is an implicit rejection of transcendentalism. Reality becomes a matter of sensual experience, and belief in religious truth fades as it is replaced by materialism. Evil is seen not as arising out of original sin (a notion that in any event was soon discarded), but as a result of “simple ignorance or some kind of social deprivation.” Human reason alone was thought capable to solve all problems, by a studious attention to the data received by the senses. Later, however, even the supremacy of reason was undermined, as nineteenth-century theorists determined that humanity is completely dominated and shaped by its environment. In words echoing those of the historian Christopher Dawson, who traced a similar pattern in European thought and found the history of rationalism from Descartes to Spencer as a kind of “rational suicide, that ended by explaining itself away”, Weaver puts it thus: “Man, created in the divine image, the protagonist of a great drama in which his soul was at stake was replaced by man the wealth-seeking and -consuming animal.”

Other than with conservatives, *Ideas Have Consequences* was quietly received. Postwar America was not ready to hear that a sound cultural foundation could not be built on reason, social planning and material wealth alone. In a later edition, Weaver asserts that he wrote the book as a challenge to the forces challenging civilization, and in the 1990s these forces show little sign of dissipating. Weaver’s work has proven prophetic, as the industrialized nations begin to realize where their decisions have brought them. Family collapse, social disintegration, and environmental ruin are vivid examples of what is incurred by the disregard of “universals” among which Weaver placed original sin.

The contributors to this volume try, in their several ways, to explain both

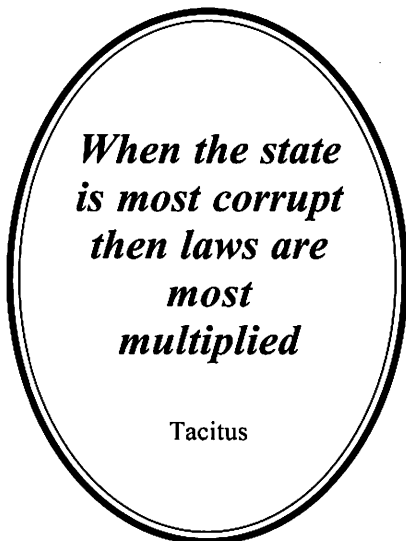
Weaver’s insights and his personal character. Weaver was an extremely introspective and private man; so much so that even after two decades at Chicago, his colleagues there, with few exceptions, did not know him well. Those who did know him, such as Eliseo Vivas, who contributes an essay, recognize that there was something impenetrable about Weaver; although friendly enough, and partial to good stories and good bourbon, Weaver never strayed from the life of intense solitary scholarship and reflection to which he had devoted himself.

Most of the selections describe the importance of the South to Weaver’s personal and intellectual development. Although he taught at Chicago, Weaver grew up in Tennessee and North Carolina, and he studied at Vanderbilt under John Crowe Ransom. Ransom’s 1930 book, *God Without Thunder*, was an early influence on Weaver, and partially precipitated his abandonment of a youthful flirtation with socialism. Later, at Louisiana State University, he was to study under Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks, two more of the original Vanderbilt Agrarians. Indeed, in his essay on “The Agrarianism of Richard Weaver,” M E Bradford states that the essential message of the Agrarians found its completion in Weaver’s work.

Weaver saw in the antebellum South the “last non-materialistic civilization in the Western world,” a society that still valued transcendental reality and maintained the Western tradition of chivalry — in effect, it was the last existing social system that had resisted the nominalists. There are, of course, problems with this interpretation, as G K Chesterton has pointed out, the medieval era was one of moving from the slavery of the classical period through serfdom to freedom. The South showed no signs of developing in a similar manner, at least for a portion of its population. Indeed, it is troublesome to call “non-materialistic” a society that valued property so highly it thought humans could be classified as such. This collection, however, goes a long way in making the careful distinctions that are necessary to reveal

the value of some aspects of the “older religiousness of the South” (as Weaver himself put it) while admitting its limitations. Calvin S. Brown, in his study of *The Southern Tradition at Bay*, which was Weaver’s doctoral dissertation, astutely disentangles the lessons to be learned from the separate social classes in the South from its more disagreeable practices. Allan C Brownfeld, likewise, in “The South Wisely Perceived,” provides a reasoned argument in support of Weaver’s assertion of the importance of Southern history.

The recent renaissance of interest in Southern thought and its value for the rest of the nations illustrates the continued vitality of the region. It represents, historian Eugene D Genovese has written, America’s only “native-born critique of our national development,” and reminds us that the United States is part of a wider cultural heritage. The history and sense of tragedy the South brings to the American experience are necessary to check the unalloyed meliorism and historical myopia common in American ideology, of both the left and the right. Its regard for private property and rural life — and its concomitant disdain for urbanism and “big business” — are valuable still, if only to show how much has been lost. Richard Weaver still has his followers, as this volume shows, and his work, like that of the best social critics, soberly assesses cultural crises but does not despair of them. In his works can be found the seeds of cultural regeneration.



*When the state
is most corrupt
then laws are
most
multiplied*

Tacitus

Renaissance Man

James McNamara

Christianity and Western Civilization, Can a Culture Survive the Loss of its Religious Roots?, Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1995, pb, £8.95, dist. Nelson Word Ltd, Bletchley.

Until the eighteenth century it could still be taken for granted that Western Civilization was a Christian Civilization, a unique blend of spiritual and material elements in a rational moral order. Europe was thus a cultural expression in which the reality of a divine intervention could be glimpsed. By the following century this idea had become controversial. Yet it remained presupposed in the recast form of a *Novus Ordo*, an ever expanding *Saeculorum*. Humanism, the Enlightenment, and democracy all employed the same unitary principle to envision an ideal civilization towards which all 'peoples, tribes and tongues' must move. Since then even this ideal has been dropped, and only the dream of an autonomous secularity is still preached. In the process Christianity has been demoted from its position as chief cultural influence in the West to a vacuum. Yet from its storage basement it continues to bring out things old and things new — neglected perspectives. This small volume of essays by five US-based Professors of Philosophy, History and Language represents one such rich treasury of insights — the work of the finest Catholic cultural historian of the twentieth century, Christopher Dawson. Each contributor writes with a distinctive voice, but since Dawson's is the tutelary presence behind the book, a preliminary word about him seems essential.

Dawson was one of the most intellectually interesting of all those, mainly Christian, minds of this century and the last, who remained unsubmerged by the tide of rising and deeply aggressive secular hegemony. His was an entirely English voice, though his outlook was trans-national. However, it is impor-

tant to stress that his many books, from 1929 to about the mid-1960s, stand slightly apart from theo/literary controversy and resist the temptation to lapse into any simple anti-modern stance. His own was more like the 'Modernist' critique of modernity found in the poets, T S Eliot and David Jones, and most recently in the work of Geoffrey Hill, though it matches all of them in scope and erudition. He skilfully allies the techniques of sociology and comparative anthropology to those of the historian to show that much of what is conventionally considered 'Modern' about western culture: liberalism, internationalism, progress etc, in reality is the by-product of a 'sublimated Christianity'; a free translation to an historic present of a past deliberately ignored in an ideology of forgetting. Hence many of the extraordinary innovations (technology, mass civilization, management etc.) have not been critically tested for their full quota of universal benevolence. Indeed Dawson thought they were out of cultural control and had contributed in large measure to the state of abnormality, disfigurement, and incoherence to which pure secularity has no substantive answer. Taken as a whole his work successively engages and finally subverts a long familiar pantheon of anti-Christian secularists; Bury, Burckhardt, Harnack, Comte, Weber, Marx, Toynbee, and of course, Gibbon. Its gestation therefore was suitably slow. It began early at Oxford as a special study of the relations of religion to culture, and was continued throughout the 1920s and 1930s as a researcher/lecturer at University College, Exeter, in the history of Culture, and Liverpool University in the Philosophy of Religion. The publication of *Progress and*

Religion (1929) widened the audience both at home and abroad, particularly in France and America. The two sets of Gifford lectures given at the University of Edinburgh (1947-1949), *Religion and Culture* and *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture*, plus an American tour, secured an appointment as Stillman-Guest Professor of Roman Catholic theological studies at Harvard University in the 1950s. He died in 1970 still adding to a prolific *oeuvre*. Between 1942-1962 a stream of widely read books appeared; *The Dynamics of World History*, *The Making of Europe*, *The Historic Reality of Christian Culture*, *The Judgement of Nations*, *The Movement of World Revolution*, and reissues of his work have been fairly continuous. Two prestigious conferences in the 1990s, the first sponsored by the Wetherfield Institute (US), the second by Westminster College, Oxford (UK), the former being responsible for this collection of critical essays published by Ignatius Press, San Francisco, have attracted renewed attention.

Generally, each writer addresses Dawson's mid-century thesis — that 'Religion is the key of History'. In 'Religion as the Root of Culture', Joseph Koterski of Fordham University succinctly outlines this central proposition, and explains how a new model of co-operation between Church and State, the sacred and the secular, could replace the older versions of confrontation and dominance. Glenn Olsen, an historian at the University of Utah, further elucidates the categories of 'Secularization and Sacralization' as permanently engaged in 'ontological' boundary-disputes. He traces, with great erudition, some of the pre-Christian resolutions found in ancient civilizations, includ-

ing Greece and Rome. He finally uses Pauline theology to define 'Culture' as 'embodied religion'; as a dynamic interplay between ever-changing material interests and that which surpasses all such categories. Their mutual exchange is always enriching, though every finite expression must be judged from a stance in but not of the world. This includes religion-dominated cultures as well.

The other three contributions explore, from varying angles, what can happen to an overly secularised culture after it has evacuated its 'Sacrum' altogether. Robert Young, Professor of English at North Carolina State University, has turned in a witty discourse on language and gender deformations with 'Nature and Grace in the Character of Western Man'. The other two deal with the philosophical vexations and havoc generated by a squinty-eyed liberalism in both its British and American varieties. With a title that contains an allusion to *Jeremiah* (1. 4-10.) 'To Tear Down and Build Up: Christianity and the Subversive Forces in Western Civilization', James Hitchcock of St Louis University argues that Dawson might very well have been right when, at various times in his life, he thought that a frankly apocalyptic stance was becoming appropriate; that the Church could no longer remain in the basement without betraying its mission. It was the sole surviving institution which was able to assert that political issues had become *au fond* spiritual issues, since a complete temporal invasion of its sphere had been put in progress. On the other hand, Russell Hittinger, Professor of Philoso-

phy at the Catholic University, Washington, DC, puts the blame on Technology, or at least on its morally unrestrained values. In 'Technology and the Demise of Liberalism', he provides us with some Dawsonian reflections upon their historically and morally flawed interrelations, from Adam Smith and Mill to the military machine and birth control.

If work of this quality continues to come from the universities it is safe to predict that Christianity will not remain for long in an intellectual basement. Each contributor largely agrees with Dawson's 'big picture' of Christianity's unique cultural influence. Dawson was the supreme exponent of the view that the Enlightenment got it wrong. Christianity, far from retarding progress, virtually creates its prior conditions for it has the ability to receive, transform and re-stabilize any culture which accepts it. The best example is the way it fused three civilizations, Jewish, Greek and Roman, and then, with missionary zeal, impacted upon the semi-barbarous society of feudal Europe, breaking its stasis, and inspiring it to flower out into a fresh unity of vernacular cultures. In that sense its effects are dynamic, so that Dawson could speak of the past two millennia as a 'Series of Renaissances': a perspective which renders its putative successor, liberalism, into a vast spiritual and global plagiarism, though it must be noted that neither he, nor anyone in this collection, draws such a conclusion.

All are concerned, however, about the likelihood of Christianity's continuing presence in a post-liberal, technol-

ogy-saturated society but perhaps Christopher Dawson had the best answer to that.

The sacred tradition of the Christian past.... flows underneath the streets, cinemas, and skyscrapers of the new Babylon as the tradition of the patriarchs and prophets flowed beneath the palaces, and amphitheatres of Imperial Rome. So in the end, can Western civilization survive the loss of its Christian roots? The answer seems to be — No, but it cannot tear them up either.

But was this judgement too sanguine? Since it was made, a new enemy has appeared which combines electronic technology, seductive paganism, and anarchic individualism into an organised industry. It has no moral horizons above self-assertion, and since the 1960s its enormous wealth has ensured near global dominance, indeed it is bidding to fill the current ideological vacuum as a sort of quasi-Universal — it is known as 'Popular Culture', but its real name is Moloch. Even the more intelligent opinion-formers bend over to worship the monster and help to make idols of the rather drab heroes which feed its insatiable appetites. There really ought to have been a sixth essay about the machinations of this industry in this collection, which is otherwise admirably comprehensive. Dawson himself did write about it, but only in its more modest medieval mood. Since its elevation from the tavern to the penthouse suite, pop culture has amplified the noise of the New Babylon, drowning out every other voice which once gave hope to our civilization. So it surely now deserves a negative critique all to itself.

Notes on Reviewers

Peter Bassett was Vice-Chairman of the Queen's English Society.

Antony Flew's most recent book is *Shepherd's Warning* published by the Adam Smith Institute.

Shusha Guppy's books include *A Girl in Paris* and *Looking Back*.

Sophie Jeffreys is a researcher at the Bath Preservation Trust.

David J Levy is Reader in Sociology at Middlesex University.

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

James McNamara is a freelance writer.

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

Gerald Russello is a lawyer and writer in the United States.

Lessons of Soane

Sophie Jeffreys

Sir John Soane and the Royal Academy Lectures, David Watkin, CUP, 1996, £75.

Every day, in the course of my employment, I must study planning applications submitted to the Bath and North East Somerset local authority. In my spare time I have been reading the lectures delivered to the Royal Academy by Soane, and published in this book by our leading architectural historian. Nothing could bring home more strikingly the recent decline in the quality of architectural design and drawings. The majority of applications I study are merely proposals to alter existing buildings or for small domestic projects. Nevertheless, they show little architectural understanding and often a complete inability on the part of their architects to draw in a way that indicates mass and the fall of light. Designs for new houses are mere diagrams and show no acknowledgement of the universal ‘first principles’ explained by Soane. Hence they look no better than a collection of their necessary parts, with a few mouldings arbitrarily applied to ‘classicize’ them in a way believed to be appropriate for Bath. Permission has just been granted for forty new houses of this slipshod design behind one of Bath’s, indeed one of Britain’s, most impressive terraces. There are also proposals for grand schemes of a type that would surely have interested Soane: a new Bath Spa House, the redevelopment of ‘Southgate’ — Bath’s depressing shopping precinct designed in the seventies by Owen Luder (then President of the RIBA) — and a new mews behind the Circus. The £11m proposal for a new Bath Spa to be built with lottery funds for the Millennium, makes plain the contemporary poverty of architectural design. From the computer graphics offered in lieu of an architectural drawing one infers that an aluminium and

glass cage will be dropped at the end of Bath Street next to John Wood the Younger’s Hot Bath and on the site where a building by Decimus Burton once stood. The plans show no respect for the architectural context, and no ability to envisage the final building, or the feelings of those who would be forced to live with it.

To read David Watkin’s book in the knowledge that vast *fin de siècle* monuments are currently being planned by architects lacking either knowledge of the tradition or the ability to produce measured drawings that indicate the style and form of the finished building, is both a deeply disconcerting experience and a reminder of the need to publish Soane’s Royal Academy lectures at this moment.

Soane disparaged the attitude shown by many of the architects currently competing for Millennium projects: “The architect must not be satisfied with simple geometrical representations, they only convey imperfect false ideas of things”. The issues which, according to Watkin, obsessed Soane throughout his life are those that concern many ordinary people today: the importance of first principles, appropriate character, the meanness of contemporary architecture and the iniquity of speculative building systems. In his opening lecture, Soane writes that by knowing first principles “we shall thereby become artists not mere copyists: we shall avoid service imitation and, what is equally dangerous, improper application. We shall not then be led astray by fashion, and prejudice, in a foolish and vain pursuit after novelty.” One only needs to view the current proposals for a Millennium bridge across the Thames to see that there is no longer any sympathy for

and probably no knowledge of what Soane was getting at. The designs we see displayed in the Royal Academy’s recent exhibition are essentially unimagined — mechanical projections of mathematical ideas without any perceivable relation to their surroundings. They are designs without feeling, produced by people without feelings. In these respects they could not be further from Soane’s RA gold medal winning Triumphal Bridge (1796) nor from the spirit in which he encouraged his students to consider bridge design: “In the bridges of the Ancients we trace the same grandeur of mind as in their temples and other public works.” (Lecture XII.) Civilizations are remembered by their architecture; will the Millennium bridge indicate our “grandeur of mind”?

The value of Watkin’s work is twofold. For the first time it exactly reproduces Soane’s lectures and drawings within one book; it also provides the reader with a perceptive, scholarly and sensitive analysis of Soane’s thoughts, theory and personality and in doing so offers invaluable material for our current situation. Soane convincingly promotes the Aristotelian view that public architecture is the expression of civic virtue and should be compared to good manners. Structures like the Lloyds Building or the Pompidou Centre, and doubtless some of the Millennium projects if they are realised, look like loutish intrusions in the midst of their polite, decorous surroundings.

The apparent lack of good taste in contemporary building projects is due to a loss of knowledge and humility among architects, who are too much concerned with futuristic design, innovative construction and the ill-bred desire to draw attention to themselves.

Watkin's achievement is to animate for the reader the scholarly discourse in which Soane engaged with both his contemporaries and with theorists of the past. The result is in every sense monumental: a book to be lovingly perused, and a treasure-trove for the serious architect wishing to take up the

references, to capture for himself something of the eminent tradition in which he follows and to continue the discourse. In spite of its size it does not seem onerously long, largely because of its careful structuring, lucid language and beautiful presentation. Watkin has brought to life Soane's

scholarly achievements by "pursuing his footsteps" over a period of four years — an effort which, he says, "has seemed at times like a cross between a detective story and a paper chase." Cambridge University Press are to be congratulated for having chased enough paper to print the result.

Heidegger explained

David J Levy

Heidegger, David E Cooper, The Claridge Press, 1996, £5.95.

The Young Heidegger: Rumor of the Hidden King, John Van Buren, Indiana University Press, 1996, £27.50.

Martin Heidegger and European Nihilism, Karl Lowith, edited and introduced by Richard Wolin, translated Gary Steiner, Columbia University Press, £27.00.

In 1978 George Steiner published what was then the best brief introduction to the work of Martin Heidegger as a part of the Fontana Modern Masters series. At that time Heidegger had been dead for three years but, as Steiner noted, his broad cultural influence showed no signs of waning. Even in England, a land long resistant to the dubious charms of this often obscure and sometimes quasi-nonsensical thinker, his gnomic but periodically illuminating texts were finding an increasing number of readers in whom the initial frustration of encountering his prose, whether in the original German or in the English translations of highly varying quality that were beginning to appear, was being matched and sometimes overtaken by a fascination which sometimes spilled over into obsession.

Steiner wrote of what he called 'the presence of Heidegger' on the contemporary scene. By this he meant not only that Heidegger's influence was widely felt throughout the cultural and intellectual field but that any individual cursed or blessed with the urge to think through the enduring issues of philosophical and spiritual life would find

that Heidegger had been there before him. Whatever one thought of what he had said on the topic, Heidegger's words, or at least what the reader could make of them, were sure to provoke further reflection. In the experience of reading Heidegger repulsion and attraction alike are challenging and sometimes enlightening moments in the life of the mind. Nevertheless to discover that experience one has first to take on the business of reading Heidegger at all; and that remains not only a challenge in itself but a task from which only too many impatient English commentators, formed in the hard-knocks school of analytical philosophy, are more than willing to excuse the aspirant explorer.

It is against this background that David Cooper's splendid new introduction to Heidegger finds its place. In less than ninety pages Cooper discusses the guiding themes of Heidegger's life and work with a lucidity and penetration that I would have believed impossible had I not the book before me. This is a work neither of hagiography nor dismissal but of fair and critical judgement couched in

a style that is never less than readable and pitched throughout at an intellectual level at once clear to the non-specialist reader and uncannily true to the complexities of the matters with which it must deal. I cannot recommend it highly enough.

In six brief chapters Cooper covers the contentious themes of Heidegger's notorious involvement with National Socialism, his fundamental analysis of the peculiar character of man's mode of being in the world enunciated in *Being and Time*, and his extraordinarily interesting if, for me, ultimately unconvincing discussions on the formative character of artistic and especially poetic experience in human existence, as well as on the historical significance of the growth of technology as an inescapable factor in our emerging global destiny. Cooper's discussions are never less than fair and he writes out of a familiarity with Heidegger's voluminous writings which though not exhaustive — an accomplishment hardly possible with a philosopher whose collected writings will eventually run to some one hundred volumes — is deep and well considered. Above

all Cooper's approach to Heidegger is marked by a level of reflective distance *vis-à-vis* his subject matter which is notoriously absent from the mass of secondary literature engendered by Heidegger's work among admirers and detractors alike. Of course there are gaps in Cooper's commentary. I feel that a longer discussion of Heidegger's account of the significance of temporality in human existence would have been helpful and also that an examination of the often covert religious themes and motivations that are, I believe, at the root of what is both best and worst in Heidegger's philosophy would have proved illuminating. But these are small quibbles about what is overall a magnificent introduction to the work of a man who is, for better or worse, perhaps the most influential if not the wisest thinker that our troubled century has produced.

The two other books under review are both fine and even vital additions to the mass of secondary literature now emerging from the thriving Heidegger industry. John van Buren's *The Young Heidegger* is a comprehensive study of the intellectual and spiritual influences that formed Heidegger's thought in the years that lead to the publication of the ground breaking *Being and Time* in 1927. Together with Theodore Kiesel's *The Genesis of Heidegger's Being and Time* (1993), van Buren's

book will form essential reading for anyone interested in the pre-history of the ideas that found expression in the in some ways premature synthesis of phenomenology and existential analysis that Heidegger accomplished, in what has subsequently proved to be probably the single most culturally important work to emerge from the pen of a professor of philosophy in the last hundred years. Van Buren's scholarship is impeccable and he displays a remarkable talent for teasing out the elements which Heidegger was to utilise, as often by creative distortion as by straight appropriation, from his own perceptive if idiosyncratic readings of the classics of the Western tradition.

Karl Lowith's intriguingly titled *Martin Heidegger and European Nihilism*, which appears here in English for the first time, is a selection of substantial writings by one of Heidegger's first and most brilliant students — a man whose own distinguished career, epitomised in such important works of intellectual history as *Meaning and History* and *From Hegel to Nietzsche*, may be seen as, in sum, a creative reaction against the initially overwhelming impression of his first master. Richard Wolin's fine introduction to Lowith's reflections on the flawed legacy of Heidegger's thought and its relationship to a contemporary climate of moral nihilism of

which it is both a symptom and a continuing cause is a model of its kind; and Lowith's own essays, which range far beyond the confines of Heidegger scholarship into wider discussion of the vital matter of the identity and destiny of European civilisation as a whole, make fascinating reading to anyone concerned with our future as identifiably Western men and women. This is not writing concerned with the politics of the moment, important though that undoubtedly is, but with the wider questions on which our very future as civilised human beings may ultimately depend.

Some twenty years ago, when I first encountered Heidegger's work, I asked in a review published at the time: Why should we bother to read him at all, given the difficulties and frustrations that every such reading must entail? The answer I gave still seems to me as true as it did then. If what Heidegger says is fundamentally true the question answers itself: if it is not, then the errors it embodies spring from the deepest levels that the human mind can reach. That is the worth of the enterprise and if, as I believe, David Cooper's new introduction to this fascinating and infuriating thinker can introduce new readers to the task, as it deserves to do, then its publication will prove to be an important cultural event in its own right.

Bohemian Rhapsody

Shusha Guppy

Violet — The Life and Loves of Violet Gordon Woodhouse, Jessica Douglas-Home, Harvill Press, 1996, £20.00.

Violet Gordon Woodhouse's photograph on the cover of her biography brings to mind the much reproduced picture of young Mozart in his white wig and Court fineries, sitting at his

piano. Like her unique predecessor Violet was a musical prodigy who played the piano and the violin well by the age of seven, and went on to become one of the most celebrated musi-

cians of her time. Unlike Mozart she did not compose, and as an interpreter she would quickly fade from memory were she not rescued by this timely and enthralling book.

Born in 1871 into an upper-middle-class family, Violet was the fourth of James and May Gwynne's seven children. Her precocious talent was perceived by her musical mother who taught her the piano and hired a French *émigré* violin teacher for her. By the age of seven Violet was advanced enough to have tuition with a piano teacher who only took on "specially gifted pupils" destined for brilliant careers. From the start Violet's passionate intensity and commitment mesmerised her audiences, which at first consisted of family and friends. Only her stern Victorian father opposed the possibility of any "professional career" for her, instead she was to "marry well" and combine the activities of a social hostess with those of a gifted amateur pianist. Accordingly she accepted the proposal of a highly suitable suitor, Henry, Lord Gage, but broke her engagement when her mother explained "the facts of life" to her — she decided that she did not want a "conventional marriage" involving physical intimacy, and eventually settled for a *mariage blanc* with the kind, adoring Gordon Woodhouse, rumoured to have been "incapacitated by a riding accident", and bizarrely took *both* his names. Thereafter music was the central passion of her life around which she wove a rich, intricate web of personal relationships.

Her encounter in 1896 with Arnold Dolmetsch, scholar and zealous crusader for early music, who played on original instruments, changed the course of her career: she abandoned the piano for harpsichord and clavichord, two instruments which had fallen into neglect as a result of the development of the modern piano, and became the first virtuosa to be recorded on harpsichord. Her passionate patronage of Purcell, Scarlatti, Bach and other 18th Century composers led to the revival and popularity of their music. (The long and detailed discography by Alan Vicat at the end of the book gives an idea of her extensive repertoire.)

As Violet's fame spread, artists and musicians from all over Europe flocked to hear her in London. Her salon in Mayfair and at Nether Lypiatt Manor

in Gloucestershire surpassed in cosmopolitan glamour Lady Ottoline Morell's in Bloomsbury and at Garsington Manor in Oxfordshire — Delius, Pablo Casals, Diaghilev, Picasso and Rodin, Eliot and Pound, Wilfred Owen and Bernard Shaw, and the Sitwells attended her soirées:

Here in a large and fine-proportioned room...Violet played every Sunday during the 1914-18 war to a crowd of friends and musicians... I shall never forget the impact of the atmosphere, so unlike any other I had known — warm, full of gaiety, beauty and at times a faint luminous sadness...

wrote Osbert Sitwell in his autobiography, *Noble Essences*.

No less unusual and fascinating was the development of Violet's personal life. Four years after her marriage to Gordon Woodhouse she fell in love with Bill Barrington, "the love of her life", a non-musical handsome sportsman with an original talent for gardening, who created magical gardens for her. To this harmonious *ménage à trois* was soon added Max Labouchère, barrister, wit and "man-about-town", who became Violet's intellectual mentor, and whose death years later in the Great War left her bereft. Finally a fourth man entered her life: Denis Tollemache, a "dashing" cavalry officer much younger than herself, who fell in love with her when he was a schoolboy of 17, and remained devoted to her until he was killed in World War II. Inevitably this *ménage à cinq* raised a few eyebrows, but Violet's charm overcame social convention.

Violet was equally attractive to women: "though there was no evidence of sexuality, she seemed to need their company". The singer Adaline Gantz accompanied her on her honeymoon, while the music critic Christabel Marshall tried to prevent her marriage by warning Gordon Woodhouse of Violet's "bewitching charisma", and Ethel Smyth, the first notable woman composer and suffragette, loved her unrequitedly for years. Yet Violet was not beautiful. "She had no features", but she looked exotic, due to a "dark secret" in her mother's family — one great-grandmother had been a Sumatran Ranee. Ashamed of this

"colonial" connection, the family preferred alluding to "Spanish origins" to explain Violet's "jet black hair, dark-brown eyes and gypsy looks, as well as her flashing temperament, rapturous relationships and flamenco sense of rhythm". Her exceptional talent for creating beautiful surroundings, her unusual taste in furniture and clothes, further enhanced her magnetism.

Jessica Douglas-Home is Violet Gordon Woodhouse's great-niece, and as a child lived in Nether Lypiatt and learnt to play the harpsichord on Violet's instruments. She found the house "haunted by Violet", whose ghost seemed to command one of its occupants to "set down the record of her extraordinary life". A diary kept by Violet's loving sister Dorothy, sachets of letters found in attics and much research provided Mrs Douglas-Home with the basis of this book.

Though clearly under the spell of her enigmatic subject, she recognises her narcissism and "exquisite selfishness", her ability to be "cold and critical" as well as warm and generous, and to make "original and cultivated men willingly forgo families and an independent position in society in order to devote themselves, until their own deaths, to Violet".

Violet is the story of this extraordinary woman as well as a social and artistic map of England and Europe in her time, the first half of this century. It is full of eccentric characters, intriguing anecdotes, and even a whodunit. Mrs Douglas-Home tells it with verve, keeping the reader spell-bound throughout.

After Violet's death in 1948 Gordon and Bill continued to live in Nether Lypiatt, maintaining the house as a shrine to her memory. As a fitting end to this amazing love-story they are buried on either side of her.

**People do not
lack strength
they lack will**

Victor Hugo

Rescuing our History

A W Purdue

The Story of Britain, Roy Strong, Hutchinson, 1996, £35.

An exotic figure stands against the background of Stonehenge. His long white hair forms a helmet, framing a moustache and round spectacles; he is well protected against hostile elements by a buttoned-up overcoat reminiscent of a uniform, gloves and scarf. He does not smile but stares severely, even morosely, at the camera. Above him is the not quite grammatical message "One man's quest to give to everyone the history of their country". Is this a questing knight or some space-trekker about "to boldly go where no man has gone before"? In fact it's Roy Strong, art historian and past director of the National Portrait Gallery and the Victoria & Albert Museum, and we are looking at the back cover of *The Story of Britain*. He is off to rescue our national history.

It certainly needs rescuing, but many dragons stand in the way. A timorous government has left it with an insecure place in the national curriculum, a hostile teaching profession is interested only in the negative aspects of Britain's past, while Scottish and Welsh nationalisms fan the flames, not just of their separatisms, but of English nationalism.

Is there such a thing as *the* story of Britain rather than alternative stories as the post-structuralists would have it? If not there may well soon be no Britain and Strong is well aware of this, remarking that "As I wrote the book I was intensely aware of the fact that the very idea of Britain was being deconstructed". A common history is not a given array of facts or past events, it is rather a shared interpretation of the past, not a uniform nor an uncontested interpretation, but one in which common assumptions, achievements, even myths, have sufficient influence

to underpin a sense of identity.

Strong writes consciously in the tradition of *Our Island Story* but is well aware of the difficulties that an author who sets out to write a history of Britain faces today. In the first place there is the disdain of all those specialists, who, never daring themselves to venture beyond a narrow field, turn upon those who attempt general histories with jealous fury. A general history must have a structure and unity, but the most obvious structural props — kings and queens, battles and treaties — are deeply unfashionable, while disunity and conflict are more often celebrated by contemporary historians than is unity. Above all, the present arranges the past and provides the perspective. All those Victorian and early twentieth-century models were written from the perspective of Britain as a great power, the pioneer of democratic and constitutional government and, with or without all or part of Ireland, a united kingdom. How does one write a British history from the comfortable wasteland of a whining modern Britain?

The great tragedy of modern Britain is that its decline in confidence occurred at much the same time as one of the nation's great achievements, a peaceful social revolution which made British society more mobile than ever before. Grammar schools and expanded universities enabled a meritocracy to move into influential positions, just as the nation lost faith in itself and began to wonder whether it was a nation at all. Roy Strong acknowledges this: "I am also a product of my own age, a lower middle class boy who made his way upwards through hard work and scholarships to join the ranks of the professional classes who now control

the destiny of the country". This then is the perspective: a history of Britain, not from the viewpoint of those who lost power and influence or those who never had it, but from that of a responsible member of a new elite.

The Story of Britain has one great disadvantage as compared with earlier one-volume histories of Britain; it doesn't have a happy ending. There's no tragic ending either, just a diminuendo. Such books begin at the end, for that is where the perspective comes from and, if the final paragraph considers — and who would disagree? — that "late twentieth century Britain lacks the energy of earlier ages", then it is not surprising that some of the zest in telling the story that characterised Victorian histories is lacking.

Strong has nevertheless written a balanced and readable history and his book demonstrates the breadth of his reading, as well as his ability as a writer. There are no great surprises, and history unrolls substantially as it did before: the kings and queens are in their proper places; Magna Carta and the Glorious Revolution are there, though their significance is, in line with recent scholarship, demoted; the gradual development of England and Wales into a unitary kingdom with a strong monarchy but a powerful parliament and a sturdy system of legal rights remains a central theme; and we are shown how from the Act of Union a British identity was created and the power and influence of Britain came to dominate much of the world. The author resists any temptation to give us an alternative history of Britain and attempts to absorb social and cultural history within a primarily political and economic framework. Roy Strong

brings to his history his own professional strengths as an art historian. Changes in taste and development in architecture and gardens are described with care while brief biographical studies of writers, scientists, architects and artists interpolate his story. His chapters on Tudor and Stuart England are, reflecting his own expertise, particularly rich with the blend of political, economic and cultural history achieved with an ease not found in other chapters.

One feels it can't have all been fun to write, and occasionally he seems to have to gear himself up for yet another era and reaches for a tired, maladroit or inappropriate phrase: "The age of oligarchy was about to begin" or "Simon de Montfort was not only defeated but killed". A big "not only" so far as de Montfort was concerned! Change proves a bit of a problem. There was so much of it in so many centuries. Thus of the thirteenth century: "This was an age of enormous

change"; while later we are told "change had, of course, gone on since the sixteenth century".

Such quibbles apart, this is an introduction to the history of Britain that those who were denied their birthright by the progressive educationalists who have controlled our schools these last decades would do well to read, and that those of us who were luckier can read with pleasure, and consider again how our past led to our present, lest we become "a people without history".

The Decline of the West, Mark II

Peter M Bassett

All Must have Prizes, Melanie Phillips, Little, Brown, 1996, £17.50.

Until the Great Depression of the 1920s, Britain had a thriving heavy industry: shipyards, iron foundries, coalmines, and factories making railway engines that went to every corner of the globe. But it all ground to a halt at the Depression, and millions of men were thrown out of work, to survive and feed their families as best they could on the minute doles handed out by the State. Not since then have we witnessed such scenes of poverty as were commonplace: the children playing hopscotch in the streets outside their houses had bare feet streaked with dirt, their feet bare because they had no shoes. Or if they did have a pair, thanks to the ladies from the charity who had given them some, they kept them to wear on Sundays. For it was on Sundays that their mothers dressed them as neatly as circumstances allowed and, husbands in tow, they set off for church or chapel.

As Melanie Phillips points out in her book, despite grinding poverty there was very little crime. To the children playing in the street in their home-made go-karts of soap boxes fitted with old pram wheels from a rubbish dump, any thought of indulging in vicious, mindless crime, of a type with which we have become sadly familiar, would have been

utterly incomprehensible.

Today, from the vantage point of the opposite end of the century, the view presents certain similarities. True, our factories are working and do produce goods. But we have huge numbers of men unemployed, just as we had in the Twenties. The difference between then and now is that today we have, as never before, gangs of children roving the streets and getting up to all manner of mischief: not stopping short of murder.

Phillips charts the corrosive decline, slow at first but gradually accelerating, in the standard of our education system, from its earliest beginnings in the eighteenth century writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau to the crucial and deadly stream of books and papers in our own day by the American educationists John Dewey and his influential disciple Carl Rogers.

She takes her title from *Alice in Wonderland*, in which, at the end of the Caucus Race, Alice is obliged to present prizes to the bedraggled birds and animals that took part. Fortunately she has a box of comfits, just enough to give one to every contestant. Phillips uses this incident as a parable for our time, to illustrate the lunacy of our system of education that has been deliberately

engineered so that no child shall ever feel that he is better or worse than any other: egalitarianism gone mad. To achieve this the social engineers have, of course, been obliged to remove the factual content of school lessons, so that even the slow, the stupid, the uninterested, the bored and the moribund will learn as much, or as little, as the others who are clever and keen.

This is the educational philosophy that underlies the whole of the years of training to which our young student teachers are subjected: never let a child feel he is a loser, never correct his mistakes lest you undermine his self-esteem; always make your lessons *fun*, so that you will keep him interested — never mind if he doesn't learn anything. Above all, don't teach *facts* — you will be committing the cardinal sin, practically a form of child abuse, of stifling his innate creativity.

So the examination boards, faced with candidates whose ignorance is fathomless, are obliged, year by year, to set ever-easier papers that even the most indifferent students can pass. When they come to sit for their degree, their examiners have a tricky decision to make: award degrees to candidates who de-

serve to fail, or fail them and lose the government funding on which the awarding body depends for its existence.

For, as Phillips makes very clear, in education as in every other department, the men in suits who 'know the price of everything and the value of nothing' have decreed that universities shall receive funds that depend on their examination success-rate: the quality of the graduates is immaterial, it is the *number* that counts. She quotes the admissions tutor at Surrey University, who told her: 'We're giving upper second to people who shouldn't be awarded a degree at all.'

In her admirably scholarly way, Melanie Phillips places the decline of our educational system against a much wider and tragic deterioration in our civic moral standards: not, she explains, confined to these shores alone but afflicting the whole of Western civilisation. It was Oswald Spengler who, in 1918, published his milestone book *The Decline of the West*. He showed how, with the passage of time, established civilisations become corrupted and even-

tually fail. Now it is Phillips who draws a parallel between this seemingly inevitable dwindling away of Western civilisation into chaos, and our own present-day fall from the level of moral standards that alone allows a complex civilisation to continue its existence. If this makes her book seem apocalyptic, perhaps this description is not entirely inappropriate.

An anti-education ethos has sprung up that casts doubt on the value of learning in all its forms. For this, Phillips lays the blame equally on an unholy alliance of the 'market forces' philosophy espoused so enthusiastically in the Thatcherite era, and the egalitarian nihilistic ideologues of the far Left who have sought, so successfully, to destroy our system of education, one of the most important props of our society. She illustrates vividly how these insidious malign forces have been able to gain power, to insinuate themselves into all the most influential positions of the education hierarchy, by their adroit use of the Trojan horse of 'liberalism'. They have used the trappings of a benign,

caring philosophy as a highly effective cover for their own machinations which, as Phillips describes, are fascist at their core, the complete antithesis of true liberalism.

The remedy she proposes is a return to the real liberalism of the nineteenth century, to an understanding, universally subscribed to, that our public servants work for the long-term public weal instead of the 'quick fix': and that they accept responsibility for their actions and are not allowed to shelter behind some faceless 'quango'. In what light the readers of her book will regard this solution only they can decide.

It is hard to find words of praise high enough for this book. Her arguments are presented throughout with crystal clarity in her easy-to-read prose style. She has aimed her book like a spear directly at the very heart of the educational establishment, and it comes as no surprise to see the virulence with which it has been reviewed in the educational press, a virulence that speaks volumes for the rawness of the nerve upon which she has touched.

Moral Woman, Immoral Man

Dennis O'Keefe

Transforming Men, Changing Patterns of Dependency and Dominance in Gender Relations, Geoff Dench, Transaction Publishers, 1996, \$25.95.

In this subtle book, Geoff Dench advances a powerful critique of the feminist case for "equal opportunities." He believes that feminism, at least in the forms it has assumed thus far, is a doomed venture. Dench's empirical context happens to be British society, but the same case, with variations, applies everywhere in the advanced Western world. Indeed, if Dench were to rewrite *Transforming Men* using US data, most of the conclusions would come out enlarged rather than diminished in force.

Dench's central claim is that men's

social role is more tenuous and problematic than women's activities. He agrees with feminists that men are by nature selfish and shiftless. But he denies the Gramsci-like view that men have enjoyed a universal and oppressive hegemony, lording it over women in every sphere.

Matriarchy has always predominated in crucial areas. Women matter more than men, both in biological reproduction and in the "moral economy," which reproduces social order. Feminists often say that women are morally superior. They do not admit the biological core of

this truth, its predication on the unique power and inevitable cultural extension of the maternal bond. The most vital moral formation—the raising of children—is one at which women excel, as they must.

Feminism, under Marxist tutelage, exaggerates the significance of paid employment, seeing it as the core of men's power. Male pre-eminence in the market is only a civilised contrivance, its latent function being to flatter men's egos, to hide their marginality. Men, more wayward than women, exchange love and family commitment for prizes.

Christianity too involves female virtue in control of male vice. This explains the male priesthood. Patriarchal religions accept that women are more spiritual, more virtuous than men. Today, men will turn away from church in ever-greater numbers if their preserves are overturned.

This is the meaning of the fairy tale Dench weaves into the fabric of his thesis: the transformation of the frog into the prince. Only female favour and discipline can make males tolerably civilised. Men without women are creatures of little real significance beyond the reproductive act.

The sexual division of labour prevents the emergence of useless, antisocial drones. Seeing themselves as the main “providers” has made men more like *women*, accepting a share of women’s altruism. In return for dominating employment, they suppress their worst features. Feminism has mostly pushed for the other outcome—making women more like men. It has campaigned for “equal opportunities” in employment and an extension of state help for fatherless families.

Driven by feminist clamour, market and state have been opened to changes that destroy family cohesion and duty. This, not “greed” of the kind often said to have been encouraged by the Reagan/Thatcher style of political leadership, is the cause of today’s escalating selfishness. Storming the market place for their “share” of jobs, women increase the numbers of unattached, immoral males. The shift of financial support for families to the state also crowds out men, by its pressure on the tax base and its incentive to employers to go for casualized female employees. In the last twenty years of British economic experience, women have gained 2 million jobs while men lost 2.8 million.

Moreover, from 1971 to 1991, British families lacking long-term male adults increased from 1 to 18 percent of the total. Many males have no family obligation today. They live in anomic selfishness, surviving from episodic work or on handouts, jobs being scarce and competed for by women. Many partnerless women too get by on state pittance. Dench does not say so, but these groups

are surely liable to envy, that perennial motor of social ill.

Women have always done most of civilisation’s work. The moral economy is more “basic” than the market. The two cannot be merged, however, at least not through state agency. The moral economy is too large. A state network of nurseries and other supports big enough to free millions more women for employment would overwhelm the tax base.

Indeed, one might say by way of mild criticism that Dench does not make quite enough of the financial and resource problems that ideologies such as feminism are starting to encounter. It is true that their intellectual position is very weak. A more insistent cause of their diminution may well prove to be their fiscal precariousness. Even more important than the literal availability of resources, in my view, is the political fact that voting publics will not endorse the increases in welfare needed to maintain these clamorous ideologies.

Dench points out that, in Asia, the moral economy has been much less eroded by the state. This gives Eastern capitalism an inestimable competitive advantage. He quotes Lee Kwan Yew’s remark that Orientals see it as their own duty, not the state’s, to socialise their children. Much the same applies to the care of the old and sick.

Dench predicts that as the women of the sixties become grandmothers, they will regret the loss of former matriarchal power and push for its reinstatement. Those who themselves passed through the feminist delusion will be more than a match for the radicalism of younger women.

Dench says most women, including some former feminists, want to re-establish male responsibility. Without dependants, many men become animalized. While this argument convinces, the best course for civilisation—nothing less being at stake—is nevertheless hard to determine, since Dench’s case overlooks one vastly important consideration. This is that our world also manifestly needs creative women’s input *outside* the family—in economic, political, and intellectual life. This gap in civilisation is intolerable. It

is an offence to common sense, a slight to women, and an indefensible waste of talent. Women are as good as men intellectually, if not better, at least on average. Their moral superiority needs to make more mark in the wider economy and political structure.

On this particular brief, Dench excels. The moral economy, the heart of our civil society itself, cannot sustain the collapse of the family. This side of the story Dench relates with telling conviction. Perhaps with future increases in wealth a spontaneous market solution will become possible, with private individuals, rather than the state, exchanging the incomes and services necessary to reconcile family duties and women’s rightful aspirations.

Dench does not tell us how to combat the moral laxity and selfishness that lie behind today’s troubles. Too many marriages fail at the first hurdle. Too many adults today are just spoiled kids. In most Western countries, divorce is absurdly easy. The improbable viability of a culture involving millions of unattached males has not yet penetrated the public consciousness. When it does, maybe correction will start to occur on a spontaneous basis.

It is already known that, for most people, staying married is one of the crucial factors behind a successful life. Moreover, there is no successful society known to anthropology in which men have not been called on to take a fair part in the raising of children. As Dench points out, on every key social index of trouble, men are now doing worse than women. Women live longer, have better physical and mental health, are less criminal, and are far more rarely involved in narcotic or alcohol abuse. Yet, the crescendo of hatred and self-pity from the politically correct end of feminism shows no sign of abatement. Perhaps this is just par for the intellectual course. Maybe most ideological crusades lag behind the real truths of the causes they so bitterly prosecute. In the case of radical feminism, a continuation in error is likely to have painful results. Fortunately, the impending collapse of the soft welfare state may remainder the whole debate, and sooner than its combatants think.

In Short

Better Off Out, Martin Howe and Brian Hindley, Institute of Economic Affairs 1996, £8.00.

Subtitled *The Benefits or Costs of EU Membership*, this pamphlet does what the Treasury has always refused to do: tries to analyse in a sensible fashion what exactly does Britain gain from being a member of the European Union. The answer is, not a great deal. British trade is not overwhelmingly with the countries of the Union. Therefore, the regulations imposed by the single market which may help something like 14% of the national economy, actually makes life difficult for the other 86%. In any case, the trade would go on, even if Britain decided to withdraw. The CAP is a serious loss both financially and socially, as its emphasis on intensive large-scale agriculture has not been very helpful even to the farming community as a whole.

Economics, the authors emphasise, is only one aspect of the problem. One might argue it is a relatively unimportant aspect. Howe and Hindley are concerned with clearing away the debris. There is no overwhelming economic reason for staying in the European Union, if for political, constitutional and social reasons the decision were taken to pull out. Helpfully, they also explain the mechanism whereby this could be achieved and speculate on alternative developments. Not one of these resembles cloud-cuckoo land in the slightest.

HS

The Eurosceptical Reader, Martin Holmes(ed), Macmillan 1996 £15.99.

This collection of all the important articles, pamphlets and speeches on the subject is likely to become a University textbook. At least, it ought to do so. One can find here the development of the arguments against Britain joining the Common Market and against

becoming more involved in an integrated state, from the early sixties to the mid-nineties. Were Hugh Gaitskell, whose all-important speech to the Labour Party Conference in 1962 opens this volume, to read some of the more recent contributions, he would no doubt shake his head and mutter about chickens coming home to roost.

Different subjects are covered: the views from the Left and the Right respectively; political economy, which includes CAP and what Christopher Booker calls the new totalitarianism of regulations; historical, political, legal and constitutional developments. It is hard to decide which is the best of the many contributions, since one's choice depends much on one's interests. An economist might hesitate between Brian Burkitt and Mark Baimbridge on the one hand and Bill Jamieson on the other. Or would one prefer Brian Hindley on the trade policy of the EU? Those more excited by legal and constitutional matters or the nation state can read Lord Beloff on Churchill, Kenneth Minogue on national identity and self-hatred, Martin Howe on independence and monetary policy, Noel Malcolm talking superb sense on sovereignty and so on. There is excellent material among the pieces not mentioned. It would be easier to buy the book and read them all.

HS

Who needs parents? The Effects of Child care and Early Education on Children in Britain and the USA, Patricia Morgan, Institute of Economic Affairs 1996. £9.00.

Every working mother knows that the solution to the problem of child care is a highly individual one; an all-enveloping state provision cannot provide for varying family circumstances. Child care has been upheld by governments as a panacea for social evils such as poverty and crime, and as the answer to wom-

en's wishes and to falling population, among many other things which frustrate Utopia. The ruling class, encouraged by the media, has now decreed that Britain must be a society where both parents work. Much of the propaganda in favour of this goal smacks of Stalinism as well as silliness: six million mothers represent 'a huge untapped resource' which could be 'drawn back into the labour force if the right measures are adopted'. Children place women 'at a great disadvantage in competing with men in the labour market'. Nursery schools 'would breathe life into every sector of the building trade'. Home rearing of children embodies 'a preference for the child-rearing practices of a by-gone age'.

Armies of nannies look after the children of city high fliers while the state rightly provides lavish facilities for severely deprived children. Between these groups lie ordinary families, and the research indicates that the sort of child care that these mothers use falls far short of the idealistic standards of the show projects. As well as successfully challenging the 'national childcare strategy' beloved of politicians, Patricia Morgan shows from the academic evidence that child care children may be disadvantaged in their future educational performance, their behaviour and their attachment to their mothers, compared with children cared for at home. She discusses the pressures to which dual career couples are exposed, maternal guilt and whether work can relieve mothers from depression. Pre-school projects are also held up to scrutiny. The collectivisation of the under fives is in any case taking place when the pattern of work is changing profoundly. In the 21st century more will be self-employed; many will be part-timers or temporary workers. Government policies should also cater for parents who wish to care for their children at home. Most parents want that anyway.

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