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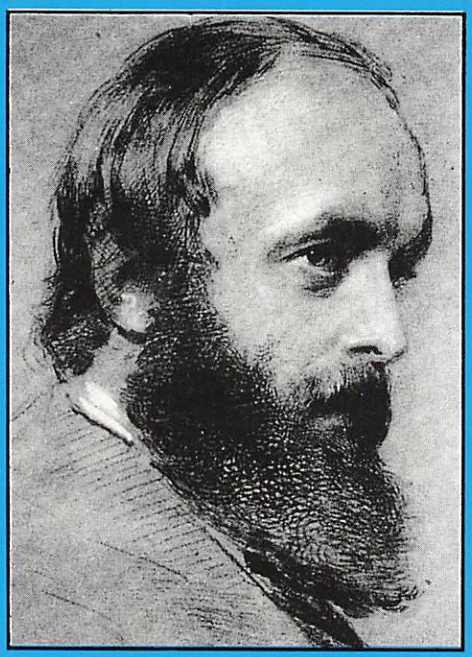

The Third Marquess of Salisbury
1830 - 1903

The Claridge Press

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When, in the wake of the first world war, the state began to take over our lives, it was a state still manned and guided by an old ruling class — albeit a class that was fast losing confidence in its old convictions. The academies and institutions of royal patronage were in the hands of educated gentlemen, publishers catered for elite readerships with genuine culture, and the BBC was founded in order to spread the high culture of the upper classes as far as possible to the rest of the nation, but without destroying its nobility of vision or refined moral tone. Even in our own day, some vestiges of this high culture remained, and the institutions charged with transmitting and protecting it — the British Academy, the Royal Academy, the art galleries and universities, and above all the BBC — retained a kind of toffee-nosed and fastidious suspicion of popular culture and its adepts.

If this suspicion remains today, it is certainly dangerous to express it. The BBC is now an integral part of popular culture, forced by the competition from the independent media, and by the rise of the left establishment, to devote itself to banishing all moral and aesthetic judgement from its products, and producing pulp entertainment without reference to any tradition of good taste. Even the Reith lecture, last sad symbol of the old BBC and its civilising mission, is now hostage to fashion. This year's Reith lectures were delivered by Patricia Williams, the American academic lawyer who delights in showing her wounded black consciousness to guilt-ridden whites, and who pours sentimental twaddle over politically correct attitudes, in the belief that this is what thinking consists in. A more depressing display of pop prissiness could hardly be imagined.

As Derek Turner points out, the expressive repertoire of popular culture virtually prohibits it from endorsing serious conservative ideas. In these circumstances the only reliable way to conservatism for the sceptical youth is the misanthropy recommended here by Alexander Evans. This will not lead the young back to their traditions, of course — for the traditions have in many cases been irreparably damaged by those charged with protecting them. This is certainly true of the Anglican church, lamented here by P D James. Yet the very language with which we think about our country, its meaning, and its value, depends upon the resonances and the doctrines enshrined in the *Book of Common Prayer*, and if these are forgotten, then forgetting becomes the moral norm.

In the face of this the cultivated person has only one recourse: which is the work of *anamnesis*. Our situation resembles that of the Soviet and East European dissidents under communism — not of course in the outward marks of oppression, since we are as absurdly pampered as the rest of our society, but in the inner spiritual condition. We must strive to keep the memory of our culture alive, to pass it on to those able to receive it, and to ensure as best we can that, when people at last need to call on something greater than Mammon, the words and signs are still available in which this might be done.

Meanwhile the battle continues for our political liberties — for without them we are powerless. The absurd decision, following the Dunblane massacre, to deprive people of the means of self-defence, is tellingly criticised here by Richard Munday, who points out that the law bulldozed by the Tory Party through a protesting House of Lords may in fact have been unconstitutional. Such fine points will not matter to our present rulers. Nevertheless, even they might be able to respond to the danger to our legislative autonomy that continues to come from Europe. For this will place limitations on their power — and what power-hungry person who has waited eighteen years for his share of it, will be glad to see it snatched away? The telling quotations assembled by Rodney Atkinson contain a warning that even Mr Blair might heed. Though whether he will know how to respond to it is another matter.

Fifty Years After

Hugh Trevor-Roper on German reactions to The Last Days of Hitler

During the winter of 1947-48 one of the English-language publications most frequently asked for by German visitors to the cultural centres (die Brücke) established by the British occupation authorities in northern Germany was Hugh Trevor-Roper's ***The Last Days of Hitler****. Some of their responses to this book are preserved in a file which Dr A D Harvey has found in the Public Record Office (PRO FO 938/196) and Hugh Trevor-Roper, now Lord Dacre of Glanton, has been kind enough to provide us with the following comments.*

It is not often that an author reads reviews of his book for the first time fifty years after its publication; but the publishing history of my book *The Last Days of Hitler* is rather exceptional. It was first published in England in March 1947, but although its subject was of obvious interest to German as to Russian readers, translations were not printed in either country. The reasons were different. In Russia they were political: wherever the Kremlin ruled, the book was banned; indeed, in 1959, the British Council's exhibition of 8000 British books and periodicals in Moscow was threatened with last minute cancellation unless it was withdrawn. In Germany the problem was economic. In the prostrate country there was no independent publishing industry, and although I offered the German copyright to the Control Commission, the offer was not taken up. The Commission may reasonably have hesitated to risk official support for its thesis. So a translation was not published in Germany till 1965.

However, the operation of the Thirty Year rule and the researches of Dr A D Harvey among the documents thus liberated, have now revealed that copies of the English book were imported into Germany by the British Control Commission and placed in its libraries. There they were 'avidly read', and comments solicited and summarized. These comments and summaries have now been sent to me by *The Salisbury Review*.

The commentators, of course, are not fully representative, being limited to those who could read English. But within that category, they are widely spread: businessmen, officials, former officers, doctors, teachers, students, housewives, of all ages. The book, I learn, was one of the most 'widely read'. But in general the readers were 'very cautious in making comments in the presence of the staff'. 'This book', reads a report from Aachen, 'is read by all classes, young and old alike, but very little comment has been made.' In Düsseldorf it was 'continually out to readers', but the only comment that could be elicited was that it was 'very interesting'. 'Very interesting' was also the only comment which could be extracted from the slab-faced Russian general at the joint intelligence committee in Berlin to which I had made my original report in November 1945. It is the equivalent of 'no comment'.

However, some more specific comments do emerge. Readers at Essen 'generally agreed' that 'the characters have been shown in a very clear manner and judged quite fairly', and they noted particularly that 'the book was void of any show of hatred from the English'. 'No German', says a reader in Hagen, 'could have written such an impartial book, because he would have been too influenced by hatred'. 'The characters', says a reader in Bonn, 'have been drawn with a striking exactness' — how unfortunate that we did not understand our leaders earlier. Why did foreigners, who evidently did, not tell us? Why did they not oppose Hitler and his party — i.e., in effect, save us from ourselves? And anyway, cries a voice from Krefeld, was not all that racialism and Nordic nonsense, so emphasised by the author, 'insinuated into Hitler by Houston Stewart Chamberlain', an Englishman?

There were some complete sceptics. The Reichsfrauenführerin, says one such in Wuppertal, was said to have died three years ago, but now she has popped up again; so why not Hitler? A German general has said that Hitler flew to Spain; so why should we believe this Englishman? But Germans were not the only sceptics: there were some among us too. Others objected to the style. 'The author', says a very persistent critic in Wuppertal, 'likes to produce a great effect by making the reader wait for the result. This is not a proper treatment.' After fifty years I can digest these criticisms. But vanity (a more lasting emotion) still enables me to relish the dewdrops. I am happy that even at such a time so many German readers found the book to be 'objective', 'fair', and undistorted by hate: in other words as I intended it to be, history, not propaganda.

Hugh Trevor-Roper (Lord Dacre) was Master of Peterhouse 1980-1987.

they were judged quite fairly and without hatred on the English side. (Essen)

f) A sad picture of those who felt destined to be leaders of the German nation. (Former German Officer, Wuppertal)

g) Very interesting. It gives a clue to a lot of questions not previously answered. I should like to read the book in German. (Police Chief Dueren)

h) The statements in the book inspire me as most objective since the author renounced all unnecessary observations and words. I was glad to be informed about the last days of a man whose end only proved to be the necessary consequence of his life. Hitler as shown in this book was an outstanding figure, but outstanding in a diabolic sphere. The end of his life as displayed in this book entitles one to such a judgement. (Recklinghausen)

i) I consider it to be necessary to publish it in German. Since 1933 cut off from the outer world, influenced by clever propaganda and successful as the Party and the Army were till 1941, people are hardly to be condemned for their belief in the person of Adolf Hitler, and they were always told "in the purity of his motives". The publ[illegible] of Nuernberg do not achieve a complete understanding [illegible] they are not set out in a systematic and logical way. [illegible] everything and proves it by eyewitness or doc[illegible]feld)

Many readers doubt the veracity of [illegible] authenticity of his documents.

a) Hitler's conversations [illegible] checked. (Bonn)

b) The author lik[illegible] wait for t[illegible] we are [illegible]

c) Re[illegible]

REPORT ON "THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER"

BY TREVOR ROPER

FOR NORTH RHINE WESTPHALIA

In every Centre the book is in very great demand and it is probably the most widely read book that has yet been supplied to our libraries. Reports from Centres state

a) The book is continuously lent out (Hamborn).
b) There is very great demand for this book. (Bonn)
c) The book is one of the most read in our library. (Gelsenkirchen)
d) This book is so much sought after that it is always ordered in advance by our visitors. (Essen)
e) It is permanently lent out. (Krefeld)
f) This book goes from hand to hand. Many people read it twice. (Aachen)

Such comments are typical.

II. Reports show that the book is read quite avidly by both young and old. Only in one case (Gelsenkirchen) is it reported that "the book is particularly sought after by the youth". Women, too, show great interest in the book.

a) People with professional or academic qualifications (presumably because they are the class who can read English) form the bulk of readers, namely teachers, doctors, students, officials, former officers and merchants. Typical comments are:-

b) The book is read by academicians, merchants, housewives and students. (Bonn)
1) Officials, pupils, teachers and some ladies, (Essen)
2) Doctors, teachers, students, former officers, a merchant and two ladies. (Wuppertal)
3)

III. Several interesting comments on the book have been received. In favourable vein are the following.

a) This book is for German readers one of the most interesting works of political literature recently published. It shows us the figures of the "Drittes Reich" in striking characterisation in a way they have not previously been known to us. This book is not only a political document but a piece of psychological and pathological evidence of a group of people who were our leaders and who were an incarnation of the negative. (Bonn)

FO 938/196

The Right to Arms

Richard Munday considers the implications of the Bill of Rights

On the day the government announced its handgun ban proposals, newspapers reported that a carriage full of passengers on a London commuter train had been held up by armed robbers, one wielding a pistol. It underscored the limited relevance of measures directed against licensed gun owners (the Home Office has identified two crimes a year in which legally held pistols are used, whilst the police estimate that some 2,500 *illegal* guns enter the country every week). It underlined further the old wisdom of the Scottish MP Andrew Fletcher, who observed three centuries ago that "he that is armed, is always master of the purse of him that is unarmed".

That is an unfashionable wisdom today. The Home Office advised Lord Cullen that "as a matter of policy", UK law did not permit the citizen any weapon for his defence. Apparently, the Home Office had forgotten the Bill of Rights.

The Bill of Rights of 1689, which is still in force as statute law and remains our central constitutional document, guarantees only two rights of the individual, and one of these — the ultimate surety, according to Blackstone, of the subject's other liberties — is the right to bear arms. It was not arms for target shooting that the Bill of Rights guaranteed, but arms for the citizen's personal *defence*.

Perhaps the Home Office forgot the Bill of Rights because the arms clause appears at first sight to be hedged about with qualification. It declares: "That the Subjects that are Protestants, may have Arms for their Defence suitable to their Condition, and as allowed by Law". Upon investigation, however, the three apparent caveats prove insubstantial. The right of *Protestants* to arms was affirmed because it was they who had been disarmed "contrary to Law" after the Restoration: but the right to defensive weapons was not restricted to them, as was made clear by another Act of the same year recalling the same right for Catholics. (W&M Sess. 1, c.15.) The wording *suitable to their condition* reflected the Bill of Rights' appeal to ancient usage (for the Bill did not seek to create rights, but to reaffirm immemorial principles of common law): the context was that of the assizes of arms which served as a sort of martial mediaeval income tax, indexing the weaponry the state could levy from the subject. Constitutional commentary and case law would later confirm that this condition could not be construed to exclude "people in the ordinary class of life" (*Rex v Dewhurst*, 1820). The third apparent caveat in the clause, permitting *arms as are allowed by Law*, was perhaps no constraint at all: in affirming the heritage of common law, the Bill of Rights reiterated a refrain of complaints against misdeeds "contrary to Law" or "against Law", and "according to Law" should arguably be seen in the same linguistic context. If it was a caveat at all, it was a circumstantial one relating to the laws against poaching and bearing arms *in terrorem populi*, to terrorize the public. (Statute of Northampton, 1328.) Again, case law upheld the Bill of Rights provision in both these contexts. In the eighteenth century, for instance, we find repeatedly that the possession of a dog can be held *prima facie* as evidence of intent to poach, whereas a gun could be possessed under like circumstances legitimately for self-defence (Cf. *Rex v Filer*, 1722; *Bluet v Needs*, 1736; *R v Gardner*, 1739; *Malloch v Eastly*, 1744; *Wingfield v Stratford*, 1752; *R v Hartley*, 1782; *R v Thompson*, 1787); and even an Irishman carrying a loaded revolver in the street in 1914 was ruled not to be committing an offence *in terrorem populi*. (*Rex v Smith*, 1914; cf *R v Dewhurst*, 1820; *R v Meade*, 1903)

When Britain introduced her first Firearms Act in 1920, the Bill of Rights provision was respected: the normal "good reason" for the issue of a licence for a pistol was self-defence. This remained the case following the Firearms Act 1937; a change of policy was only indicated when the Home Secretary stated in October 1946 that he would "not regard the plea that a revolver is wanted for protection of an applicant's person or property as necessarily justifying the issue of a firearm certificate". Perhaps because applicants were advised that other "good reasons" were open to them, this shift of policy went unchallenged. But if the right to weapons for defence fell into abeyance, it was not thereby extinguished: in 1913 it had been ruled in *Bowles v Bank of England* that "the Bill of Rights still remains unrepealed, and no practice or custom, however prolonged, or however acquiesced in on the part of the subject, can be relied on by the Crown as justifying any infringement of its provisions".

It might be argued that the first firearms legislation really to encroach upon the Bill of Rights is that which has just been guillotined through Parliament. Whilst the Bill of Rights does not specifically refer to pistols, it could be

contended that at least until 1946 their selection as weapons of defence was regarded as natural, and that where arms are carried for that purpose today (e.g. police on protection duties, or individuals specially authorized to carry personal protection weapons) pistols still remain the norm. Moreover if pistols are prohibited, it might be asked what weapons the subject is now permitted under the Bill of Rights to possess for his defence. According to the Home Office's advice to Lord Cullen, "as a matter of policy" the subject is allowed none. Does this policy mean that public servants are being incited to break the law by denying the subject his statutory rights?

Faced with embarrassment, the government might rely on the doctrine that no Parliament may be bound by its predecessors, and seek if necessary to repeal the provisions of the Bill of Rights. But in so doing they must attack the principle of the Bill: for the Bill of Rights claimed not to promulgate anything new, but rather to reaffirm the "true antient and indubitable rights and liberties of the people of this Kingdom" that should be upheld "in all times to come". Against this the government must set the view of Parliamentary sovereignty expressed most eloquently by Dicey a century ago, that would allow them to "make or unmake any law whatever''. Dicey denied that "constitutional" laws were special; though interestingly his illustration of this looked at the Acts of Union rather than the Bill of Rights, and since he wrote, we have seen Parliament once again accept the notion of higher law. The doctrine of Parliamentary supremacy has, indeed, had a chequered history. Sixty years before the Bill of Rights, the doctrine was affirmed (not without political motivation) by Sir Edward Coke, who declared that the power of Parliament "cannot be confined" and recorded the failures of the attempts of earlier Parliaments to bind their successors. This did not deter Parliament in 1689 from enacting the Bill of Rights, any more than the doctrine enunciated by Dicey prevented Parliament binding its successors under Section 2 of the European Communities Act 1972. Perhaps, in the unlikely event that the European Union survives for the next three hundred years and its rulings do not in the meantime conflict with UK law, a future constitutional lawyer will once again assert the absolute supremacy of Parliament, because it has not been tested. The situation might then be analogous with the Bill of Rights now: for though the Bill has been revised in matters of procedure, the thirteen essential principles of the Declaration of Rights that were supposed to be upheld "for all time to come" still stand.

The absolute sovereignty of Parliament was perhaps always something of a legal fiction: constructive as a fiction, but potentially destructive, even of its own ultimate purpose, as a reality. Blackstone allowed in theory that Parliament could act with omnipotence even to the ruin of the country, and recalled Montesquieu's prediction that even as Rome and Sparta and Carthage had lost their liberty and perished, so in time would England at the hands of her legislature; but in reality he did not think this would come to pass. He believed that there were natural rights upon which government could not legitimately encroach. Dicey, too, allowed in theory that Parliament could do anything that was not "naturally impossible", but in practice saw that it was constrained by political realities. He was less sanguine, perhaps, than was Blackstone about those constraints: and he looked to the introduction of the referendum as an external check on the exercise of arbitrary power by Parliament. In the seventy years since Dicey's death the concerns he expressed have grown. In 1950 Craik-Henderson reflected on how the changing composition of the House of Commons with the emergence of the paid career politician had established really a Cabinet rule, in a "servile but supreme Parliament". The dangers were no longer theoretical: Parliament, whose central purpose had been to check arbitrary government, could now be its tool.

The question whether Parliament can now override the Bill of Rights, is at once the question whether it is proper for it to do so. The Bill of Rights set out the claims of Parliament as part of the constitutional framework of legitimate rule, in ignoring which it declared that Restoration governments had acted unlawfully. The twin pillars of that framework were the old principle of government by common counsel, in which our notion of Parliamentary sovereignty is founded; and the ancient yardstick of custom, in which our notion of precedent, and therewith of the rule of law, is rooted. These enduring constitutional precepts were not merely the whim of 1689.

Unfashionable though it might now be, the arms provision of the Bill of Rights was also no passing foible. The common law right it expressed was, indeed, as old as English history itself. It was enumerated by Blackstone as the final safeguard of the subject's other rights, for "in vain would these rights be declared, ascertained, and protested by the dead letter of the laws, if the constitution provided no other method to secure their actual enjoyment". In recourse "to vindicate these rights, when actually violated or attacked, the subjects of England are entitled, in the first place, to the regular administration and free course of justice in the courts of law; next, to the right of petitioning the king and Parliament for redress of grievances; and lastly, to the right of having and using arms for self-preservation and defence". A hundred years later, Dicey's contemporary James Paterson would still remark that "in all countries where personal freedom is valued, however much each individual may rely on legal redress, the right of each to carry arms — and these the best and the sharpest — for his own protection in case of extremity, is a right of nature indelible and irrepressible..."

It was not merely a theoretical right. In a material rather than a cinematographic sense, British society was much more a "gun culture" in the early years of this century than it is today. Conan Doyle's Dr.Watson dropping his revolver into his pocket before walking the London streets indeed illustrated what was then a commonplace. The "Tottenham Outrage" of 1909 presents

a telling vignette of the reality of that time: pursuing the perpetrators of an attempted wages robbery across north London, the police borrowed four pistols from passers-by; other armed citizens fulfilled what Dicey still recognized as a legal obligation of the subject to halt felons by joining in the chase themselves. Today we might be shocked by such a thought; Londoners then were apparently more shocked by the idea of an armed robbery. In the years before the First World War, when anyone could purchase a pistol, total firearms crime in the metropolis ran at less than a fortieth of that today.

Come forward to 1946, when the Home Office decided that self-defence would no longer necessarily be a "good reason" for a pistol licence, and we find that armed robbery, the most significant index of serious armed crime, totalled twenty five incidents in London. Today we have that number every two weeks. Over the past thirty years, as enforcement policies have steadily reduced the number of legal firearms in circulation, firearms crime has risen in lockstep. In 1979 Professor Harding at Oxford warned that further gun controls might prove "counterproductive"; and criminologists in a number of countries have since then argued that reducing the levels of legitimate firearms ownership might actually promote crime.

Perhaps, if Parliament had paused to remember the Bill of Rights in the guillotined debate on the new Firearms Bill, its members might have addressed those unfashionable considerations. They might have noted that even today in Britain, Home Office figures (not shown to Lord Cullen) indicate that in constabulary areas where legal firearms ownership is higher, armed crime is lower and that this is still true if one discounts differences between town and country and looks at the proportion of offences committed with guns. They might have remembered too the wisdom of that father of penal reform, Cesare Beccaria, who wrote two centuries ago:

> False is the idea of utility that sacrifices a thousand real advantages for one imaginary or trifling inconvenience; that would take fire from men because it burns, and water because one may drown in it; that has no remedy for ills, except destruction. The laws that forbid the carrying of arms are laws of such a nature. They disarm only those who are neither inclined nor determined to commit crimes. Can it be supposed that those who have the courage to violate the most sacred laws of humanity, the most important of the code, will respect the less important and arbitrary ones, which can be violated with ease and impunity, and which, if strictly obeyed, would put an end to personal liberty — so dear to men, so dear to the enlightened legislator — and subject innocent persons to all the vexations that the guilty alone ought to suffer? Such laws make things worse for the assaulted and better for the assailants; they serve rather to encourage than to prevent homicides, for an unarmed man may be attacked with greater confidence than an armed man. They ought to be designated as laws not preventive but fearful of crimes, produced by the tumultuous impression of a few isolated facts, and not by thoughtful consideration of the inconveniences and advantages of a universal decree.

Richard Munday is a farmer. He is the author, with Jan Stevenson, of *Guns & Violence*, Piedmont 1996.

Connected

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Sophist's Corner

So, just at the point when what most children's literacy still needs is careful nurturing, stimulating activities and work which is challenging, but still within their capability, they are expected to make sense of Shakespeare who is so complex that he has spawned two centuries of dense exegesis. How dispiriting for the young learner, how demotivating; how irrelevant! It isn't even as though Shakespeare is even simple on the surface; his language and ideas are unintelligible even to most adults. It's not even as though his stories are particularly riveting: if I wanted a good plot I'd take 'The Bill' ahead of 'Julius Caesar' any day.

No, out with Shakespeare I say. Let's have a relevant English curriculum that encourages creativity, confidence and accuracy in children's language, not futile hero worship. Let's have a curriculum that genuinely empowers, but that's another story.

From *Bristol Teacher*, September 1996.

Britpop

Derek Turner reflects on the "music" of the teenage masses

According to *Newsweek* and others, London is presently the most fashionable city in the world. Much is being made of the current crop of clothes designers, like John Galliano, artists, like Damien Hirst, and chefs, like Gary Rhodes and Marco Pierre White, but the major contributory factor is probably the sudden upsurge of "Britpop" bands. The names of Oasis, Blur and Pulp are resounding around the world, and columnar miles are being devoted to the antics of Noel and Liam Gallagher, the Manchester-Irish brothers and frontmen for Oasis who pretend to be bigger louts than they actually are, in the best pop music tradition. It is like the 1960s all over again, when Carnaby Street was the cynosure of the world (excepting Liverpool's Cavern Club), and Michael Caine was starring in *Alfie*. The antics of stars like Jarvis Cocker of Pulp, who was arrested for mocking Michael Jackson when Jackson was caterwauling his way through one of his musical sermons, are featured even in serious newspapers. The political sub-texts of this Britpop, such as they are, are worthy of some examination.

I say "such as they are", because much of what passes in the pop world has little direct political significance. Left-wing Scottish musician Pat Kane (ex-Hue and Cry) has said, with justification: "[The] pop process is barely amenable to policy. It verges on a kind of libertarian anarchism, a chaotic sensual commerce, into which party programmes cannot enter" (*Red Pepper*, February 1996). However, pop music, and its related culture, undoubtedly have great power to influence underlying assumptions and shape sensibilities. Who can honestly say that Bill Clinton, for instance, was not affected by all that listening to Bob Dylan and not inhaling marijuana? Although most pop stars are merely interested in making money and enjoying themselves, many have an overt political agenda, and promote politically correct views of every kind. Even ostensibly apolitical pop bands have hastened social dissolution and increased anomie, by stressing the individual's aloneness, by encouraging hedonism and license and by allying adolescent fears and dreams to an amorphous but deeply-internalised Leftist political culture, the effects of which are often merely increased with time, as particular songs become associated by people with particular memories, or simply with being young and optimistic.

Politicians have made attempts to ingratiate themselves with "yoof" through pop music since Harold Wilson had himself photographed with the Beatles. Tony Blair has had himself photographed with Oasis, David Bowie, Simply Red and Blur, and adopted the Boo Radleys' contagious *Wake Up, It's A Beautiful Morning* as the unofficial Labour election campaign song. Not to be outdone in the pandering to youth stakes, Mr Major has declared bombastically that "our pop culture rules the airwaves". Conservatives like Lord Tebbit and John Redwood have spoken at pop music award presentations. But it is the Left which has been quickest to ally itself with the pop industry, and much of the UK pop music industry is implicitly Blairite — or even worse. One famous example is the Labour-sponsored 'Red Wedge', an agglomeration of bands led by a handful of veteran class-warriors, like Paul Weller (ex-Jam and Style Council) and homosexual activists like Jimmy Somerville (ex-Bronski Beat, more lately The Communards). Rock musicians have never had scruples about aligning themselves with the Vietcong, feeding the oppressed Third World hungry, freeing Nelson Mandela, AIDS research, the wearing of condoms, Celtic nationalism, anti-racism, animal liberation, nuclear disarmament, and the campaigns against the Criminal Justice Bill, Clause 28, welfare cuts, the closing of mines and shipyards, and the poll tax. Even my 1980s school band, The Stale Pleasures, for which I played guitar and sometimes "sang", combined vaguely expressed if strongly-felt patriotic impulses with a detestation of international capitalism and all authority. I live in fear that some day my deservedly-forgotten song *Megalomania* will resurface, perhaps cited in some court case as a contributory factor to some homicidal lunatic's mental deterioration.

The underlying cultural assumptions common to all modern Western nations make it easy for pop musicians and thereby young people to align themselves with the political Left. The distrust and dislike of authority, the idea that self-expression is all, the paradoxical self-doubt and *Angst*, the love of what is new and what is young (which is really a fear of history and death), the disappearance of traditional mores and standards — all combine to shape, or are shaped by, youth consciousness. This youth consciousness finds its easiest expression in, and is characterised by, hypnotic beats, part-mawkish, part-splenetic lyrics, ephemeral trinkets and flashy marketing, highly-sexed hyperactivity and a climate of perpetual rebellion. Youth's view of the world is a seamless, black-and-white perspective, whereby answers to all life's ills are easily to be discerned, and in which adults (slightly ludicrous figures who are no longer "Olympians", as were

Kenneth Grahame's adult relatives) either do not figure at all, or figure only as enemies or encumbrances. One far from trivial example of one of the forces making pop music slant Leftwards is the fact that much pop stems from rhythm-and-blues or jazz. This indebtedness to black culture has legitimised, even sanctified, the early civil rights and later super-equality struggles of blacks and other more-or-less persecuted members of the 'Rainbow Coalition'. Pop stars tend to see themselves as rebels and non-conformists, and therefore ally themselves with the political Left, believing that the Left is a radical, 'anti-Establishment' force — even though 'the Establishment' has long been Left- rather than Right-wing. Pop stars' friends — and the pop press — exert continuous pressure to conform to these "non-conformist" ideals. Conservatives are regarded as not just unenlightened, but also — and much more importantly — as simply boring, because of the common perception that 'the Establishment' is a Right-wing entity, and because of the crassness and philistinism that characterises too many Conservatives today.

Pop music may be far-Right as well as far-Left, of course, although this is not nearly as common. Numerous commentators have commented on this 'fascist chic', this ultimate youth rebellion against classical liberal conformity. Although virtually no pop musicians of any note will admit to being conservatives, some pop musicians are, or have been, rather too 'Right-wing', rejoicing in the dark imagery of *Sturm und Drang*, from The Skids and Joy Division (later New Order), to Spandau Ballet (the video for whose anthemic Musclebound was quietly dropped from *Top of the Pops*, because of its large quotient of hard-muscled and heroical (and all-white) riders and blacksmiths).

More recently, critics panned Morrissey, the ironical (and Left-wing) lead singer of influential band The Smiths, who sang insightfully of some of the dilemmas of immigration in *Bengali on the Platform* ("Bengali, Bengali, / oh, shelve your Western plans / and understand / that life is hard enough when you belong here"), and seemed to exhort his followers to patriotic endeavour by flourishing the Union Jack on stage and singing *A Rush and A Push and the Land is Ours*. Although Morrissey claims he was satirising nationalism, his audience is quite likely to have interpreted his gestures rather differently. The character of many pop music fans is exceedingly unpleasant. Older West Indians living in London have bitter cause to remember the Teddy Boy mini-race riots of 1958. The Mods often affixed nationalist insignia to their parka jackets and expressed nationalist feelings of the worst kind, the West Indian reggae and 'ska' roots of their favoured music notwithstanding. The yobbish Skinhead movement is an offshoot of the Mod faction (although almost as many Skinheads are far Left as are far Right), whereas the Mods' arch-enemies, the long-haired Rockers, took their inspiration from Germanic mythology and sometimes directly from National Socialism. For instance, the Hell's Angels regard themselves as contemporary Vikings — and they sometimes behave like them, as was recently demonstrated in Denmark, of all places, when gangs fought fatal battles with hand grenades. Leftist pop music fans can be just as bad, and have featured in disgraceful episodes, such as the Sixties and Seventies riots on university campuses, although they do not have as much to rebel against, and theirs always was a rebellion without danger.

Much less alarmingly, the *Spectator's* Christmas issue featured an interview with a five piece 'teenybop' sensation, The Spice Girls, some of whose members expressed grave reservations about the single currency and great approbation of Lady Thatcher, who was, they said, one of the first advocates of "Girl Power". Sensible, respectable Rightist sympathies of this kind seem to be more common among pop performers in the United States. Bruce Springsteen had a long flirtation with Reagan and the American New Right, folk singer John Mellencamp headlined benefit concerts for debt-ridden American farmers and sang movingly of life in the American heartland, and the lead singer of a major 'heavy metal' band recently attracted opprobrium because of his outspoken attacks on the gay rights lobby and political correctness.

Despite these last few signs of Right-of-centre pop culture, it is probably futile to hope for conservative pop music as such, so youth-oriented is pop music, and so besotted by their "little learning" are so many young people. The Devil is likely to have all the best tunes for some time. The only way in which conservative pop music might be made would be if young peoples' innate chivalry and idealism could somehow be engaged on the side of conservatism — and this will be extremely difficult if conservatives keep portraying conservatism as merely financial rectitude. One could not write a soulful ballad about balancing the budget, or extending the boundaries of free trade areas, which seems to be the current interpretation of what constitutes conservatism.

Traditional conservatism is brim-full of imagery and concepts exciting enough for either the most jaded or the most impressionable amongst the young. Conservatism can legitimately draw upon all the imagery of tradition, faith, family, freedom and country for its emotional appeal. What is dull, to take just a very few possible examples, about Charles Martel, El Cid, Skanderbeg, Don John of Austria, the Serbs at Kosovo, William Tell, Prince Rupert of the Rhine, the Jacobites, the fleur-de-lys, Sam Johnson, Thomas de Quincey, Captain Danjou, Mosby's "grey ghosts", the doomed White Russians, the 1956 Hungarians, the Selous Scouts or Aleksander Solzenhitsyn? In the Leftist world in which we live, the traditional conservative is like Mr-Valiant-for-Truth, striving to posit truth against social truth and the individual against the machine. There is enormous romance in this, too, enough for the most quixotic, if only young people could see it. Perhaps a new "myth" needs to be promulgated and filtered into the popular imagination — of the conservative as underdog, of conservatism as a bold, even subversive, force — eventually to be seized upon by idealistic youth with electric guitars. If this could somehow be achieved, then conservatives just might succeed in permeating popular memories and sensibilities for generations to come.

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Albanian Adventures

Alex Standish explains why Albania has been in the news

It finally took an armed uprising by most of the south of Albania to prove it to the outside world, but the adventure involving president Sali Berisha and his Democratic Party has come to an ignominious end. Five years' worth of misguided US and EU foreign policy was ended in five weeks by outraged citizens who, ignoring diplomatic niceties, announced that they were no longer prepared to tolerate the rule of a corrupt and incompetent administration.

It is likely that future Balkan historians will be less surprised by the failure of the post-communist experiment in Albania than by the fact that the belief that the adventure might succeed — indeed had succeeded — gained so much credence in circles which should have known better. Although it is still much too early to be certain, the second Albanian revolution may yet come to be regarded as the real break with the country's wretched past — and perhaps its best chance of entering the 21st century as a developing democracy.

Enormous risks remain. The defeat for the Democratic Party may yet leave the door open for an extended period of internal chaos, or, in the worst-case scenario, civil war. Moreover, the Forum for Democracy which represents almost all the major opposition parties is not likely to survive for long. An alliance between the Socialist Party (the renamed ex-Communists) and their former victims in the Association of Ex-political Prisoners is bizarre to say the least, even if it illustrates graphically the extent of popular anger over the role the president and his government played in the pyramid investment scheme fiasco which sparked the recent national crisis.

Berisha managed to avoid falling victim to the periodic purges which Enver Hoxha used to crush all dissent, real and imagined, and survived to become sufficiently close to the last communist president Ramiz Alia to have been asked for his views on possible reforms at the time when the party's all-pervasive grip seemed to be weakening in 1990. Dispatched by Alia to restore order amongst the demonstrating students of the capital, Berisha sided with the demonstrators and went on to co-found the Democratic Party.

Having won a genuinely free and fair general election in March 1992 when the Democratic Party (Albania's first legal opposition since 1946) swept away fifty years of brutal Stalinist rule, Berisha failed to maintain the commitments the DP made in its election manifesto. Press freedom — never completely crushed — was more severely restricted than in any other European country. Access to the state-controlled media was routinely denied to opposition parties and critics of the government. Opponents of the DP, including many of its most staunchly anti-communist founder members, were forced into exile or even jailed. The secret police of the Hoxha era, the Sigurimi, was refounded under the acronym SHIK and became as hated as its predecessor.

Yet despite these distasteful matters, realpolitik demanded that the president be supported as a "Balkan strongman" capable of resisting the temptation to meddle in the potentially explosive national question which dominates so much of Balkan policy. In this, as Berisha's own early speeches to the DP reveal, the western powers chose a strange champion, for the president was, and is, an ardent proponent of Albanian nationalism.

Once in power, however, Berisha played on the threat of regional destabilisation. His co-operation was dependent upon generous hand-outs of international aid which, between 1991 and 1996, amounted to more than $1 billion. The bulk of this, more than $400 million, came from the European Union, while Italy, the US and Switzerland contributed much of the remainder. Britain gave just over 5 million in direct aid through the Foreign & Commonwealth Office 'Know How Fund' and the ODA, although the total bill for the British taxpayer is much higher if one takes into account contributions through the EU budget.

Nevertheless, despite vast injections of foreign aid — including substantial contributions from charities and non-governmental institutions — the achievements were limited. The Critical Imports programme of 1991-1992 significantly reduced the risk of starvation, especially in the urban areas, and, more importantly, went some way towards staunching the uncontrolled outflow of economic migrants. However, there was often very lax supervision of other projects and wastage on the sort of grand scale which can only be achieved when there is little external accountability and rampant local corruption.

Even more disturbing was the political strategy being developed in Tirana, where the foreign ministry specialised in what became known in diplomatic circles as the 'three card trick'. This involved playing off three interest groups keen to extend their influence in the region: the US, the EU and the Islamic Conference Organisation (ICO). Albania, which joined the ICO in 1992, is the only European country

to have membership, although the economic rewards which the government hoped to reap were in practice limited to the building of mosques and the setting up of religious schools and charities.

As the high expectations of the general population failed to materialise after March 1992, dissent began to grow. In June 1992 the Socialist Party (the renamed communists) made surprising gains in local elections and by November 1994, when the president launched his post-communist constitution, a clear majority had turned against him. This was seen when he called a national referendum to endorse the constitution for which he had already failed to get the necessary two-thirds majority in parliament. Following a vigorous countrywide campaign, the DP was unable even to get a simple majority and the constitution, which would have extended the president's personal powers, was rejected.

No such humiliation was to be permitted in the general election of May 1996 and, in scenes reminiscent of the 99.9 percent votes in favour of the late Enver Hoxha, the DP was returned to power with a considerably increased majority, taking 115 of the 140 parliamentary seats, compared to just 92 in the election of March 1992 when the party was genuinely popular. Even the most generous observer might find it hard to believe that a party which could not achieve 50% of the popular vote in the November 1994 referendum, suddenly found 88 percent of votes cast in their favour — a marked improvement upon its 62 percent share in 1992. That more Albanians are recorded as voting than were actually registered — or were indeed eligible to vote — further undermined the ruling party's credibility.

Yet despite some relatively small scale demonstrations after the 1996 elections, it appeared that the DP had weathered the storm even if the US, hitherto Berisha's most supportive ally, decided that it may have backed a leader whose democratic credentials were open to question. The end for the DP, when it came, was from a direction which few outsiders could have predicted: the collapse of the pyramid investment schemes.

The economic crisis which has engulfed Europe's poorest nation was a disaster waiting to happen, yet the Albanian authorities chose to ignore warnings from international institutions such as the World Bank and the IMF. Articles published in *The Economist* and the *New York Times* — which were translated into Albanian and carried by the main opposition newspapers — drew parallels between the Balkan pyramids and their counterparts in Russia and Romania.

The economic crisis which has engulfed Europe's poorest nation was a disaster waiting to happen, yet the Albanian authorities chose to ignore warnings from international institutions such as the World Bank and the IMF

As local investor confidence waned, the Albanian parliament passed a law in November aimed at regulating the hitherto unsupervised schemes. This came far too late to avert the crisis and one after another the firms ceased trading and, inevitably, declared bankruptcy. With an estimated 70 percent of families investing in one or other fund, the scale of the economic impact was certain to go far beyond that of the collapsed MMM pyramid in Russia or Caritas in Romania.

It is very easy to condemn the Albanians, as many observers have — including Pavli Qesku, the ambassador to London — as ignorant and greedy, yet these are universal human faults which enable fraudsters to flourish in most societies. Similar pyramid schemes have recently operated throughout Europe, including Britain, Germany and Greece. Indeed, such scams were only made illegal in Britain in January — shortly after the first Albanian firm folded.

What makes the case of Albania unique, however, is the dangerous combination of a desperately poor country relying upon hard currency remittances coming from abroad and the lack of a developed banking or investment sector. Add an unscrupulous government and a ruling party which has been forced to admit accepting an election donation from one of the most notorious pyramids and disaster became virtually unavoidable.

Yet the roots of Albania's rapid descent into violent chaos can be traced back far further than the ousting of the Party of Labour (Communist) regime in 1991 — a point easily overlooked by amateur students of the region's history. As part of the Ottoman Empire Albania had for centuries been regarded as a wild land on the very borders of civilization. The north in particular was infamous for its blood feuds which could last for generations after the deaths of those actually involved in the original dispute.

As the Ottoman Empire gradually disintegrated Albania became prey to the intrigues of the various Great Powers with interests in the region: the Austro-Hungarians, the Russians, the Greeks and the Serbs all played a role in turning the province into a semi-detached client state where the local inhabitants became adept at playing one power off against the others. As the notable British Balkan ethnologist Edith Durham discovered in 1908, a culture of dependency was already deeply engrained in the population.

Discussing the constitution for Albania which had been promised by the Young Turks, Miss Durham found that expectations ran high. The people of the north were demanding roads, railways and schools, as well as public order and justice — and all within six weeks.

> I said no Government, however good, could do all these things in the six weeks left. They shouted me down. 'A Government can do just as it likes, or it is not a government.'
>
> I urged the cost — railways, for example. 'Railways, dear lady, cost nothing. They are always made by foreign companies.'

Schools cost thousands of piastres — the house, the master, books.
'Schools in all civilised lands cost nothing. They are all free. The government pays for them.'
In England, I said, we have to pay a great deal for schools. They retorted that the English government must be bad, and they did not want a poor one like that. I said firmly, that every other land had to pay for all these things, and Albania must too or go without. But one of the party knew as a fact that, in Austria and Italy, the Government built the most beautiful things and paid for them itself.

Independence in 1912 changed little and, perhaps excepting the all too brief interlude when the American-educated Orthodox bishop Fan S. Noli served as prime minister in 1924, Albania remained a bizarre curiosity on the Adriatic. In Europe, but not of it — an impression vividly enhanced by the colourful self-proclaimed King Zog who ruled from 1925 until he was forced into exile when Mussolini's forces invaded at Easter 1939.

Surrounded by countries which entertained various territorial ambitions — Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece — Zog opted for an alliance with the more distant British empire. Thus it came about that the gendarmerie was in the hands of British officers late of the Indian Army and that the land registry was set up by British surveyors. Public order, after a fashion, was imposed and the Anglo-Persian oil company — later BP — set about prospecting for on-shore oil.

Incorporated into the Italian Empire with Victor Emmanuel III as king, Albania was soon plunged into war and when the ill-fated empire crumbled in 1943, the German army replaced the Italians until the Albanian partisans, led by Enver Hoxha, a former schoolmaster turned tobacconist, managed to 'liberate' the country with considerable technical and financial assistance from Britain's SOE and the Yugoslav communists — inconvenient facts of history which Hoxha later chose to expunge.

Hoxha, one of history's great survivors, made a policy of never maintaining alliances with Albania's neighbours. Outwardly loyal to Stalin (despite the Georgian's contempt for both Hoxha and his tiny country), the Albanian leader first broke off relations with Tito's Yugoslavia — which Stalin had once suggested could incorporate Albania as its sixth republic — and, following Khrushchev's criticism of Stalin, with the Soviet Union in 1960.

China became the next patron of what had become known as 'Tibet in Europe', pouring in loans and technical assistance until relations cooled in 1976, in the aftermath of Nixon's rapprochement with China. However, under Mao's influence Hoxha had managed to stage his own cultural revolution during which religion was finally prohibited (having been brutally discouraged for years) and all places of worship closed or destroyed. A war against 'decadent western influences' was declared and it became a criminal offence even to position a television aerial so as to receive Italian channels.

It is impossible to understand the current crisis ...without considering the xenophobic nature of the society which Hoxha created

However, despite the outward trappings of communism, the most serious error of many outside observers was to view the Party of Labour as primarily an ideological movement, rather than a cynically manipulated vehicle which enabled Hoxha, Mehmet Shehu and Hysni Kapo to maintain their grip as Albania's "Red Pashas" (a description coined by the Albanian novelist Ismail Kadare). Fear became the principal means of control, with the promotion of Hoxha's theory of the Anglo-American threat to Albania which led to the building of 700,000 concrete bunkers across the entire country.

Having fallen out with all his allies, Hoxha decided upon self-isolation as the most effective means of staying in power. According to Kadare, Hoxha actually delighted in provoking and outraging the international community. That became even more patent in 1979 when, at the height of the worldwide execration of Stalin, Hoxha published his book *With Stalin*, a shameless slap in the face of civilization. Many thought the book simply mad, but it was nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it was deliberate and premeditated, noted Kadare in *Albanian Spring*.

It is impossible to understand the current crisis which confronts the country without considering the xenophobic nature of the society which Hoxha created, using the foundations laid by Zog. Berisha and the DP were merely the latest incarnation of the problem. Albania's history has been a continuous search for foreign patrons whose influence and assistance is courted, then resented and finally rejected: Britain, Italy, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, China, the US, the EU. It remains to be seen which will now seek to intervene as the country threatens to rip itself apart, leading to an uncontrollable flow of refugees, with the risk of destabilising the whole southern Balkans, from Montenegro to Greece, via Kosovo and Macedonia.

If Albania had not been in Europe, the crisis would have aroused little interest. Since it is, however, it is more than likely that the EU — and taxpayers in its member states — will end up footing much of the bill for the latest Albanian adventure. If so, then it is to be hoped that those responsible for implementing the policy will have learned from the past and will insist that the more profitable Albanian activities such as drug-running, smuggling illegal immigrants into Europe and the indiscriminate sale of weapons be brought under control. The development of democracy would certainly be a bonus and probably the best guarantee of future stability for the region, but on past evidence that may remain a distant prospect. As always with Albania, one hopes for the best, but fears the worst.

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Letter from Belgium

Alexandra Colen explains why Belgium devours its children

Yet another corpse of a cruelly murdered child was found in Belgium early in March. It is the corpse of nine year old Loubna, who was abducted, sexually abused, tortured and murdered five years ago. Loubna is victim number five, after Julie, Melissa, An and Eefje. About a dozen other children (mostly girls but also a few boys) are still missing. Some of them disappeared as long as twenty years ago. A colleague of mine who is a member of the Parliamentary Commission set up to investigate what went wrong in the judicial enquiry into the child abuse case, says that the Belgian authorities expect to find more corpses in the near future.

The sewers of Belgium started opening last August when police officers succeeded in rescuing Sabine and Laetitia, two young girls of twelve and fourteen, who had been kidnapped during the preceding months. The girls were liberated from a dungeon where they had been kept as living sexual toys for perverts. Soon after the discovery of Sabine and Laetitia, the bodies of Julie and Melissa, two eight year old girls that had been abducted in June 1995, were found. The two children had been locked up, violently raped and tortured for months. They were finally starved to death in February 1996.

In September 1996, one month after the gruesome discovery of Julie and Melissa, the bodies of An and Eefje were found. These young women, seventeen and nineteen years old, had been abducted in August of the previous year. The police never disclosed the terrible things that happened to them, nor in what circumstances they died. Possibly the authorities think that the Belgians will not be able to stomach the horror. The only thing we know is that An and Eefje had been kidnapped, abused and finally murdered by the same gang that abducted Julie, Melissa, Sabine and Laetitia.

This gang was led by a man called Marc Dutroux. He had a record of sexual abuse and had been sentenced in April 1989 to a 13-year prison sentence after conviction for the rape of five children and the sexual torture of an elderly woman. In view of his "good conduct in jail" (no potential victims there), his prison term was shortened. This was compounded with an amnesty granted by the King of Belgium, which led to his being released in April 1992.

After leaving prison, Marc Dutroux applied for and received official invalid status, which entitled him to generous welfare benefits. Dutroux claimed that his imprisonment had led to psychological damage which meant that he, a former electrician, would never be able to work for a living again. As a consequence, together with Michelle Martin, his wife and accomplice (in kidnapping children and locking them up, though not in sexually abusing them), he received a monthly cheque of 80,000 Belgian francs (£1,500) from the Belgian welfare system!

Part of this money was used by Dutroux to build cells in some of the cellars of his eight houses. The cells were used for imprisoning girls. This was common knowledge to some of his friends, one of whom duly informed the police authorities in October 1993. However, the latter did not react. After the first girls had been abducted, it took over a year before the police started to consider Marc Dutroux as a serious suspect. He was arrested by chance when a nun, whose hobby it was to learn license plates by heart, remembered seeing his car near the place where Laetitia had been abducted. As a result, police were able to release Sabine (kidnapped on 28 May 1996) and Laetitia (kidnapped on 9 August) alive from Dutroux's dungeons, on August 15 last year.

Shortly after the arrest of Dutroux and his wife, a Brussels business man, Michel Nihoul, was arrested. It is not clear whether Dutroux kidnapped the children on the orders of Nihoul or whether Nihoul was just a "customer" who rented or bought girls from Dutroux; Nihoul was involved in organising sex parties for all kinds of perverts in high places, such as the army, the police, the judiciary and political and media circles.

Rumours about sex parties, the so-called "Pink Ballets" (*Ballets Roses*), have been rampant in Belgium for about two decades. The names of prominent politicians and even of the present Belgian King Albert (who succeeded his brother in 1993 and used to have a reputation for being a bit of a playboy), had been mentioned in this connection, but nobody had ever been able to prove anything. Rumours about the "Pink Ballets" persisted, but many journalists denounced them as being the Belgian political equivalent of the Loch Ness monster. Though some claim to have seen its shadow, serious people do not believe it exists.

Victim number five, Loubna, was kidnapped by a car mechanic, Patrick Derochette, on a sunny afternoon in August 1992 when the nine year old girl was on her way to a grocery shop and walked past Derochette's garage,

one street away from where she lived. Like Dutroux, Derochette also had a criminal record for sexual perversities involving children. He had previously raped four boys and had spent seven weeks (not even a full two months) in prison for these crimes because doctors claimed he was some kind of a lunatic who could not help it that he liked little boys. He was released on condition that he see a doctor every week to assess whether he was able to control his sexual urges. These visits must have gone something like this:

Alors, ça va?

Oui, monsieur le docteur, ça va.

Très bien. Au revoir.

A few years later, the doctor decided that Derochette had been cured and his freedom became unconditional. Five weeks later, Derochette kidnapped Loubna and raped her. But he claims that her death was an accident because she fell ill and hit her head against an iron trunk. He then hid her body in the trunk and kept it in the basement of his garage for five years. One witness, however, a school friend of Loubna's, claims that she saw the girl two weeks after her disappearance in Derochette's car. The police never took this witness seriously and did not bother Derochette until the whole inquiry into Loubna's disappearance was re-opened again early this year and her body was found in Derochette's iron trunk on 5 March.

If the witness is right, Loubna was probably also used as a child prostitute for some time. The police have discovered that Derochette was an acquaintance of Michel Nihoul. They both visited the same sex bars and Nihoul filled his petrol tank at Derochette's garage.

The Belgian police are currently also investigating satanic sects. It is possible that Nihoul was involved in satanic ceremonies and it is certain that some of the members of the Dutroux gang had "business contacts" with satanic groups. It is not clear whether the participants in satanic orgies took their satanism as a serious religion or whether some of the sex parties were just dressed up as satanic rituals to give the perverts an added kick.

The Belgian authorities started an investigation into satanic sects after the police found a letter from a satanic high priest to Bernard Weinstein, one of Dutroux's two accomplices in the kidnapping of children (Mrs Dutroux being the other). The letter asked for a "delivery" in order to be able to perform the rituals of Walpurgis Night. The delivery is believed to refer to young children needed as sacrifices in a black mass. There are many rumours concerning the satanist sects. Some claim that female sect members were deliberately impregnated so that their newly born children could be killed on satanic altars. To me as a mother, this sounds so horrible that I hope it isn't true.

If it is true, however, I doubt whether the Belgians would be very much surprised after the latest truth they have been forced to face these days, namely that the Loch Ness monster really exists. Some police officers questioned by the Parliamentary Commission confirmed that there have, indeed, been "Pink Ballets". They had some other news too: by taking some of the rumours about the sex orgies seriously, the authorities are on the brink of a breakthrough in the investigation concerning the Crazy Brabant Killers, a murderous gang that killed 29 people in Brabant, the province surrounding Brussels, in the early and mid 1980s.

The Crazy Brabant Killers got their name because at the time nobody had a clue as to what their motives could be. The gang specialised in robbing supermarkets in broad day light. The booty was always very poor, but that did not seem to bother them. The reason why they committed their crimes, apparently, was the kick they got from slaughtering every supermarket shopper in sight. They shot everyone, children included, sometimes killing up to eight innocent shoppers or passers-by in one go. It started with murdering twelve people in late 1982 and early 1983. Then the wave of terror subsided, only to be followed by a new wave in the autumn of 1985, resulting in the death of 17 victims. Then it stopped.

The investigation into the Crazy Brabant Killers got nowhere. Strange things happened. Officers who were making progress in the case were taken off it and substantial evidence disappeared from the files never to be found again. Today, almost twelve years later, the key to the mystery seems to have been found. A scrutiny of the gang's victims at various localities, revealed that in each case one of the victims could be linked to either the Pink Ballets or the illegal trade in drugs or heavy arms. The apparently random killings of the Crazy Brabant killers had been a cover-up for eliminating witnesses of sex parties (probably with minors — orgies with consenting adults are not illegal under Belgian law) or mafia transactions involving drugs and illegal arms traffic.

This discovery has prompted the authorities to investigate the whole dossier again, but whether this will lead anywhere is doubtful because many sensitive documents have been lost. "There used to be a photo in the judicial files of an army general, stark naked, during one of the Pink Ballets", one investigator told the parliamentary committee last February. "I know it because I have seen the picture. But now it is gone. We cannot find it anywhere." Tapes, too, and typed-out transcripts of police interviews have gone missing, as well as a list of people who had allegedly attended sessions of the Pink Ballets.

Now that the sewers of Belgium have opened and the stench is there for all to smell, it is no wonder that ordinary Belgians have lost confidence in their judicial and political authorities. It is generally assumed that the incompetence of the authorities to solve the mystery of the Crazy Brabant Killers, the Pink Ballets, the satanic orgies and the reason why it took years to arrest Dutroux, Nihoul and Derochette, are because these criminals were protected by very high circles. On 29 October last year, over 250,000 of Belgium's ten million inhabitants took to the streets of Brussels for a silent march, carrying white flowers and white balloons, and demanding that justice be done and morality restored. The "White March" was one of the most impressive demonstrations that Belgium, and

possibly the whole of Europe, had ever seen. Not one slogan was called, but the silence of the demonstrators resounded louder and more clearly than a million words or cries.

Shortly after the White March, in November, it was revealed that the second highest politician in the country, Vice Prime Minister Elio Di Rupo, was a promiscuous homosexual with a preference for male adolescents. Di Rupo, a Belgian Socialist of Italian descent whose most memorable political act ever was his refusal to shake hands with an Italian colleague from the "neo-fascist" Berlusconi government, did not deny that his sex life consists of a series of one night stands with young men, often prostitutes which he or his chauffeur picked up from the streets. But he was able to shift the debate to the question of whether he had had sex with boys of under or over sixteen years of age (the former being illegal, the latter legal under Belgian law). No-one could prove the former and the Vice Prime Minister got away with it when his Socialist Party threatened to bring the government down if Di Rupo was forced to resign. The Christian Democrats of Prime Minister Jean-Luc Dehaene gave in. And the Belgian people, who had given such a powerful cry for moral rectitude during the White March, did not seem to bother.

Indeed, nobody really cares about Belgium or its political image. That is the tragedy of Belgium. Like all parents, Belgians care intensely about their children's safety, but they do not care about the State whose job it is to guarantee this safety, because they have no sense of affinity with this State nor loyalty to it. Belgians do not love Belgium, they either hate it or are totally indifferent to it. Belgium is an entirely artificial country (as, by the way, the future European superstate will be), and here "Perfidious Albion" is to blame. In 1830 it was Lord Palmerston's idea to create Belgium as an independent state, thereby forcing two entirely different peoples, the Dutch-speaking Flemings and the French-speaking Walloons, to live together in one State and saddling them with a complete stranger, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, widower of the late British Crown Princess Charlotte, as their King.

Flanders is the northern part of Belgium. Its inhabitants tend to be more Conservative, religious and capitalist-minded than the francophones in the South. They are the Germans of Belgium. The Walloons in Wallonia, the southern half of Belgium, on the other hand, tend to be less religious and more Socialist. They are the French of Belgium. Indeed, Belgium is a kind of miniature European Union. Anyone who wishes to predict what kind of problems the European Federal State will have to face, must take a look at Belgium.

Belgium has always been an awkward nation. In fact, it is not a nation, but it is the construction which keeps two nations, Flanders and Wallonia, together. Flanders is the prisoner and Wallonia is living off its back. From the start, Belgium was conceived as a francophone state and was constructed after the French political example. French was the only official language and even the Dutch-speaking Flemish children had to go to francophone schools. It as only at the turn of the century that the Flemings were granted the right to use their own language in court and only in the 1930s that the first Dutch-language secondary schools and universities were established and that Dutch became an official language in the army.

After World War II and the inevitable political emancipation of the Flemings, who form the majority of the Belgian population, the country was transformed into a so-called federalist state in which democratic majority rule was abolished. The ruling francophone élite, foreseeing that it would lose its political power if the democratic process continued, succeeded just in time in adapting the Belgian Constitution. Although Flemish politicians form a majority in Parliament, they are under-represented in comparison to the population figures. Flemish politicians need more votes in order to get elected than their Walloon colleagues. This is not the worst, however. When the francophones, who had been ruling the country on their own for over 125 years, noticed that the political emancipation of the Flemings would, through the logic of the democratic process, lead to a Belgium dominated by the Flemish majority, they had it firmly entrenched in the Constitution that changing the Belgian system could only be done with a majority in both parts of the country. This has doomed the country to inertia and it has inevitably led to the corruption of Wallonia.

The Socialist Party, although only of minor importance in Flanders, became the most influential party in Belgian politics. As the largest party in Wallonia, it can obstruct any policy to which it objects. Since no government in Belgium can be formed without the approval of a majority in both Flanders and Wallonia, the francophone Socialists have ensured themselves of an almost permanent reign. They proceed to buy Walloon voters by promising them a permanent flow of Flemish taxpayers' money to Wallonia.

In Flanders, which has a strong free-market culture, a majority want to change the present welfare system. The Flemish wish to lower taxes and to reform social security to reduce abuse of the system. But Wallonia, being at the receiving end of the system, blocks all reforms and the Walloon Socialist party guarantees voters that as long as they keep voting for the Socialists, money from Flemish taxpayers will keep flowing to the nearly 50% of Walloons who are either employed by the government or subsidised by it via monthly unemployment or invalidity payments (which included Dutroux's £1,500).

Voters are being corrupted by their politicians because corrupt voters do not mind corrupt politicians so long as these guarantee that the free milk of the welfare system will keep flowing. This was the lesson of the 1995 general elections in Belgium. In the year preceding these elections, the Socialist Party had been constantly in the news for its involvement in all kinds of corruption scandals. The elections showed, however that this did not affect its voters' loyalty. On the contrary.

People get the politicians they deserve. Belgium is a multicultural

country where two totally different peoples are forced together in one state. One of its two nations uses the other as a financial milch cow. The Constitution makes it impossible to remedy the situation. Meanwhile the corrupt politicians have infected the whole system. Not only politicians, but also magistrates, civil servants, police and army officers have come to consider the state as a vehicle for personal enrichment. No wonder that the mafia has joined the game. Belgium, from a country without an ethnic basis, has become a country without an ethical basis. The whole establishment in the francophone part of Belgium is corrupt. Dutroux, Nihoul, Derochette, the Pink Ballets, the Crazy Brabant Killers, these are all francophone scandals. Some of the victims, but none of the perpetrators, were Flemings.

My point is not that the Flemings are morally better than the Walloons or that there are no sexual perverts and child abusers in Flanders. There are. But there is less complicity of the authorities to turn a blind eye in exchange for mafia payments or career opportunities. The mafia has not infested Flemish society as much as Walloon society, for in Flanders there are fewer corrupt voters of the kind who do not care about morality so long as government welfare money keeps flowing into their pockets. The reason why there are fewer voters of this kind in Flanders is not because the Flemings are less inclined to corruption, but because there has never been as considerable a flow of welfare money to Flanders as to Wallonia. Opportunity makes the thief, and for Wallonia the opportunity is entrenched in the Belgian political construction.

My prediction is that within a European superstate, we will see the same phenomenon on a much larger scale. More than fifteen nations will be part of this superstate. Some will be at the receiving end and others will have to pay the bill. Those at the receiving end will be the worst victims, for they will be corrupted as Wallonia has been corrupted. Like the Walloons, their peoples will not mind, for people who have been corrupted want the benefits of corruption to be as large as possible. However, their children will pay the price as the immorality expands and permeates society. And some will pay for it with their own lives.

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Britain Under Eastern Eyes

Stephen Pimenoff reflects on his Anglophile grandfather

In 1925 my grandfather Ivan, a Russian financier and business man who had fled the Revolution and was living in Hankow as regional manager of the Russo-Asiatic Bank, decided to send his fifteen-year old son, my father, to school in England. This was not a step to be undertaken lightly, involving as it did a six-week sea voyage from Shanghai to Southampton, followed by a train journey to rural Shropshire. When the time came, needless to say there was no popping home for holidays in the manner of many far-Eastern pupils today: it was two years before my father saw his family again, and then only because they came to him. The motives of a man, pure Russian, who had spent his entire life in Eastern Asia, in sending his son 6,000 miles around the world to be educated in a country of which he knew nothing save at second-hand from reading and meeting English expatriates, are interesting enough as to warrant investigation. (To appreciate the magnitude of his undertaking, imagine the reverse of the situation: an English bank manager in Swansea deciding to send his son to school in Hankow. Even then, air travel makes the analogy inexact.) What could have inspired him? Had he taken leave of his senses?

As for my father, imagine his feelings. Having never been away from his family, and with only a smattering of English taught him by his English tutor, he was put, alone, on a P&O liner and told not to get off until it reached the end of the line. As the ship progressed he had ample opportunity to meet people from the country where he was going. He observed how their flag — a red, white and blue affair with complex lines and crosses — was everywhere to be seen — at Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar... He wondered how it could be that this country, whose dominion appeared to stretch virtually to the front door of his family's home, still took six weeks of sea travel to get to. It must have been very puzzling.

Ivan's reasons for sending my father to school in England were in fact very simple. He was an ardent anglophile. As a young man (he was born in 1867) he had watched the spread of English authority and influence in the world, had studied English ways and absorbed English values, and decided that these represented the best hope for mankind. He felt that if he could educate his son so that the boy grew up embodying the ethos he so admired, it would be the greatest blessing he could bestow on him.

What were these values he so admired? Having observed both under Tsarist and Bolshevik rule the appalling effects of the exercise of arbitrary power, what he admired most about the English was their rule of law. That no one should be above the law, not the police, the army nor even the monarch himself, was to him a concept of enlightened genius, the more so for being not at all self-evident.

He believed the British Empire to be predominantly a force for good in the world, bringing security, peace, justice, tolerance and efficient government to races which otherwise would have lacked all acquaintance with such blessings. Had you pointed out to him that the British did not go out into the world to improve foreigners, but to make money, he would have replied, of course they wanted to make money. Who did not? As a banker and businessman he was entirely in sympathy with such an aim. Had you suggested that this Empire he admired so much was based largely on native exploitation, he would have replied that in a sense anyone who provides labour or raw materials to another is exploited. The only question that mattered was, were the native peoples of the Empire better off under British rule than they had been before, or would be on their own? To him, such a question was rhetorical. I do not know if he was aware of Santayana's remark about British imperialism — "Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master; it will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him" — but if he did he would have agreed wholeheartedly. (He saw confirmation of his views in the loyalty with which the colonies rewarded Britain during both world wars, flocking to her aid with military assistance.)

If pressed, he certainly would have conceded that the spread of imperialism through conquest and subjugation was wrong, that no people had the right to impose their will on another. But he would have argued, persuasively I am sure, that the British Empire was not like that. Of course there were colonies that had been seized, like Mauritius and the Seychelles during the Napoleonic wars, and Gibraltar and St. Helena even earlier, but these had mostly been taken from other colonial powers, not native peoples. Some, like Grenada and St. Lucia, were warspoils. Then there were others, like Egypt, occupied to protect British interests. But on the whole the flag tended to follow trade, as it had in India; some peoples, like the Fijians, even requested British rule. Undoubtedly there was an element of truth in Sir John Seeley's remark that the Empire appeared to have been acquired "in a fit of absence of mind".

This is not to say Ivan imagined the Imperial past to have been unsullied by error, misjudgement or injustice. He knew about the opium trade, and the destruction of the Burmese teak forests, and the Amritsar massacre. He knew there were Englishmen who were callous, cruel and insufferably arrogant. But he believed the effect of such injustice as occurred to be mitigated by its being an aberration, and not institutionalised.

Had you pressed him further on the subject he might have replied, not in words, but by taking you home and showing you his domestic set-up. He had six servants, four Chinese and two Russian: a cook, maid, footman, butler, house-boy and gardener. He paid them very little by Western standards, but he gave them a roof and fed and clothed them to a high standard. Without him they would have been on the street, or doing back-breaking labour in the fields. "Do you wish to leave my employment, Matvei," he might have asked the footman, with a twinkle in his eye, "and go where you are not exploited?" Matvei just would have laughed. Another rhetorical question.

Nor was this all. As an expatriate himself Ivan had met many Englishmen in Harbin and Shanghai — soldiers, businessmen and administrators — and they had impressed him favourably with their qualities: their efficiency, honesty, gentle, self-deprecating humour, decency, sense of fair play and unswerving devotion to their word and their duty. He decided that, of all nationalities he had come into contact with, the English were most worthy of emulation.

Ivan died long before the break-up of the Empire, but had he lived he would have found ample confirmation of his views in the post-independence slide of many former colonies into corruption, anarchy and bloodshed. True, they were now free in one sense, but had they not merely exchanged exploitation by a colonial power for exploitation by a greedy, self-seeking and immoral native elite combined with ruthless international business conglomerates and cartels?

He might have gleaned hope from the replacement of Empire by Commonwealth, seeing the latter as a typically British invention, with no charter, no constitution, no headquarters, no flag, no executive framework, indeed no structure at all. That the Commonwealth is like the Empire used to be, an organism, not an institution, he would have seen as its great strength, giving it the flexibility so necessary for any large organisation to function. Granted, he would have called the Commonwealth 'an empire without teeth', and lamented the sad decline of British power. But he would have seen in the Commonwealth, with its one billion people of all races and creeds, the best chance the world had of promoting dialogue between rich and poor nations and fostering practical business and cultural links. Above all, he would have considered it the best hope of perpetuating the British virtues he so admired. I am sure that if he could have heard the secretary-general of the Commonwealth, Chief Anyaoku, say in 1995 that "the values and practices that all countries inherited

[from Britain] are values that are worth spreading," he would have nodded in agreement. He would not have been surprised to learn that even now, at the end of the 20th century, there is no shortage of countries eager to join the Commonwealth, Angola, Eritrea and Mozambique being the latest applicants, Cameroon having been recently admitted.

But what, I cannot help wondering, would he have made of European Union? At fanciful moments I imagine a conversation such as I might have had with him on the subject.

"That's fine," he says. "If the European countries wish to join the British Empire — "

"No, Grandfather. It doesn't mean that. It means we will be joining them."

"It makes no matter. As long as they are properly governed from London."

"But it is we that will be governed, by them. From Brussels. But do not be alarmed. The Belgians are not without experience. They too were once an imperial power... Grandfather, what is wrong? Are you choking?"

It cannot be denied that Ivan would be horrified and appalled at the prospect of Britain integrating with Europe and running down her links with the countries of the former Empire. He would be puzzled too. Why is such a thing thought necessary?

"Well, Grandfather, it is feared there will be a conflict of interest — "

"So much the worse for Europe."

He would be baffled to learn that in the interests of simplifying administration a monolithic bureaucracy is being erected in Brussels which will devour — is already devouring — money counted in billions of pounds. Where once all of India was governed by a mere 3,000 administrators, now that number sometimes does not even cover a single department in Brussels. Statutes are being enacted and regulations drawn up on the standardisation of everything from the capacity of roads to the thickness of roofing felt. And it seems as if anyone losing in a British court of law now automatically announces his decision to 'take the case to Europe'.

Unquestionably, he would think that the Commonwealth, with its emphasis on co-operation, dialogue and mutual support, without the debilitating burden of prescriptive regulation and bureaucracy gone wild, provides a much better model for international organisation than does the EC.

Other things too would cause him disquiet. He would believe the British to have every reason to be apprehensive about the secondary part which their Parliamentary system and Common Law will play under European union. Their system of government is one which was forged over the centuries as a reflection of the national character and in response to the particular circumstances of life on this island. It has kept them free from revolution and civil war for well over 300 years, and during most of that time provided the basis for administering an empire encompassing a quarter of the world's land area and the same proportion of its peoples. In a word, the British know a thing or two about law and government.

He would feel the people have a right to be sceptical about claims that their 'future lies in Europe'. Why Europe? Granted, geographical and historical considerations lend the claim a certain speciousness, but traditionally Britain has always had stronger ties with countries outside Europe, chiefly with Commonwealth lands. He would consider Britain's aim on committing itself totally to Europe, at the expense of its wider international links, to be short-sighted and parochial. He would not call those who wish to distance themselves from Europe little Englanders, but internationalists, or great Britishers, those in favour of European union he would call little Europeans.

To Tristan Garel-Jones's ludicrous observation that "the sceptics would have Britain, like the mad King Lear, wandering around Europe shouting into deaf ears and talking to the wind," I imagine Grandfather would simply smile indulgently and protest that no one desired Britain to 'wander around Europe' or shout into deaf ears, or indeed any ears. As for talking to the wind, he might think Mr Garel-Jones does quite enough of that already, though he would be too polite to say so.

He would see European union as an artificial construct based on nothing stronger than geography. He would think it an act of folly for the British to relinquish their sovereignty to some dubious 'parliament' sitting in a minor European capital. Even economically he would feel the claim about the future lying in Europe to be questionable, believing it makes more sense for Britain to build on and strengthen its links with the rest of the English-speaking world, whose combined economic power is in any case some 75 per cent greater than all of Europe, Britain excluded. (The English-speaking world — the USA, the UK, Canada, Australia and New Zealand — produces 40 per cent of the world's economic output.)

Having raised all these points, Grandfather would sit back in the great swivel chair of his library, confident that he had reason on his side, and that reason would triumph over muddled thought. Though the politicians might go astray thankfully there were always the people, with their sturdy common sense and long tradition of personal freedom and independence, to put them back on the rails again and tell them not to be asses, rather as there were always juries to tell lawyers and judges the same. Was this not the great strength of English society?

So he would be puzzled and concerned to learn that this headlong dash to create a federal European superstate is being effected against the popular will of the people. Opinion polls routinely show a majority in favour of not committing themselves to greater union (late in 1996 a poll revealed that 48 per cent of people wish to leave Europe altogether). Nor is this a recent development. As long ago as 1989, a survey showed a majority firmly against the idea of European government: 71 per cent of those interviewed said they would be "relieved" or "indifferent" if the EEC (as it then was) were dissolved. Most British people are in favour of free and open relations with our European neighbours, and of economic co-operation and association, but they do not see why this must be carried to the stage of political union. Yet faced with such irrefutable evidence that integration with Europe is

not to the people's taste, senior politicians of all parties simply ignore it, and continue to press ahead with formal plans to implement the various treaties designed to lead to full union with Europe. Is, or is not, Britain a democracy, I hear Grandfather ask.

It might be thought curious that I have based an article on the imagined musings of a Russian gentleman born in 1867. How backward-looking! Yet it may sometimes be instructive to analyse a complex situation from a point of view uncluttered by the transitory concerns of contemporary life, to view it in the light of larger social, political and historical trends. This is particularly true of such a profoundly important issue as European Union.

Recent developments do tend to urge caution regarding the headlong flight to European union. The collapse of the Soviet Union should be a salutary reminder that superstates welded together on no better grounds than that of the geographic proximity of their constituent parts carry within themselves the seeds of destruction. Far from destroying nationalist feeling, they promote it.

The reasons for the British people's great ambivalence towards Europe are many, and have roots deep in the past. Geographical insularity is undoubtedly a factor. ("The best thing I know between France and England is — the sea," wrote Douglas Jerrold.) In *The Road to Wigan Pier*, George Orwell tells of being in Yorkshire when Hitler re-occupied the Rhineland: "Hitler, Locarno, Fascism and the threat of war aroused hardly a flicker of interest locally, but the decision of the Football Association to stop publishing their fixtures in advance (this was an attempt to quell the football pools) flung all Yorkshire into a storm of fury."

Whereas the other European countries are like children brought up amid the rough and tumble of life in a family of ten, Britain is like an only child, who has never had to take the wishes or needs of others into account. This is what made joining the EEC (as it was in 1975) so difficult for the people. They did not feel part of Europe. They did not feel any kinship with Europeans, whose ways were not their ways. and who historically had been unable to go for more than 50 years without being at each other's throats

The attitude goes back to Shakespeare:

> Britain is a world by itself, and we will nothing pay
> For wearing our own noses.
> (*Cymbeline*, III, i.)

Throughout history there has been a reluctance to get involved in Continental wars. As far back as the Middle Ages it was observed that England's participation in the Crusades was less than wholehearted (Richard Lionheart was the only major English crusader).

The truth must be faced that, geographical proximity aside, Britain has little in common with the other European countries. Sooner than suggest she form a political union with them, one might as well suggest that China and Russia do the same, or China and Japan. If even adjacent countries like Canada and the US, which enjoy a common language and common customs and origins, cannot effect political union, how much more difficult will it prove for the countries of Europe, which have common ground on hardly a single fundamental issue or belief, not religion or language or law or even — as the widespread incidence of official corruption on the continent shows — ethics.

On the other hand what made the Empire so successful was that its widely disparate peoples all adopted the language and the values of the mother country. This was the cement that gave the far-flung parts of the Empire their cohesion, and continues to give the nations of the Commonwealth such common spirit as they enjoy today. It is a common spirit of which Europhiles might be envious, but it is not one which they would be able to emulate.

The supremacy of European law over English Common Law, which developed hand in hand with the British national character and is the embodiment of it, is something most cannot accept, and rightly so. We may be told that we will remain a sovereign nation after political union, but it is hard to see how this could possibly be so. Directives from Brussels will take precedence over those passed by the Westminster Parliament, which will no longer be the supreme authority in the land. The independent legal system which has been the guarantor of our liberty for over 300 years will be at an end, with repercussions we cannot foresee but which will almost certainly be detrimental to the nation.

It is reasonable for us to object to being brought under laws fashioned in Brussels for and by people with traditions based on the Napoleonic code. And it is reasonable to object to our Parliament, whose supremacy forms the cornerstone of our national life, being made subject to zealous drafters of legislation in some distant headquarters.

The freedom and stability we enjoy — not matched by any other European power — are a direct result of the political and legal system that has evolved here over the centuries. It is a system that developed out of the particular circumstances of life on this island, and has been modified and refined over the centuries to suit the particular nature of the British character. It would not suit every people, as attempts to transplant it elsewhere have sometimes shown, but it is indubitably right for us, and we tinker with it at our peril.

Are we now actually being asked to throw away this system, which is so right for us, and has been achieved at such cost over so many centuries, and to adopt another that is alien to us, not knowing how — and indeed whether — it will suit us? The ordinary person rightly balks. What is baffling is that senior politicians at Westminster for the most part do not balk, but welcome this prospect with enthusiasm. With whom do we side in the gathering conflict? With them, or with the British people? For my part, I know what the answer must be: like my grandfather, I put my faith in the common sense of the people.

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The War Cabinet and its Secretariat, 1943-45

John Peek presents a Personal Memoir

When war was declared in 1939 it was decided, as during the 1914-1918 conflict, to create a restricted War Cabinet for the day-to-day conduct of hostilities. The initial idea had been that this should take the form of a group of not more than five or six ministers, all free from departmental duties and chaired by the Prime Minister. But almost immediately Chamberlain found it necessary to co-opt on a permanent basis the three Service ministers and several major departmental ministers, increasing numbers well beyond the optimum. When Churchill became Prime Minister of the National Government on 10 May 1940 he adopted a different criterion of membership. He wrote: "I did not like having unharnessed ministers around me. I preferred to deal with chiefs of organisations rather than counsellors. Everyone ... should be accountable for some definite task, and then they do not make trouble for trouble's sake or to cut a figure[1]. Thus the composition of the cabinet was thereafter related primarily to functions instead of to individuals, though it is true that when the progress of the war called for a change in the functions represented in the group it was often the case that a minister changed functions and stayed in the group. During 1943 the composition of the War Cabinet was as follows:

Winston Churchill (P.M., 'First Lord. of Treasury ' & Minister of Defence)

Sir John Anderson (L.P.C.[2] then on 28/9 Ch. of Exchequer)

Clement Attlee (Dominions, then on 28/9 L.P.C., also Deputy P.M.)

Anthony Eden (Foreign)

Herbert Morrison (Home & Home Security)

Ernest Bevin (Labour & National Service)

Oliver Lyttelton (Production)

Lord Woolton (Food, then Reconstruction from 12/11 when this M. was created)

R.G. Casey (M. Resident in Middle East)

It will be seen that late in the year (on 28/9) finance acquired a worrying importance while Dominions policy became less of a day-to-day concern, the change of representation in the group being effected through Anderson and Attlee exchanging the L.P.C function; also that problems of reconstruction came into the reckoning near the end of the year. Thus, before Woolton came there were seven ministers (who were also of course members of the wider Cabinet) attending daily meetings, excluding Casey, the Australian, who operated from Cairo and was rarely present.

None of these lofty considerations of political organisation were in the mind of a 27-year-old infantry officer when in late May 1943 he entered the offices of the War Cabinet Secretariat in Great George Street for his first day's work. A physical disability had unfitted him for active service, obliging him to leave his battalion. But the manpower shortage being what it was, alternative uses had to be found for him.

My interview at the War Cabinet Office had been with Major Sir Desmond Morton, Churchill's personal assistant, who had some idea of taking me on as his own personal assistant, making me PA to the PA to the PM, an engaging prospect. This did not come about, Major Morton failing to obtain consent to create the post. Instead, I was taken on with the rank of captain (assimilated to the Civil Service rank of temporary principal) as assistant secretary of the Cabinet committee dealing with French North African affairs, of which Major Morton was chairman. The task of the committee was to organise the provision of supplies needed for the civil rehabilitation of French North Africa following the Allied reconquest of Algeria and Morocco in November 1942 and of Tunisia in May 1943. The secretariat was headed by Harry Bourdillon[3], a career civil servant from the Colonial Office; assisting him were myself and Pamela Vivian, a courageous lady who had recently lost her husband killed in action; finally I had the help of two assistant principals, Winifred Fox and Gwyneth McCleary.

When I started work I at once felt quite out of my depth and was also completely fogged by the sheer pace of events; what was more, my physical condition, involving periodic hospital treatment, was ill-suited to the prevailing frenzy. I found I was succeeding an awesomely competent Colonial Office official, called Trevor Benson[4], who was being transferred to other functions. His explanations of what I was supposed to do, careful though they were, were largely over my head; and Bourdillon, though he tried to be patient, was scarcely able to conceal his irritation at my inability to get the hang of things as he rushed hither and thither. Consequently, for the first few weeks it was my two lady assistants who did not only their work but most of mine, with me stumbling along, doing my best to learn from them. Happily, in due course I found my feet and began to feel more at ease with the work[5].

The administrative responsibilities in French North Africa were at this time of a complex nature. The supreme authority was the Allied command. After a short resistance to the Allied landings the Vichy French forces, who after Admiral Darlan's assassination were under the command of General Giraud, had cooperated with, and were in practice subordinate to, the Allied command. There was at first no overall civil authority. At the end of May 1943, with hostilities over, General de Gaulle intervened, claiming to represent the sovereignty of fighting France. At first he refused to meet General Giraud. Ultimately a compromise was reached early in June with the establishment of a French Committee of National Liberation, on which both generals sat, though de Gaulle refused to accept Giraud as supreme commander of the French forces. The status of this French Committee was never clearly defined, but in practice it was advisory.

Meanwhile civil rehabilitation was organised directly from Britain and America through Harold Macmillan, Minister Resident at Allied Forces Headquarters at Algiers, and his American counterpart, Robert Murphy. Our contact with North Africa was thus through the office of Harold Macmillan, which was headed by the impressive Roger Makins[6]. The Cabinet Committee, on which were represented all the concerned government departments at the official level, met usually once a week. In between meetings Major Morton held a daily meeting in his office with his secretariat. At these get-togethers Major Morton would regale us with the latest gossip (for our ears only, of course), which, in view of his closeness to Churchill, was of a fairly rich texture and not necessarily related to our work, though it contained, so far as I could judge, no indiscretions. His inside account of the rival posturings of Generals de Gaulle and Giraud was especially entertaining. He was also hilarious about the naivety of certain American rehabilitation officials working on the spot. Accustomed to transatlantic standards of living they could not believe their eyes at the primitiveness of the genuine Bedouin Arab. "Why", he mimicked, "can you beat it: these Ayrab women procreate into buckets".

As Major Morton spent a lot of his time in conclave with the P.M. he must have been working a 16-hour day to match the PM's very special life-style. He was a much decorated officer from the First World War, invalided out with a bullet in his heart, which being inoperable remained lodged there for life. It was said that this life-threatening bullet had obliged him to forego marriage; and he remained a jovial bachelor, albeit with much dignity of bearing, permanently calm and reassuring, his diction containing many Churchillian felicities of expression. To emphasise a point he would typically place both forearms flat on the table, fists clenched, accompanying this gesture with a smiling "d'you see?". He took a warm-hearted interest in each one of us and we thought the world of him. It was characteristic of him that when my father died in August 1943 he called me into his office, enquired about my father's military career and his illness, and was most sympathetic.

Our activities could at times extend to French West Africa which, Vichy-held hitherto, had gone over to the Allies late in 1942. I recall in particular a fascinating telegram regarding the hiding-place of a quantity of gold bullion there. In the best schoolboy thriller manner it said the bullion was to be found (here I paraphrase the details which I do not remember exactly) at a depth of five feet ten yards at 90 degrees east of north from lone tree 50 yards south-west of police compound.

One of our most valued contacts was a youngish and most capable Arab, a man of great charm and polish. Probably some sort of businessman in normal times, Abulafia (known to us affectionately as Boo-Boo) knew exactly what his compatriots in North Africa needed better than anyone. For example, the exigencies of war had deprived them of green tea, their staple beverage. This speciality, made from steam-dried unfermented leaves, we made great efforts to obtain from parts east, notably neutral Turkey. On Boo-Boo's rare visits to the secretariat there was always a party with our women colleagues, and some merriment.

However, there was little time for merriment. We worked with little let-up and long hours, though we always remained cheerful, Gwyneth McCleary in the rare quiet moments intoning snatches of *Messiah* arias as she toiled. We were a central sorting office for incoming telegrams from Algiers and elsewhere. These were steered for action or information to the concerned departments, the action or answer proposed by the "action" department being then vetted by us for consistency with approved policy and concerted as necessary. I remember having to chair an inter-departmental meeting to go over and agree a long list of urgent requirements received from Algiers. Policy issues arising we had to bring to the Committee's agenda, as also when a department initiated a proposal affecting policy. All this is obvious enough, but with the constant din of telephoning punctuated by the whiz of the pneumatic Lamson tubes criss-crossing ceilings and landing plop down the wall at hand height as they conveyed messages between the central registry and individual offices, it was not always easy to think; and clerical staff would also be rushing in and out. As often as not action would be directly ordered by the committee and this we had to follow through. Sometimes I found myself drafting minutes for Major Morton's signature at weekends at home, the only quiet place; wondering as I did so whether they would come under the eye of the Great Man, whom as it happened I never once encountered during my whole career at Great George Street. Nor indeed was his name ever mentioned during official business; at the most Major Morton might very occasionally remark: "I must now leave you to attend upon you know who".

There was not much lateral contact at this time between the different sections of the Cabinet secretariat. In the office canteen on the ground floor, open to all ranks for drinks and light refreshments, we would see colleagues whom we did not get to know; this was partly because of the hurried nature of

our visit, but mostly because of the instinctive reticence of staff handling secret business on a strictly need-to-know basis. The atmosphere of the officers' mess in the upper basement, being more intimate, was slightly less frosty and, though talking 'shop' was taboo, exchanges of chaff occurred which broke the ice. Here were the staff of the War Cabinet's main artery, the Chiefs of Staff Committee, headed by General Ismay and assisted by Lieut-General Hollis and Colonel Jacob[7] (as they then were). Meals were served at one longish table, breakfast being the best attended. Lunch and dinner were for those who — too busy to eat out — came in at odd times to snatch something quickly. A competent young lady coped smoothly with these unpredictable requirements. Allowed into the mess exceptionally from outside was her young brother, who had lost both hands in the war and whom she helped with his meals. Churchill was never mentioned by name in the mess, but there was this rare story which later went the rounds: from his bunker office he called out: "who is that shouting next door?" "It's Colonel Blank sir; he's talking to Washington". "Oh, he is, is he; well, tell him to use the telephone".

At the end of November 1943 Winnifrith, Cabinet Office Establishment Officer, told me I was to be transferred to the secretariat that served the Allied Supplies Executive. I was somewhat reluctant, having barely mastered the affairs of French North Africa, but it seemed that that secretariat was being wound down, so I obeyed orders. An advantage of the change was that it introduced me to a higher order of administrative life. The main Allied Supplies Executive was a ministerial committee with Oliver Lyttelton[8] in the chair. It was primarily concerned with organising military and ancillary supplies to Russia. Under it was a sub-committee concerned with supplies to China; of this a junior minister, Charles Urie Peat, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, was chairman, and I was to be the secretary in succession to an elderly Army major. Having been promoted to captain only six months earlier on arrival at the War Cabinet Office, I was pleasantly surprised when, soon after taking on this new assignment, I was given the rank (and pay) of major, still withal assimilated to the civil service grade of temporary principal.

The desperate need of the Russians for military supplies meant that this committee's work was of the highest priority. Two routes for supplies existed: through Persia by rail and the dangerous sea route Archangel. The first of these was laborious to organise and could cope only with limited quantities. The main route was therefore by sea where the convoys of merchantmen had to run the gauntlet of German U-boats, air and surface craft operating from Norwegian bases. In 1942 these convoys, not always adequately protected by Allied air and sea escorts, suffered dreadful losses in men and ships, and over 20% of supplies carried went to the bottom of the sea. These losses caused much publicly expressed distress, for they were being incurred for a country which, though now a most welcome ally in the war, had not hitherto been much of a friend of Britain, and they came on top of the grievous losses incurred in the transport of Britain's vital needs from across the Atlantic. In 1943 therefore the Arctic convoys were interrupted. Late in the year, in the face of intense Russian pressure and undoubted needs, they were resumed on a fully escorted basis once in each of the four dark months, November to February, and came back with minimal loss, while the escorting cruisers and destroyers, reinforced by the battleship *Duke of York*, sank the German battle-cruiser *Scharnhorst* during the December outward-bound convoy. This success encouraged the despatch of further convoys in 1944 and 1945.

When I joined the A.S.E. secretariat there was very little to do on the China supply front, so that I was almost at once commandeered to assist with supplies to Russia. The sending of supplies to China was hampered by the cutting off of the Burma road by the Japanese. Limited supplies went in by air "over the hump" — the southern fringes of the Himalayas. An alternative land route across Persia to Meshed and thence through south Russia into Sinkiang was projected but was never effective; apart from the evident transport difficulties, the uncooperative attitude of the Russians had to be faced.

At this time also I became joint secretary of a strange committee on the activities of psychologists and psychiatrists in the Services. There had been some public concern that men (and also women) were being turned down for the armed services unnecessarily on psychological or psychiatric grounds at a time when every man was needed. Philip Allen of the Home Office was chairman and my co-secretary was a civilian psychologist called Cohen. As the committee consisted almost entirely of psychologists and psychiatrists employed by the Services, the long and turgid report that emerged from its deliberations consisted of an elaborate defence of their activities and was ultimately quietly shelved. An uncharacteristically brief paragraph of the report read: "The problem of the psychotic Wren has yet to be resolved".

While we struggled to serve the Russian front, 1944 was a year of momentous events elsewhere, with the invasion of Italy and the Normandy landing, leading to the liberation of Paris and the advance to the Rhine. V1 and V2 rockets fell on London and the south-east. These so-called "doodle bugs" caused much damage and distress, but the *Luftwaffe* now rarely ventured across the Channel. The ominous approach of a V1 rocket sent us all down to the basement shelters, but the V2 rocket came out of the blue, unannounced. Luckily nothing fell near the office.

Naturally the office had to be operational at all hours. Thus every night it was manned by a duty officer and a duty clerk and two women on duty at the switchboard. One's turn as duty officer came round about once a fortnight and on these occasions one slept in a bare basement room accompanied by little more than a telephone. Rarely, when I did duty, was my repose dis-

turbed. But one Friday night I was called up from Chequers by one of the PM's private secretaries and told to call a Cabinet meeting for the following (Saturday) morning. The switchboard had all the necessary numbers and I set to work. My instructions were in all cases to speak personally to the ministers and, with the exception of about six who were directly concerned with subject for discussion, to tell them that their attendance was voluntary, most of them having retreated for the weekend to their country houses. The responses were mostly very brief and docile and I remember only two of the calls. One of these was to Herbert Morrison who picked up the receiver himself and snapped: "*Who* is that?". When I told him his presence was not essential, he said "Did the PM poot it like that?" I said: "Yes sir, he poot it like that". "Well then", said the suspicious HM, "perhaps I woon't come". The other call was to Lord Beaverbrook. The phone was answered by his very pompous butler, who refused to put his master on the line. Despite my protests he was adamant. He said, in disdainful tones: "His Lordship has retired and I have instructions not to disturb him. Anything you can say to him you can say to me. I am fully in his confidence". Horrified as I was by this statement, in the end I was obliged to give him the message. I did not at that time know that Lord Beaverbrook suffered dreadfully from asthma and had enormous difficulty in getting to sleep at night[9].

At about this time I attended a meeting of the awesome Shipping Committee, which met in the Ministry of Supply to programme our essential wartime imports. It was presided over by a senior personality from the shipping industry who, understandably in view of the U-boat menace to merchantmen, subjected each application for shipping space to savage scrutiny, tolerated no imprecision on the part of applicants and allowed neither discussion nor argument with regard to his decisions. On, for me, an exceptional occasion I had to state some requirement at one of these meetings, at which the atmosphere was that of an auction hall. There were rows of tables arranged lengthwise, as in a refectory, with the chairman on a high dais at one end. At the tables places were set for fifty or sixty people, each representing some particular line of procurement, though by no means all were present at the meeting. I remember shaking in my shoes and, my statement not being word-perfect, being barked at by the tyrannical chairman. I was conscious of being far from the gentlemanly atmosphere of the War Cabinet Office; of being no longer on the bridge of the ship of state but in its indispensable engine-room.

Sometime in 1944 I was present at an impressive gathering of Permanent Secretaries, about ten of them, plus Sir Edward Bridges, Secretary of the Cabinet. It was one of a series of periodic reviews of the civil defences of London against air attack. This one was concerned with water supply and drainage. Expert witnesses were brought in to explain the mechanisms whereby, in the event of damage, water or drainage lines could be shut off by the closure of a number of impressive cocks, strategically positioned in the system. We learnt that there was an underground army of men trained and ready for this emergency task. I should probably not have remembered this meeting, one of so many, had it not been momentarily enlivened, when one of the experts innocently used the expression "the turn-cocks of London". There was a (to me) surprising ripple of laughter around the table. So, thought I, even these very senior people have a rather low sense of humour.

As the war moved perceptibly closer to an Allied victory, Churchill found time to consider how Europe and the world should be organised when peace came. He very early conceived the need to bring the countries of Europe closer together and, aware that language would be a problem, was taken with the idea of proposing the adoption, as a common means of communication and negotiation, of a basic form of English devised by C K Ogden[10]. The governments in exile in London had of necessity come to express themselves in English; why should they not continue to do so when the war was over? Ogden had written several books advocating his "Basic English" of 850 words, so that when Churchill set up a Cabinet committee to discuss the scheme, Ogden was naturally one of the members. The committee duly submitted a positive report, but by the time it appeared Churchill was out of office and the Attlee government quietly shelved it, having more urgent policies to pursue. One of my colleagues, who was secretary of this committee, told me that, at its meetings, Ogden wore a fox's mask over his face and spoke through it. One can imagine the difficulty his fellow members had in restraining their hilarity.

At the beginning of 1945 supplies to China became more active with the reopening of the Burma road following the reconquest of much of that country. Various people came to me to discuss supplies, such as Hall, late consul-general at Chungking, the wartime Chinese capital, and Palmer, Canadian commercial attaché there. Apart from military supplies there was interest in the provision of goods for the civil population. Needham, a China do-gooder, produced long lists of these. I had many talks and more than one lunch at the Dorchester with the most likeable Dr C C Wang, trade counsellor at the Chinese embassy[11]. And there were businessmen keen to restore trade with China, helped by the Export Credits Guarantee Department. By mid-year, after VE day, the question of using the Persia routes again arose, this time for civil supplies. By the 10th of June there had been 34 meetings of the ASE China committee.

At the same time, having only been an assistant, I now became secretary of the main ASE and came thus into regular contact with Oliver Lyttelton over current business. I could see Churchill liked him: impressively able, somewhat flamboyant and on any political or strategic issue tending to be a no-nonsense hard-liner laconic of speech, he was rather awe-inspiring to a junior such as myself. Meetings between Lyttelton and the Russian trade envoy, Borisenko, had their entertaining moments. Borisenko had all the

toughness of approach of a desperate man aware that he might be sent to the salt mines if he failed to obtain what was wanted, but Lyttelton was a match for him and argued back forcefully, though always polite and cool. Sometimes he joked, once in my presence comparing the two of them to Dickens and Dostoievsky, who had a different way of looking at things but were both anxious for a happy ending. Borisenko, for whom this sort of talk was meaningless, never relaxed his stern features into a smile. Lyttelton said again and again: "We'll do our best but no guarantees; the decision rests with us, not you". And Borisenko would depart with a sigh. At other times his two assistants, Kotchourov and Soloviev came to see me to discuss lists. The Russians tended to ask us to expensive lunches at the Dorchester and elsewhere and ply us with vodka in the hope of extracting confidential information. Luckily there was a bed in the office, designed for use when working too late to get home; it served also for sleeping off after one of these lunches.

Sir Stafford Cripps[12], Minister of Aircraft Production, was a member of the A.S.E. and a very different personality from the chairman. There tended to be disagreements between them on issues of policy, Lyttelton being all for cutting off further military supplies to Russia now that the war was ending, whereas Cripps thought that supplies should go on to recoup wartime losses. The matter came to a head one day with Lyttelton calling Cripps a "starry-eyed lady bountiful" and Cripps in reply stalking out of the meeting with some dignity.

Later, when the Labour Party took office on 27 July 1945, Cripps, as President of the Board of Trade, took over the chair at the A.S.E. and supplies continued, but the emphasis was now on civil requirements and the last formal meeting of the committee took place on 17 September. Thereafter the A.S.E. secretariat continued in being for a while to deal with outstanding business on an informal basis, and as late as 1 November Juliet Daniel and I were entertained to lunch at the Dorchester by the more relaxed Kotchourov. I had numerous meetings with Cripps at this time and got on very well with him; he was a kindly soul. When the Russian embassy gave its usual October reception Cripps on arrival came straight over to talk to *me* rather than so many VIPs; such an act was typical of him. Cripps was a very strict vegetarian, not even eating eggs. His secretary, George Blaker, had the good luck to be given his egg ration. Cripps was also unusual in wearing shoes specially made for him without heels.

My supervisor during all this time had been Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, a wise and kindly senior official seconded from the India and Burma Office. Early in 1945 he asked me to take on a committee on supplies to Turkey, a new activity, Turkey having declared for the Allies; but nothing much came of this committee. He gave me also the Allied Forces Committee, concerned with relations with the Polish, Norwegian, Danish and other Allied forces which had been serving alongside our own. Stewart Murrie, another undersecretary, seconded from the Scottish Office, roped me in as secretary of a committee on Service pay which was within his purview. But these committees were still-born. Churchill resigned on 23 May to give way (after he had led a Caretaker Government of Conservatives) to a Labour government under which the Cabinet Office rapidly diversified from contributing to a well won war to serving an uneasy peace fraught with problems.

Footnotes

1. *The Second World War*, Vol,I, p.328
2. Lord President of the Council
3. H T Boudillon (b. 1913), a Principal in 1943, later Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Colonial Office, then Deputy UK Commissioner for Singapore 1959-61, Assistant Under Secretary of State, Department of Education & Science 1964-73.
4. This was A E T Benson, who went to some hush-hush job. In 1944 he returned to colonial service in Northern Rhodesia and, as Sir Arthur Benson, ended a distinguished career with a stormy governorship of that country (1954-59). He died in October 1987.
5. The novelist Anthony Powell described in his memoirs (*Faces in My Time*, Ch.8) how his wartime military career brought him to a post of committee secretary in the War Cabinet Office in February 1943. As in my case, he found himself handicapped by inadequate "initiatory instruction" amidst the prevailing frenzy. He confessed to having failed to give satisfaction and wrote: "I lasted about nine weeks". Thus, as I now greatly regret, we did not quite coincide.
6. Knighted in 1949 and in 1964 raised to the peerage as Lord Sherfield (1904-1996).
7. Later Lord Ismay; in 1951 appointed Secretary-General of the NATO Council, General Sir Leslie Hollis was from 1948 Commandant-General of the Royal Marines, Lieut-General Sir Ian Jacob became Director-General of the BBC 1952-60, etc; he lived to be over 90.
8. Mr Oliver Lyttelton (later 1st Viscount Chandos) (1893-1972), from a family with many political connections, had been a successful industrialist (British Metal Corporation). Churchill made him President of the Board of Trade in 1940, then Minister of State in Cairo, then Minister of Production in 1942 with a seat in the War Cabinet.
9. William Maxwell Aitken, 1st Lord Beaverbrook (1879-1964). Canadian-born British newspaper magnate (*Daily Express*, etc) and politician (MP 1911-16 and in 1918 Minister of Information) was an ebullient, crusading personality who made "Empire Free Trade" his war-cry. Churchill harnessed the dynamism of this close friend

to the production of desperately needed aircraft. In 1942 he was briefly in the War Cabinet, but had to resign because of his crippling asthma. He returned to the Cabinet (but not the War Cabinet) in September 1943 as Lord Privy Seal.

10. C K Ogden (18899-1957), linguistic reformer, founder-editor of the *Cambridge Magazine* (1912-22). He developed his system of "Basic English" with the help of I A Richard (1893-1979), a professor at Cambridge and Harvard and influential writer.

11. Dr Ching-Chun Wang, PhD, LLD, former lecturer in oriental history and commerce in the University of Illinois, chief compiler of the Phonetic Chinese Telegraph Dictionary, etc. author of *Japan's Continental Adventure* (George Allen & Unwin, 1940), an authoritative book describing China's resistance to Japanese encroachments in the 1930s and dedicated "to the many good Britons who have helped China in her struggle against subjugation", with introduction by Viscount Cecil.

12. Sir Richard Stafford Cripps (1889-1952), son of Lord Parmoor and of a sister of Beatrice Webb. Made a fortune at the bar in patent and compensation cases, Solicitor-General in the 1929-31 Labour government, thereafter his extreme left-wing activities (including creation of the Popular Front movement against Chamberlain's appeasement policy) led to expulsion from Labour Party, sat then as Independent MP, ambassador to Moscow 1940, mission to India 1942, Minister of Aircraft Production, November 1942 to end of war.

John Peek subsequently worked in NATO and the European Commission.

A Tsar is Born

Gregory Andrusz advocates the Restoration of the Monarchy in Russia

When the walls of Jericho came tumbling down it was a time of rejoicing. The tearing down of the Berlin Wall in 1990, which was symbolic of the collapse of communist regimes throughout Eastern Europe, was a more recent cause for celebration — this time of a revolution.

Unlike a *coup d'état* or a *putsch*, which represent very quick seizures and transfers of power from one group to another, a revolution takes place over a protracted period and is associated with massive social, economic and political changes. This is what happened in the Russian revolution in 1917 and it is happening again today.

Historians continue to dispute over the factors responsible for the revolutions in 1917. Some regard the empress Alexandra, a German-born granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and through her, Rasputin ('the mad monk') as the prime authors of the collapse of the Russian empire and the Romanov dynasty.

Alexandra did indeed exert tremendous influence over her husband, Nicholas II. Like his cousin, Kaiser Wilhelm II ('Willie'), with whom he was at war, he had a penchant to meddle in military affairs. Unfortunately for him, many of the reverses suffered by the Russian forces came to be seen as his fault. If Imperial Russia had been able to avoid becoming embroiled in the First World War, then it is possible that a constitutional monarchy would have emerged.

In the event, the revolution of February 1917 destroyed the 300 year old autocratic monarchy. In the wake of the Tsar's forced abdication, the middle classes established a Provisional Government. This lasted only a few months, until October, when the Bolsheviks seized power. The Civil War which followed saw the elimination of the propertied classes and the pervasive and total nationalization of land and industry.

There was a gap of forty years between the beheading of Charles I and the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688 and a similar time interval between the guillotining of Louis XVI and the restoration of Louis Bonaparte. Most recently there is the case of the revival of the monarchy in Spain in the form of King Juan Carlos. In all these cases, restorations did not mean a return to the previous, absolutist form of monarchical rule. Kings had henceforth to work within a constitutional framework and be subordinated to Parliament. Secondly, monarchies seem to disappear and re-emerge during periods of rapid change in society. Hence, a restoration in Russia must be considered an historical possibility which merits examination.

With the disintegration of the Soviet empire and the rejection of the former regime by a majority of the population, Russians as individuals and as a nation are suffering from an identity crisis. They now know that they were only a super power from a military point of view and have come painfully to recognize that not only are their living standards the same as many Third World countries, but also that they can no longer claim super power military status. This is a humbling experience and it is understandable that they should seek an explanation for their misfortune.

An obvious target for many has been the communist regime under which they have lived. Criticism of the system invariably leads to the censuring of its founders and the act of its foundation: Lenin and the October revolution. In rejecting the credo by which they have been brought up, Russians are engaging in an act of mass apostasy. Loss of faith in socialism and the values it espoused has left the majority of the population in a normless state. The canons for deciding how to act and the goals to pursue no longer exist.

Since people do not live by bread alone, a different set of values and symbols are emerging to replace the icons and rituals of Soviet socialism. The revival of the Russian Orthodox Church is filling part of the spiritual gap. It has played a vital role in Russian culture and traditions which it has preserved. To a certain extent it gives people a sense of meaning, identity and of being 'Russian' and members of a community. Government leaders regularly attend church services during major religious holidays.

Revolutions are also times of intensified conflict and social polarization. On the one hand are the 'novye Russkie', the millionaires, about whom so many bitter jokes are made, and senior officials, the transfer and sale of state owned dachas to whom has been referred to as "an absolute disgrace". And, on the other, are the millions of pensioners who receive no pension and workers who receive no wages for months on end.

The euphoria which accompanied the collapsing pack of Communist Party cards has now turned in many places into disillusionment and resentment. It was always unlikely that the introduction of a market economy, with its notion of a society of 'freely contracting individuals', would be able to solve the country's economic problems and even more unlikely that a blend of Adam Smith and Herbert Spencer dealt up by a latter day Henrietta Martineau would fill the present moral vacuum. It is into this void that a monarch may step.

The present political leaders and the parties which they lead lack legitimacy and credibility. In such a situation a monarch appears 'above' politics to restore 'faith' and legitimize authority. The enthusiasm among Muscovites and Russian for the Russian past fuels the monarchist cause. This has never been missed by Yeltsin; as earlier as 1991 members of his entourage have courted descendants of the nobility, asking for their advice on cultural and historical matters. Yeltsin's 'own' city has reverted to its pre-revolutionary name, Ekaterinburg. Ironically, one of the major attractions in the city is the empty space where until the 1970s stood Ipatiev House, site of the murder of Tsar Nicholas II in 1918, and outside of which are always to be found homemade crosses and flowers.

The harsh privations being endured by such a huge section of the population and the new sense of relative deprivation, which formerly they did not feel, will not be solved by any political party or set of policies designed in Houghton Street or recommended by World Bank mandarins. Nevertheless, ways have to be found so that individuals will feel integrated in society and identify themselves with the national collectivity in which differences in social status are regarded as reasonable and proper. In a word, how can this process of real and perceived polarization be *legitimized*? How can the vast number of extremely poor and thoroughly alienated people be persuaded to accept the suffering being forced upon them?

In *The Brothers Karamazov* Dostoevsky has the Grand Inquisitor say: "There are three powers alone able to conquer and hold captive forever the conscience of these impotent rebels for their happiness — those forces are *miracle, mystery* and *authority*". Under present circumstances only a restored monarchy, with the blessing of the Russian Orthodox Church, has the potential to command these 'three powers' and in doing so may be able to transcend the squabbling and feuding of political leaders and economic pundits and impel respect.

A new Tsar (or Tsarina) has the capacity to integrate society under a nationalist banner. The Russian state has already reclaimed the pre-Soviet — and thus, by definition, tsarist — flag and double headed eagle. Cities, such as St. Petersburg, and streets are being given their pre-1917 names. The new monarchy could give greater coherence to the rediscovery of tradition that is already taking place in the form of historical rituals, pre-revolutionary regiments, orders and insignia. As far as its economic relationship to Europe is concerned, the monarchy in Russia could make a peculiarly Russian form of capitalism and notion of private property acceptable to the people.

There are times in a society's development when firmly established institutional structures falter and fail. In severe cases of break-down the norms and mores are unable to cope with mounting stress, anxiety, tension, insecurity and real mental and material suffering. Under such circumstances, the possibility exists for the emergence of a leader who does not originate from the system which is discredited and who is therefore not 'corrupted' or 'stained' by it. The institution of a constitutional monarchy would guarantee the legitimacy of the 'new' social order based on property rights different from those established by the Communist state, but probably not the same as those with which we are familiar. It would also remove the problem of succession — which has tormented Soviet and now Russian politics since 1917.

Moreover, a parliamentary monarchy can perform a function which necessarily eludes an elected president: it limits the power of politicians by denying to any one other than the monarch

the highest state position. While this reason alone must make the institution unpalatable to any aspiring political leader, the practical significance of this fact should not be underestimated, particularly in a period of enormous instability.

Talk about the chubby little Georgii Romanov being the legitimate heir to the throne and about possible feuding among other contenders and pretenders is almost an irrelevancy. The statement by Patriarch Alexei II that "there is no social system, state or nation created by God for all eternity", could be seen as paving the way for the foundation of a new dynastic house in Russia. Sasha would have relished the idea that it might be founded by a Windsor-Battenberg.

The time may still not be ripe for a restoration in Russia, but the odds against are shortening.

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The Odour of Anglicanism

P D James recalls her religious upbringing

Although no member of my family, as far as I know, has ever been ordained a priest, I was born and bred in the distinctive odour of Anglicanism which childhood memory identifies as the smell of old prayer books, flowers, brass, stone and polished wood, the whole overlaid by the occasional sweet pungency of incense. My maternal grandfather was Headmaster of the Choir School at Winchester (later the Pilgrim School) and my mother was born in the beautiful and historic Colbrook House in the close which the school then occupied.

My grandfather also sang in the cathedral choir, as later did his sons, and the family's life was dominated by the cathedral and its services and marked by the seasons and feasts of the liturgical year. My paternal grandfather was also a schoolmaster and an amateur musician. During my father's childhood he was organist at the Garrison Church at Portsmouth and a composer of church anthems, none of which, so far as I know, has survived. So from both sides I inherited a tradition of affection for, and loyalty to, the established Church.

I early grew accustomed to its services. My father was a middle-grade civil servant; so we were not rich, and employed no resident servants even in those days when servants were comparatively cheap. This meant that the whole family went to church together. I must have been about five years old when we moved from Oxford to Ludlow in Shropshire and I can remember the sermons at evensong with my brother fast asleep against my mother, my sister dozing and myself reading *The Book of Common Prayer* to relieve the longueurs of sermons which were not only long but invariably well above my understanding. I was fascinated by the Prayer Book — less by the liturgy than by the accompanying text. I can remember at a very early age being impressed by the rubric in the Communion Service that when in times of plague no one could be found to take communion with the sick then the priest only might do so; and I would sit there in the darkened church with a vivid imagining of crosses on doors, wailing voices and the heroic figure of the cloaked priest moving silently and swiftly through the deserted streets bearing the sacred vessels.

But my first experience of churchgoing was even earlier. When they first married, my parents lived in Oxford, where I was born, and as both of them had a deep affection for church music they would frequently attend sung evensong in the college chapels as well as the services in the cathedral. I would be wheeled in my pram and left outside the chapel doors (this was an age when mothers had no fear of their children being snatched), or even carried, sleeping, into the chapel. Thus listening to Church music and hearing the liturgy of the Church were two of my very early and formative experiences, and Cranmer's magnificent cadences seeped into my first consciousness.

In Ludlow we first lived in a house outside the town on the bank of the river Teme, called Woodlands, which my father rented because of its large garden but which I suspect was always too expensive for us to maintain. Here our nearest church was over the bridge at Ludford. I have only two memories of Ludford church: the tortoise stove which flared dramatically when the wind changed, reminding me of the tongues of fire at Whitsun, and a remarkable prayer book which had been left in the pew in which we normally sat. It had heavy brass clasps which were a constant delight to me and one of my earliest temptations was the wish somehow to conceal it and take it home with me. I have a memory, too, of Ludford Sunday School. All the children were given a card with blank spaces and each week we were handed a coloured sticker of a biblical scene to fix to the appropriate weekly slot. I had

no choice about attending Sunday School but, even if I had, it would have been important to complete my card without any humiliating spaces. After a common prayer and hymn we would sit round in little groups according to age. Our group had a teacher who must have been extremely inexperienced; perhaps she was filling in for someone more orthodox. Certainly she spent little time in telling us Bible stories, but did recount the more lurid examples from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* which both thrilled and half-terrified us. I don't think these gory details of rackings and burnings kept me awake at night, not did they affirm me as a natural Protestant. My mother in particular was naturally ecumenical and had friends who were Roman Catholic and others who were Methodists or belonged to more esoteric Protestant sects. It was never at any time suggested to me that one form of Christianity was necessarily superior to any other. My mother, indeed, was much in demand as a member of the Talkers Circuit and was frequently asked to address meetings of the Women's Bright Hour. I can remember being taken with her and sitting, legs dangling, among the female audience while my mother gave comforting and lively little homilies on 'Meals in the Bible', 'Journeys in the Bible', or any other similar theme on which she could hang her gentle moralizing.

When we moved from Woodlands to a tall terraced house in Linney View overlooking the water meadow and close to Ludlow Castle, we began attending St Lawrence's parish church where my father sang in the choir. Here, too, our usual service was evensong. There seemed, as I remember, to be a social distinction between matins, sometimes followed by Holy Communion, and the evening service. Those who had servants to cook their Sunday lunch went in the morning; those who, like my mother, had to do all their own housework and cooking, usually found it more convenient to go in the evenings. But occasionally on special days we would be taken to a sung Holy Communion and I can remember the great glory of these occasions and my sense that something mysterious and extremely important was happening at the altar, and that, left in the pew with my brother and sister while my parents went up to receive the wafer and wine, I was temporarily deprived of something which one day would be mine also and which I would enter into as I might an inheritance. It was, too, an important Sunday for us when it was my father's turn to carry the processional cross, the glory of the occasion being somewhat dimmed for me by the terrifying fear that one day he might drop it.

While we lived in Ludlow I attended two state schools. The first was called the British School and I was there until I was eleven, and the second, which I attended for only a few months, the National School. The National School had been founded by a religious organization and the religious instruction was specifically Church of England. A local priest would attend each week to teach us the Collect and to instruct us in the faith. In addition, there was, of course, morning assembly with prayers, a hymn and a reading from the Authorized Version of the Bible. It seems to me quite extraordinary that the majority of children today never hear the King James Bible, a book which is so fundamental to our history, religious life and literature.

My mother's faith was, unintellectual, and sentimental. She liked us to say our evening prayers at her knee, a practice which obviously gave her huge satisfaction but which I found acutely embarrassing. I enjoyed public prayers in church but felt that private prayer should be a matter between me and God. But religion in our home was never made into a source of guilt. We were taught that God was love and I can remember from earliest childhood being surprised by references in books to people 'having the fear of God'. God and fear seemed to me two opposing, irreconcilable ideas. And because my mother in particular took a lively part in church affairs, I never from my earliest age assumed that church-goers were in any way morally superior to other people since experience showed me that they were not. There were the seemingly inevitable disputes at Easter-time and Harvest Festival about who should and should not decorate the altar and pulpit, and my mother had a lively dissatisfaction at being given always one of the darkest windows. There were the usual arguments between the organist and the vicar about the hymns and the music, and the annual church fête and sale of work provoked mutterings about members of the congregation notable for their bossiness. But the church was always there, immutable, unchanging, comforting and secure, and the year was given a recognizable shape by its festivals and seasons.

When I was eleven my father applied for a transfer from the tax office at Ludlow and we moved to Cambridge. There, it seems in retrospect, we no longer worshipped as a family. My brother gained a place in the choir at Clare College, which kept him busy singing the services on Sunday and attending rehearsals on some weekdays. My father, I think, had largely given up church-going, but my mother attended St Mary's parish church. Occasionally I went with her but my schoolfriend and I preferred the smaller St Edward's church where within two years we were both prepared for confirmation by Father Marr. Looking back, it seems that I took confirmation as very much a rite of passage unaccompanied by any particular spiritual enthusiasm. In those days candidates were not confirmed in their own parish church but together in a large group either in the cathedral or in a church sufficiently large for the purpose. My best friend Joan and I were confirmed together at St Luke's church in Cambridge by the Bishop of Ely and I remember the massed pews of white-clad veiled girls and, opposite, the boys in their blue Sunday-best suits. St Edward's church was High Anglican and we both went to confession before confirmation. Father Marr had suggested that it would be helpful if we listed our sins so that none was forgotten, and I can remember to my chagrin that Joan's list was twice the length of mine, and my relief at discovering that, whereas I had put down 'unkindness to members of the family' as one sin, she had listed her family members separately to produce a far more im-

pressive total. Occasionally our current boyfriends from the Perse Grammar School (the word 'followers' would be a more appropriate description since we never encouraged them) would attend the morning service in an attempt to ingratiate themselves with us and we would spend much time in the sermon throwing them disapproving looks.

But it was King's College chapel which, during these years of early adolescence, provided for me my most meaningful religious experience. Evensong was sung at half-past three on Sundays and in the evening on weekdays, and I would often drop in when cycling home from school. I can recall the solemnity, the grandeur and the beauty of the building, the high, soaring magnificence of the roof, the candle-lit gloom, the decorous procession of the boys of the choir, the order and the beauty of the traditional service. This, I believed then and still do believe, was what worship should be. I think I probably realized even then that I was in danger of confusing worship of God with a strong emotional and aesthetic response to architecture, music and literature, but it seemed to me that religion could be an aesthetic experience and that God should be worshipped in the beauty of holiness.

It is difficult to look back over 60 years with totally unclouded eyes and a clear mind but I believe that from an early age I made a distinction between the essentials of my faith — or what I saw as the essentials — and much of the dogma. There were things in the Bible which I couldn't believe. I remember wondering why at Christmas we were required to listen to a recital of Joseph's lineage when Jesus' descent from David could be of no possible significance if he had indeed been conceived by the Holy Ghost. The Christmas story always seemed to me unlikely, but I still loved it and felt that it beautifully enshrined a fundamental truth about the nature of God and man. I can remember being extremely puzzled during church when the lesson was read about the encounter with Jesus on the road to Emmaus. How could two disciples who had been with him throughout his ministry talk with him on that long walk and fail to recognize him? I realize that I was, as I am now, more a deist than a Christian, and that, certainly from adolescence, I found the doctrine of the atonement extremely difficult. How could a just and loving God send his son to be tortured and murdered as a sacrifice for a human race which he must himself have willed, or at least permitted, to be sinful? How could the Church preach that no one could come to God save through Christ when the great majority of human beings would have lived and died without any possibility of hearing the word 'Jesus'. But I had no doubt about the immense spiritual significance of Calvary, and although I was unclear what had been achieved by that unique death, my response to it was always one of awe and wonder.

From an early age I disliked sermons, particularly those designed to appeal to a young congregation. Special children's services have always been anathema to me and I greatly deplore the present fashion for re-writing the Eucharistic prayer to make it suitable for children. I must have listened to thousands of sermons during 65 years of church-going, but not one has remained in memory. The fault no doubt lies in my arrogance. From childhood I wanted to question the preacher and to engage in discussion, particularly when the points he was putting forward differed greatly from those propounded in the previous Sunday sermon. After all, even in school we could put up our hands, ask a question, seek elucidation of half-understood points. There seemed something unnatural in a whole congregation listening in silence to one person's voice without the chance to intervene.

But if as a child I disliked the sermon, I loved the hymns, and this affection has remained with me. The soaring triumph of the processional Easter hymns, the celebration of All Saints Day, with the hymn *For All The Saints* which was my mother's favourite, and the plangent melancholy of the evening hymns, particularly *The Day Thou Gavest Lord Has Ended*, sung while the church windows darkened and the mind moved forward to the walk through the churchyard between the gleaming tombstones in the gathering dusk. Some of my early religious memories are of the hymns and my mother's rich and over-loud contralto and my own piping treble. Some of them still have power to move me to tears.

The Church of England in my childhood was the national church in a very special sense, the visible symbol of the country's moral and religious aspirations, a country which despite great differences of class, wealth and privilege, was unified by generally accepted values and by a common tradition, history and culture, just as the church was unified by Cranmer's magnificent liturgy. There were, of course, varieties of practice and little superficial resemblance between the multi-candled ceremonial, the incense and Stations of the Cross found in the extreme High Church and the simplicities of an evangelical church which could have been mistaken for a Nonconformist chapel. But it was possible to attend different churches — on holiday, for example — and feel immediately at home, finding in the pew, not a service sheet with a series number, but the familiar and unifying Book of Common Prayer. The importance of the Church of England as the national church was perhaps most clearly shown on Armistice Day when whole communities gathered in their parish church, united in sorrowful remembrance. To be born in 1920, two years after the end of the slaughter of a generation, was to be aware from one's earliest years of a universal grieving which was almost part of the air one breathed. Today I frequently hear people and families referred to as being Christian as if they were members of a minority and slightly eccentric sect. In my childhood the great majority of the population, whether or not they regularly attended a place of worship, thought of themselves as Christians, and most described themselves as C of E. The English have always respected and felt a devotion to their church, provided they are not expected regularly to attend its services.

My early religious experience, like all the experiences of childhood, has both firmed and influenced my subsequent years. I have inherited a love of

and devotion to the Church of England which is still strong, although I sometimes find it difficult today to recognize the Church into which I was baptised. Much of its former dignity, scholarly tolerance, beauty and order, have been not so much lost as wantonly thrown away together with its incomparable liturgy. The King James Bible and the *Book of Common Prayer* have both been central to my life and to my craft as a novelist. In particular, the words of the Prayer Book are so much part of my consciousness that I do not need to remember them, search for them or concentrate on them, but can release my mind to enter into that communion with God which I call prayer. I still see myself as a searcher after truth rather than as one confident she has found answers to the great and eternal questions of human existence, not least the problem of the suffering of the innocent. But it is within the Church of England that I continue this search, certain of the existence and love of God and the living reality of Jesus Christ — whoever he may be — in the lives of men and women past and present.

P D James's next book *A Certain Justice* will be published in October by Faber & Faber. This article was first published in *Our Childhood's Pattern*, Mowbray, 1995.

The Power of the Nazi Legacy

Rodney Atkinson

The European Union is based precisely on the social and economic structures of the "European Economic Community" proposed by the Hitler régime in 1941. The covert and undemocratic methods of forcing European Union rule on Britain — through Treaty law, directives and regulations which largely by-pass Parliament — had their equivalent in the emergency laws by which Hitler governed Germany.

None of this should surprise us, since the head of the "European Section" of the German Foreign Office in Adenauer's post-war government had held the same post under Hitler. 134 leading Nazi Foreign Office officials under Hitler were still in place in the early 1950s — until they were exposed by parliamentary questions.

I set out below how history has repeated itself. What the Nazis said and planned before, during and after the war, is now to be seen in the present activities of the German state, in the words of its leaders, in the philosophy of its collaborators in Belgium and France and in the power of the European Union, which Nazis designed and which "democratic" Germans have forced on the once free peoples of Western Europe.

NAZI EUROPE

Czechoslovakia — a French aircraft carrier in the Middle of Europe (*Adolph Hitler*)

It is a question of German folk comrades! The Germans in Czechoslovakia are neither defenceless nor abandoned. Of that you can rest assured. (*Adolf Hitler*, 1938)

... the longing for a 1000 year Reich cries for a new approach. For such a purpose we can use the mirage of a pan Europe. (*Dr Duisbrg, I G Farben, 1931, Nazis' principal industrial ally, directors convicted at Nuremburg*)

The world belongs to the man with guts. God helps him. (*Adolph Hitler in Joachim Fest, Hitler eine Biographe, Frankfurt, 1973, p.683)*

TODAY'S "EUROPE"

The status of the Czech republic has gone from that of a soviet satellite to that of a German protectorate (*The Prague Post*, 1996)

If European integration were not to progress, Germany might be called upon by its own security constraints to try to effect stabilisation of Eastern Europe in the traditional manner. (*German Christian Democratic paper "Reflections on European Policy", 1995*)

The concept of European Unity is and remains the only effective insurance against nationalism. (*Helmut Kohl, December 1996*)

Might is right in politics and war. (*Helmut Kohl, 1996*)

We are building the new Europe. (*Nazis as they marched into Norway*)

Morgen gehört uns die Welt. ("Tomorrow the world belongs to us" — *the Nazi Horst Wessel song*)

What Germany needs is not Democracy but statecraft similar to the soviet dictatorship, which enables the political élite in Germany to re-establish Europe as the power centre of the world. (*Nazi centre Madrid, 1950*)

The Germans alone can really organise Europe...Today we are practically the only power on the European mainland with a capacity for leadership. The Fuehrer is convinced that the Reich will be the master of all Europe. (*The Goebbels Diaries 1942-1943, New York 1948, p. 357*)

Hitler said Czechoslovakia must in all be allied with Germany. He compared Czechs with "people who wanted to go to Nowawes but boarded the train for Grunau. They asked when the train would arrive at Potsdam and demanded that it should stop at Nowawes. They could not be made to understand that this was quite impossible, because the train did not go there. In Czechoslovakia they were also on the wrong train. They did not want to go in this direction but they had to because the points were set that way." *(Documents on German Foreign Policy 1919-1945. From the Archives of the German Foreign Office (Washington DC 1949) Series D no 158, p. 191, quoted in Gordon A Craig, Germany 1866-1945, p. 705*)

The continent is, with Germany and Italy, bound by fate. (*Nazi Prof Heinrich Hunke*, 1941)

Democracy is a wishy washy word which has found no ear among the German people. (*Nazi propaganda Centre, Madrid, 1950*)

The Anglo-Saxon economic system, the classic national economy, is dead. (*Nazi Prof Heinrich Hunke*, 1941)

Diaries of Sir Alexander Cadogan, May 1940: "Cartier (Belgian Ambassador) about 11 to protest against British troops going through Brussels, contrary to agreement. Said I was unaware of any agreement. Anyhow the essential was to get on the best defensive line to protect his beastly country."

Price stability in partner countries of Europe will permit less friction in currency relations. (*Nazi banker, Dr Bernhard Benning, 1941*)

The construction of the house of Europe remains the only real guarantee of freedom and peace in the 21st century. (*Helmut Kohl, 1996*)

The future will belong to the Germans when we build the House of Europe. (*Helmut Kohl, 1995*)

Although heads of government have repeatedly called for more openness their declarations were of a political nature and therefore not binding on community institutions. (*European Court of Justice*)

Look at Europe — what does it consist of? Britain? — aloof. France? — politically unstable. Italy? — economically unstable. And Benelux doesn't count. What does Europe therefore consist of? — Germany. (*Chancellor Konrad Adenauer quoted by Henry Brandon in his book The Retreat of American Power*)

Missing the European train.

We cannot go the speed of the slowest ship in the convoy. (*Helmut Kohl)*

Germany is the locomotive of the European train. (*Helmut Kohl*)

There is no alternative to a policy which aims at combination, unless we wish to challenge fate. (*Helmut Kohl*, 1995)

I never understood why public opinion about European ideas should be taken into account. (*Raymond Barre, former French Prime Minister*)

We could never have constructed Europe by democratic means. (*Claude Cheysson, French Foreign Secretary*)

It is important to establish a European Single Currency core in order to stand firm against Anglo-Saxon values. (*Philippe Maystadt, Belgian Finance Minister, 1996*)

In the Gulf War Belgium — a NATO ally — refused to sell ammunition to the United Kingdom.

The European Exchange Rate mechanism will provide currency stability in Europe. (*CBI*)

No Nation can achieve on its own the highest level of economic freedom compatible with all social requirements. (*Nazi economics Minister Walter Funk, 1941*)

The UK will join the single currency (ie abolish the pound) because the City wants it. (*Helmut Kohl*)

The UK must enter into the Single Currency (ie abolish the pound) if we wish to be rich and powerful. (*John Stevens, British MEP*)

We want an enclosed settlement in Europe. (*Nazi Prof Heinrich Hunke, 1941*)

In order to save jobs in Europe it is the world that has to change. (*Le Figaro, 1995*)

...a world economy of the old style which is dependent on an overt or disguised Anglo-American world dominance. It is precisely because we want to prevent that that we are constructing a European block. (*Nazi Economics Minister Funk, 1941*)

The sovereignty of the nation state is a nineteenth century phenomenon (*Niall Fitzgerald, Chairman Unilever and CBI's Europe Committee*)

There is no sense in putting together all European countries by means of a customs union in order to reconstruct for practical purposes a reduced form of the English world economy. (*Nazi Prof Heinrich Hunke, 1941*)

We want the political union of Europe. Without monetary union there can be no political union and vice versa, (*Helmut Kohl)*

Germany should "abandon all attempts at world industry and world trade and instead concentrate all her strength in order (to achieve) the allotment of sufficient living space for the next hundred years to our people ...Since this territory can only be in the East...Germany tries anew to champion her interests through the formation of a decisive power on land. (*Adolf Hitler, 1928, Adolf Hitler's Secret Book New York 1961, p. 142-145*)

Britain must be at the heart of Europe. (*John Major*)

Does free Europe want to join Germany? Germany is the heart of Europe and the limbs must adjust themselves to the heart not the heart to the limbs. (*Hans Seebohm Minister, Adenauer's Government, 1950*)

We speak not of capital but of labour and that labour we employ to 100% effect. *(Adolf Hitler*)

Padraig Flynn, Europe's Social Affairs Commissioner, told the CBI conference that this (striking collective agreements) could take the initiative away from politicians and place it in the hands of management and labour. (*Evening Standard 8th November 1994*)

Hitler, the eternal agitator, will not escape the necessity of acting. *(André François Poncet, French ambassador in Berlin, 1933*)

If Germany puts forward clear and unequivocal proposals France must make equally clear decisions. France must rectify the impression...that it often hesitates in taking concrete steps towards this objective (*Paper issued by Christian Democratic Party, 1995*)

Hitler would be glad to suppress every copy of Mein Kampf extant today...Germany's neighbours have reason to be vigilant. (*Sir Horace Rumbold, 1939*)

On 15th December 1994, *the day the Swedish parliament ratified entry to the European Union*, the office of the publisher Haggland was raided and copies of *Mein Kampf* confiscated. The State of Bavaria had obtained an injunction.

1936: Chamberlain took over from Baldwin, Halifax from Eden and Vansittart was sent to the Lords. 1938: Munich.

1990, Thatcher, Ridley and Lawson gave way to the policies of Major, Clarke and Hurd. 1992: Maastricht.

Today the British people have been turned into "citizens" of another country and their passports have been taken away (the one possession of "Lord Haw Haw" which proved his treason and led to his execution after the war). The borders of the United Kingdom can be crossed by any national of any member state of the EU, without question. Third country nationals must have visas to enter our country approved not by the British government but by the European Union. The laws of the British parliament can be overturned by a foreign court to which our own courts must look for superior judgement. All this has been achieved by a foreign power to which the British people hand over £8,000m per annum to

finance a propaganda machine mobilised to destroy them.

Because Britain slept and some of its leading "democratic" politicians betrayed their country, the fascist agenda of the 1930s and 1940s is now almost complete. Even the excuse that, however similar modern Europe is to the Nazis' Europe, we could trust the democratic credentials of those who constructed it, cannot be credible when the "democratic" Chancellor of Germany can proclaim in 1996 that "Might is Right in politics and war".

In the 1930s the appeasers of Hitler and the dangerously naive called Churchill a "warmonger" and his supporters "Germanophobes". Similar accusations are heard today about opponents of a German-designed and dominated European Union. But those of us who have studied German politics and language and lived and worked in Germany do not fear Germans (who feel just as the British people) but we know certain Germans. We recognise that without a stable democratic, parliamentary or even national tradition the same German corporatist and anti-democratic forces which both led to and collaborated with the Hitler régime are once again driving Europe to disaster.

Rodney Atkinson's latest book is *Europe's Full Circle.*

Misanthropy

Alexander Evans looks at the need to mould a critical conservative imagination

Misanthropy has been the victim of a downright awful press. Linked to murderers, misogynists, bigots, the cruel, the miserable, the superior and the silly, there seems to be no end of horror for which it is held responsible. Yet it is so often misinterpreted — a passionate criticism of the evils of the world is misinterpreted as a contempt for, and a distancing from, social problems in the real world. Misanthropy, which has an ever-present critical faculty, one that sees all lies equally, rather than pretending that there are some truths that aren't invented, is frequently mistaken for partial prejudice — that of the misogynist, the racist, or the elitist. A typical example of this shoddy scholarship is the all-inclusive book *Misogyny, Misandry, and Misanthropy,* Bloch and Ferguson, 1989 — a collection of various feminist essays, which, whilst addressing all manner of misogyny (from voyeurism to rape) doesn't address misanthropy at all. For the sake of a little alliteration any attempt at a serious study of misanthropy is forsaken.

Famous misanthropists have often been extraordinarily well-adjusted, witty people, who love and are loved, who, as well as recognising the lies that words engender, adore sharp maxims and lyrical asides. They have also been remarkably perceptive satirists who see the world in all its fashions, seeing the worst, acknowledging the peculiar, always exulting the individual over the synchronised choreography of tabloid populism.

Rarely fond of the press, suspicious of historians ('only a journalist facing backwards' according to Karl Kraus, *Selected Aphorisms*, 1976), critical of any -ism that in the name of solidarity seeks to enslave individuals, misanthropists may not be the bitter bachelor figures of popular culture. In fact, misanthropists like Karl Kraus, Elias Canetti, and WNP Barbellion (author of *Journal of a Disappointed Man*) had surprisingly happy domestic lives. It is possible to enjoy the human life-span whilst railing against humanity. Their critical sense is fierce — for Canetti, a profound responsibility as a self-professed wordsmith to listen to the world; for Kraus, a crusade against hypocrisy and masked words, especially those words that glorify death for a cause. Swift went to his grave still furious at the world — part of his epitaph translates from the Latin as 'Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift ..... where savage indignation can tear his heart no longer' (*Faber Book of Epigrams and Epitaphs*, 1977).

Indeed, lest misanthropists be accused of elitism, deploying a passive irony against cruelty, look at Hazlitt. In his essay 'On the Pleasure of Hating' (*Selected essays of William Hazlitt,* ed Keynes 1934), he concludes that "... have I not reason to hate and to despise myself? Indeed I do; and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough." Criticism doesn't stop at the front door for a true misanthropist, but steps in and tramples all over the very character who holds it up. Though sometimes childish in his complaints, Barbellion wrote of his deep self-hatred, listed his own failings and took himself to task for his defects. And Elias Canetti, whose art was listening to and recording humanity in fiction and fragments, 'makes us think about and criticise ourselves' according to the intellectual Iring Fetscher. (*Essays in Honour of Elias Canetti*, 1987.)

Hazlitt was wary of being called a 'misanthrope' — he was too aware of the mistaken assumptions that could follow. Yet his very denial of the label, and explanation for this rejection, supports the thesis that misanthropy is a 'good' philosophy to hold. Mark Garnett: "Hazlitt himself re-

jected the label of misanthrope; on the contrary, he believed that the real haters of mankind were those who refrained from criticising human nature. .... His bitter strictures were designed to produce reform; he was a philanthropist, not a misanthrope". (*History of Political Thought, 16*, No 4, 1995). This is not true, for far from being the exclusive preserve of the philanthropist, constant criticism and cautious reform are misanthropic virtues.

Irony is often the vehicle for misanthropists to announce their thoughts. As D J Enright points out, 'Irony can evoke the forfeited (but never quite forgotten) ideal ...'(*The Alluring Problem, An Essay on Irony*, 1986), and it encourages plain-speaking in times when declaring ourselves may be difficult. Irony is rather fashionable in academic circles at present, but it has rather been approximated by postmodernists and 'liberal ironists' like Richard Rorty. According to Conway & Seery,

> Precisely because irony now rules, however, the politics of irony warrants further investigation. We worry that the triumph of irony within academic circles signals the domestication of irony, that this new vanguard of professional ironists may not be sufficiently ironic about its own enterprise. (*The Politics of Irony: Essays in Self-Betrayal*, ed. Conway & Seery 1992)

So irony, like critical theory, has a conservative home too.

It is the ambiguities of human nature that cause much misanthropic mirth and comment. That people are mercurial lends misanthropy intellectual weight. Who knows what tomorrow brings, and being aware of all possibilities is not the same thing as an obsession with the worst possible outcomes of any situation.

Even if pessimism is pursued, it can cut both ways. As Barbellion cuttingly observes:

> Someone says to me: 'You are a pessimist.' 'Ah well', I say, looking infernally deep, 'pessimism is a good policy; it's like having your cake and eating it at the same time.' Chorus: 'Why?'
>
> Because if the future turns out badly you can say, "I told you so", to your own satisfaction, and if all is well, why you share everyone else's satisfaction.
>
> (*Journal of a Disappointed Man*, W M P Barbellion, 1984)

However, preparation need not be pessimism. Acknowledging the cruelty of past and present times doesn't automatically lead to a wallowing in it. Noting the unpredictability of friends ought not to lead to a jettisoning of friendship itself — only an awareness of its limitations. Perhaps this explains why some misanthropists are fascinated by, and admire, enemies. For, as the proverb goes, 'Friends come and go, but enemies accumulate'. Better be armed against the constancy of evil than the transient presence of good.

Many famous misanthropists have been masters of the maxim. Elegant aphorists like Hazlitt, sharp satirists like Kraus, or wise observers like Canetti, their mastery of literary style marks them out as eloquent (but precise) social critics. The satirical tradition continues to this day — Ian Hislop and Rory Bremner may not be far removed from it. A satirist, after all, 'hates mankind as they are because he would prefer them closer to the ideal, and he would like to improve them through his satirical criticism.' Their delight in, and mastery of, language is a welcome tonic to the tired and turgid prose that dominates much academic writing today. And there is little time for the post-structuralists and their kin. Canetti again:

> The smashers of language are looking for a new justice among words. It does not exist. Words are unequal and unjust.
>
> (*The Human Province*, Elias Canetti (trans Joachim Neugroschel) 1985)

Their obvious delight in imagination — and eagerness to do battle with those who seek to revolutionise society without regard to the possible costs — shows how a conservative imagination maximises creativity while minimising the possibility of cruelty.

The disdain shown for mass movements and for whipped-up hysteria — typical of misanthropy — is often mistaken for superiority. This is to misunderstand the caution that such an approach encourages. From Canetti's epic *Crowds and Power* to Swift's satire, a central theme is a concern about the potent mix of people and power that the mob represents. Susan Sontag stated that Canetti offered 'a brief against power itself' (*Essays in Honour of Elias Canetti*, 1987), and Daniel Eilon argues that "Swift's work is consistently concerned with the tyrannical powers of the group ethic" (*Faction's Fictions*, 1991). It is this aspect of the crowd that is to be feared — cruelty is not solely the preserve of the rich and powerful masters, but can also be a consequence of democracy, which according to Kraus, 'means the permission to be everyone's slave'.

Are misanthropes self-declared members of that most exclusive of gentlemen's clubs — that of the self-aware? I think not, for a consistent misanthropy demands self-hatred and self-distrust, and the wariness and contempt shown for mob rule is not a call for a new despotism, rather a cautionary tale about modern democracy and its relationship with the mass media. Kraus retreats when bitten with claims of solidarity:

> Many share my views with me. But I don't share them with them. (*Selected Aphorisms*, 1976)

The twin pillars of misanthropic belief are dislike and distrust of humanity. Although I quibble somewhat with an absolute interpretation of the former, finding Swift's insistence that hatred follows human nature too shrill to concur with, distrust seems richly deserving as a principle to live by. By nature, misanthropy is conservative, though not always establishment. It lives on the edge of respectable thought, and few societies seem to welcome misanthropy as a value. After all, misanthropy is suspicious of society itself. Even Christian realism, with its philosophy of human weakness and sin, whilst an antecedent of misanthropy is but a pale imitation of it; insufficiently rigorous and lacking that critical edge. In the West misanthropy is mocked because of a continued sickness, namely faith in the principle of progress and the potential for equality and betterment of the human spirit. Yet self-interest, not Hobbesian selfishness, is the reason why humanity — including ourselves — ought to be distrusted.

On a personal level, misanthropy offers a return to emotions, not a distancing from them. From savage criticism and disillusion cautious and successful relationships can emerge. Instead of repressing our emotions because when vulnerable, we may be hurt, we can learn to engage them without counselling. Distrust doesn't meant giving up on friendship, but it tells us how contingent friendship remains. Dislike doesn't preclude possible friendships, but it does prevent acquaintances ballooning into buddies. Such brutal honesty strengthens the spirit and steels against disappointment.

There is a price for this immunity from

pain, and it is a life perhaps less intense than most, but a life most certainly more comfortable. If this is as a result of earlier disappointment, better still. After all, disappointment is a loyal companion:

> The disjunction between what I want and what I can have is my friend, my best friend in all likelihood, and I know it. Disappointment is a safety net, to be relished in a secret, knowing way by the disappointed.
> *A Feeling for Ice*, Jenny Diski (*London Review of Books*, 2 January 1997).

In a wider sense, to return the critical to the conservative reunites the imagination with pragmatism. The imagination becomes a means to criticise not just the existing order but the existing disorder, not just the present state of the world but the possible cost of alternatives, not just the failings of others but the faults of oneself.

A passionate principle leads to principled passion — and ultimately can lead to fanaticism, the favoured retreat of those who love principles too much — the real haters of men. A critical conservatism is not simply reactionary, but welcomes the cautious, pragmatic reform (when essential) that a misanthropic imagination encourages. The worst lies have killed so many during the twentieth century. As Christopher Coker commented recently,

> The twentieth century was essentially a working out of the great ideas of the French Revolution, in particular the revolutionary slogans of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity'. The Western Nations spent most of the twentieth century protecting liberty, the revolutionary societies (whether Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy, or Lenin's Russia) were interested in equality, no-one seemed very interested in fraternity. ... Fraternity got missed out in the name of homogenising life, of having a single ideology, a single way of life, a single philosophy, a single culture etc. That hopefully is the lesson we've learned, that the twenty-first century has got to be a little bit more about fraternity, with a little less emphasis on liberty and equality to the exclusion of fraternity. (From *20/20 War and the Twentieth Century*, Radio 4)

Liberation has a hollow ring on the cusp of this millennium. Yet emancipation — not the tired cliché that still echoes amongst the socialist and post-socialist 'literati', but the vehicle for individual creativity, imagination and enterprise to blossom, is part of the package that a misanthropic approach to life can offer. Misanthropy owes no allegiances. It is not an example of 'pork-barrel political theory', beholden to a particular school or self-affirming clique. It offers a cautious solidarity, a solidarity against, rather than a solidarity for — but no less valuable for that. By forfeiting the utopian dreams that imprison the human spirit, man can better fight the dystopias of the present with a passionate pragmatism. This contains a private politics that recognises the autonomy and dignity of individuals and their responsibilities, but one at the same time that doesn't make impossible promises.

Learning how to manage change sensibly is a misanthropist virtue. A careful yet imaginative pragmatism is the way to engage in public policy — and private life.

Misanthropic principles are indeed suitable principles for this unprincipled age. For my own generation, born in the 1970s, weaned on unbridled consumerism and a culture of licence, which has 'been left with a culture that is not a culture, but a form of ruminant grazing', according to Theodore Dalrymple (*The Spectator*, 21 September 1991), misanthropy is required. Most of us are bereft of any substantive historical memory that includes the great terrors of twentieth-century idealism (my own historical memory starts with the Falklands conflict; the students I teach were eleven years old when the Berlin Wall came down). We lack suitable inoculation against careless radicalism, and as Dalrymple points out, '[i]n the absence of a system of values, adolescent revolt has become a permanent state of mind'.

There may be more than an hint of Hazlitt's writing in the contemporary political scene. As Garnett comments, Hazlitt despised the 'cynicism' of the Tories,

> who governed Britain for most of his adult life, and he derided the Whigs for their compromises and self-seeking. Not even the radicals satisfied him, because they spent more time arguing amongst themselves than attacking the enemies of freedom.
> M Garnett (*op cit*)

With yet more Tory scandal in 1997, a compromising and apparently power-hungry Labour, who are engaged in a conservative mime show, and a splintered collection of radicals who are either tapping techno-babble on the internet or living up trees — misanthropy has a world of satire and criticism to offer.

Reliable, rigorous, reinvigorating and above all real, misanthropy is the best possible foundation for a sensible balance between justice and power. The cautious wisdom it offers (if anything a prescription against wisdom itself) could lead to a politics of opportunity that really is just that. Lest all this sound too promising — no promises should tar this case — at the very least it exposes the politics of public relations for what it is: empty rhetoric. Professional politics has still not taken Canetti's warning to heart, that 'no massacre protects against the rhetoric' (*The Secret Heart of the Clock*, 1991). At a public level, a misanthropic approach gets out of the introspective 'rights vs responsibilities debate' and simply encourages hard work, a cautious pragmatism, and a healthy distrust of humanity. And the strongest measure of that distrust is reserved for those who still seek to impose a very particular form of 'justice' on the world — the injustice of socialism.

But misanthropy is still uncompromisingly critical, again proving that criticism is not the exclusive province of the left. With wit and wisdom, historical awareness, and an engaged and passionate relationship with the world, the misanthropic conservative — but by no means conventional — imagination could forge a 'poetry of the possible', whilst guarding against the lies that lead to cruelty.

To call for a sympathetic reading of misanthropy may be an irony too far. Susan Sontag observed that Elias Canetti had a 'conservative political temper', yet through misanthropy he was also critical and imaginative. Oakeshott described conservatism as being '... not a creed or a doctrine, but a disposition' (*Rationalism in Politics and other Essays*, 1991), and it is perhaps the disposition rather than the dogma of conservatism that is worthy of promotion. Better this misanthropic caution than the intemperate desires of the idealists. Critical conservatism, moulded by misanthropy, deserves a wider following.

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Editorial

What will be the most lasting effect of Mr Blair's government? Will it be massive constitutional change, the consolidation of the European power structure, the ruin of private education, or the growth of a new quangocracy? Or will it be something else, some hitherto unimagined innovation, fitting testimony to a socialist party that has discarded the socialist agenda while acquiring no other to replace it? The nation waits with bated breath for the real deeds that will give meaning to so many unreal words. But the nation should not forget the words. For New Labour is the product of chatter. Its policies — such as the proposals for constitutional reform — are ventures into reality from the armchair. They have the unreal air of common-room debates, in which, however, only one side is heard.

And this, we venture to suggest, will be the most important effect of Mr Blair in power: the triumph of political correctness. Policies will be chosen not for their prudence, or because there is a need of them. They will be chosen in order to advance the culture of equality and inclusion, the culture of our universities, which is now about to break out into the world of real decision-making. Whether or not affirmative action is introduced over here, it is certain that the American feminist conception of women, of the family and of employment will gain a hearing. Lawsuits for sexual and racial discrimination will increase, and victim status will become universally coveted. New classes of victims will be discovered by the week. At the end of this Parliament everyone in Britain will be a victim, apart from the minority of hardworking over-taxed middle-class males who bear the cost of the remainder. Meanwhile homosexuals will have obtained equal rights in the armed forces, in adoption agencies, and everywhere else where it really matters whether someone is a pervert, and writers will no longer be permitted to use the word 'pervert' to describe them. All that was once normal and decent will become an 'option', and its erstwhile normality a form of oppression.

The breakdown of the traditional family will continue, and new reproductive strategies will emerge to replace it. In vitro fertilisation will be available on the NHS, with preference given to lesbians. Family ties will be increasingly penalised by the tax-system, as will all attempts to educate one's children privately. The moronisation of the school curriculum will continue, and pseudo-subjects like media studies, communication studies, social studies, sports studies, women's studies, race and gender studies, in brief, for any politically correct *x, x* studies, will become the norm in universities. Modular assessment will replace final examinations, and single-subject degrees will disappear. The tutorial system will be abolished and Oxford and Cambridge colleges will eagerly strive to show their correctness, by lowering the admission standard for pupils from state comprehensives, and raising it for those from public schools.

Honours will be awarded to pop stars, cultural post-modernists and the milkers of the 'voluntary sector', with special emphasis on minorities. The BBC will be given over to egalitarian propaganda, and all attempts to distinguish 'high-brow' from 'low-brow' entertainment will be finally abandoned. Meanwhile the position of the salon socialist establishment will be consolidated in all the major cultural institutions. The modernist clique will remain in charge of the Royal Academy, the art galleries will be run by clones of Michael Craig-Martin and Damien Hirst, the British Academy will be controlled by the left-liberal protégés of Sir Isaiah Berlin, and the planning of the New Britain will be entrusted to Lord Rogers of Riverside. Vice-Chancellors will be dull progressives with backgrounds in engineering or soil science; while the important advisory bodies will be composed of political activists from local government, with a track-record in anti-racist, anti-sexist, anti-nuclear, anti-homophobic, and other forms of anti-bourgeois agitation.

The ideology of equality and rights will replace that of reward and duty, and the edicts of the European courts will gradually extinguish the old common law idea of individual responsibility. 'Group rights' will be recognized and enforced by the courts and built into legislation, with favoured minorities obtaining privileges denied to any ethnic Anglo-Saxon. Titles and forms of address will disappear, subjects will become 'citizens', and no name will be used in public discourse apart from the first name — no longer called 'Christian' since that would discriminate against Muslims, pagans and Jews.

Culture and education will be increasingly regarded as dangerous and efforts will be made, especially in schools, to ensure that the genuinely educated never obtain an opportunity to teach. Even as government of the nation's affairs is transferred to foreign bureaucrats, fewer and fewer British 'citizens' will be able to read or speak any language but their own. Their grasp of English will also decline, as imperfect grammar and improvised vocabulary acquire the status of legitimate 'alternatives'.

Sexual laxity will become official government policy, with condoms and abortions made freely available to children at any age. Sex advisers will prowl the schools in search of innocence, in order to destroy it, and new codes of ethics will be introduced in the place of religion — codes which no longer 'privilege' marriage or heterosexual union over the equally legitimate alternatives. Meanwhile young offenders will be placed in the hands of leftist probation officers, who will help them back onto their feet, and into the pockets of their middle-class victims, while joy-riding will be legitimised as an authentic expression of the frustrations of the young and the unemployed.

In short, everything will proceed as it has done under the Tories, only faster, and without the damaging residue of guilt.

Letters

Sir
The editors have certainly lost all sense of proportion or commitment to truth by employing a Russian Boot (Spring 1997) to draw on the arsenal of anti-German resentment. With a smattering of knowledge he tramples over the sensitive area of the arts.

Sturm und Drang was a literary movement against reason-dominated enlightenment, stressing feeling in general and towards nature especially, and love of freedom ("in tyrannos!"). It lasted from about 1767 to 1785, its main exponents being Goethe with his *Urfaust* (later enlarged to *Faust I*) and a number of magnificent poems, and Schiller with his dramas *Die Räuber* (The Robbers) and *Kabale und Liebe* (Intrigue and Love), neither of them clashing helmets or boots.

The text *Deutschland über alles* was written in 1841 and became the national anthem in 1922, the tune was composed by Joseph Haydn, whom contemporaries admired not only for his music, but also as the mildest of men, in 1797 on the words *God save Emperor Francis*, as a pendant to the British *God save the King*.

The Russian boot seems to have collided with a couple of CDs which contain a number of symphonies by Haydn which he wrote in the 1760s, summarized there under the title the *Sturm und Drang* Symphonies. No-one could find anything aggressive or frightening in those symphonies which are well advanced towards the classical style – the *Wiener Klassik* (classical Viennese music) Hadyn developed. What Russian composers did in those days does not seem to be very interesting.

Nor is there anything threatening in the folk song *O du lieber Augustin*, which may be sentimental but by no means as bloodthirsty as the Marseillaise or, to enter the land of Boots, the main theme of the last movement of Tchaikovsky's 5th symphony, a striking example of musical vulgarity or brutality.

Worse is to come. The barbarian German culture was entrenched in 9AD and is still going strong. That message must come as a big surprise to a reading public that cannot have closed all eyes to the pictures of atrocities committed by the Red Army in 1945. A cultural debt is grudgingly admitted to the Germans. Flatteringly, Germany is called the most cultured country in Europe beside Russia. This is quite offensive.

Where do they hide Bach's contemporaries in Russian music? Who knows Leibniz's counterpart in Philosophy? Why didn't Russians paint Holbein's pictures in England? Even Dostoevsky is said to have admired Schiller now and then. Was there no equal in his country?

The battle of 9AD has to be heavily leaned on, but what about Katyn and the hundreds of thousands of civilian victims of Red Army atrocities?

The reason is evident. Great Britain and the USA were grateful allies of Uncle Joe's Russia and his and his followers' millionfold crimes are excused thereby. The Russian boot was needed to crush the Germans and to keep them crushed. So behind that disgusting article an old threat lingers.

No wonder Chancellor Kohl, smug as he may be, is slyly seeking shelter among western European countries, clinging to our "civilised" neighbours as hard as he can. But who knows: they may throw him under the boots.

Gerard Frodl
Erlangen, Germany

Sir
Granted that the subject (*Transforming Men* ...Spring 1997) 'women', is barely discussed outside the pages of the *Review*, I do wish that Denis O'Keeffe and other contributors would take a less moralistic or at best 'uneconomic' stance. It seems if you hold the righteous high ground then nothing else matters.

So 'storming the market place for their "share" of jobs, women increase the numbers of unattached, immoral males'. I wonder if O'Keeffe has heard of the expansion of the economy and the need for a second wage to maintain a household now that we have got used to living beyond our means. I earn around £15,000 pa which is simply not enough to attract a middle-class mate (or anyone else come to that). Yet this is the 'average' national wage. The technological imperative is driving society, not the moral. I can be as moral as I like but I won't find a wife, let alone support children, with one income.

I also know that 'family cohesion and duty' would indeed be largely 'destroyed' if women were *not* able to fill many of the essential paid positions in society, most of all in education, medicine, and social work.

If your reviewer, who does have several serious insights into the male/female crisis, could consider the paradox of the most prosperous society in human history causing fundamental shifts in sexual relations, he, and others, would make a better case. There is no way back to a mythical past when everything was wonderful, moral and happy.

Michael Coultas
Norwich

Sir
Dr Dalrymple (*Flight from Freedom*, Spring 1997) mentions his recent participation in a seminar on the causes of crime, during which one of the members had argued that the main cause of the increase of crime was the great increase in the possession of moveable property.

During the years 1953-60 I was the full time secretary of a quango called The Advisory Committee on the Treatment of Offenders in the Colonies. The committee was responsible for all the advice submitted to colonial governments and protectorates about penal matters.

Their governments were required to submit to the Secretary of State very detailed annual reports about the numbers of convicted offenders of all kinds, the penalties imposed upon them by the courts, and other relevant information.

Whilst in most territories crimes "against property" were the most numerous, there were interesting exceptions. In simple societies like the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, the British Solomons Islands Protectorate, various solitary islands in far away oceans, and in remote parts of Africa, where the people possessed very little personal property apart from a few fishing nets and rough cotton garments, there was a noticeable lack of thieves in the few prisons. Such prisoners tended to be wife-beaters, alcoholics, and temperamentally rumbustuous individuals. In Uganda many women, after drinking a distillation from bananas, had a way of slicing off the heads of their spouses as they slept. Most of the women had young children, and there was much argument about what should be done with them in the absence of social workers.

The moral of this seem to be: the poorer the people, the fewer the crimes against property, whether fixed or moveable and: the higher the standard of living of a people, the more the crimes. The man at the seminar had a point, but Dr Dalrymple has the argument.

Richard Terrell
London NW3

Reviews

Why are Clever People so Stupid?

Peter M Bassett

Culture in the Classroom, A Personal View, Irina Tyk £5
Spelling Standards, How to correct the decline, Jennifer Chew £5
Reading Fever, Why phonics must come first, Martin Turner & Tom Burkard £7
Standards of Arithmetic, How to correct the decline, John Marks £5
School Funding, Present chaos and future clarity, Nick Seaton £7
All published in the Education Summer Series 1996, Centre for Policy Studies, 52 Rochester Row, London SW1P lJU.

Well, really, one doesn't know whether to laugh or weep. Time and again, reading these brilliantly-written essays, we keep stopping to ask ourselves: 'Can this really be so? Can it possibly be true that most primary schools insist that children should read storybooks (referred to by teachers as "real books") before they have mastered the alphabet? That in the face of all the evidence of the absurdity of allowing primary schoolchildren to use calculators instead of learning their tables, the Government nevertheless continues to insist on their use until the year 2000? Surely these writers must have got it monumentally wrong: surely the lunatic caperings of the educational establishment that they describe must have been laughed out of court thirty years ago.'

The authors of these booklets have not got it wrong. The Establishment maintains as tight a stranglehold on methods of teaching today as ever, despite the attempts of successive Education Secretaries over a period of seventeen years to change things. And in the last thirty-five years thousands upon thousands of young people have left school every year with only scant knowledge of how to write an essay or a letter, or how to multiply two simple numbers together. Laughter is sadly inappropriate: we are faced with tragedy on the grand scale.

The foreword to Irina Tyk's *Culture in the Classroom* contains this sentence: 'At first sight, readers who have no experience of the culture of today's classrooms may well find that Irina Tyk's recommendations are so full of clear, simple sense that they should not need to be said.'

These few words contain the essence of everything that has gone disastrously wrong with England's system of education. Irina Tyk holds up all the sacred cows of modern teaching philosophy in turn and reveals their feet of clay. Underlying the whole of primary education, for example, is the concept of 'learning readiness': i.e. that there are specific ages before which children should not be taught various learning tasks. Thus, a child should not be taught to read until he is about seven — it is only then that he is likely to possess sufficient maturity and the 'requisite perceptual and comprehension skills'. Earlier teaching, so say the teaching 'experts', is likely to be detrimental to the child's imagination and personal development.

Wrong, says Irina Tyk: the great majority of children should be able to read and write fluently by the age of seven, know their multiplication tables by eight and have acquired advanced spelling skills by nine. Skill in mental arithmetic, she points out, cannot be acquired by pressing keys on a calculator. Failure to teach young children their tables is simply dereliction of duty. (This reviewer once lamented to a young teacher that primary schoolchildren are no longer taught their tables or simple mental arithmetic. He was pertly rebuked: 'Of course not, they all have pocket calculators now.')

Irina Tyk pleads for 'whole class' teaching. One after another, the research reports confirm that children have a much better chance of learning when they are sitting in rows facing the teacher at the front of the classroom. It comes as balm to the soul to find Irina Tyk speaking from her own experience: 'Children sitting together in small groups, facing away from the teacher and the blackboard, are adopting a physical posture which makes it clear that neither the knowledge on the board at the front of the class nor the teacher from whom the lesson springs is central to the business of the class.' Anyone who has watched a 'group' class (children sitting at separate tables), either 'in the flesh' or on television, cannot fail to have been appalled by the noise level that prevails, and wondered how any child could be learning anything.

Irina Tyk is not afraid to state the seemingly obvious, which we very soon

find to be far from obvious: 'A teacher cannot teach without knowledge of his subject'. She points out that one cannot teach young children the 44 sounds of the English language unless one knows them oneself. But how many teachers, she asks, charged with the responsibility of teaching young children to read, are actually familiar with Dr Joyce Morris's Morris-Montessori Word List which lists all the sounds of the English language?

At a time of crumbling civic morality in general and among children in particular, she asks why the young should be expected to believe in right and wrong. When their teacher never judges their work or refuses to mark a poor piece of work harshly; makes it clear that all children's work, irrespective of its individual quality, is of equal value; and allows his pupils to swear openly; what is the child to learn from this other than that there is no right or wrong, that everything is equally valid, all moral codes, all practices?

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Right at the beginning of Jennifer Chew's *Spelling Standards*, we run straight into an impasse. A whole sequence of reports and surveys has confirmed, beyond reasonable doubt, that children today cannot spell as well as they could. The Queen's English Society's *Survey of Communication Skills of Young Entrants to Industry*, 1994, gave a graphic description of the grave problems presented to employers by the poor literacy of young people applying for jobs. More recent reports such as those from the Government's own Basic Skills Agency and the Cambridge University examinations syndicate confirm the Society's findings.

All this accumulating evidence, one might suppose, could not be ignored or refuted. It should have set off alarm bells in all the teacher-training colleges: 'SOMETHING IS FUNDAMENTALLY WRONG! ' But no: not at all. For the last ten years, the education establishment has denied that spelling standards have declined. Here is a sample of what they say:

> Spelling standards have not fallen;
> Spelling is merely a "surface feature" of writing;
> Many excellent writers are very poor spellers;
> Spelling tests are poor indicators of children's spelling in "real" writing tasks;
> Spelling is best attended to when written work is being redrafted;
> Good spelling is less important than the communication of meaning.

It is this refusal by the teacher-trainers to accept the evidence that has condemned children to a life of, at best, near-literacy. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the education hierarchy has a vested interest in perpetuating the present disgraceful teaching system, with its failure to teach the alphabetic principle — the way in which speech sounds are represented in writing by letters and groups of letters. One can only conclude that, to ignore the overwhelming body of evidence of a fall in children's spelling ability, to advance such trumpery counter-arguments, the trainers of our teachers must be either fools or knaves. But they are not fools.

In 1989 the Education Department commissioned a document that would, it was hoped, aid the teaching of literacy. But alas for good intentions! The resultant report, entitled *Language in the National Curriculum*, turned out to be very different from what the Government intended: ministers felt that the contents were out of line with government targets and also with the best research findings. They took the unusual step of suppressing the report, to prevent its being issued. And it never was issued, officially: but such was the power and influence of the lobby of teacher-trainers and advisers who had compiled it that samizdat, 'under-the-counter' copies were made and privately sent round to many schools.

Some idea of the tone of this furtively-copied and distributed document may be gained from this remarkably frank excerpt:

> Parents too need educating. If they are pulling in a direction that we do not endorse and which may subvert our aims, what are we doing to counter this?

How are we to place a charitable interpretation on the use of such language as: '...a direction that we do not endorse', or '...may subvert our aims'? Does this seem like the language of a dispassionate and respectable educational body?

This single incident epitomises the whole of the struggle for supremacy that has bedevilled every attempt by successive secretaries of state to improve teaching standards across the entire curriculum. Many's the time well-intentioned ministers, sadly not adequately informed, have tried to bring about reforms, only to be thwarted and outwitted by the education establishment and by their own departmental staff upon whose loyalty and impartiality they should have been able to depend.

Jennifer Chew is to be congratulated on this clever exposé of the causes of ministerial failure to correct an appalling situation.

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In the Summary of their *Reading Fever*, Martin Turner and Tom Burkard begin:

> The reading skills of primary schoolchildren in Britain have fallen over the last 20 years.

This decline, they declare, is directly linked to the adoption of the Whole Language method of teaching young children to read in primary schools. It is not confined to the UK but is used also in other English-speaking countries. Whole Language teaching has among its tenets that language cannot be split up into pieces, that learning to recognise words out of context offends against the 'wholeness' of the text i.e. the child has to decide what individual words might be from a comprehension of the whole text.

The breath-taking absurdity, verging on hallucination, of this putting the cart before the horse has not prevented its widespread acceptance by education academics and the Government's Teacher Training Agency, and its imposition on primary school teaching methods in the last five years. Research has proved what should have been obvious from the outset, that the Whole Language method does not teach children to read. However, the training colleges have been remarkably slow to take notice of this unfavourable evidence: a tardiness that may be attributed to the fact that many an academic's reputation (and his job) has

been at stake, and that a great deal of money has been invested by publishing houses in Whole Language reading schemes.

To the general reader of these booklets, the clearest message to emerge is that the only safe method of teaching children to read is that based on phonics, the association of the letters of the alphabet with their individual sounds. All our literacy troubles, without exception, stem from the abandonment of this method by various influential academics in the years since the 1960s.

The education authorities in the entire English-speaking world turned their backs on this tried and tested method, and any teachers who wished to revert to it quickly found themselves out of a job. One example, completely typical, will suffice to illustrate the iron constraints placed on teachers who could see the folly of relinquishing the phonics method: the head of a school in Ontario had her purchasing power removed by the school-board superintendent, an advocate of Whole Language, to prevent her buying copies of the phonics primer by means of which 90% of her Grade 1 children were reading at Grade 2 level. Subsequently the number of poor readers climbed from 5% to 22% of the school population.

The authors of this highly thought-provoking booklet end by facing the executives of the Government's Teacher Training Agency with a stark choice: they can either accept the findings of objective academic research which have shown overwhelmingly that the phonics-based method must be reinstated and all other methods discarded, or they can continue to support an intellectually bankrupt ideology that has blighted the lives of an entire generation of children and created an illiterate underclass.

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The arithmetical ability of our schoolchildren has recently received a great deal of adverse publicity. In his *Standards of Arithmetic*, John Marks reports some facts that should give us all pause for thought.

In 1991, fewer than 15%, one in seven, 7-year-olds were able to perform simple multiplications such as 5 x 5, or answer questions such as the cost of three 50p loaves, or the number of 25p articles that could be bought for £1.50. Just over half were able to work out sums such as 5+4, or how much change is left from 20p after buying a tenpenny doughnut and an eightpenny currant bun.

A survey in 1995 showed a similarly shocking disparity in attainment between English and German 13-year-olds:

Percentage answering correctly

Question	England	Germany
900 x 30 = ?	56	93
1/2 - 1/3 = ?	21	61
1/2 x 4/5 = ?	20	72
Simplify 2x+5x	36	66

In searching for the reasons for this disgraceful exhibition of incompetence, John Marks echoes Irina Tyk's advocacy of 'whole class' teaching instead of the present widely-used seating arrangement in classrooms in which groups of children sit round individual tables, often with their backs to the teacher:

> ...because of widespread individualised teaching methods which require children to learn by themselves for a great proportion of the time, teachers in England spend most of their time dealing with individual pupils; each pupil therefore has very limited contact time with the lecturer and consequently benefits from no more than a few minutes of direct teaching in each lesson.

In his recommendations for improvements, John Marks argues that calculators should be banned from primary schools and from all National Curriculum tests; that more testing should be used to establish the efficacy of methods of teaching; and that primary schoolchildren should be taught arithmetic using traditional teaching method and practices similar to those found on the Continent.

Whenever suggestions are made for improving the standard of teaching, the cry goes up from every quarter of the teaching establishment: 'We need more resources'

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In his closely-argued booklet *School Funding*, Nick Seaton gives a balanced and impartial analysis of the true situation regarding the 'resourcing' of our schools. He concludes that education is not, whatever may be said to the contrary, deprived of 'resources'; the problem is one of endemic mismanagement; low efficiency in the use of available funds; and a certain measure of misdirecting of funds, by the local education authority, into the wrong channels.

He begins by quoting from an article in a leading American business magazine that had investigated school funding in this country:

'If business did this, it would be called cooking the books.'

Of the tranches of money made available to the local education authority to spend on education, a substantial proportion is retained at Town Hall level and never reaches the schools. This amount varies from one authority to another: the average amount withheld by local education authorities is about 25%, but it can be as high as 39%.

These figures can be put in perspective by the simple question: would any retail business that provides services to its branches on the same scale as the local education authorities escape bankruptcy if its head office accounted for 30% of total spending? And how many independent schools could survive if one-third of their income were removed? The financial picture of the nation's schools, as revealed by Nick Seaton, contains considerable areas of grey and some areas so dark that it is not easy to discern what is going on.

Those parts of education ... for the teaching of which there are no public institutions, are generally the best taught
Adam Smith

Imperial History

Angela Ellis-Jones

Dictionary of the British Empire and Commonwealth, Alan Palmer, John Murray, hb £25, pb £15.99, 1996.
Cambridge Illustrated History of the British Empire, ed PJ Marshall, £24.95.
Empire: The British Imperial Experience from 1765 to the Present, Denis Judd, Harper Collins, hb £25, Fontana pb £9.95, 1997.
A Fighting Retreat: The British Empire 1947-97, Robin Neillands, Hodder and Stoughton, hb £25, 1996, hb £6.99, 1997.
The British Empire 1558-1995, T O Lloyd, OUP, hb £45.00, 1996, pb £12.99, 1996.
The Lion's Share, A Short History of British Imperialism 1850-1995, Bernard Porter, Addison-Wesley Longman, hb £46.00, 1996, pb £15.99, 1996.

For the first half of the twentieth century, Britain presided over the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. In the early years of its second half, she was, in the famous words of Dean Acheson, in a position of 'having lost an Empire and not yet found a role'. In the final quarter of the century, Britain confirmed her membership of what is emerging as arguably the world's latest Empire (analysed in terms of a hegemonic metropolitan core and subordinate peripheral territories), the European Union.

But interest in the British Empire refuses to die. Ever since retreat from Empire in the 1950s and 1960s, there has been a continuous flow of works dealing with this very important episode in British history. Just as the Empire provided the British with countless opportunities for the exercise of various talents and initiatives, so the historiography of Empire has provided a hitherto bottomless pit of research opportunities. Recent years have seen the publication of works of great distinction.

Alan Palmer's *Dictionary of the British Empire and Commonwealth* is an excellent reference book which can be read with interest as a continuous text. It contains entries on all aspects of the Empire including countries, leading personalities, natural resources, industries and other activities.

However, far better value for the same price is the *Cambridge Illustrated History of the British Empire.* Intellectuals are often prone to disparaging illustrated books, seeing them as symptomatic of the decline of literacy. But far from detracting from a text, illustrations and maps can often enhance it. Part One surveys the history of the Empire from the late eighteenth century. Part Two looks at the life of the Empire. It includes chapters on economic and infrastructural aspects of Empire, the government of the Empire, the emergence of identities and new nationalities that followed the movement of peoples within the Empire, the diffusion of British culture and ideas, imperial towns and cities, and the art of the Empire. Part Three examines 'The imperial experience' — in Britain, Australia, Africa and India. It looks at the impact of Empire on Parliament, the armed forces, the churches and the monarchy, and at attempts to establish an imperial economy in the early years cf the twentieth century.

Given the great geographical and cultural diversity of the Empire, and the length of time for which it lasted, the work wisely refrains from much discussion of whether the Empire was 'a good thing'. The cautious judgement is that 'Given the likely alternatives, to have drawn the British ticket in the nineteenth century lottery of empires may not, on balance, have been an altogether unhappy accident'.

This is a first-rate work which covers a multitude of aspects of Empire in the space available. If there is one overriding theme that emerges it is the massive impact that the Empire had both on the subject peoples and on the motherland: 'In varying degrees British influences can be detected in systems of government, religious adherence, patterns of education, the layout of towns and cities, cultural tastes, sports and pass-times throughout the world'. Whatever Britain's present misfortunes, her key role in shaping the world's history should not be forgotten.

An assessment of the Empire's impact on the British identity is one of the major preoccupations of Denis Judd's *Empire.* What purpose did the Empire serve in consolidating the United Kingdom, in producing a national and imperial ethic, in promoting a national mythology? The author shows how, in addition to providing the British with jobs and profits and a sense of international purpose, the Empire gave them the opportunity of creating new lives for themselves in far-flung places.

The book extends in time from the first British Empire in North America to the inauguration of Nelson Mandela as President of South Africa. The chapter on Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897 is particularly interesting for the light it sheds on the late nine-

teenth century mind and the state of the Empire at the time it appeared to be at its zenith: 'Feelings of national insecurity were at least partly at the root of much jingoistic exaltation and triumphalism'... 'Essentially the Diamond Jubilee had been a brilliantly stage-managed act of defiance, a truculent assertion of national and imperial greatness in the face of a clutch of uncomfortable realities... 'The author subscribes to what has by now become the received view that the maintenance of the empire artificially prolonged Britain's Great Power status, camouflaging economic and national decline. His unenthusiastic verdict is that 'the British as an imperial people generally did their best' — frequently for the peoples they ruled, more consistently for themselves'.

A more detailed and sympathetic account of the retreat from Empire is to be found in Robin Neillands's *A Fighting Retreat*. The main feature of this book is its use of oral history to tell the story of what happened in the trouble-spots of the Empire during the years of disengagement. First-hand accounts by civilians and military from Field Marshals to private soldiers are threaded through the narrative, which describes the terminal stages of Empire in India, the middle east, Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus, Brunei and Borneo. The conflicts in Northern Ireland and the Falklands are also addressed.

Although the author, a former Royal Marine Commando who served in the Empire, is full of praise for the British achievement both in sustaining and in winding up the Empire, both he and the people he interviews recognise that Empire belonged to a phase of history which is now over. He states that 'the research for this book has found few signs that anyone regrets the loss of Empire or Britain's declining international status'. He ends the book by taking comfort in the fact that if Britain ever had a Golden Age it was that of Elizabeth I, 'the only British sovereign, from the Norman Conquest to the present day, who never laid claim to a single overseas colony'.

T O Lloyd's *The British Empire* is alone, of all the books reviewed here, reminiscent of the uninspiring way history used to be written. Although it provides a thorough account of the history of the Empire, it is surprisingly deficient in locating the Empire in the broader stream of British intellectual and cultural life, as Judd does so ably. Of the links between the Empire and the public schools, boy scouts, relations between settlers and administrators and natives, to instance just some topics of interest, there is no mention.

Somewhat more illuminating in this respect is Bernard Porter's *The Lion's Share*, now in its third edition. The main interest of this book lies in the assessment in the final chapter. The author puts forward the idea that the most important domestic effect of the Empire on Britain was to 'to hold up the march of the pure capitalist ethos, and hence allow all kinds of plants to flourish — welfareism, consensus, the spirit of public service — which without it would almost certainly have withered'. He sees the Empire as giving the paternalists within the Conservative party their chief source of sustenance; once it went, the way was open for the free market revival: 'The fall of empires and the decline of the more human social values were related'. This thesis is interesting, but provides at best a partial explanation. The fall of empires was also related to a decline in certainties and self-confidence within the imperial nations, which had earlier gone hand-in-hand with a thrusting capitalism.

Like other authors reviewed here, Porter sees the end of the Empire as inevitable, an implosion under the weight of its own contradictions, most importantly that between *imperium* and *libertas*. For him the Empire's greatest significance is that it cushioned Britain from the implications of her decline in the world, both diplomatic and industrial, which began around 1870.

There can be no more poignant contrast in the decline of nations than Britain in 1897 and Britain in 1997. Then she was the world's Premier Nation, which ruled the waves and administered territories covering a quarter of the earth's surface and a similar proportion of her people. Now she is a peripheral member of the European Union, having conceded much of her legislative sovereignty, and threatened with the abolition of her currency. It is in many ways difficult to be proud of Britain today; perhaps best to settle for being proud of a nation that was once great, the heartland of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen.

Euro-Freedom

Michael Shrimpton

Protection of Individual Rights Under EC Law, Andrew Geddes, Butterworths, 1995, £65 pb.

Not recommended reading for the faint-hearted Eurosceptic — but then if the reader were fainthearted he wouldn't be a Eurosceptic. To say that Judge Geddes' book is written from a pro-European perspective is to put the matter too low. A flavour is given by the following passage at page 39:

Until the Act is amended the United

Kingdom courts ought to give effect to the directive even though this means ignoring the plain wording of the Act.

At page 82 the learned judge criticises Simon Brown LJ for not adopting a "tortured construction" of the Environmental Assessment Directive. These passages flatly contradict the basic constitutional principles that Parliament is sovereign and cannot bind its successors, and further that the courts are duty bound to give effect to the express will of Parliament. Of course Parliament is free to depart from Community law if it wishes to, either expressly or impliedly, although in fairness to the author he has correctly stated community law on the subject.

It is interesting to see that in his discussion on the Environmental Assessment Directive Judge Geddes criticises the Twyford Down decision *(Twyford Parish council -v- Secretary of State for the Environment* [1992] 1 CMLR 276). With respect to the court he is probably right. Some of those who have driven through the ugly gash through the countryside where Twyford Down used to be will think it a pity that on this occasion community law was not correctly applied. At least something useful might then have been accomplished from over 20 years costly membership of the European Community.

The Environmental Assessment Directive is perhaps one of those bits of community law we might wish to keep, possibly in amended form, when we leave. This could easily be done by putting the Town and Country Planning (Assessment of Environmental Effects) Regulations into a schedule in the withdrawal legislation (which I suppose might be entitled the European Communities (Miscellaneous Amendments) Act). The book also covers some of the less useful aspects of community law which we might be able to manage without, such as Directive 84/538/EEC on the Permissible Sound Power Level of Lawnmowers.

A classic piece of Commission thinking is to be found on page 72 — research (paid for by the Commission) has revealed that the average cost of making a crossborder credit transfer of 100 ECU is 25.4 ECU. I suppose that anyone silly enough to make an international credit transfer of 100 ECU deserves to pay 25.4 ECU for the privilege.

If the author will forgive a pedantic observation, your reviewer was disappointed to see his first case to go to the ECJ wrongly cited — the respondent in *Webb* was *EMO Air Cargo (UK) Ltd,* not *Emo Cargo.* I argued that case in the Industrial Tribunal as long ago as February 1988 and a date is still to be set for the compensation hearing — an illustration of the delays where Euro law is involved.

If you have a book token to spend you would do better to consider *Rumpole and the Angel of Death;* but in fairness this is a well-written legal text which would form a useful addition to any practitioner's library — provided that he did not practise constitutional law.

Power corrupts, poetry cleanses

Roger Scruton

Poetry and the Realm of Politics, and **Poetry of Opposition and Revolution,** Howard Erskine-Hill, Clarendon Press, 1996, £35.00 each.

How political have our great poets been, and in what way? Ought we to read a work like *Paradise Lost* as a partial commentary on the great events that shook the throne of England, or as an impartial meditation on the fall of man? Is our understanding of Shakespeare enhanced or diminished by the attempt to read the crisis of Tudor legitimacy into his dramas? Are Johnson's Jacobite sympathies so apparent in his writings as to provide a clue to their hidden meaning, and does Wordsworth's self-confessed obsession with the French Revolution define the theme of *The Prelude*?

Those are among the questions boldly tackled by Howard Erskine-Hill in these two volumes of literary detective-work. Scholarly, self-confident, and with a fine ear for ambiguity and subterfuge, Professor Erskine-Hill takes us on a back-stage tour of the greatest period of English literature, and shows the political turmoils that cannot fail to have affected the thoughts and emotions of the writers who lived through them. The ground has been covered before, and few of the conclusions, taken separately, are novel. What is surprising is the author's claim that the political allusions in our greatest works of literature are also integral to their aesthetic success. For it has become something of a commonplace to believe the opposite — to believe that political circumstances, however they may work on the poet's inspiration, are refined away in the creative act, to become as irrelevant to the final message as the inedible breakfast, the quarrel with the landlady, and the annoying

laundry bill that combined to send him, on that fateful morning, implacable to his desk.

At the same time, Erskine-Hill has no patience with the Marxist commonplace that literature is *only* politics, and that the meaning of all the great works in our tradition lies in their ideological standpoint. Those of us who have lived through the birth of 'literary theory' are by now thoroughly familiar with the Marxist view. Indeed, its latest incarnation, in the 'New Historicism' of Stephen Greenblatt and his followers, has so irritated Erskine-Hill that he pauses from time to time to express his distaste for it — without troubling to tell us what it says. Here is a quotation from Greenblatt, which may explain some of Erskine-Hill's annoyance. Greenblatt is discussing the extent to which the 'free subject' attains reality in Elizabethan literature:

> In all my texts and documents, there were, so far as I could tell, no moments of pure unfettered subjectivity; indeed, the human subject itself began to seem remarkably unfree, the ideological product of the relations of power in a particular society.

One might well ask whether a critic is capable of recognising 'autonomous self-fashioning', if he cannot find it in Shakespeare. The very language provides a barrier to thought, and the platitude that the human subject is 'the ideological product of the relations of power in a particular society' points unobstructed to the foregone political conclusion. The phrase occurs in such sub-Marxist literary theory as a mere tautology. There is no way in which it could be proved, since there is nothing that would count as refuting it. By contrast Erskine-Hill wishes to show us that the relation of a writer to the 'relations of power' by which he is surrounded is a complex matter, and that poetry has its own way of criticising and endorsing the structures of human authority.

Hence there is much to be learned from his account of the Shakespeare tragedies and history plays. Shakespeare was a great political thinker, who perceived more clearly than any other writer the ways in which power and authority come together and the ways in which they grow apart. He also gave an unsurpassed account of the interdependence of individual happiness and legitimate social order. Erskine-Hill concentrates on the History plays, in which the problem of the Tudor accession occupies the foreground. It is arguable, however, that it is elsewhere — in *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Anthony and Cleopatra* — that Shakespeare makes his greatest contribution to our understanding of man as a political animal. In such plays we rise above the temporary concerns of the Tudor monarchy, so that the allusions to the politics of the day really do drop out of consideration as irrelevant.

All allusions are food for literary scholarship. But do we really gain any new understanding of *Paradise Lost* when we are given the clues that point to Cromwell as the model for Satan? The interesting fact is that Erskine-Hill, who defends this not unfamiliar thesis, does so only tentatively, thereby implying that the meaning of the poem in no way depends upon our accepting what he says. And what is surely most striking, even in so manifestly political a poem as Marvell's 'Horatian Ode', is the way in which the characters and events upon which it draws are made to speak to readers who have no residual concern for them.

But I must leave the reader to judge whether Erskine-Hill's readings are defensible. The interesting fact is that you can be persuaded by his relentless scholarship to see Wordsworth's *Prelude* as an expression of revolutionary faith, and then go back to the poem to discover, as I did, that it is the profoundest critique of the revolutionary frame of mind that has ever been written. Which makes me wonder whether the political allusions are, after all, anything more than a half-digested residue.

Theology and Magic

Jo North

C S Lewis, Philip Vander Elst, Thinkers of Our Times series, The Claridge Press, 1996, £5.95.

As the twentieth century draws to a close there exists as much suffering as there was at the beginning when hopes of social progress ran high. However, we are poorer now than then. Religious faith is fading and the Churches are in disarray, apparently powerless to stem the tide of moral and spiritual decay. Too often our Church leaders are more interested in following the latest fashion and the dictates of political correctness than in proclaiming the Word of God.

We are fortunate then in having the works of C S Lewis, an outstanding

writer who concerned himself with issues of Christian theology and morality, and whose writings for children have played a magical and inspirational role in most of our childhoods. We are also fortunate in having a new introduction to Lewis's work, from a writer who is a committed Christian, and who therefore is well placed to appreciate both the depth of Lewis's vision and the complexity of Christian belief.

One of the most engaging and human aspects of C S Lewis was his empathy for all those who find it difficult to accept Christianity and admit God into their lives. Lewis himself was an atheist as a young man, although he experienced yearnings of a spiritual kind which attracted him to epic sagas and romantic myths and legends. In a sense his predicament — torn between rationalism and an 'inconsolable longing' for something more — is emblematic of the lives of many people today, faced with an ubiquitous consumerism and the uncomfortable march of scientific 'progress' and yet yearning for some deeper, truer purpose in their lives. Unfortunately, this spiritual need is now unlikely to find consolation in our mainstream Christian churches. More frequently people are turning to 'alternative' forms of religion — spiritualism, New Ageism, and, more sinisterly, the occult. Philip Vander Elst believes that the traditional Christian message is needed now perhaps more than ever, and his book presents this message afresh through an examination of Lewis's own spiritual journey, from early scepticism to his mature stance as a Christian apologist.

Vander Elst first explores Lewis's moral arguments for the existence of God. This stimulating discussion reveals one of the reasons why Lewis is so neglected in academic departments of philosophy. Lewis cherished and found value in the 'inner' aspects of people's lives: in the emotions, hopes, beliefs and decisions which we experience from the first-person perspective. These things are important to us because we 'live them from the inside'; they matter to us because they are constitutive of ourselves as subjects rather than objects, persons rather than material bodies. Both the behaviourism of Lewis's day and modern philosophy's almost total rejection of dualism in favour of physicalism deny the validity of this inner life, locating value and meaning in the outer, public, physical manifestations of language, behaviour and observable acts. As a result the inner, mental life as it is experienced by us as subjects is neglected or even denied. But this is to deny half our nature and, in Lewis's view, the more important half. In Philip Vander Elst's words: 'the fact that large numbers of people of all nations, types, and temperaments appear to have had some internal experience of God, should be regarded by an open-minded person as some evidence (albeit inconclusive) for the truth of theism'.

Having accepted that there are moral and emotional grounds for taking belief in God seriously, Lewis recognised that there are other obstacles to overcome. How, for example, are we to explain the existence of evil and suffering if God exists and is absolutely good? Vander Elst goes on to explain Lewis's position in the main chapter of the book: 'In Defence of Christianity'. This chapter should be regarded not just as an unfolding of Lewis's thought but equally as an exposition of Vander Elst's own deep convictions. And Vander Elst combines his own clarity of thought and literary skills with those of Lewis, to shed light on some of the most puzzling aspects of Christian doctrine. Here the reader will find thought-provoking discussion of the notion of the Trinity, the nature of goodness, the origin of evil, and the existence of Satan. Vander Elst points out that there is a crucial connection between the doctrine of original sin and that of the Incarnation — the redemptive power of Christ's birth, death, and resurrection. We cannot have one without the other, despite the modern tendency to pick and choose only the most comfortable aspects of the Christian story.

Returning to the problem of suffering and its apparent challenge to the goodness of God, Philip Vander Elst explains that 'The suffering of the innocent is a necessary consequence of the misuse of free will, and an inevitable result of the Fall'. Or in Lewis's words, a world in which it was impossible to do wrong would be one 'in which, therefore, freedom of the will would be void'. Only a world which contains the possibility of wrong actions freely chosen can contain the possibility of freely chosen right actions.

Lewis believed that in order to restore ourselves to God's love we must experience genuine repentance, which of course involves honest recognition of the wrongs which we have committed. Here again we find Lewis willing to recognise some unpalatable truths – that we are *wrongdoers*, that we have *chosen freely* to sin, and that we are therefore *responsible* for our actions. Of all the basic tenets of Christianity which are expounded by our Church leaders today these are heard least often. Instead of attributing the causes of crime and wrongdoing to the social ills of poverty, unemployment, and illiteracy, churchmen and women should be telling us that if we are to have any hope of ultimate salvation then we have to accept full responsibility for our wrongdoings. Goodness is not possible without a full recognition and subsequent rejection of badness.

Lewis's writings are attractive to those of a conservative persuasion (which is another reason for his neglect in modern academic and theological circles). Vander Elst writes that 'Lewis drew attention to truths whose neglect has blighted the modern world and whose recovery is essential if we are to preserve freedom, excellence and human dignity'. From the Christian conception of man two important conclusions follow: that the principal cause of evil lies within man himself rather than in particular structures of society, and that it is not possible, through radical social upheaval, to erase the miseries which are a result of human wickedness. While the Christian has a duty to try to alleviate suffering and to challenge cruelty and injustice, he must locate the causes of these things in the hearts of men rather than in social institutions. It is spiritual rebirth rather than

social engineering which will bring about an end to man's inhumanity to man. Lewis tells us that we must know where our true enemy lies if we are to call him to battle, and any attempt to create a new moral code or to bring about a utopian society will inevitably fail and in most cases will simply reproduce or intensify the ills which existed previously.

Lewis's commitment to democracy was deep-rooted but it was based upon his conception of man's fallen nature rather than upon a belief in the equality of man. Lewis said 'I am a democrat because I believe that no man or group of men is good enough to be trusted with uncontrolled power over others.' The best society is one which allows for the maximum exercise of freedom within the constraints of the rule of law and the limitation of the powers of the state.

The book ends with an interesting (although regrettably short) chapter on Lewis's fictional writings. For many of us Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia* were the first of Lewis's books we read. Charming and entertaining, Lewis's stories for children reveal the moral and spiritual concerns which concerned him in all his work. Iris Murdoch once wrote that 'It is dangerous to starve the moral imagination of the young.' This is a view Lewis would have endorsed wholeheartedly, but his genius lay in producing profoundly moral stories seemingly without didactic purpose. Lewis's children's fiction combines a sense of magic and mystery, the experience of longing and yearning, with a spirit of adventure and excitement in his tales of heroic struggles between the force of good (Aslan, Christ) and the force of evil (the White Witch, Satan). As such they blend elements of myth and story-telling which mankind has always found compelling with a profound Christian moral message. As Vander Elst says, Lewis's stories 'reveal an acute awareness of the nature of evil and the process of temptation, as well as exuding an intense and often humorous sympathy for human foibles and weakness.'

This highly readable and challenging exposition of Lewis's work is a welcome addition to the writings on Lewis in recent years. Philip Vander Elst has done what all good literary critics should: not only has he presented a stimulating analysis of Lewis's works but he inspires in the reader the desire to discover, or rediscover, Lewis's writings for himself.

A Venetian View

Edward Chaney

The English Civil War: A Contemporary Account, eds E and P Razzell, intro. Christopher Hill, 5 vols., Caliban Books 1996, £40 per volume

This is a somewhat eccentric production, as one might expect from a Hampstead-based publisher calling itself 'Caliban Books'; five volumes with an imposing title: *The English Civil War;* mysteriously non-specific subtitle: *A Contemporary Account*, and no sign of an editor's name on either dustjacket, imitation-linen covers or title-page. A two-page editors' preface is signed 'Edward and Peter Razzell' and a fifteen-page introduction is signed by the doyen of Early-Modern Marxist historians Prof Christopher Hill. Each volume is separately indexed on different principles and in the most outlandish way. All the Earls in vol I (except for those indexed under 'Lord'), are listed under 'E' for Earl, beginning with a single reference to 'Earl Marshal Arundel'. This same crypto-Catholic aristocrat, Thomas Howard, 14th Earl of Arundel, reappears immediately below (in front of a different page number) as plain 'Earl Marshal' and then pops up a third time, three entries down and now with 27 references, as 'Earl; of Arundel'. Finally, he is illustrated in Hollar's etching as 'Thomas, Earl of Arundel, On Horseback'). Even a learned 17th-centuryist might have problems identifying the two separate references to the 'Earl of Strathearn' and the quasi-phonetic 'Earl of Montil' as William Graham, 7th Earl of Menteith. Under 'C' we find all the Counties, the hilariously unilluminating entry 'Cecil' (for Sir Edward Cecil), the mysterious 'Cuneo' (not the elegant town in Northern Italy but the same person as the separately indexed 'Coneo, Sig. George', the Scottish papal agent George Conn referred to elsewhere in an unindexed footnote).

Clearly a computer has been hard at work. Indeed, without such technology these five volumes would probably not have materialized, consisting as they do of a mechanically produced abridgement of volumes 19-38 of the *Calendar of State Papers... relating*

to English Affairs existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice and in other libraries of Northern Italy. This eminently quarryable series was begun by the remarkable Anglo-Venetian Rawdon Brown in the 1860s, continued by Horatio Brown and concluded by Allen Hinds at the beginning of World War II. The present editor-publishers (who make no mention of their worthy predecessors) have simply photo-scanned (Calibanized?) those Venetian reports from the 1635-75 period which seemed most relevant to the Civil Wars (Hill's 'English Revolution'), further trimmed the text on their screens and then squeezed it into their perfect-bound volumes. The few footnotes are lifted straight from the original Calendar and thus contain no references to post 1930s scholarship.

Even that part of the book which is ostensibly new, its introduction, has a vintage flavour to it. For the venerable Professor Hill is still subject to Balliol-Marxist syndrome (still indeed proud to list his membership of the GDR's Academy of Sciences in *Who's Who*). He also always was, apart from his 1947 monograph on the monstrous Lenin, an exclusively English historian. (One of the more amusing misprints in the present introduction could almost be wishful thinking on his part: 'Sig. Dr Dury's Discourse was 'seasonable' because 1949 [sic for 1649] saw the inauguration of the English republic'). In his 500 page study of Milton *qua* pub-frequenting man-of-the-people, Hill dealt with the poet's crucial tour of Italy in less than four pages. Oddly enough, in this latest foray into Anglo-Italian studies he invents for Milton an entirely fictitious three months' residence in Padua.

Hill warns us that 'a certain amount of social snobbery underlies the reports' of the Venetian ambassadors. He is nevertheless attentive to their remarks on Levellers or Brownists (though in his discussion of the 'sharp distinction drawn between Brownists and Puritans' he omits to say that the report was on events in New rather than Old England). 'It is worth pausing over the ambassadors' use of language', he warns, especially concerned with their assumption that Parliament represented 'the people'. 'Venetian ambassadors continued throughout to equate Parliament with 'the people' and so with propertied [sic]. But the reality had changed significantly. We must bear this in mind when reading their correspondence.' In fact post-medieval Italians used the word 'il popolo' much as we use 'the people' today. Where they intended a subdivision they used 'popolo grasso' or 'minuto' for the 'propertied' and/or 'poor' distinction called for by Hill.

Because of the focus on the reports' documentary value, there is little attempt to bring out that which is revelatory of Venice itself. Hill heeds fellow soviet enthusiast E H Carr's warning to 'know thy historian' to the extent of reminding us of the Venetians' dread of a Habsburg coalition in Europe. Somewhat predictably, however, their religious perspective is played down. Hill states that 'we cannot regard the Thirty Years War as a war of religion...' and that 'the Republic [of Venice] was unlikely to be influenced by religious considerations'. One of the reasons he respects the ambassadors' judgement is because 'they grasped the essentially secular nature of the conflicts in England'. Even allowing for the fact that religious belief was so taken for granted in this period that it was not usually articulated (as well as for possible bias in this selection), there is plenty of evidence left to indicate that religion played a fundamental role in the affairs of Europe generally and in provoking Civil War at home in particular.

Volume 2, which covers the crucial 1640-42 period is especially rich in this respect: look up Henrietta Maria in the index (quaintly featuring as 'Queen') and on the eve of Civil War we find her obliged to promise the Puritanical Parliament that she will give up protecting Catholic priests. Charles I, meanwhile, 'to give the impression that he was opposed to the Catholic faith ... assured them that he would see to it that the chapel of the Queen and those of the ambassadors were not frequented by Englishmen'. By August 1642 'The King has strictly forbidden all Catholics to serve in his army for the purpose of dissipating the hateful hints which are designedly made against him, namely that he was conspiring with the Catholics and was cherishing secret designs in his heart to rule his people absolutely with the help of their forces.' Interestingly, under the personally liberal Cromwell, in 1655 the Venetian secretary Lorenzo Paulucci reported that Catholicism was flourishing in England with a quarter of the population still Catholic.

Since only major libraries possess the original *Calendar* there will no doubt be some customers for this £200 quintet. It is not clear, however, who they will be. Beyond the range of most general readers, the scholar, on the other hand (and that minority of academics who still practise scholarship) will continue to consult the *Calendar* for its superior index, commentary and complete text, which italicizes paragraphs originally written in code and repeats passages in the original Italian where clarification was deemed necessary. It can at least be said that the new volumes have reminded potentially interested parties of a fascinating and important historical source.

Notes on Reviewers

Peter Bassett was Vice-Chairman of The Queen's English Society.
Edward Chaney's latest book is *The Evolution of the Grand Tour* (Frank Cass).
Ian Crowther is our Literary Editor.
Angela Ellis-Jones was the UK Independence Party candidate in Kensington and Chelsea.
Jo North is a freelance writer and editor.
Roger Scruton's *Modern Philosophy* is published by Sinclair Stevenson, hardback, Mandarin Books, paperback.
Michael Shrimpton is a barrister.

Reasons for Pessimism

Ian Crowther

Holding up a Mirror: How Civilisations Decline Anne Glyn-Jones, Century, 1996, £20.00

Whenever a conservative hears the word sociology, he reaches for his earplugs, fearful lest he be assailed by jargon barbarous in itself and barbarous also because of its tendency to subvert rather than support the social order. Nonetheless, there is a seam in sociological thought which, with patience, can be made to yield conservative insights. Indeed, as the late Robert Nisbet demonstrated in his *The Sociological Tradition*, this academic discipline arose as much in reaction to, as in celebration of, modernity's dominant drive to release the individual from ancient ties and customs. In Nisbet's view, it was not the desire for release from community and custom but the craving for new forms of moral and social community that lay behind the rise of sociology. Pitirim Sorokin, émigré Russian and sometime professor of sociology at Harvard, who died in 1968, shared with a number of great nineteenth century sociologists — Tocqueville, Durkheim, Tönnies, Le Play, Simmel — their premonitions of cultural and moral breakdown once individuals had been wrenched free from the close contexts of institutional order.

Anne Glyn-Jones has undertaken a Herculean task in narrating the history of Western civilization, from its beginnings in ancient Greece right up to the present time, in order to illustrate Sorokin's grand theory of civilizational cycles. Sorokin believed (rather as Plato did) that several different types of society succeed one another — ideational, idealist and sensate. The first takes its bearings by an immaterial, transcendent order; the second by human aspirations which nevertheless remain attached to the previously established moral framework; and the third by the exclusive pursuit of individual material fulfilment.

In Sorokin's third, sensate phase, a culture's awareness of its shared identity, and of the taboos which regulate its conduct, dissolves. Truth then ceases to be a property distinguishable by its own special nature, irreducible to my individual nature, and becomes instead what moves me. Once the test of truth is thus shifted inwards, neither reason nor revelation, neither philosophy nor theology, are any longer regarded as means of arriving at the truth. Hence, in a sensate culture, rhetoric working on the emotions (advertisement, in our time) rather than dialectic working on the reason is the recourse of all those — politicians, religious leaders, businessmen — seeking to convert others to their points of view. Human subjectivity is the court to which we must all now appeal if we are to be sure of a hearing.

Thomas Hobbes was the great prophet of our modern sensate society. "There is no conception in a man's mind which hath not at first, totally or by parts, been begotten upon the organs of sense", he observed in *Leviathan*. Hobbes, of course, was also quite explicit in his belief that 'good' and 'bad' are merely names we give our appetites when they are either fulfilled or frustrated. Once this message of moral relativism gets through to the mass of people, as it surely has by now, the effects on human conduct are exactly as Sorokin described them:

> If a person has not strong convictions as to what is right and what is wrong, if he does not believe in any God or absolute moral values, if he no longer respects contractual obligations, and finally, if his hunger for pleasures and sensory values is paramount, what can guide and control his conduct towards other men? Nothing but his desires and lusts. Under these conditions he loses all rational and moral control, even plain common sense. What can deter him from violating the rights, interests, and well-being of other men? Nothing but physical force. How far will he go in his insatiable quest for sensory happiness? He will go as far as brute force, opposed by that of others, permits. His whole problem of behaviour is determined by the ratio between his force and that wielded by others.

Is it too far-fetched to see our present condition, for all its material abundance, as in important respects resembling Hobbes's anarchic "state of nature"? Already, in many of our inner cities the absence of sufficiently Leviathan-like curbs on individual appetite has unloosed a human type whose predatory character fits all too closely Hobbes's terse description of natural man: "Homo homini lupus".

Glyn-Jones chronicles the imaginative as well as the real descent of societies into sensate excess. Following Hamlet's advice to the players "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show ... the very age and body of the time ...", Glyn-Jones recurs throughout her book to the theatre as a reliable, if unsettling, barometer of the cultural climate. Greece and Rome alike during their periods of decline developed a grossness of appetite which fed on ever more explicit scenes of sex and violence. The classical Greek theatre decayed from the transcendent concerns of tragedy to the base pleasures of pornography. And we see essentially the same degenerative process occurring in Rome, culminating in the bloody spectacles of the arena. This

taste for indecent and brutal entertainments arose in cultures devoted to material consumption and gratification. Affluence bred accidie which could only be alleviated by novelties and sensations of the most extreme kind.

Along with the loss of ancient virtue went a loss of ancient vigour. The late Greeks and Romans exhibited a softness which ultimately proved unequal to the defence of their respective empires. It is hard not to notice the parallels in all this with our present sensate culture. Anyone who derides the notion that modern western society is in decline, as liberals are apt to, must explain how then it will escape the fate of those earlier sensate cultures which, in the end, could not summon up reserves of energy sufficient even to reproduce themselves, let alone to defend themselves. The late Romans, like us, experienced a drop in their fertility. Glyn-Jones chronicles in exhaustive (and, it must be said, sometimes exhausting) detail how Sorokin's cyclic patterns have worked themselves out in Greece, Rome, medieval Christendom and now in contemporary society. The question raised by her book is not so much whether these patterns of decline are repeating themselves in our own time — there seems little reason to doubt that they are — but whether we will be transformed, in Sorokin's words, "either by internal reform in response to increasing levels of disgust and despair; or, more radically, by external conquest and compulsion."

If "external conquest" seems unlikely, we shouldn't forget the threats posed to social stability and cohesion by a Toynbee-like "internal proletariat" of immigrants already settled in our midst but with its own separate and seemingly inexpugnable sense of linguistic, religious and cultural identity. Reluctant assimilationists to what many of their number regard, not without justification, as a moribund culture, the African and Asian 'communities' feel towards the host society a tenuous allegiance at best and an outright antagonism at worst. History, including contemporary history, does not furnish many, or any, examples of successful multicultural societies.

For the time being, however, by far the greatest threat to our society comes from a nihilistic hedonism which is so widely diffused that it seems to preclude any return to more traditional and virtuous ways of living. Glyn-Jones does not exclude the possibility that the next phase of our culture will be, in Sorokin's terminology, ideational. In which case she thinks that at the very least our present freedom to 'do our own thing' will be transmuted from a virtue into a vice. She quotes Edmund Burke's famous dictum that "men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites."

Though the reader may occasionally feel oppressed by the sheer weight of research which Glyn-Jones has drawn upon for an historical excursion stretching to over 600 pages, her book stands as a heroic attempt to awake us from that "chronological snobbery" (Owen Barfield's phrase) which would insist that, uniquely and because of our technological ingenuity, we live in the best of all possible ages. We don't.

In Short

Adela Pankhurst: the Wayward Suffragette; Verna Coleman, Melbourne University Press, 1996, Au$19.95.

Most people have forgotten about the extraordinary career of Emmeline's youngest daughter. This was because her mother banished her to Australia when Adela objected to the militancy of the WSPU; she was also a challenge to her mother's favourite, Christabel.

In this most well written and readable book, Verna Coleman gives vivid insights into the heady atmosphere of the world of causes before the First World War and illustrates perceptively the hatred already latent in the WSPU.

In Australia Adela became involved with the Women's and Anti-conscription movements. She and her husband Tom Walsh, a seaman described as the Lenin of Australia, were founders of the Communist Movement and these activities led to their imprisonment several times.

By the thirties the arch critic of imperialism saw the Empire in a different light, and to her credit, disillusionment with the Soviet Union set in early. She founded the Australian Women's Guild of Empire which preached anti-communism, the importance of the family and Christianity. In the pre-war period her political activity became embarrassing for her admirers. She thought that fascism was a barrier against communism and refused to believe in Nazi atrocities like concentration camps. Eventually her views became too unorthodox even for the Guild; her controversial visit to Japan in 1940 and her involvement with the new political party Australia First led to her internment during the war.

Adela's life is a dramatic revelation of the dangerous folly of trying to save the world. She was regarded "by the Left as a traitor... and by the Right as a ratbag." A kinder description would be a romantic enthusiast with erroneous judgment. However, unlike many fighters for causes, including her mother, she did not neglect her family. She is a contrast also to her latter-day counterparts, generously funded by think tanks or the welfare state.

MC

The Economic Laws of Scientific Research. Terence Kealey, Macmillan, 1996, £45 hbk, £15.99 pbk

Most scientists believe that science is expensive (which it is), that it is uniquely valuable in providing economic growth and a high standard of living (which it is, though not uniquely so), and that nobody would pay for it unless forced to by taxation. This is accepted by some non-scientists, and by enough politicians to extract the money from the rest of society. The politicians may believe it, or it may just fit in with their plan to control and spend as much of the GDP as possible.

Terence Kealey, a biochemist, shows that state funding is much less effective than the free market. He compared the funding of civil research in OECD countries, and found that the percentage of national GDP spent increases with national GDP *per capita*, that public and private funding displace each other, and that public and private displacements are not equal: public funds displace more than they themselves provide.

Academic science is better funded by industry and private benefactors, in countries such as Japan and Switzerland, where it mostly relies on these, than it is from taxation in countries where taxes are high, and academic science is "nationalised". In Britain in the 1980's, when government funding of academic science stagnated, private funding increased to maintain growth.

Kealey's great strength is that he has applied scientific method, rather than rhetoric, to the study of the practice of science itself. He has looked at the costs of science and the sources of its income over a wide range of developed countries, and at measured outputs such as the numbers of published papers and patent applications. This may be contrasted with the usual politically correct approach in the Academy, which is to shout that science is good for you, and we must have more of it.

RJC

As I said to Dennis... The Margaret Thatcher Book of Quotations, Iain Dale (ed), Robson Books, 1997, £14.95.

Iain Dale has recently opened a political bookshop and coffeehouse, hoping that late twentieth century Britain will furnish enough customers for both. In his spare time he has decided to collect quotations by and about the woman who was perhaps the greatest, but certainly the most controversial British Prime Minister of this century. It is a measure of the pygmy-like quality of post-Thatcher politics, that several years after her retirement, politicians, the media and the public in general still hang on to every word she utters. Who listened to Callaghan a month after he lost the election of 1979? Who would dream of publishing a book of his quotations?

The quotations range from serious sttements to hilariously funny (intentionally or otherwise) comments; from sttements of triumph to a moving acknowledgement of defeat; from hostile descriptions of quite exceptional viciousness to open and sometimes reluctant admiration. Many of Thatcher's detractors destroy themselves by their own words. What can one say about Edward Heath's comment after her resignation: "Rejoice, rejoice."? She had used the words at a time of national victory in war; he used them as an expression of sour triumphalism over one far better than he.

My favourite of all the many comments was made by George Schultz: "If I were married to her, I'd be sure and have the dinner on the table when she came home." Well, bully for her.

HS