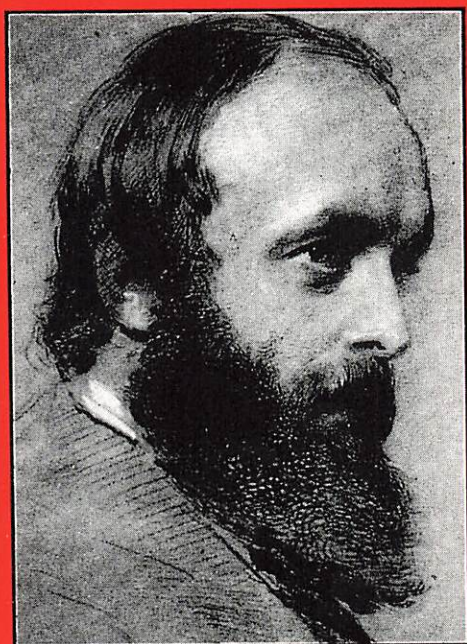


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The Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



The Third Marquess of Salisbury
1830 - 1903

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- Time Out for Toryism**
A D Harvey
- Genocide in Rwanda**
Kenneth Gunn Walberg
- The "Sensations" Exhibition**
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Conservative Journal *Catholic Medical Quarterly*

The medical profession has assumed, in our time, an importance that was once accorded to the priesthood. Doctors are our guides and counsellors, the sole universally recognised authorities in a society unscrupulously devoted to the business of survival. The new morality is a medical morality, a system of rules for saving the body, rather than the soul. Smoking and drinking are rapidly becoming sins, as are obesity and indolence; while sexual morality consists entirely of taking the right precautions, and doing nothing to impede the sex-life of anyone, however young, however perverted, and however diseased. Death is the enemy, and the doctor our friend, not only in staving off the day, but in getting rid of those inconveniences like unwanted children and sexually transmitted diseases which stand in the way of our immediate enjoyments.

This diseased approach to disease is rapidly gaining ground. Commendably, however, the Catholic Church has stood against it, and been prepared to offer instruction and guidance to doctors, and to set medical practice within the context of a spiritual vision. The *Catholic Medical Quarterly*, edited by Peter Doherty and published by the Guild of Catholic Doctors, is

composed of considered and reflective articles, addressed to the moral issues of modern medicine. While broadly following the Church's teaching over abortion and euthanasia, it is also concerned to broaden the moral debate, and offer guidance in matters like embryo research, animal cloning, sex 'education', and all the other areas in which the reckless pursuit of progress threatens to undermine the value of human life. Volume 47 no.4, from May 1997, contains specific articles on medical matters, together with more general philosophical studies of the nature and foundation of moral reasoning, and the considerations that need to be brought to bear by doctors, in facing their moral dilemmas. Gary Lysaght's discussion of 'the lesser evil', as a device of moral argument, is particularly illuminating. There is no doubt that we should all be better served by our doctors, if the medical profession were brought up on the *Catholic Medical Quarterly*, rather than on the trendy and secular rubbish put out by the British Medical Association.

The CMQ is available from the Guild of Catholic Doctors, 60 Grove End Road, London NW8. Membership £35 annually, £2 for students.

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Editor Roger Scruton
Literary Editor Ian Crowther
Managing Editor Merrie Cave

Editorial address and Subscriptions

33, Canonbury Park South,
London, N1 2JW

Tel: 0171 226 7791

Fax: 0171 354 0383

E-mail: salisbury-review@easynet.co.uk

Web site: <http://easyweb.easynet.co.uk/~salisbury-review>

It may not seem like the greatest of the many great changes that are now sweeping across the once Christian world, but it probably is — namely, the fact that homosexuality is now out of its closet and into every closet elsewhere. In a secular age there seems to be no publicly recognised language with which to condemn it, and the idea that human sexuality has a normal, natural and God-given aim in marriage and child-bearing is no longer defended. This does not mean that the idea is false or of merely transitory interest. But many of the most basic truths and values prove impossible to defend, once they have been called in question, and we are no more likely to see a definitive justification of traditional marriage than a definitive proof of the reality of the external world or the evil of murder. It is now accepted by politicians and opinion makers of all persuasions, that 'gay sex' is a viable option for all of us, and that to criticise it is to stand accused of 'homophobia' — the crime which has replaced racism as the surest sign that one is beyond the pale of civilised discourse. We are to put out of mind the observed promiscuity, transience and lovelessness of the 'gay scene'; we are to neglect the narcissism and paedophilia that so often accompany homosexual predation; we are to accept the myth that homosexual tendencies are innate and that sexual orientation is a culturally induced and 'chosen' strategy. And we are to forget future generations, and the consuming interest that they have in our sexuality. All this counts as nothing beside the great cry for liberation.

As Margery Rosenberg argues, Freudian psychology is by no means innocent in this matter, having propagated, through its theory of repression, the concepts necessary to vindicate the sexual 'alternative'. But Freud is surely not the greatest culprit, despite the fact that his hydraulic imagery and infantile obsession with his parents' bedroom have done so much to corrupt the language through which love and desire are now perceived. Equally important is the collapse of privacy, and the assumption, both by the media and their victims, that private life should be displayed whenever 'relevant' to matters of 'public concern' and that all truths can be made known when the 'public interest' (as defined by journalists in search of a lucrative story) should require it. As Paul Helm shows, it is hard to find a legal remedy to the prevailing habit of display, and when those, like the late Princess Diana, who most complain against

media attention also do most to court it, we can hardly believe that privacy has a secure and dignified place in the outlook of ordinary mortals.

Like it or not, we have entered the era of 'New Islington Man', whose character is analysed for us by William Norton. How serious this creature can be about the long-term interests of his society, race or species is a moot point. The evidence is that he prefers hasty sentimentality to real feeling, and self-glamourising postures to the hard work of understanding. He will not be impressed by the truth, when it requires any rearrangement of his self-awarded prize for moral virtue. Hence he will not be influenced by the true and devastating story of Rwanda, as told here by Father Gunn-Walberg, or by the fate of the family in the post-modern world, as illustrated by John Campion. He is the natural inhabitant of Alexander Boot's Babel and will be happy just so long as nobody suggests that there is anything that should really concern him outside his own easy pleasures. Happy, that is, for as long as the extensive support system which created him continues to function. But for how long can it function, when the moral capital on which it drew is eaten up? That is the real social question of our time, and it is to Mr Blair's credit that he has some inkling of this, despite the determination of his party to put it out of mind.

When people owe their existence to the state rather than the family, then they naturally prefer big government, with many niches in which to lodge their claims for hand-outs. The process which created the European Union out of the ambitions of second-rate politicians from defeated countries therefore feeds into the moral and material needs of the New Human Type. The result, as David Pryce-Jones shows, is not the Europe that we knew — the heart of Christian civilisation and the greatest ever manifestation of high culture in a world of nugatory fantasies — but another fantasy, as ephemeral as the resources which it squanders, and destined for the dustheap of history just as soon as its mafia should see a quicker route to wealth.

Take consolation, however. The break-up of the 'UK', as it is called, proceeds apace, and plans are afoot to secure sizeable chunks of it for subscribers to this Review. Send your cheque, made out to the editor, to the above address, and we will reserve a piece of land for you — six foot long, and two foot wide, where you can settle down forever.

Welcome to Babel

Alexander Boot looks behind the language of politics

Go to, Let us go down, and there confound their Language, that they may not understand one another's speech. (Gen. 12:7)

In God's eyes party politics must be tantamount to erecting "a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven". Why else would He mete out the same punishment for both?

Linguistic confusion is, of course, a serious matter, for how can people agree on anything if they don't understand one another? The whole process of communication begins to resemble jigsaw pieces lying face down on the table: the elements are all there, but they don't add up to much.

Take the latest election, for example. Exactly who were the major players? Tories, who are anything but? Liberals, who aren't? Labour, who used to be but no longer are? And if we aren't certain who the real players were, surely we don't know exactly who won, do we?

Now back in the 19th century, there was no confusion. The two major contenders were the Tories and the Whigs. The Tories, aka Conservatives, were, not to cut too fine a point, the party of aristocracy. They believed in social order based on the traditional hierarchy, although not without some flexibility. Their attitude to the lower classes was kind but paternalistic, akin to a father who feels that even his retarded child deserves love. Since the lower classes were mostly employed in agriculture and nascent industry, Tory paternalism extended to those as well, taking the shape of what today we call protectionism. Even as a good father doesn't let neighbourhood bullies beat his child, so the Tories used tariffs and subsidies to shield the masses from the villainy of foreign poachers.

The Whigs, aka Liberals, while also respectful of tradition, despised paternalism. Firm believers in laissez-faire economics at home and free trade abroad, they felt that as long as the State got out of the people's hair, the lower classes could fend for themselves. Neither did they believe in protectionism, and their success in having the Corn Laws repealed spelled Britain's economic success.

Liberal ideas put into practice created in the Waterloo-to-Ypres century the greatest economic growth Britain has ever enjoyed, and the most astounding upward mobility Europe has ever known. Tory rearguard action was, in the same century, moderately successful in attenuating the shock waves of this growth and keeping the now threadbare social fabric from being torn to tatters. Then in barged the 20th century, heralded by the roar of the August guns. Out went aristocracy: gassed in Flanders, taxed in Whitehall. And all we see at the end of it is Babel.

For several years now, the Tory Party has been explicitly committed to a classless society. Enough has been said about this nonsense; suffice it to say now that perhaps we can no longer regard the Tories as the party of aristocracy, or aristocracy as the ruling class. In one of our less charitable moods, we may even hiss that all those Hons. have become nothing but a 'Ye Olde Englande' side show, a development emphasised by Buckingham Palace collecting admission prices only marginally lower than those charged by Barnum and Bailey.

So where does that leave conservatism? More important, what does the word mean these days? Take the aristocratic social order out of it,

and paternalism is more or less all you have left. Which, in today's terms, means a huge bureaucracy running a gigantic 'welfare state', to the 'basic features' of which the true-blue Tory Peregrine Worsthorne wanted us all to pledge 'loyalty' as far back as 1958. That may be what 'conservatism' means to the party faithful, but to many conservatives it means something entirely different. So they have to acknowledge that the word is semantically inoperable as is, and add to it a typographic dimension by describing themselves as conservative with a lower-case 'c', thus renouncing knee-jerk loyalty to the upper-case Conservative Party. As a result the latter loses elections.

What do they mean by that small 'c'? Most definitions probably include some aspects of what is inaccurately called Thatcherism or Friedmanism. (The more appropriate terms, such as Smithism, Ricardoism or von-Misesism must have been rejected on phonetic grounds.) And more specifically? Limited government, personal freedom, laissez-faire economics at home and free trade abroad. In other words, all those things that circumscribe the traditional domain of liberalism.

So this is what that word means today? asks the perplexed Martian student of English. Not at all. In America, liberalism means, *mutatis mutandis*, socialism: big government, replacement of individual responsibility with collective security, as much government control and as little personal liberty as is achievable this side of concentration camps. In Britain, it means the platform of the Liberal Democratic Party, which stands for roughly the same, plus the negation of

Britain's national liberty. In this aspiration the upper-case Liberals go even further than the upper-case Conservatives, who used to swear by God, King and country but now tend to support multi-culturalism, classlessness and Jacques Santer.

For the 19th century liberal, the 10 percent of the nation's income the government was then spending was too high. For today's liberal, the 40-odd percent it spends now is too low. So if one wants to use 'liberal' in its proper sense, and it is after all a cognate of 'liberty; then one must either modify it with 'classic' or replace it with 'libertarian' (which in America means anarchist). Where does that leave the word? In the garbage heap of lexicology.

At this inauspicious site it's piled on top of other cognates of liberty, e.g. 'liberation', as in 'national liberation'. When applied to places like Uganda or Burundi, the term means a transitional stage between colonialism and cannibalism. When applied to the former Soviet Union; it means a shift from *de jure* to merely *de facto* Russian control. When applied to Asia, it means Mao, Ho and Kim.

Thus Babelised, 'liberation' and its cousin 'liberal' join 'conservative', which incidentally means old-style Whig in America and old-style Communist in Russia. If Russell Kirk could identify the prominent Whig Edmund Burke as the father of Anglo-Saxon conservatism, then his Russian counterpart Rostislav Kirkoff is justified in assigning that role in his country to Lenin, thus confounding us even more.

But of course today's Liberals aren't descendants of the 19th-century Whigs. They are a splinter group of Old Labour, which in turn traces its roots back to the Luddites, Chartists and other trouble-makers of yesteryear, such as the oxymoronic Tory Radicals. More important, it is umbilically linked with certain unfashionable Continental doctrines, a link Labour don't mind emphasising by adopting foreign tunes like 'Internationale' and 'Bandera Rossa' as their party songs, and the foreign red flag as their party banner. (By doing so, they endorse the

Walpurgisnacht these symbols embodied, but that's a different matter.)

New Labour, so called because the unmodified term is a historically compromised election-loser, hang on to the symbols but feign to renounce the substance, claiming they represent the middle classes rather than the unions, aka Labour. In other words, Labour aren't Labour. They stake a claim on the territory held in the past by the Liberals, who used to be Whigs but aren't any longer.

If such elementary terms have been Babelised, imagine the confusion with more amorphous concepts, such as right wing and left wing. For instance, strident adherents of old Labour don't mind describing Lady Thatcher as 'extreme right wing' or, if they are not only strident but stupid as well, 'fascist'. Both designations are also applied retrospectively to the likes of Hitler. One infers that the political spectrum, as they see it, starts at the extreme right exemplified by Thatcher and Hitler and ends up at the extreme left represented by — Cook? Prescott? Benn? Scargill? Livingston? Perish the thought. Those lads are mainstream. No, the extreme left are the sort of chaps who released poison gas into the Tokyo underground.

So what does the 'fascist' Maggie stand for? Why, 'laissez-faire' economics at home, free trade abroad, limited government, individual responsibility, meritocracy. In short, to a naked eye unassisted by the magnifying lens of socialism, she is an out and out Whig, even though she confusingly led the Tories.

If A equals B, and B equals C, then A equals C. Applying this proven logic to the task in hand, we have to assume that Hitler, Maggie's fellow right-wing extremist, was a Whig too. But then we read a book or two and find out his beliefs ran more towards socialist ideals: big government, nationalised or at least subjugated economy, wage and price controls, strict tariffs, cradle-to-grave welfare, vegetarianism and the kind of genocidal peccadilloes that until (or after) him were practised on that scale only by socialists. But socialists are on the left, not on the right, aren't they? Then we remember

that Hitler's party was called National Socialist Workers' and ask the inevitable question: So who's the right-wing extremist then?

Perhaps other countries can give us a clue. In America, 'extreme right wing' usually describes John Birch Society or Ku-Klux-Klan types. Importing the term here, we give Lady Thatcher a blazing torch and wrap her in a bed sheet with slits in the hood. Somehow my mind's eye must be too myopic to see the picture clearly, though white is definitely her colour. In Russia, right wing means communist and left wing means a Whig-Socialist mongrel. Thus, no serious help is forthcoming from abroad; yet again Britain has to rely on her own resources to straighten out her mess.

But forget about straightening it out. We are sinking even deeper into the linguistic morass, pulled down by terms like 'social conscience', 'free medical care' and 'free education'.

"Have you no conscience, Sir?" enquired a US Senator detailed to crucify Joe McCarthy for saying that many good communists were communists. Fire-eating rhetoric, that. Now let me try a modified version on you: "Have you no social conscience, Sir (or Madam)?" The only proper answer is, "What exactly do you mean, old chap?" Or, to keep it short, "You what?" What I mean is this: "Do you believe the government should confiscate your hard-earned money and waste it on ill-conceived schemes whose only results have been amply and universally demonstrated to be the strengthening of the state and the weakening of the individual?" Or, to keep it short, "Are you a socialist?"

But the word 'socialism' was found years ago to be a sure election-loser for people with social conscience, so it had to be replaced by something more Babelian. 'Conscience', on the other hand, has a nice Christian ring to it, like 'charity'. The more you have of it, the better. Tony 'Anthony' Blair, for example, is a Christian. More precisely, he is an Anglican who regularly attends Catholic Mass. That's why he is positively bristling with conscience. In other words, he is a socialist. Except that he isn't, because socialists lose

elections, and Tony didn't. That means his conscience, even though it's social, is merely an extension of his synthetic religion. At least that's what was asserted by Paul Johnson, an authority on synthetic beliefs.

"But surely Christian charity is something one does with one's own money?" you exclaim.

When one does it with somebody else's, one must first take the money from somebody else, and that's robbery, isn't it? Robin Hood ethics? There, I knew you had no social conscience whatsoever. What's the difference whose money it is? One way or another we must pay for free medical care and free education.

Hold on, admonishes a semantic rigourist. 'Free' means we don't have to pay for them. There's another example of someone whose understanding of language leads him to a misunderstanding of politics.

Of course, somebody has to pay for all those doctors, nurses, hospitals, CAT scans and ECGs. Those things don't grow on trees, you know. They are, in fact, jolly expensive and the more inefficiently provided, the dearer they get. The payment comes from the government, which can only make money the old-fashioned way: from taxes. 'Free' thus means that the transfer of money from you to hospital, rather than being direct, is mediated by the State which acts as a general contractor with megalomania. But governments are less efficient than private enterprise (compare, say, Air France's ledgers with BA's). So we must assume that mastectomies have to be more expensive when you pay for them through the government, whether you need them or not, than they would be if you paid for them direct — and only when you need them.

But when you make your NHS 'contributions' (the Babelian for tax), you don't just pay for mastectomies. A huge chunk of your money pays for the ever-growing state bureaucracy required to administer 'free' medical care. This is something you wouldn't have to pay if medical care weren't free. In other words 'free', translated from the Babelian, means more expensive than it otherwise would be, not to mention less good.

Doctors complicate matters even further. In a recent survey, 90% of 'medical professionals' stated that people suffering from 'smoking related diseases' ought to pay for treatment direct, on top of getting it free by paying taxes. Why? Because these diseases are behavioural, caused by the patients' obtuse bloody-mindedness. "How about AIDS?" asks a simpleton untutored in Babelian, which just goes to show how little he understands the meaning of 'free'. A quick look at education confirms this semantic conundrum. When education wasn't entirely 'free' and 'comprehensive', it was good and cheap. Now that it has acquired those modifiers, it's horrendously expensive

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and shamefully bad. Advertising copywriters deepen the confusion by admitting tacitly that the word 'free' means nothing at all. That's why they routinely leave it unemployed in front of 'gift', which is perfectly capable of doing all the work by itself. So down into the semantic bin goes the lying parasite 'free', where it lands with a dull thud on top of the previously discarded 'social conscience'.

But wait. As Charles Moore hastened to reassure us in his *Telegraph* leader two days after the election, Conservatives have a social conscience too. Even Peter Lilley has it, and we all know what a 'right-wing extremist' he is. Peter Lilley 'cares'. In other words, he is a socialist, and since most of his party lies (no pun intended) to his left, the party is even more so, even though it is Conservative, which means not Whiggish, Thatcherite or Nazi.

In fact, Alan Clark, writing in the same paper a few days later, explains

that 'Thatcherism is in, and of, the past', and 'the Friedmanite orthodoxies... were never entirely accepted.' 'Almost lost to sight,' he continues, 'remain the three principal functions of the state: to ensure that its citizens are secure, that they are gainfully employed, and that they are enlightened'.

Of the 'Three Functions According to Alan', the first is another word for social conscience, which is the Babelian for socialism; the second is another word for wholesale nationalisation (the only way for a state to 'ensure' total employment), which is the Babelian for socialism; the third is another word for 'free' education, wherein the government makes us pay through the nose for the illiterate egalitarian junk pumped through our children's minds. Which, too, is the Babelian for socialism. The three functions of the state can thus be reduced to one: being socialist.

Therefore the Conservative Party must become, if it isn't already, as socialist as New Labour but not quite so socialist as Old Labour, and then one day it may win another election in the name of conservatism — but not of liberalism, which is what Friedmanism is, and it is 'in, and of, the past' — unlike Alan Clark who, by being a more sober thinker than his predecessor, has managed to come back into the present.

To make certain he is right, and God forbid such a dashing fellow should be wrong, I've re-read Friedman. Sure enough, he is an unrepentant Friedmanite. He believes that an economy based on voluntary exchange among free citizens is more effective than a command economy wherein all citizens are the state's slaves. And he even has the temerity to illustrate that subversive postulate with incendiary examples, such as a comparison between the economies of North and South Korea. So Mr Clark is right, and we should be grateful to him for exposing Friedman's sharp practices. That sort of thing is indeed 'in, and of, the past'. All we need now is for Mr Clark to provide some examples of booming command economies that will demonstrate the full extent of Milton Friedman's folly. Obviously, Mr Clark

has lots of such examples up his sleeve, otherwise people might not take him as seriously as he doubtless deserves.

His hefty homophone Ken doesn't do much better. Battling for the leadership of the Tories, Mr Clarke explained his politics as commitment to 'free enterprise', but with a 'social conscience'. The former means small government. The latter means huge government. Does Mr Clarke propose to nationalise not the means of production but merely its results? 'I wish he would explain his Explanation', was Byron's comment on something much more straight-forward.

I don't know about you, but by now my head is spinning like a top. Let's score another one for the language of democracy (itself, incidentally, a Babelian shibboleth) and make a few concluding remarks:

Muddled words reflect muddled thinking. Meaningless words hide meaningless concepts. If the terminology of our politics is tangled up in a grotesque cobweb, then it's politics that need sorting out, not just the language.

If the word 'Tory' has lost meaning, then Toryism has to be re-created. For that, aristocracy must come back into its own. Since this is unlikely, we ought to bury the word 'Tory' and weep at its funeral, for it stood for something good while it lived.

The word 'liberal' ought to be yanked out of the greedy clutches of one of the West's most illiberal parties and either rehabilitated or, failing that, allowed to follow 'Tory' into the communal grave.

The word 'Labour' doesn't rate fanfare; it should be dumped into the nameless ditch reserved for those who lived without honour and died without glory.

And then we should take a look at our politics and ask ourselves the question first posed by those great conservatives Chernyshevsky and Lenin: What is to be done?

You and I could probably sit down together and in a few hours come up with a political expression of Eldorado. Spinning out of our eager minds would be a Britain of free, prosperous men and women who neither need nor would accept pathetic handouts. Those quali-

fied to do so would vote for a government spending no more than 10% of our money because it would be committed only to its true functions: justice and defence. Our Britain would be sovereign and independent — but it would welcome with open arms, rather than penalties, anyone who wants to sell or buy anything that is legal. She would enjoy the best of relations with anyone who wishes her well — and be strong enough to repel anyone who wishes her ill.

Our leaders would be sage statesmen who would realise that man's nature is immutable. A true government is not one that attempts to eradicate the distinctions between good and evil — but one that prescribes the former and proscribes the latter.

***The word 'Labour'
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died without glory.***

They would consider it axiomatic that free enterprise is superior to socialism not only economically, but also ethically and socially.

They would know that the only true equality is equality before God and under law; an attempt to enforce any other kind by legislation leads to tyranny.

They would presume that civilised society requires hierarchical classes — the more the better, for true harmony thrives in diversity as much as it withers in uniformity.

And they would accept, however grudgingly, that hereditary aristocracy, the highest of these classes, has the greatest responsibility in governing society. Constitutional monarchy in Britain should thus play not just a ceremonial but a functional role.

Our two main parties would be named

— for old times' sake — Tories and Whigs. These words would be exhumed, cleaned out, de-Babelised and restored to their traditional meaning. The two parties would differ not fundamentally but in the relative importance they attach to different principles. The Whigs, while respectful of tradition, would accentuate liberty and the removal of arbitrary obstacles on the way to self-betterment. The Tories, while committed to liberty, would stress the defence of Britain's cultural and social tradition from the onslaught of the self-bettered masses. So balanced, the two parties would achieve prosperity without barbarism, liberty without equality and harmony without uniformity.

Thus, and only thus, would we be able to get rid of the Babel where English, the greatest language on earth, is used not to communicate thoughts but, following an earlier Continental model, to conceal them. In our Britain, English words would tell the truth rather than mendacious approximations. They would once again enliven the admiring world with their precision and subtlety. They would once again begin to flow in powerful streams from the pens of great poets and thinkers, not just the PCs of hacks and touts. They...

Suddenly we wake up, shake our heads and realise that there is no point in you and me sitting down together, much as I would enjoy that. For everything we could ever dream up would be a Utopian fantasy. It will never happen. You and I are powerless. So try to make yourself comfortable in Babel. It's here to stay!

Alexander Boot is Creative Director of an advertising agency.

Many thanks to those who completed the Readers' Survey. The results will be published next year.

The Glory that was Empire?

Rupert Hodder remembers Hong Kong

Anyone who has affection for Hong Kong will empathise with the strong emotions displayed by the Last Governor and his family during the final hours of British rule. By contrast, the coldly rational pronouncements and actions of Heath, Howe and Heseltine, rather like Percy Craddock's unceasing carping, betrayed a mixture of bitterness and cultural sycophancy which might be expected from men who, believing themselves to be the true cognoscenti of the Chinese world, find their advice and opinions ignored.

It was easy to love the romance of Hong Kong; even the grubbiness of the streets and the polluted air seemed benign and exotic. It was impossible not to admire the tides of vitality that surged throughout the Colony; nor could one but help sense beyond that crackling energy the echoes and ghosts of past generations. I remember in particular the stained, muddy green blocks of an old workers' estate in Kwai Chung that I visited shortly before they were due to be demolished. A few of the shops which lined the ground floors remained open and some of the tiny flats were still occupied: bird-cages, pot plants and clothes hung from grimy and peeling window grills. On the ground floor of one of the blocks the children's nursery, its windows still covered with brightly coloured paper animals, had closed. Running between some of the monuments were wooden stalls and street restaurants. At dawn these thoroughfares were filled with the smells of freshly brewed tea, deep-frying dough, coarse cigarettes, fish gutted by blood-soaked hands, spices and tamarinds from shops selling dried groceries, and mothballs from old winter coats brought out of storage for the cold November morning.

Behind the blocks were the factories, their dirty, streaked walls pitted with blackened windows and draped with thick webs of piping. And behind the factories were rough, steep hills, their ridges and boulders precisely defined and rust-reddened by the sharp, early morning sun. The estate had an extraordinary atmosphere: it was as if each building was impregnated with the now-claimed memory of the ruthless, single-minded purpose of some uncompromising struggle.

Yet there is something odd about our affection for the Last Hurrah of Empire. It has to be said that Hong Kong was something of a gravy train for those expatriates whose life-style mattered far more than their job. Is it only my imagination that on television in Hong Kong Patten often appeared frustrated at the amateurishness and the narrowness of attitudes to be found in a settlement that is, for all its shiny glass towers and glistening merchants, still a market-town? Perhaps it is only once the glamour of strangeness begins to wear off, that the harsh realities emerge. Money, prestige, power and narcissism take precedence in Hong Kong: every aspect of life is shaped and directed accordingly. If we think there are more than just a small handful of Hong Kong people who wish to preserve something of the British legacy, then we are deluding ourselves. The civil servants, the journalists, the police officers and members of the ICAC, may soon find that the rest of their compatriots (including the highest echelons of the administration together with their business partners in Hong Kong and Mainland China) view the world in a rather different, but not entirely unfamiliar, way. The notion that institutions, procedures, laws, and concepts such as impartiality and probity, should be treated as absolutes,

and the belief that morality lies in such absolutes, may soon come to be seen as a rather curious and pointless abstraction. There are probably even fewer intellectuals who will stand up to be counted. They are too insular and too well paid to worry about intellectual freedom and the British legacy. It is easy to understand why the Hong Kong tycoon Gordon Wu should have donated HK\$100 million to Princeton (an independently-funded institution): to have given the money to one or all of the universities in Hong Kong (which are now dependent upon the government of China's Special Administrative Region for their lavish funding) would have simply 'produced more mediocrity', he explained.

As always the main concern of the vast majority of people in Hong Kong will be to get by, and somehow to improve their lot. If they should lose out, then they may stop, for just one moment, to remember the British; if they should do well, then they will be thankful for the new opportunities the Communists brought with them. Most people will play the game, either because they enjoy it, or because they see no reason why they should not join in. If the rest of the world moves on, why stay behind?

Hong Kong may well become less fair, and the quality of life may deteriorate. But there are good reasons why Hong Kong should continue to prosper. After all, the most successful parts of China are thick with networks of cronies and corruption. Attempts by academics to present *guanxi* as something honourable and distinct from corruption are intriguing distractions, but they are unlikely to prove convincing; nor do these kinds of rationalisations seem entirely necessary. A reliance on the manipulation of personal relationships for business and

politics is not peculiar to the Chinese. Merchants of every culture know the value of social networks. Today's regulatory and legal frameworks bring greater stability and predictability, and they widen markets: but those frameworks are not, in any direct sense, the cause of trading success.

The belief that trade will inevitably bring about democracy has a ring of truth about it, for Europe set the precedent. But there are no guarantees in human affairs, and the Chinese may be right in thinking that a connection between economic success and democracy exists only if enough people believe that it exists. If China can create more wealth in Hong Kong, more quickly than any democracy, then they will have proved their point and secured their position.

The concomitant belief that trade should be separated from a concern with human rights and political reform is another reason why Hong Kong should continue to do well even without the British legacy. Once lured deep into the international economy, so the argument goes, China will find itself with no choice but to move inexorably towards a more liberal political system, gently directed by constructive engagement with the US and Europe. As Hong Kong knows, however, the separation of trade from the political concerns of the US and Europe, merely allows China to continue to use trade to further its own political ambitions. Merchants from Hong Kong and Mainland China will be more than happy to take advantage of all the opportunities thrown their way by their government's manipulation of trade for political ends. If China suffers commercially — the Hong Kong merchants will be quick to point out — then so will the Hong Kong people for whom, it will be stressed, the British have a moral responsibility.

The importance of personal and institutional probity for commerce; the causal connection between economic success and democracy; and the subtlety of constructive engagement: with beliefs like those dominant within the British and American governments, who in Hong Kong will want to preserve the British legacy? If administrators

and merchants can make money and fulfil their ambitions without that legacy, and if they can manipulate to their own material advantage British and American concerns about the survival of democracy and the rule of law, then why should they worry about a slavish adherence to impartiality, political freedom, justice, and the probity of institutions and individuals?

And yet Patten is quite right to have pushed so hard for democratic reform in the Colony. It may be that the issue of democracy in Hong Kong is important only in so far as it serves as a useful indicator of the state of mind of China's leadership. Democracy in China, however, is vital to the long term security of the Far East as a whole. Although China's leaders exhibit a brilliance in earthy *realpolitik*, they often behave like men emerging from years of social isolation, demanding both attention and obedience, only dimly aware that they are not entirely sure they understand everything that is said to them. China's economic reforms have brought remarkable material success, and dangerous problems.

As the economic power of merchants in China has strengthened, the system of state ownership of industry and commerce has been weakened. The risks inherent in loosening their hold over an administrative system that is first and foremost an instrument of political control, are outweighed by the necessity for sustained and rapid material progress without which the Party will either not survive or leave itself with little to govern except a sorry anachronism. The curious mixture of state and private enterprises which now exists in the absence of any clear institutional or procedural framework for the conduct of business and the exercise of law, has left merchants with no alternative but to form alliances with bureaucrats and politicians at central, provincial and sub-provincial levels. Severe tensions are being generated by corruption, cronyism, unemployment, and lack of accountability, and by resentment and envy of the magnificent wealth that exists alongside a poverty reminiscent of sub-Saharan Africa.

Concerns about the problems which attend China's heady success are being

met with an old *Zeitgeist* which the return of Hong Kong and the goal of reunification with Taiwan will do much to invigorate. The uncertainty, the absence of transparent and accountable political institutions and of an independent and impartial judicature, and an arrogance born of ignorance, isolation and lack of confidence, has generated, in some, a belief in the indisputable greatness of Chinese culture or, at the very least, in its importance as a symbol of national cohesion and as means of legitimising decisions and actions. China is compared with Japan and the newly industrialised countries of the West Pacific rim, for it is claimed that these successful mixed economies demonstrate the potency and efficacy of one important strand of Chinese cultural influence — the notion of an economy and society founded upon the actions and efforts of the general population.

This kind of cultural one-upmanship is not confined to the Party's official newspapers. Confucianism, it is proclaimed by Chang Kuosin, a veteran commentator in Hong Kong, advocated private enterprise and minimum government long before the appearance of 'Western' economists and the American constitution. Francis Hsu, writing the foreword to a book on the Chinese of Papua New Guinea published by the Chinese University of Hong Kong, unashamedly links purported 'cultural' differences to skin colour. 'White Europeans', he writes, have exhibited throughout their colourful history a constant flair for Utopian idealism or for dark nihilism... Their way is one of extremes.... Westerners generously support child and animal protection societies; but many of them also rape and mutilate young girls and vandalise zoos and decimate defenceless animals.... The Chinese have, on the other hand, throughout their cyclical history shown no comparable tendency towards such extremes.... no Chinese leader ever spoke of a war to end all wars, instituted [an] Inquisition, or even fantasised anything resembling Hitler's final solution'. Sun Qian, a mainland Chinese academic, explicitly creates a strong racial foundation for his analysis of the

Overseas Chinese for whom he claims a natural grasp of economics. Consequently, 'the Chinese' are willing to co-operate with other peoples. The Europeans, however, are essentially hegemonic. Whereas Chinese stress 'relational' capitalism, Westerners are individualistic. 'The Chinese' will take considered risks, whereas 'the Westerners' see no distinction between adventurism and management. Whereas 'the Chinese' believe that competition, coexistence and harmony are complementary, Westerners can only envisage a completely closed economy or a completely open and ruthlessly competitive one. The Chinese are not the only people to work hard, but it is extremely rare to find as much emphasis placed upon selfless effort and moral improvement as it is among 'the Chinese'. And whereas the 'Chinese' educated Overseas Chinese will work hard because they believe hard work and moral improvement are values in their own right, the 'Western' educated Chinese are only really interested in how much they are paid for the hours they put in. Even Wang Gungwu, former vice-chancellor of the University of Hong Kong, allows his belief in the difference of the Chinese to be reflected somewhat clumsily in his dogmatic insistence that the use of the term 'Diaspora' to describe the Overseas Chinese is unsatisfactory 'because its association with Jewish history is unacceptable in South-east Asia'.

The similarity between these images of 'the Chinese' and the characteristic of *Pflichterfühlung* praised by Germany's National Socialist Party during the 1920s and 1930s is unmistakable. I am not suggesting that China is about to repeat history, or that any of these writers believe in National Socialism. However, the brash, steel-like self-belief that is now instrumental in the re-making of Chinese communism should not be ignored. China's threatening behaviour towards Taiwan, its machinations in the South China Sea, Indochina and Burma, its treatment of Tibet, and the modernisation of its armed forces, can be interpreted in many ways. Beijing may worry as much about parts of China being pulled towards the outside world as its neighbours do about growing

Chinese influence. This may be an important concern underlying China's determination to ensure that Hong Kong, Macao and Taiwan are brought back into the fold and are made to work. But we would be ill-advised to reject the possibility that China may, through a mixture of military and economic brinkmanship and bluster, try to enforce its will abroad. China might view the end of one Empire as the signal for the rise of another.

Only a democratic China will bring long-term stability to the Far East. Trade and investment should be linked firmly to human rights and political reform; uncompromising support should be given to Taiwan, regardless of China's threats; and trade relationships with countries in the West Pacific Rim and South Asia should be developed vigorously. A jewelled arc of economic powers stretching from India to Vietnam, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan and Japan, and secured in the south by Australia and New Zealand, will constitute the best opportunity and protection. This remains true whether China allows its fabricated Chineseness to become the vehicle for aggressive resentments; chooses once again the cold darkness of isolation, the misery of poverty and the hopelessness of chaos; or finally and irrevocably opens itself to the world's trade winds and the new life which they offer.

The Last Governor's affection for Hong Kong did not seem to be marred by the romantic sentimentality that attends his critics' faith, both in the uniqueness of Chinese culture, and thus (by virtue of their appreciation of that truth) in their own importance. These critics, these cognoscenti of the Chinese world, are sure in the righteousness of the apologia they construct for China. Yet who but T E Lawrence could be as sure in the knowledge that 'pretences are hollow, worthless things'?

Rupert Hodder is Senior Lecturer in Geographical Science in the University of Plymouth.

Sophist's Corner

Extensive customer research behind the new identity suggested our airline needs to be more open, cosmopolitan, dynamic and aware of its customers differing cultural needs. Abroad, people see this country as friendly, diverse and open to other cultures. As more than 60% of our customers are non-British we must better reflect that. British Airways remains proudly British but perhaps we need to lose some of our traditional British image and take on board some of the new British traits.

Our new identity is that of a global, caring company blending the best of traditional and modern British values with those of the countries that we serve. At the heart of the new corporate identity is the creation of more than 50 world images, including many from the various regions within the United Kingdom, over the next 3 years. Of the first 15 images unveiled 4 are of British origin: we have artists' work from Cornwall, London, Dorset and Scotland with more to follow from other regions.

It will cost around £60 million to implement our new identity over three years but much of this would have been spent on regular repainting of aircraft anyway. It is an investment in jobs and a successful, British-based worldwide company in future success. It is a promise of a new British Airways to deliver even greater values and service to customers.

Letter from British Airways, Customer Relations.

Privacy and the Media

Paul Helm wants to get the Press off our backs

Privacy has been defined as the right to be let alone, and this definition captures much of what is essential, but not all of it. For an equally important part of privacy lies not merely in this rather negative right, but rather in the power to choose the nature of one's communication or intercourse with others, and to choose whether or not to initiate and to sustain it. To have the right to privacy is thus to have power, the chance to remain discreet or to disclose aspects of one's innermost person, or those of one's family or friends, to those whom one trusts. This is, of course, why all governments rightly resist 'open-ness'. Privacy, so long as it is retained, is power, the power to take action or to do nothing. Where privacy is breached it leads to a loss of power, to its redistribution among those who know what they would not otherwise know. Were this not so then blackmail would be impossible. Blackmail is the abuse of power derived from a breach of privacy. But blackmail is an extreme case; wherever privacy is breached power is redistributed.

So not only is the breach of privacy something wrong in itself, when that breach occurs it changes things permanently. A person whose privacy is respected retains an area of his life in which he can do what he likes, an area of intimacy or idiosyncrasy, where plans may be laid, and indolence, whim or fantasy indulged. Further, in this situation the initiative over whether or not to reveal what is private remains with him. He has the power. But with intrusion power shifts, both immediately, and in the longer term. Immediately, the initiative is wrested from the one intruded upon and having been lost it cannot be regained. And if that person becomes aware of the intrusion then his attitude to his own future privacy is permanently altered. The invasion of

privacy is like burglary and rape. The loss and the sense of violation remains, and the intruder may return.

Double Standards

It is not difficult to detect the reek of double standards, even of outright hypocrisy, in the shrill comments of the media on any measures that are suggested to uphold personal privacy and confidentiality. The call for 'disclosure', 'freedom of information' and for the removal of secrecy, reinforced by the relentless pursuit by the media of whatever private matter is judged by them to be of public interest, is matched by a call for confidentiality of one's creditworthiness, or of one's medical or criminal record, say. In upholding both the obligation to disclose and the right not to, little thought appears to be given as to how this particular circle is going to be squared. How is a person's right to know about, say, their own credit-rating to be enforced while keeping everyone else in the dark about it? How is a person's right to privacy and confidentiality to be made consistent with the activities of the media ever more anxious to disclose personal matters on the grounds that the public interest is involved? Nor is it at all clear on what grounds, other than the arbitrary whim of a news-hungry editor or reporter, one's relations with one's bank should be a personal matter while one's relations with one's wife may not be. How is the 'open society' to be reconciled with a society which resists the clamour for 'open-ness'?

Linked with double standards is a split-mindedness in argument. Some claim to detect, with a kind of prophetic insight, that the government wishes to introduce legislation that will enforce a very general right to privacy, but which will deny us all a general right to free expression. Whether or not the government has legislative designs in this area is one thing; governments are capable of

almost any sort of nonsense. But lighting upon the draft of a Parliamentary bill which upholds privacy but does not at the same time curb free expression is no more likely than finding a perpetual motion machine.

Double standards are evidenced in another way. Gone are the days, it seems, when a person's private life was his own affair. Now the Press takes upon itself the role of disclosing embarrassing information about a politician's 'private life', in order, it is claimed, to cast doubt on his fitness for public office. Perhaps some actions done in private do unfit a person for public office, and it is stretching the gullibility of the public to breaking point to expect anyone to take sermons about 'basic standards' from someone who is known to hold those standards in contempt. 'Don't do what I do, do what I say' is an unappealing political slogan at the best of times.

Nevertheless, the fact that known double-dealing is disabling in political life as in some other callings does not justify the much more extreme view that anything that would embarrass a person if publicly disclosed automatically ought to disable them from political office, and so for this very reason ought to be disclosed as a 'duty to the public', part of everyone's 'right to know'. It does not follow that because some embarrassing disclosures prove unfitness anything that would embarrass if disclosed proves unfitness. Because some things are shameful and better not disclosed, it does not follow that everything that is better not disclosed (such as a crippling disability) is shameful.

How little the media are to be trusted can be judged by the reaction to any proposal to legislate on privacy. The knee-jerk reaction is to warn against 'muzzling' the press. The media throw all their weight behind 'voluntary policing' (a contradiction in terms?) and the

observance of an internally monitored 'code of practice'. What are we to think, if, as happened for a few hours after the publication of the photographs of the late Princess of Wales privately exercising in a gymnasium in November 1993, one important group of papers no longer volunteers to be voluntarily policed? Must papers be coerced into accepting voluntary policing?

The Common Law?

To counter this, there is the claim that there already exists a common law defence of privacy (Lord Lester, *Sunday Times*, 14th November 1993). If this is so, what is the need for a Code of Practice? If there is already a common law defence of privacy, what is the supposed function of such a Code? Is it supposed to prevent the law taking its course?

But there is a more fundamental reason why the common law defence of privacy, if there is one, is likely to remain ineffectual. The effectiveness of the common law depends upon generally accepted conventions. But due to the intrusive behaviour of the Press there is now no clearly accepted convention as to what is private and what is public. Some recognition of the distinction between the public and the private is vital for civilised living, even though where the distinction is to be drawn is not a matter that pure reason can provide, but is rather one of history, of convention and of tacit understanding. Disappointing though it may be to some, not every vital distinction can be drawn tightly and for all time. When what was previously regarded as a private matter is put into question, through the media probing the boundaries in their relentless fashion, there is no convincing argument by means of which it can be re-established, and there comes a point when there is such confusion that the breach caused by questioning the distinction becomes irreparable. Without such a convention, it is hard to see how either invoking common law, or enacting new statutes, any more than the observance of Codes of Practice, can be effective.

What the double standards show

The present confusion over the boundaries between the private and what is

public bears every sign of being deliberate media policy. It was (in what now seems to be the remote past) regarded as axiomatic that matters to do with the family, in which the deepest feelings and hurts can occur, an area characterised by intimate trust and therefore by a removal of inhibition, matters of personal taste, the expression of singularity and of idiosyncrasy, and the records of these matters in personal correspondence, telephone calls, diaries, memoranda, and the like were all personal matters. It was taken for granted that in private one is free to be oneself apart from any assumed or imposed social obligations. Though others outside this circle of intimacy may be intensely curious about such private goings-on, they were, it was widely agreed, no-one else's business. And most certainly they were not the business of broadcasters.

The motive for the deliberate break-up of the conventions between the private and the public is obvious. Once the barriers become as unclear and disputable as they have become then what was previously regarded as private becomes fair game for the voyeurism and sensationalism of even the 'quality' press. ('Broadsheet' seems a singularly apt description.) One result of the activity of the media has been confusion and alarm; legitimate reasons for protest. For one of the drives behind the breakdown of the conventions is the frisson occasioned by knowing what was previously concealed.

Intrusions to any degree are breaches of privacy and may be hurtful and unsettling; the awareness that I may be being watched permanently changes my perception of what I am doing, however innocent my action, and however much it may be of interest to me and to no-one else. But what is of chief concern to us here is the shameless dissemination of what has been discovered by such violations.

Classical Liberalism and Privacy

John Stuart Mill's words have become famous:

The object of this *Essay* is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the coercion of public opin-

ion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.

So, it seems plain, the argument is that the press ought only be restrained if the restraint is necessary to prevent harm to others, such as Prince William or whoever it is whose privacy is infringed. For they are harmed. Such a criterion obviously excludes those who live by the oxygen of press publicity, and for whom any publicity is good, or those ordinary members of the public who choose to air their griefs in public. (The media never seem to think that it is their duty to protect those who have been violated by tragedy from the desire immediately to air their griefs. Public grief is good television, full stop.)

Yet the claim made by Mill is far from clear, let alone uncontroversial. There are two main issues.

One is the standing controversy over the compatibility or otherwise of Mill the utilitarian and Mill the libertarian. Is the principle of liberty an 'absolute' principle, as Mill seems here to think? Or, on the other hand, is it simply one element in the computing of utility, counting no more or less than any other elements?

The other deeper issue is the nature of harm. When is a harm merely private and therefore no one else's business? When it is going on in private, though known to a circle of people; or when it is going on in secret? In an effort to firm up the concept of harm, some have linked it directly to the interests of others; harm is what adversely affects their interests. But the effect of this linkage is merely to transfer the problem from harm to interests. Interests are equally unsatisfactory as a criterion of non-interference, because besides being vague, they can be self-defined. My interests are then what I judge to be my interests, and anything that infringes what I take to be my interests thereby becomes an infringement of my liberty. This problem is compounded by those liberals who

openly advocate a 'pluralist' society in the which the widest variety of kinds of interest are encouraged to flourish.

Others have tried to make the distinction in terms of the contrast between other-regarding and self-regarding acts. But, as Sir James Stephen, an early critic of Mill, remarked

The attempt to distinguish between self-regarding acts and acts which regard others, is like an attempt to distinguish between acts which happen in time and acts which happen in space. Every act happens at some time and in some place, and in like manner every act that we do either does or may affect both ourselves and others....the distinction is altogether fallacious and unfounded.

But the basic trouble with Mill's approach to liberty and privacy is that he thinks of liberties and privacies abstractly, not historically, and so has no patience with conventions that have, over the course of time, established clear and acceptable boundaries between the public and the private.

Not only that, but it is pretty clear that Mill thinks of liberty in revisionist terms; that is, in citing the need to avoid harm, Mill is not simply concerned with what anyone might regard as a harm to himself or herself, but with what *in Mill's view*, is a harm. And this view is strongly conditioned by his aim of removing the yoke of the tyranny of the majority from the neck of various minorities. It is particularly harm to minorities that Mill had in mind, though not to all minorities.

How will the remaining portion of the community like to have the amusements that shall be permitted to them regulated by the religious and moral sentiments of the stricter Calvinists and Methodists? Would they not, with considerable peremptoriness, desire these intrusively pious members of society to mind their own business? This is precisely what should be said of every government and every public, who have the pretension that no person shall enjoy any pleasure which they think wrong.

Not only is what counts as harm conventionally determined, we live in a society with incommensurable values; there are multifarious and competing conceptions of harm. And others, whether liberals or not, cannot dictate to others what harm must mean to them; what, whether they believe it or not, their interests must be.

And if they attempt to do so, as according to Mill 'stricter Calvinists and Methodists' did (and as, no doubt, they thought he did, in denying them their own interests), the fact that what counts as 'harm', or what count as the interests of others, are matters of convention, is simply underlined.

If a utilitarian defence of the distinction between private and public is offered in terms of harm then it will crumble, for there is or may be some person who would be harmed (defined widely enough, or left undefined) by either seeing some 'private' act, or knowing that such an act is taking place without actually witnessing it, or simply by being a member of a private family circle. So the distinction between the private and the public cannot be delineated and defended on utilitarian grounds, with 'harm' defined in terms of public disutility. It can only be defended by upholding something like the existing conventions. It is for this very reason that the distinction between the public and the private is fragile, and once the walls separating the two are breached they are not easily mended.

Liberalism in a circle

Those who currently seek to maintain Press freedom in the tradition of Mill frequently argue as follows. They emphasise the freedom of the Press, with some curbs to safeguard fair criminal trials, a right of protection against unwarranted intrusion on personal privacy, the need for a public and enforceable right (i.e. legislation) of access to government information, and finally a private right of access to personal information held about us by public bodies. (See, for example, Lord Lester 'Speak Up for Free Speech' (*The Times* Tuesday October 12th 1993)).

Legislation in all these areas is meant, in the liberal mind, to open up government and to respect personal privacy at one and the same time. These, it may seem, are admirable aims, and legislation seems to be undoubtedly attractive. Who would not prefer a law in black and white, which the courts could enforce, to the present fuzziness and uncertainty as to what are the limits of the private and the public? Would not a law clear away the cobwebs and the hypocrisy, and

make the distinction between the private and the public clear and acceptable to all?

No, it would not. The idea that it would is an example of the naive view often expressed by liberals that the only rules in society are the rules of law. The law is important, and the rule of law is vital. But without a firmly recognised and respected set of conventions — which in the argument of the liberals the legislation is designed to replace — the legislation would be incoherent. This can be illustrated as follows.

The liberal advocates legislation that would both grant rights of access to government information and restrict the access to personal information held about us by public bodies to those whom it directly affects. But it is not hard to see that without a prior appreciation of what is private and what is public this proposal is incoherent. For on what 'rational' or 'objective' basis is it to be decided whether the information held by the government is public or private?

Again, the liberal wishes to safeguard personal privacy against unwarrantable intrusion by the state and the media. This seems fine, a proposal that both liberal and conservative could unite in supporting. But there is a difficulty. What is personal privacy? Without a firm set of conventions about what is private and what is public — the very conventions which the legislation is meant to replace, or at least to enforce — such a law would be unenforceable against the voyeurism of the press, both tabloid and broadsheet. In such areas law will only be respected and enforceable if it echoes the existing conventions. It cannot replace existing conventions, or dictate new ones.

Whether there should be legislation to enforce privacy or not is an arguable point. But what is not in doubt is that without conventions about the private and the public which already operate in society any legislation is going to be ineffectual.

Paul Helm is Professor of History and Philosophy of Religion at King's College, London University.

How To Be New

William Norton labours over a new party

Any great revolution leads to a certain degree of cultural upheaval and a moving of the social goalposts. The revolution of 1 May 1997 (1er Blaire of the new calendar) is no different. The oiks have taken over, and oikishness is now the dominant ideology of the age.

It would be terribly old-fashioned, and somewhat inconvenient, to sail off into exile abroad. What is required is a guide to our New masters and, more importantly, a guide to how to get on in the New Britain. Confusion and uncertainty abound in any occupied country during the scramble to associate with the right people and causes. Now that advancement and opportunity are open to all, success will, of course, be strictly confined to those who fit in.

Nancy Mitford would have described this as being “N”, as opposed to being “non-N”, but she is no longer with us, having departed to count the fish-knives in a better place. From a sense of public duty, therefore, it falls to me to provide the first, and so far only, Guide To Being New.

What to wear

The New Male is an *individual*. He is *decisive*, takes nothing for granted, thinks out every problem for himself, and is always startlingly *original*. All of them therefore wear dark suits with red ties and a very high-cut waistcoat.

The New Female poses a more complicated problem. She is *sensuous*, *spirited*, and the equal of any man, except that she is, of course, *better*. Therefore she cannot be constrained by any facile notions of what is or is not fashionable. Fortunately, however, a number of rules are observed: whatever she wears, it is the same as all the other New Females are wearing this year; it will be expensive and bright and will require at least one pointless and affected piece of

jewellery (preferably ethnic, from Camden market) on the left lapel; and it will be short and alluring so that she can *show off her legs*.

It would be a grave mistake to assume that New Females dress with the intention of looking alluring or of giving pleasure. Nothing could be further from the truth. They dress in this way to be *provocative*, to shock our bourgeois small-mindedness, and to remind us of their *innate mystical awareness*. Therefore — unless you are a lesbian or trying to become one — *it is a severe social faux pas to compliment a woman on her appearance*. Only our inner persons are important, and since we are all equally and naturally good, it follows that we are all equally and naturally good-looking, however much appearances may deceive. Any sexual desire that you may feel for a New Female is therefore a *neurotic prejudice*. To tell a New Female she looks attractive (or *date rape* to give it its technical term) can heavily handicap/differently-able your advancement in New Society. The New Female rightly despises appearances, and it is only her very great concern for the Third World that leads her to spend vast amounts of New Male's money on environmentally-friendly cosmetics.

It is, however, perfectly acceptable to inform a New Female that another woman looks less attractive than she does.

Hats are non-N, since they are authority symbols. Training shoes are always “in” outside working hours.

What to drive

The 2CV is now passé, but apart from that anything which is French, and isn't red, but has a catalytic converter and takes unleaded petrol is acceptable. Always remember that the figure

you should be bragging about is the mileage per gallon, not the top speed, but that your favourite mode of transport will always be the steam train. Try to find some “Save the Whale” and “Ski Val d'Isère” stickers for the rear windscreen.

What to do

In the bad Old days, left-wingers were only to be found in un-productive employments such as hospitals, schools, the civil service and the media. Nowadays they believe in a degree of market freedom and are to be found as administrators of opted-out hospitals, inspectors of grant-maintained schools, regulators of privatised industries and independent producers for television. They also invented advertising. The result has been a steep rise in the average salary of the New Person so *money is now an acceptable topic of conversation* (provided, naturally, that it is not earned from trade).

Now that money is no longer non-N, it is also possible for New Persons to become lawyers, but only because theirs is a parasitic occupation (or *caring* as it is called). They remain opposed to doing anything useful for a living. When a New Person asks you what you do, say “I'm working on a project.”

Although all New Persons are in caring professions they must not be confused with people whose profession involves caring for other people (often Tories) nor people whose profession involves taking other people into care (Marxists). It follows, then, that it is practically impossible for a normal person to meet a New Person at work unless they are involved in an unpleasant accident. This will make your upward ingratiation much harder. The only easily accessible entry into New Labour will therefore be The Party, of which there are two types: the *din-*

ner party, and the drinks party.

The dinner party

A dinner party is a drinks party which involves sitting down. Experienced hands will recognise that this means one is prevented from *mingling* and can only talk to two people throughout the evening. Sophisticated dinner parties also involve food. This will be of the vegetarian-roughage, rice-with-green-peppers variety. You are not expected to eat any of it.

In time you will realise that the number of guests invited is exactly that number and arrangement of people who will be unable to avoid hearing what is being said by either the host or hostess at any given moment. This is why successful New Couples have spartan, minimalist furniture: by not absorbing the sound, it allows their voice to travel further and impress more people. And as hostesses become more successful, it becomes less necessary for them to serve edible food.

For these reasons it will be seen that the dinner party offers many pitfalls for the unwary, and should not be attempted by the amateur. In our limited format (a very N word), we shall concentrate upon the drinks party.

The drinks party

New people are frightfully keen on *metaphors*; so it should come as no surprise that the drinks party is itself a metaphor for New Labour: a rigidly controlled hedonistic anarchy.

Of course, no one ever drinks at a New drinks party. In its relentless search for truth and the very best forms of happiness, it so happens that New Labour has discarded the consumption of alcohol. Only Tories and the working classes actually get drunk these days — Tories, for all too obvious reasons, and the working classes because they are common and as yet know no better (what is sometimes called being *politically immature*).

It is not possible to give a definitive ruling on all forms of intoxicant which may be safely abused at a New Labour party, for whereas alcohol is frowned upon, and tobacco is extremely non-N, cannabis and marijuana are perfectly acceptable. In the topmost New households it is considered a severe snub not

to tip your hostess a tab of dope upon arrival. A syringe of heroin, however, is now out, unless you are accompanied by a fashionable novelist. There is a vague predisposition towards drugs which are illegal and smuggled in from countries in the Third World (provided their peasants never burnt Salman Rushdie in effigy).

Although one is not supposed to drink it, your choice of drink remains crucial, because it will be interpreted as another metaphor of your inner self. As New Persons shift uneasily from one foot to another, and their brilliant conversation flags, their personal characters may not be sufficient to make the right impact upon each other. It is at this point that your choice of drink steps in and takes over.

At the top of the range, with an emphasis upon internationalist-anti-racism, the New Female takes vodka, from Poland (whose government is nicely turning the correct way again, unlike very non-N Russia) with a generous dash of ANC-approved orange juice. Alternatively, a more modest European federalist female will take a cheap white wine and further ruin it with expensive soda water, and call the result a spritzer.

New Males imbibe thin bottled beer which purports to come from Germany or the Czech Republic (but actually from Slough), drunk straight from the bottle to illustrate how down to earth they are. So, incidentally, do New Females who consider themselves under-promoted at work. The actual brand is a bit of a lottery (also now N), since the aim is to be seen quaffing whichever beer is promoted by that week's most critically-acclaimed television commercial. This encourages a fatalistic indifference towards what is drunk, and focuses attention upon the stance: one thumb tucked into the top of the trousers, the bottle in the other hand turned to display its label under everyone else's nose. Bohemians of either sex swallow rum and Coca-Cola, because they heard it mentioned in a song.

Mingling is the supreme social virtue. It is the art of walking away from someone who no longer interests you

when you have run out of things to say to them. "Sorry, darling, must *mingle*", they say, and they stride off, and they would not be New unless they did this from a point of high principle. A love for all humanity cannot be restricted to a small knot of people. The pursuit of happiness cannot be achieved standing still.

Social success as a New Person is thus governed by the number of words one is able to say to the largest number of people in any given period of time (measured on the *Rantzen Scale*). New Labour has always been more comfortable with talking than doing, and anyone seeking to be brought forward among its ranks must seek to be invited to the most parties, and be prepared to talk the longest. The only practical solution is to attend with your evening's conversation mapped out in advance.

I will therefore supply a list of key phrases to help you in this task.

Science

New Labour is very pro-science, and concerned about the low number of scientists, because this gives them another excuse for *criticising the public school system*. Nor has it escaped their attention that a discipline with a poor public image holds out prospects for them as media consultants and public relations advisers. Unfortunately, all New Persons took languages degrees, and so do not understand the subject either. This is why, when New Labour talks about "science" it usually means "computers in schools"; it is more within their comprehension.

Your gambit should be to create the impression of superior knowingness before hastily changing the subject. Brevity can always be passed off as modesty, for both are equally rare in New Labour, and not saying much has the advantage of not upsetting any rampant Luddite ecologists.

Key phrases: "Science is dreadfully underfunded"; "The division between Arts and Science is too rigid"; "The A levels system should be reformed to make Sciences as attractive as the Arts"; "Not enough emphasis is placed upon the vocational aspects of Science".

Things you should never say: "I admire that one in the wheelchair."

Religion, etc.

Because of their generous and non-judgmental tolerance towards other cultures and ways of life, New Persons do not as such have any religion. Neither do they have any genuine relish for discussing the subject. They are keen, however, on discussing morality, in the sense of the immorality of other people (e.g. right-wing governments, privatised utilities). To avoid giving offence approved code-words should be used.

In general you cannot go wrong if you keep repeating "I so admire the Dalai Lama as a great man of peace".

Politics

New Labour does not discuss politics.

Geography

New Persons are cosmopolitan internationalists. It is therefore vital that you digest the following key bullet-points about the World.

a) Europe:

Where you take your holidays. Entirely Good. We are sorry that we used to bomb them. Imports: none. Exports: none.

b) The Third World:

An area of badly-governed dictatorships subsidised by Europe. Almost entirely Good. We wish we didn't have to bomb them. Imports: arms. Exports: none.

c) South Africa:

A country which was Bad, but is now part of the Third World. Fairly Good. We no longer want to bomb them. Imports: journalists. Exports: oranges; cricketers.

d) South East Asia:

An area which used to be part of the Third World, but which is now rich, hence Bad, and called the Pacific Rim. We are too afraid to bomb them. Imports: none. Exports: everything.

e) Eastern Europe:

An area which was Good, is now part of the Third World, but rather confusingly is actually Bad. As a result, we should give them lots of money, and then bomb them. Imports: Germans. Exports: Eastern Europeans.

f) The Middle East:

An area of badly-governed dictatorships which subsidises Europe. Its in-

Art

To the committed New Person, Art is not so much a topic for conversation as a way of life. This is most fortunate. Acquiring a deep appreciation of Art would have involved hours standing around in cold and boring museums. What a waste of time that must be. Paint should never be approached without a glass of chilled white wine in one

hand and a plate of cheesy nibbles in the other. It is to this end that nowadays we have bracketed Literature with Art, because it only demands an ability to read and can be accomplished sitting down.

Far, far more agreeable to have done with the lot of it, and adopt a *Byronic lifestyle* in the knowledge that this ipso facto

confers discernment and shrewd judgment.

When one has discernment and shrewd judgment one is naturally entitled to pass unfavourable comment upon those who do not meet your own exacting standards. And the odd thing is that you will find this far more enjoyable than the actual Art. Yet this is not so very odd, after all, when one has not actually studied Art itself. One's only source of information is criticism — to ask questions would betray your ignorance, which is not the idea — and so The Critic will become an elevated figure. It should be your ambition to become a critic (of anything) for one of the duller newspapers.

In an atmosphere in which anything is of artistic value unless it is criticised, it is impossible to lay down definite rules about what is right and what is wrong, or good or bad. Indeed, as a correct New Person, one does not believe in such concepts. Nevertheless, the critics' scorn can be avoided by the simple device of agreeing with them,

Code Words

"Religion"	Morality
"Morality"	Sex
"Relationship"	Premarital Sex
"Casual relationship"	I have forgotten her name
"We're almost married"	I have no intention of marrying her
"Caroline is very sensitive"	Caroline is married to someone else
"Caroline is very spiritual"	Caroline is pregnant
"Caroline is very brave"	Caroline is ugly
"Caroline is very dedicated"	Caroline is very ugly
"Caroline is stuck up"	Caroline has spurned my advances
"Caroline has a great sense of humour"	Two sips of gin and she's anyone's
"Caroline has a fascinating mind"	Caroline is a slut
"Caroline is a slut"	Caroline is divorcing me and seeking every penny I've got

habitants are Muslims, and hence are an Oppressed Minority and Good, but unfortunately they keep invading each other and passing death sentences on our novelists. We reluctantly agree to bomb them, provided none of them are hurt. Imports: arms; racehorses; stately homes; Jonathan Aitken. Exports: oil; oil; and oil.

g) America:

A prosperous country governed by psycho-analysts. Inspiration of New Labour, it is copied, envied and disliked. On balance, parts of it are Good, but its foreign policy is always Bad. We would secretly rather like to bomb them. Imports: actors. Exports: films.

h) South America:

Because it is no longer troubled by Marxist guerrillas, it is arguable that this region is not now part of Geography. However, it is a location of Great Railway Journeys, and therefore Slightly Good. We are mildly surprised that we have never bombed them. Imports: tax evaders. Exports: novelists.

and repeating the views of everyone else.

You will notice that in discussing Art "one" adopts the impersonal tone and for no other subject.

Further hints to assist you would be: (i) Something cannot be artistic if it is comprehensible — or what value is there in intelligence? Therefore (ii) "*Art is the process of attaching meaning to the meaningless*" (learn this phrase by heart) and (iii) one cannot be clever unless one does not understand Art. Continually stress that "I always try to keep up with the latest developments in the Arts". You should also add a liberal sprinkling of these words: *signifier, post-modernist,*

construct, cultural, artefact, engagement etc. There is no need to use them in any particular order, or sense.

On the other hand you should never forget that (iv) the fact that the proles like garbage cannot be held against them. New Labour is not elitist. The drooling of the mob in front of the television of itself imports artistic significance (bonus points are awarded for the use of the phrase "*demotic validity*") so it is quite all right for you to do so yourself. In conclusion: (v) it is in the very best artistic taste for you to earn vast amounts of money writing down obscure insults about the cinema, restaurants, other writers, how

you manage to fill your time etc., etc.

A career in television and a house in Islington beckon you onward; plunder the vaults of my advice and be among the select clique who will share in a Britain for the many and not the few. Talk is cheap, so you can afford to do lots and lots of it.

You might object that the result will lack depth. Perhaps, but when you fall in something Wet, you are less likely to drown if it is also Shallow. There will be no need for you to feel constrained by lucidity. After all, no one will be listening to anything you will have to say.

William Norton is a solicitor

European Union

David Pryce-Jones sees a Disaster in the Making

The political recovery of Europe since 1945 has been a story of unprecedented success. Communism has been brought down, and without a shot, let alone the sort of all-out war that earlier had been required to defeat Nazism. Democracy, where it existed already, has been strengthened; where it did not exist, above all in Germany and Italy, it has struck deep roots. In Britain and France, the loss of empire has led not to revolution and ruin but to higher standards of living. No West European country has serious irredentist claims upon any other, and external threats are more imaginary than real.

And yet, instead of consolidating and enjoying these gains, the entire continent is in the grip of uncertainty and rising instability. Once again, as between the two world wars, ordinary people face a restructuring of the whole European order which they are virtually powerless to affect. The cause of

this self-inflicted crisis is European integration, a fraught and long-drawn-out process now inescapably coming to a head.

The West European countries are already taking measures to "converge" their economies according to what were originally quite strict criteria. This is a preliminary to the next step: as of January 1, 1999, all national currencies are to be replaced with a single European currency, to be known as the Euro. "The coining of money," in the words of William Blackstone, the founding father of jurisprudence, "is in all states the act of sovereign power." A common currency is inconceivable without common political institutions to support it, and these common institutions are the end toward which Europe is moving.

Down the centuries, the shifting relationships of Britain, France, Italy, and Germany have determined Europe's fate. Now, through the appar-

ently benign and thoroughly boring technicalities of a common currency, a new relationship is struggling to be born. The final goal is a choice among several potential forms of political federation, some loose, some tight, the most grandiose of which is a United States of Europe. But if any one of them is to become a reality, the historic nation-states of Europe will have to surrender their sovereignty, and change out of all recognition.

Partitioned throughout the cold war, Germany was "one nation, two states." Every German government had the long-term objective of reuniting the two states. French foreign policy, by contrast, looked upon partition as a lasting and valuable constraint on German power. What the French were afraid of was a revival of "European" ambitions on Germany's part of the kind they hoped had been defeated in World War II. In 1950, a left-wing French deputy, François Billoux, spoke

for many of his countrymen when he said, "Europe was Hitler's idea."

But there were others in France — Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman most notably among them — who clung to an old, prewar conviction that only genuinely supranational institutions could keep the peace in Europe; and as West German economic power grew by leaps and bounds in the 50's and 60's, French policy began to reverse itself. With growing panic, successive French governments sought to create the common institutions which might permit them to share in the gathering strength of Germany and, who knows, even direct or surmount it. By 1962 General de Gaulle was explaining to his colleague Alain Peyrefitte that European integration was the means by which their country not only could "prevent domination by the Americans or the Russians" but could "become what she has ceased to be since Waterloo: the leading power in the world". Germany, it was clear, needed friends, and its chastened postwar mood also held out the hope that a constructive relationship with other European powers would preclude further warfare.

From small acorns great oaks do grow. One Franco-German initiative led to another, and one treaty to the next. The result was the European Economic Community, which became the European Community, and is now the European Union (EU), a supranational construction of a type never before seen. In addition to France and Germany, its fifteen countries include Italy, Britain, Ireland, Spain and Portugal, Denmark and Sweden and Finland, the Benelux nations, Greece, and Austria. About the same number again — mostly in Eastern Europe but also Israel, Morocco, and Turkey — seek terms for membership or association. Norway, Iceland, and Switzerland have chosen to stay out.

Admission has been an erratic process. Those already inside have demanded their pound of flesh, while petitioners must decide what and how to pay. Once in, member governments have bargained fiercely for "opt-outs" and "derogations" without which they

would never have been in a position to jump through the hoops of the next stages of integration, as called for in the series of treaties that culminated in the Maastricht Treaty of 1991.

That treaty commits the European Union to a single foreign policy, with a single defence policy to follow, and to a common citizenship with rights and obligations still to be defined. The agreed single currency, the Euro, is to be managed from a new European central bank, in Frankfurt, which will control the gold and dollar reserves of all countries in the EU. (This means that no country could again finance a war in its own interest, as Britain did in the Falklands in the early 80's.) The bank will also set a single continent-wide interest rate, the effect of which will inevitably be to benefit some regions and industries and hurt others. On the central bank board will sit former heads of national banks, now reduced to the role of national spokesmen.

Such is the forum where the interests of member countries of Europe are to be fought out. What this will be like in practice can be observed in the institutions already operating in Brussels, the capital of the EU. To anyone brought up to value democratic essentials like the separation of powers, checks and balances, and accountability, today's European Union is a bewildering improvisation imposed from the top, without the legitimacy conferred by popular consent. Its supreme body is the European Council, consisting of the fifteen heads of state or government, who meet two or three times a year for private discussion behind closed doors. Councils of Ministers then convert the ensuing agreements into policy.

In this state of things, "Europe" still has no sovereignty, in the true meaning of that word, but is rather a stew of German federalism, French *dirigisme*, protectionism, corporatism, and mass welfarism — all enshrined in an Orwellian language naturally known as Eurospeak and intelligible, if at all, only to the presiding Eurocrats. Key phrases such as "subsidiarity", "proportionality", "non-paper", "engrenage", and "co-decision pro-

cedure," as well as acronyms like Coreper and Ecofin, hide the human reality: here is a set of rules whose whys and wherefores can neither be anticipated nor readily grasped but from which there is no appeal. The Eurospeak for *that* is "democratic deficit".

This whole structure arose within the confines of the cold war, which imposed limitations of its own on the European political scene. At least as long as that conflict lasted, the notion of an eventual political integration seemed to most European countries a secondary consideration, even chimerical, and whatever was happening in Brussels appeared to escape close analysis. Even so, however, the mounting costs of Brussels soon loomed larger than any benefits.

On the one hand there was the single market, designed to facilitate the movement of people and goods and to encourage free trade; to this, all could assent. But on the other hand there were such things as the Common Agriculture Policy (CAP) and the Common Fisheries Policy (CFP), which, as even the commissioners in charge were forced to agree, were open-ended disasters. Without regard to cost, every profession, trade, and industry had to adapt to standards dictated by the bureaucracy in Brussels, and this created a paradise for lobbyists and special-interest groups, as well as big businesses with enough clout to obstruct competitors. Intervention-buying led to surpluses: the notorious mountains of European butter and lakes of European wine. Impenetrable to the outsider, and all in Eurospeak too, a highly complicated system arose to block the free market through all manner of subsidies, grants, quotas, transfer payments, and special funds. Inventive command-bureaucracy like this is a novelty in the free world.

During the 80's, the project almost strangled to death in contradiction and red tape. The media and the public began to mock the weighty decrees from Brussels dictating the exact bulge of a strawberry, the precise degree of straightness of a cucumber, the impermissibility of a double-decker bus. No

satirist could have had the inspiration that, in the name of free trade, animals and even plants should be obliged to have passports, or that whole breeds of dogs might be suppressed on account of the shape of their nose and the texture of their fur. (Canine racism!)

And then in 1989 the cold war came to its abrupt end and every supposition changed. Margaret Thatcher and President Mitterrand were quick to perceive that a new balance of power had emerged. Increasing its territory by 40 percent and its population by 25 percent, Germany was almost back in size to what it had been before World War II, and Russia was no longer there to provide a counterbalance. For the first time in its history, Germany could now settle relations with the rest of the world peacefully and on its own terms. As for the United States, successive American administrations had always argued in favour of German unification, and President George Bush waved it through without a second thought.

Chancellor of Germany since 1982, Helmut Kohl was convinced that he was the man fitted to shoulder the responsibilities of the new situation. A more dependable ally of the United States than his immediate predecessors, Kohl conceived of Europe as a bloc in the making, and he was able to push through his idea from a position of economic and political strength. By means of the Maastricht Treaty, he proved himself far and away the most influential politician anywhere outside the United States. Maastricht may be seen as the European treaty that was never signed after the conclusion of the war; it is, to the contemporary order of Europe, what the Versailles Treaty was after World War I.

But why should anyone want this new arrangement? Why should the Germans, of all people, want it? The guilts and atonements of Nazism are on the ebb; the German constitution, the Bundesbank, the deutschmark are rightly seen as solid achievements. To surrender these things for the sake of Europe must seem an almost saintly act of abnegation, if not of national martyrdom.

And Germany also has its hands full

at the moment. At the time of reunification, East Germany was reputed to be the tenth or perhaps eleventh largest economy in the world; in fact, it was a bankrupt rust-belt whose goods were fit only for a command economy. With East German industry uncompetitive, much of it simply closed down, raising unemployment to 30 percent or more. Since then, sums of the order of 100 billion marks have been transferred every year from West to East to pay the costs of reunification, and some experts calculate that twenty more years of such payments will be necessary.

Germans, in short, have already found it hard and expensive to integrate with other Germans. Unemployment stands officially at 4.7 million — about the number just prior to Hitler's takeover — and this figure is almost certainly understated. German wages are already the highest in the world, and taxes and social charges add 90 percent to employment costs. Moreover, Germany's difficulties have had consequences for other countries in Europe, which, given the criteria imposed by the goal of a common currency, have had to adopt the high German interest rate and have suffered deflation and recession for their pains.

To Helmut Kohl, however, these are only trifles on the way to the goal of integration. Where Bismarck united Germany by force, he is determined to go one better — to resolve the German question by uniting all of Europe, and with strokes of the pen rather than the sword. The reason, he maintains, is that apart from the manifest good that is to be found in federation, his countrymen must be tied, locked, bound, embedded, and contained. A strong Germany needs weakening, not only to appease its rightly anxious neighbours but for its own sake.

At times Kohl even invokes the threat of a resurgent German nationalism, with all the fears this spectre can arouse in Europe. In February 1996 he warned that "the policy of European integration is really a question of war and peace in the 21st century". A policy paper issued by his party was even bleaker: "If European integration were

not to progress, Germany might be called upon, or tempted by its own security constraints, to try to effect the stabilisation of Eastern Europe on its own and in the traditional way."

It is possible to argue — as some of Kohl's critics do — that he cannot be sincere. Is all this not just a brilliantly expedient dressing-up of German imperialism as altruism, taking measures calculated to achieve supremacy under the pretence of forgoing it? But Kohl is no conspirator. Like many Germans of his generation, he genuinely conflates nationalism with Nazism, and therefore believes that nationalist sentiment has to be submerged and then suppressed by means of a supranational structure. Kohl's rigid conception of ultimate European union is the price to be paid for his rigid conception of the German past.

The German chancellor insists on pushing through his policy no matter what political and economic realities might suggest. The slightest postponement of the timetable will, he prophesies, wreck the peace of Europe, and there can be no turning back "unless we wish to challenge fate". In this he is seconded by Jacques Santer, to whom any resistance either to the Euro or to the timing of its introduction is the work of "pessimists against whom I declare war". Under pressure, they and their officials also mutter that the Euro will enable Europe to resist the dollar, as if that were self-evidently a sensible thing to do.

Others, however, hold a different view of these matters. Germans themselves have become increasingly nervous and doubtful about the rewards that will crown the sacrifice asked of them. Why, they have begun to ask, should they incorporate into the hard mark a number of soft currencies debauched by unscrupulous foreign politicians? Do they really have to pay for inherent economic backwardness or mismanagement elsewhere in Europe? Why must they placate the whole range of eager supplicants and subsidy hunters — backward peasant farmers, industries protected from competition by socialist governments, inefficient producers and retailers in other lands?

In a recent survey, 79 percent of Germans said they wanted a referendum before going further, and the same survey indicates that the outcome of such a referendum would be close, with only 43 percent in favour of abolishing the mark and 44 percent against. In another poll, only 14 percent of German businessmen believed that monetary union would be beneficial to them, and 55 percent expressed doubt. It cannot reassure the Germans that opinion polls in Spain, Italy, Belgium, Ireland, and elsewhere show large majorities there in *favour* of monetary and political union. These populations visualise European federation first as an escape from their own internal weaknesses and then as fairy-gold prosperity, backed by all that good German discipline and hard work.

In France, a number of intellectuals and politicians are now saying openly that Germany has grown into the outright winner of World War II, while France has been revealed as the outright loser. For such people, only the capture of the mark can halt the German drive to power, and gain the French a disproportionate influence in the order set up by the Maastricht Treaty. When President Mitterrand consented to hold a referendum to approve that treaty, he, like other European leaders in the same circumstances, went to extreme lengths to fix the result; nevertheless, he obtained national assent to its terms by less than one percent. President Jacques Chirac is not prepared to allow either a parliamentary vote or a referendum on the next steps toward union. Polls, however, show that the country is split down the middle. Unemployment running at 12 percent and deflation, which many Frenchmen see as German-led, are causing demonstrations and low-level violence, of which foreigners are usually the victims.

The British, albeit acrimoniously, have gone along with the drift of things over the years, while unilaterally opting out from particular EU policies they have not liked or have been unable to keep. One of these was the Exchange Rate Mechanism, or ERM, the prototype of today's Euro-convergence criteria. On Britain's entry to

the ERM in 1990, the pound was overvalued against the mark and the money markets could not take the strain. John Major had no choice but to abandon the ERM regime altogether in 1992, and other countries then followed suit. The surviving inner group of France, Germany, and the Benelux countries, bogged down in the recession brought about by their collective monetary policy, remains resentful of what looks like Britain's lucky escape (and of its current economic well-being).

Since then, arguments for and against the Euro and ultimate federal union have engaged British politicians and businessmen in fierce hand-to-hand combat. Opinion polls reflect public awareness of the upheavals in store. In 1995, 61 percent were voting to stay in Europe, 29 percent to leave; by early 1997, only 42 percent were voting to stay in and 38 percent to leave (20 percent were undecided). In the run-up to this May's general election, most Conservative-party candidates declared themselves against the Euro and other obligations under Maastricht, and in this respect at least they seemed to have the agreement of British voters, some two-thirds of whom were now expressing the wish to have no more European integration.

Mainly, however, British policy toward Europe has been marked by hypocrisy. The assumption is that union is anyway impossible, and federation an idle dream, so that the prudent thing is to stand aside as the project sleepwalks to its doom. But what if, instead, it comes into being? Although a recent government White Paper asserted that even within a federal Europe, Britain would remain an independent nation-state, both major political parties tacitly concede that this cannot be true. Sizeable minorities seem to believe that in the end Britain will take a Churchillian stance, and back out of the European Union altogether. Yet these political minorities have also remained comparatively silent, even as Britain's national interest, its identity, and the whole reading of its history hang in the balance.

In the meantime, every European country, Britain included, already has two heads of state — its own and the

EU president, Jacques Santer — two capitals, two parliaments, two flags, and, above all, two systems of law: national law, and the law decreed by the European Court of Justice. In 1990, a British judge in a British court ruled that entry into the Union (then still known as the Community) under the terms of the previous Treaty of Rome had indeed meant that "Parliament surrendered its sovereign right to legislate contrary to the treaty on the matters of social and economic policy which it regulated". And those "matters" are constantly proliferating. Mutually reinforcing one another, the European Council and the ECJ decree continually enter new fields, fortifying the Maastricht order and steadily diminishing the place of national law.

The war of laws has brought the rule of law in Europe altogether into disrespect. European elites increasingly treat public life as a vast patronage system, there for the plundering. National courts now hear scandalous cases in which heads of governments, ministers, leaders of industry, parliamentary deputies, even the one-time Secretary General of NATO, are charged with theft of public funds, profiteering from office, and even murder — yet somehow the prison doors never quite close on them. In all of this, Brussels sets the pace.

For Brussels with its bureaucracy is an extraordinary swamp of systemic fraud and crime. The total EU budget is £55 billion for which there is no proper accounting. Perplexed auditors admit that in 1995, the last year for which official figures exist, almost £7 billion disappeared through corruption and mismanagement, and between 4.3 percent and 8.5 percent of the budget was lost through error (no attempt is made to explain why the margin is so wide). According to unofficial sources, a quarter of the EU budget goes missing somewhere in the channels of disbursement. Like the old Soviet *nomenklatura*, the bureaucrats award themselves tax-free salaries and privileges. None of this, however, concerns the ECJ, which is too busy promulgating new law to prosecute violations of the old.

No wonder, as the outlines of a

supranational Europe become visible, that another law — the law of unintended consequences — has begun to make itself felt. As the nation-state surrenders to something larger than itself, it is leaving behind a vacuum, and ethnicity is filling that vacuum fast. A number of European countries contain ethnic minorities; claiming to represent these minorities, small groups have started movements of “national liberation” on the third-world model. Rejecting assimilation as “oppression”, they resort to terror. Basques in Spain, Flemings in Belgium, the IRA in Britain, Corsicans in France, all threaten the social and political cohesion of their respective nation-states.

As ethnic consciousness rises, so does its counter-part, nationalist xenophobia. Nobody knows the figures for sure, but in Europe there seem to be around twenty million immigrants, legal and illegal. Almost without exception, those legally in Europe have rights equal to those of native citizens. In the main they have arrived from Africa and the Muslim world, and lately from the former Communist bloc as well. Popular opinion often blames these foreigners for diluting the old identity of the

nation-state.

Historically, the nation-state has satisfied but also controlled nationalism, which otherwise builds up like underground gas, to explode when it can. The Maastricht order, however, encourages the build-up of noxious pressures. If national parliaments and institutions no longer represent the sentiments of large numbers of people, some of them will make up for the “democratic deficit” in the only way available, through new political formations and parties which express and give form to their grievances.

Nationalist, willing to be strong-armed though not exactly fascist, these strange new groupings — the Northern League in Italy, the Flemish Bloc, the National Front in France, Jörg Haider’s Austrian Freedom party — are the inadvertent products of the European Union, which after Nazism and after Communism is the latest would-be usurper of national sovereignty in Europe. They have been capturing ever-larger shares of the vote, up to a third in some elections, and they have prospects of power. And there may be worse to come. Historians unanimously maintain that the reparations imposed on Germany by the

Treaty of Versailles gave rise to a German desire for revenge and helped make Hitler possible. What will the backlash be when Germans come to believe that the dissipation of their economic strength to other countries is a policy of reparations in a new form?

Motivated by emotional and ill-considered attitudes to the past, lured on by the mirage of a Grand Design, the Kohls and SanTERS are embarked upon a utopian experiment which is mustering the very same destructive forces it claims to be eliminating. The national interests of Britain, France, Italy, and Germany remain what they were. On the day these interests collide, there will be nothing except the Euro and a half-formulated anti-American ideology to hold together the artificial scaffolding that is Brussels, and ward off a general collapse in anger, disillusionment, and violence.

David Pryce-Jones, the political analyst and novelist, is the author of among other books, *The Strange Death of the Soviet Empire*. This article first appeared in *Commentary*.

The European Union commissioners have announced that agreement has been reached to adopt English as the preferred language for European communications, rather than German, which was the other possibility. As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty’s Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a five-year phased plan for what will be known as EuroEnglish (Euro for short).

In the first year, “s” will be used instead of the soft “c”. Certainly, sivil servants will resieve this news with joy. Also, the hard “c” will be replaced with “k”. Not only will this klear up konfusion, but typewriters kan have one less letter. There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year, when the troublesome “ph” will be replaced by “f”. This will make words like “fotograf” 20 persent shorter.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expektet to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible. Governments will enkorage the removal of double letters, which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling. Also, al wil agre that the horrible mes of silent “e”s in the languag is disgrasful, and they would go.

By the fourth year, peopl wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing “th” by “z” and “w” by “v”. During ze fifz year, ze unesesary “o” kan be dropd from vords kontaining “ou”, and similar changes vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters. After zis fifz yer, ve vil hav a reli sensibl riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubls or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech ozer.

Ze drem vil finali kum tru.

Bruce Charlton

Anatomy of a Genocide

Kenneth Gunn-Walberg identifies the guilty in the Rwandan Crisis

How many women, men, and children were killed in Rwanda in the weeks following 6 April 1994? Three quarters of a million, a million, perhaps as few as half a million? What of those mutilated, men minus hands or legs, children bearing marks of the machete, women raped, maimed and tortured? Why did it happen?

Rwanda is a small country with a population of roughly eight million people. When European explorers seeking the source of the Nile entered Rwanda in the second half of the 19th century, they encountered three groups of people with distinct roles. The state was embodied by the King, known as the Mwami, whose symbol was a sacred drum or *kalinga*.

The minority, but dominant element, was that of the Tutsi, who raised cattle. The majority was that of the Hutu, predominantly agricultural, and the Twa, a sparse pygmoid people.

Societies are given life by myths and in Rwanda myths have an especial importance. One particularly salient myth is:

At the beginning of time, the first king of Rwanda came down from heaven. His name was Kigwa and he was to have three sons — Ga-Twa, Ga-Hutu, and Ga-Tutsi. He asked each to care overnight for a gourd filled with milk.

Ga-Twa became thirsty and drank the milk.

Ga-Hutu fell asleep and knocked the gourd over, spilling the milk.

Ga-Tutsi guarded the milk faithfully and was yet attentive when in the morning Kigwa came back.

Then everyone's social status was determined — Ga-Tutsi would be his successor. He and his people would own cattle and be excused manual labour. Only if they worked for Ga-

Tutsi would Ga-Hutu and his people be allowed cattle. Ga-Twa and his people would be allowed no cattle and would be outcasts.

For hundreds of years such was the social reality and the two major groups lived an interdependent existence under the Mwami who was considered above ethnicity. Both the Hutu and Tutsi scorned the Twa as an insignificant but troublesome minority. But it was a myth. His Majesty believes there is but one people, the people of Rwanda.

They were predominantly Catholic and Christian, yet there must be liberty for others, including His Islamic supporters, in the future.

Rwanda had been for time immemorial an independent state, then in 1897 began sixty-five years of colonial control, first under the Germans, then under the Belgians after the former's defeat in World War I. It should be noted that in the pre-colonial period social lines were not absolutely rigid. Intermarriage did occur including the Mwami himself. Rich Hutus could become Tutsi and Tutsis who lost power and wealth became Hutus. Also, all Rwandans spoke one language and shared a single culture, as well as obeying a single ruler, who was above the societal division.

The Germans were a respected and rather benign colonial power. The Resident recognised the Mwami as the paramount African ruler. As symbol of this recognition the Imperial German Government presented him with a sovereignty document and a royal standard which he alone could fly. The Mwami and his chiefs retained jurisdiction over the people with only a reserved right of the Resident to intervene in individual cases and could advise the African judges and suspend

sentences when the punishment was deemed inappropriate to European concepts of culture and justice. The Mwami was recognised as owner of all property although he could present his property as gifts, give it as a fief, lease and sell it. Only the primeval bamboo forests in the region of the volcanoes were declared Crown land of the German East African government. The Mwami acknowledged the right of Christian missionaries to build settlements, but he could not be forced to sell a particular site on which he did not want a settlement.

By 1914 railways and commercial development in Rwanda remained a dream of the Germans. Even cattle wealth was rather an economic chimera, for the Tutsis were more devoted to the aesthetics of cattle than their economic value. For social and political purposes they bred cattle that were imposing, yet elegant, with lyre-shaped horns, but provided often bitter milk and weren't desirable eating, being too lean.

With the peace settlement Rwanda became Belgium's reward for victory. By the 1930's Belgium had planted the seeds of future strife. The Belgian government believed the Tutsi to be different from and superior to the Hutu. They then reserved higher education and positions of power for this elite. They also established a system of population registration defining who was a Tutsi — about fifteen percent of the population — and distinguishing them from the mass of Hutu and the small minority of Twa. This system obliged adults to carry identity cards giving group affiliation. Hence it became nearly impossible to change from one group to another. These cards solidified the privileges of the Tutsis. As

Allison Des Forges of Human Rights Watch/Africa has indicated, what guaranteed privilege in the colonial era was to become a death warrant during the genocide.

Why had this occurred? Earlier the Germans, principally the Duke of Mecklenburg, a German explorer, had made some speculations as to the origin of the various groups. Eventually a consensus emerged that the Twa were the original people, the Hutu came later, and the last arriving and conquering, the Tutsis, were Nilo-Hamites — Nilo from the Nile River, and Hamites because they had descended from Noah's son Ham and had migrated from Ethiopia in the sixteenth century. Needless to say this was highly speculative and is disputed by the Mwamis, who trace an unbroken dynastic line of over a thousand years.

To further buttress their theories the Belgians brought in their cultural baggage a set of nineteenth-century pseudo-scientific racial theories: craniology, anthrometry and phrenology. They busily measured noses, height and weight. Another and easier statistical measurement was also used and anyone with more than ten cattle was defined as being Tutsi and a non-racial yet ethnic *apartheid* was thus instituted.

After World War II the winds of independence were blowing through Africa and social democracy was permeating European statecraft. And an institution shared by both Belgium and Rwanda was being eaten by a deadly cancer — liberalism which was perverting the Roman Catholic church. It is thus necessary to examine the policies both of Belgium and of the Roman Catholic Church in the preparation for genocide.

By 1904 the White Fathers had established five missions in Rwanda. The Mwami, according to the German Resident was "thoroughly correct," but some of his chiefs did not share His views. Nevertheless the Roman Church was to be ever more implanted in the "Kingdom of the Thousand Hills" as Rwanda was affectionately known, although later it became known as the republic of a thousand aid officials. Great missionary bishops, notably

Monsignor Cläas, profoundly evangelised the country. In the seminaries and colleges, the faith was taught and fine native priests, both Hutu and Tutsi, acquired the historic faith along with Greek and Latin and the spiritual and moral riches of the Christian West. In 1946 the half-brother of the present Mwami, now in exile in Washington, DC, consecrated Rwanda to Christ the King. For weeks unforgettable festivities echoed through the hill villages. Tutsis and Hutus together rejoiced to see the royal authority they obeyed honoured by Christ the King.

Is there hope for the future? There is and that is the return of His Majesty, the Mwami, King Kigeli V

However, as the nineteen-sixties approached, the old order was being subverted. After forty years of entrenching the Tutsis, who were now leading the movement for independence, Belgium changed sides and backed the Hutu in the most underhanded and deceitful manner. Mutara III, who had dedicated his nation to Christ the King, was given a fatal injection by a Belgian doctor. The Belgian administration, also, had not aided the Mwami to suppress riots by the Hutu. In fact they falsely accused the King of ordering the destruction of property owned by all people of the Tutsis. Then came the *coup d'état* of Gitarama against King Kigeli, King Mutara's successor, which was planned in Brussels and executed in Rwanda, in order to abolish the monarchy. His Majesty had left Rwanda to attend independence celebrations in Leopoldville, now Kinshasa, in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. More importantly, there he was to meet the Secretary General of the United Nations, Mr Dag Hammarskjöld, to brief him on the worsening situation. He was then refused permission by Belgium to return to his beloved country as Mwami, but only as a private citizen, without protection. But His Majesty did return.

Risking his life to be with his people he was smuggled into the country only to be apprehended and escorted to the airport by the British Ambassador, Sir James Murray. United Nations resolutions were ignored by Belgium and finally independence came. President Kayibanda soon dismissed his token Tutsi ministers. Many thousands had fled to neighbouring countries. Thousands of others had been killed. The monarchy, which had enjoyed general respect, had been undermined and then destroyed. Belgium had been responsible for creating vast reservoirs of hatred between Hutu and Tutsis. Then the world lost interest in Rwanda. In exile His Majesty laboured on for peace, reconciliation and the resolution of the refugee crisis. He was the only Rwandan in the world without a tribe, but also without a country.

In Rwanda a new country was established. President Kayibanda's formation had been as a deacon, his theology had been based on Thomism and an orthodox Catholicism; but then he had become a disciple of revolution, of a leftist Christian democratic sort, influenced by the faculty at Louvain and in particular by Marc Sangnier. A new generation was being influenced by others like Monsignor Riobé who later died as Bishop of Orléans in strange circumstances. He had gone to Rwanda to indoctrinate young clerics in the way of liberation theology. The principles of the French revolution were combined with the alleged revolutionary ferment of the Gospel. Once in Paris the Minister of Public Education had said to an historian of Rwanda "we are merely following the example of your revolution. We are only at the beginning. We shall go all the way to the Terror". The clergy was succumbing to the "cult of man" and "human progress" including the leading bishops and the President of the Episcopal Congress.

The new symbol of Rwanda was no longer the *kalinga*, but rather an ideology of the one-party state through tiers of political control and pass laws stricter than those existing in South Africa. The intelligentsia, the Church, and the State had become an unholy trinity, leading the people towards genocide. Ideas do

have consequences. Rwandan historians, journalists and sociologists put themselves at the service of a murderous political and military cabal. Members of the faculty of History at the University of Butare manufactured doctrines of Hutu ethnic supremacy that depicted all Tutsis as a malignant force that deserved to be excised once and for all. Radio *Mille Collines*, a private station with governmental approval, broadcast these theories and later was to be the cheerleader for genocide. Politically at the heart of the genocide was what was known as Network Zero, a shadowy group of extremists controlling the *interahamwe*, as the militia was known, and the army.

After the death of President Habyarimana in a mysterious plane crash blamed on the Tutsi-dominated Rwandan Patriotic Front, but most likely caused by the Hutu extremists, shrill calls came for the elimination of all Tutsis. Such were broadcast on radio and carried into print. The lines of political control mobilised the peasantry and the urban unemployed for murder. The weapon of choice was the common machete. His Majesty's informants had told him of the plans being made and desperate attempts were made from His Secretariat in Nairobi, to warn the world. As early as 1992 a Ministry of Defence paper had circulated in Rwanda entitled "Definition and Identification of the Enemy". Also the extremist Hutu journal *Kungura* had published the Hutu Ten Commandments which had as its fourth article "The Hutu ideology must be taught to every Hutu at every level. Every Hutu must spread this ideology widely. Any Hutu who persecutes his brother Hutu for having read, spread, and taught this ideology is a traitor." On April 7, 1994 the rigorous efficiency of the Rwanda state effectively spread the message across the country.

What drove the masses to obey evil leaders at every level of his society? Fear. There was fear of invasion from Uganda by the RPF. There was fear of being executed if one disobeyed orders, and there was endemic hatred and fear of all Tutsis, who had been portrayed literally as devils with cloven hooves. From April to June terror ruled. Perhaps the most accurate esti-

mate of the number killed is 850,000. Acts of heroism did exist, but they were few.

Blood also was on the hands of the United Nations, which had been aware of the preparation as carefully documented by the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. More guilty still are France and its President, François Mitterand. Mitterand's son headed the desk of African Unity at the Elysée Palace and was, also, a friend of the President of Rwanda. France supplied arms and military advisors to the government forces. Later it was France that protected a security zone where Hutu murderers and their propagandised masses fled, the latter to be used as a shield in the fetid campsite at Goma and elsewhere.

Why had France acted in such a despicable manner? The answer is com-

***As for the Church, its
role will live in
infamy. It was closely
linked to the régime***

plex, yet relates to another tribal and ideological struggle, this time in Europe. The RPF was largely made up of the Rwandan refugees and their offspring from Uganda who spoke English. The French regarded the Hutu government as the protector of *Francophonie* in Rwanda, that is, French cultural and linguistic hegemony. The French had overthrown a Monarchy and staged a revolution; so they believed had the Hutus. The real tragedy was that Belgium was a Monarchy and it was, as has been observed, the government of a Catholic Monarch that had been overthrown — that of His Most Catholic Majesty King Kigeli V. It was not the revolutionary extremist Hutu who overthrew the Monarchy. It is important to note that Uganda, a Commonwealth member, was later to restore its kingdoms after the disaster inflicted upon the country by Idi Amin. This neighbouring precedent should be followed by Rwanda, with resultant stability and societal harmony.

As for the Church, its role will live in

infamy. It was closely linked to the régime. Its Archbishop belonged to the ruling party's Central Committee and personally consented to the deaths of sixteen priests and a nun. Although the most faithful Catholic of Rwanda is His Majesty King Kigeli V, the *papal nuncio* in Washington has ignored requests for a meeting with His Holiness. Anglican bishops, also, were complicit in the genocide. All but one of the ten went into exile, four never to return. Only in May, 1997 were they replaced. Ninety percent of the people are Christians and sixty-five percent call themselves Catholics but both Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches had aligned themselves with the ruling party, which was hurtling toward genocide. When the genocide arrived, churches became death houses. At best the Church pleaded for a cease fire which would have allowed the genocide to continue. At worst, it was active in the carnage.

Is there hope for the future? There is and that is the return of His Majesty, the Mwami, King Kigeli V. He is a Christian, a devout Catholic, a friend of traditional Anglicans. He spoke against the planned genocide, he has spoken against a return to the European-fostered division and hatred amongst his people. The RPF military government's days are numbered. At present there is a petition circulating within the expatriate Rwandan community and in Rwanda calling for the return of His Majesty. Hutus and Tutsis are coming together to see His Majesty as the font of justice, the personification of unity, and the One alone to present a renascent Rwanda to the international community. He has called for his nation to enter the Commonwealth of Nations, the Head being Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second. There must be peace and security, justice and economic development, but above all there must be a return to the sacred ideal of 1946, a Christian King under the King of Kings.

Kenneth Gunn-Walberg is an Anglican Priest in Philipsberg, Pennsylvania.

Future Families and Feminist Fantasies

John Champion responds to "Women Moving Over" by Patricia Hewitt

It is always those who claim to be liberal and hostile to the notion of the orthodox that end up with prescriptions that require greater State intervention in private lives. Nowhere is this trend clearer than in family policy. Patricia Hewitt's paper entitled "Women Moving Over" was recently presented to the Institute of Public Policy Research Conference on "Men and Their Children". Patricia Hewitt is Labour Member of Parliament for Leicester West and has been Deputy Chair of the Commission on Social Justice. She is also author of *About Time — The Revolution in Work and Family Life*.

Her argument is typical of a "liberal" pro-father line that has recently emerged from the feminist camp. It is becoming increasingly difficult not to acknowledge that fathers and their children are being badly treated in the divorce courts, by being forcibly separated from each other in massive numbers, and that such separation is causing widespread and serious social pathologies. The argument can look like a welcome oasis of common sense and compassion in a desert of irrational hostility; but I shall argue that this 'oasis' is nothing more than a 'mirage' of insubstantial platitudes.

Hewitt's message may be summed up as follows: *All we need is true equality of home and work activities between men and women (which is what feminists wanted all along) and all will be well. The revolution with regard to women working has been largely accomplished and it now remains to permit men to play a larger*

part in child care as a counter-balancing move. As a corollary we are told that the legal regulation of relationships between parents and children can no longer be conducted through marriage because of a rapidly rising number of children being born to unmarried couples. This regulation should now focus on the relationship between parents and children and, in particular, between fathers and children. This regulation is to be accomplished largely through extensions and modifications to the Children Act and Child Support Act.

Hewitt's dismissive attitude to marriage is astonishing in its arrogance and disturbing in its implications. No civilised nation has ever survived without regulating sexual behaviour and child-rearing through marriage. In fact Modern (Cro-Magnon) Man is distinguished from earlier, more primitive, (Neanderthal) Man in having stable family structures, so marriage of some sort probably goes back 10-20,000 years. Furthermore it is likely, when we consider the myriad of economic and social benefits that accrue from marriage, that it is not some arbitrary *product* of civilisation but is what has been responsible for *creating* civilisation. The fact that our society is rapidly losing its qualities of civilisation following the widespread breakdown of traditional family structures supported by legal marriage is further testimony of this.

Marriage is a powerful "instinct" for the great majority of people. Although pro-family groups despair at the fact that 30% of children are born outside

marriage, they tend to forget that the great majority of the parents of that 30% subsequently get married. Duncan Dormor of the charity One-plus-One has pointed out in his report "The Relationship Revolution" that cohabitation is essentially a childless phenomenon.

Therefore probably between 80 and 90% of children start off their early years living with their natural married parents. Since our culture has almost completely removed the social, economic and legal signalling and supporting functions for marriage, the fact that people still get married is quite remarkable. It clearly indicates that when couples have children, they recognise they are entering into a new relationship which requires a serious and permanent mutual commitment. This is not surprising, because one could not manage to live with and raise children, with all that that entails economically and psychologically, *without* the expectation of such a relationship existing.

Marriage is therefore not mere arbitrary social construction but arises naturally from the economic and psychological factors necessarily entailed by child rearing. For Hewitt to try and abolish this for the 80-90% of people for the sake of the 10-20% would seem to be, not only unwarranted, but quite extraordinarily presumptuous. In any case marriage has never been merely about the relationship between the parents as Hewitt implies. The Church of England marriage service explicitly states that a function of marriage is to provide for the rearing of children.

Marriage used also to confer on the father the right to be the natural guardian of his children. This has now been abolished in the Children Act which Hewitt supports.

Mothers and their offspring as complete family units are found throughout nature, for example, in cattle, dogs and pigs. The family unit underpinned by marriage sits in stark contrast to this model. It is the means by which the father formally signals to the State and wider society that he "owns" his children and undertakes to look after them permanently. Much of this is, of course, merely implied rather than being made explicit, because the only way in which the proper and wholesome relationship between both parents and their children can be maintained is through the parents being committed to each other.

The non-arbitrary status of marriage may further be seen when we look at the failure of Hewitt's proposed replacement to withstand the most cursory scrutiny. Her prescription consists of two core elements; first, to permit divorce and separation on unilateral demand (as we do at present) but to couple this with more extensive access rights for fathers; second, to give greater encouragement to fathers in domestic child-rearing activities.

If we assume that the situation will continue as it is, some 50% of marriages or partnerships will break up. Under present arrangements, a father has something like a mere 50% chance of rearing his own children. Hewitt's answer is to provide enforced constraints on where couples can live in order to ensure true shared residence and shared parenting. This sounds logical and fair, but she fails to indicate in how many cases such an arrangement would be at all practical even if it were desirable.

People have to move to get work, for example, or to be near the schools they want for their children. Are we really to assume that these reasonable requirements will be compromised willingly between three or four people who, by definition, are not co-operating? If not, is the law to stop people moving to get work? Is the State to provide adequate benefits for those

thus prevented from working? Stresses can arise in the case of normal husbands and wives when career demands of the two pull in different directions. In this new, ideal, world of Hewitt's it is assumed that all four parties will super-humanly be able to co-ordinate their work patterns successfully.

Hewitt's prescriptions for work are equally unrealistic. Men apparently are to forego work so that they can look after young infants — change nappies, feed them and so forth. It is unclear how this should work in detail — mother and father both at home, one week on and one week off or what? Furthermore, men should work shorter hours generally so that they be at home more with their children. Again it is unclear how this would work in detail between husband and wife. Presumably both should work but both should work shorter hours. Even if this were economically practical for most couples, it is far from clear if any employers would be able or willing to support such practices.

The scope of Hewitt's prescription is also breathtaking. It requires a complete restructuring of work and domestic practices for the great majority of families. Despite continual attempts by feminists to portray women as equal workers to men, the reality is very different. According to the General Household Survey only 10% of mothers with pre-school children work full-time. This rises steadily with the age of children but still only to 30% for older school-age children. Even when women do work full-time they typically trade career advancement for domestic convenience. Presumably all these people who have freely chosen (within economic constraints) to live and work like this are misguided in Hewitt's eyes.

But Hewitt, like all liberal feminists who want to turn men into quasi-women, fails to mention all the skills that men typically have that complement the mother's skills: the really heavy and dirty maintenance tasks around the house, the car repairs and maintenance, gardening, building and DIY jobs. Then there are all the male activities that fathers teach their sons like football, cricket, fishing, and model

making. Presumably in Hewitt's ideal world all women would have to be trained in these and be interested in them.

In the real world a man has to support himself financially either alone or with a family. A request for shorter working hours is unlikely to go down well with his employer or help him compete with colleagues for promotion. Men in manual occupations work five times as much overtime as women. Getting enough money for their families is their main pre-occupation; not getting more time off to be with their children and wives, however desirable this might be.

Perhaps the most absurd and offensive aspect of Hewitt's thesis is the implication that a father who is not in the home full-time is not important. Fathers working full time are typically with their children each morning, each evening, each weekend and during family holidays. They are there to provide for their children, help them with homework, protect them and guide their lives. This is a lifetime commitment and a precious and socially productive force. The man both socialises his children and is socialised by them. When children start going to school full-time and take on other interests outside the home the difference in plain physical contact time between mothers and fathers and their children is greatly reduced.

In the real world where there is greater equality between men and women, mothers and fathers both tend to be working longer hours in full-time jobs rather than trying to limit working hours. Making progress in a serious career, be it either for a man or a woman, requires dedicated, serious commitment. In these families children do not get more contact with *parents* but more contact with *nannies*. Perhaps Hewitt would award custody to the nanny because she had more physical contact with the children than either mother or father. In any case, this pattern is only sustainable in wealthy middle-class homes.

Hewitt feels that governments should not dictate how adults live their lives nor should they impose a single state-mandated pattern of parenting. But

they don't. What we observe is an existing varied pattern, especially among women, and a pattern that varies significantly across social classes. Hewitt seems to want to prescribe how we all should live and her goal can only be achieved by massive State intrusion in employer-employee relationships and State intrusion in living arrangements. It can also only be achieved economically in wealthy middle-class households or in socially pathological states such as chronic unemployment.

Hewitt wants to see more "shared parenting". But we already have a very

good system of shared parenting and one that has endured for many thousands of years — it is called "marriage". Shared parenting means shared commitment to each other and shared respect for each other's relationship with one's children. It requires a moral balance to exist between the spouses, not some State-manufactured surface-feature equality that cannot be sustained and that few want.

We now live in what is termed a "State-engineered matrilineal society". This is the societal structure of the Stone Age, the urban slum and the

ghetto. It is only able to exist because of the massive state intrusion through legal, taxation and benefit systems which distort natural social and economic regulation. It is the reduction of state activity that will create stable families and true "shared parenting", not still more State interference.

John Campion is Co-ordinator of The Cheltenham Group and Chairman of the United Kingdom Men's Movement.

Freud, Fraud and Freedom

Marjorie Rosenberg considers the Freudian input into gay liberation

"I'm sure I live more gallons to the minute walking once round the square than all the stockbrokers in London caught in the act of copulation," Virginia Woolf once remarked, asserting the pre-Freudian view of human receptivity to the surrounding world. But that receptivity was to be steadily constricted by the sexual liberation which it had been supposed would expand it. Emblematic of the consequences of the Freudian transformation is the career of the homosexual, who has come to possess — in the manner of a character in a medieval morality play — an allegorical significance.

His elevation reflects a century long process in which an ostensibly empirical psychology has diverted our attention from the purposes of our behaviour to its causes, while at the same time applying the universal solvent of scientific reductionism to the belief in free will. Man as the mechanism of his appetites became our object of study, and thus there was isolated in the latter part of the nineteenth century a diag-

nostic category defined by sexual preference alone. But the cultural salience of the invention of the homosexual — its emergence as a social identity — owes its greatest debt to Freud, the mythmaker for our era. Let us reconsider the doctrine upon which his plot turns.

Depicting sexuality as apart from culture, and thus at war with it, Freud conceived of what he called the polymorphous perverse as the natural condition of mankind. Human history reveals an equally inherent capacity for the social structuring of sexual behaviour but, intent on his identity as a biological scientist, Freud was intellectually enlisted in the effort of assimilating human to animal sexuality. His model was Darwinian. Ambitious to emulate in the psychological realm Darwin's monumental achievements in biogenetic theory, he nonetheless eschewed the painstaking observation and collection of data on which Darwin's ideas rested. In developing psychoanalysis, Freud's major vehicle of theoretical formulation was analogy

— a dangerous tool which subsumes reason and evidence to the powers of the imagination. Consequently, as Sir Francis Bacon observed at the dawn of the scientific era, "It leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances."

Psychoanalytic theory emerges full blown from the shadows of analogy, imposed on clinical data rather than derived from it. Thus, Freud's postulation of "psychosexual" phases as constituting human psychological development is no more than a metaphorical extension of the no longer accepted evolutionary law that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny — a removal to the arena of the human psyche of biological stages once thought to be discernible both in the history of the race and in the development of the foetus. The oral, anal, phallic and genital phases were discovered neither in the histories of Freud's patients nor through observation of infants and young children; they were for Freud a necessary assertion of human imprisonment in the biogenetic chain. In his

famous "Wolf Man" case history he theorises that, "a child catches hold of this phylogenetic experience where his own experience fails him. He fills in the gaps in individual truth with pre-historic truth; he replaces occurrences in his own life by occurrences in the life of his ancestors."

The one hundred and thirty one pages which Freud devotes to this single case contain concluding remarks in which he refers to his own use of analogy as a substitute for observation and makes explicit his preoccupation with an animal model for human emotional experience:

If one considers the behaviour of the four year old child towards the reactivated primal scene or even if one thinks of the far simpler reactions of the one and a half year old child when the scene was actually experienced, something, as it were, preparatory to an understanding was at work in the child at the time. What this may have consisted in we can form no conception; *we have nothing at our disposal but the single analogy — and it is an excellent one — of the far reaching instinctive knowledge of animals*

Further celebrating his dependence on metaphorical transpositions of outmoded evolutionary theory, Freud asserts:

The phylogenetically inherited schemata (i.e.; the psychosexual phases) are precipitates from the history of civilisation. The Oedipus complex, which comprises a child's relation to its parents, is one of them — is, in fact, the best known member of the class. Whenever experiences fail to fit in with the hereditary schema, they become remodelled in the imagination. We are often able to see the schema triumphing over the individual.

Thus the master tells us, and continued to tell us throughout his long life, it is the evolutionary history of the race, marked by the inheritance of acquired characteristics, which is central to forming human personality. Like a fossil remnant, Lamarck's long discredited theory has endured in Freud's work, embalmed in his conception of the Oedipus complex and castration anxiety — the latter cited by him as a residuum of real castrations which occurred in primeval times, as the former is said to have evolved from the slaying and eating of the primal father

by his jealous sons. "I have no hesitation in declaring that men have always known (in this special [Lamarckian] way) that they once possessed a primal father and killed him", Freud proclaimed in *Totem and Taboo*.

Moreover, "Constitution is everything," was the dictum he delivered on his eightieth birthday and, indeed, his theories took on a more constitutionalist cast with time. But, as Frank Sulloway has elaborated, the fashionable mystique which grew up around psychoanalytic therapy — as contrasted with the theory on which it was founded — derived largely from the fascination provided by the accidental and varied experiential component in the lives of patients. Psychoanalytic practice seemed to belie the hopeless diagnoses of the previous era and, from the beginning, an implicit rift existed between the biologically based theory and the environmentally oriented therapy.

Increasingly embarrassed during Freud's lifetime by his Lamarckian and biogenetic assumptions, certain of his followers sought to dissuade him from endorsing such views in his later years. Ernest Jones has recounted an attempt to persuade Freud, in the last year of his life, to alter a passage in *Moses and Monotheism* which extended the application of Lamarck's theory to the entire field of biological evolution. Cytologists and embryologists had amassed evidence against the theory as early as the 1880s, and Jones argued that no responsible biologist would any longer regard the assertion as tenable. But the master's circular speculations could not encompass the newer findings, and Jones reports that Freud refused to review the issue.

The response of Freud's disciples was twofold — a recasting of the theory itself as environmentalist and purely psychological and, as corollary, a view of the Lamarckian and biogenetic framework as "late" and "peripheral" additions to his work. Sandor Ferenczi and Carl Jung were frequently used as scapegoats, indicted as stimulating Freud's own support of unwarranted biological principles. Jones himself, in his biography of Freud, both re-

versed the history of psychoanalysis and covertly altered its meaning by organising his chapter on "Biology" in terms of Freud's contributions to biology, neglecting thereby his mentor's deductive applications of biological theory. What Frank Sulloway refers to as "this blatant reversal of cause and effect," enormously increased the influence of Freudian thought by further obscuring its foundation in a number of nineteenth-century scientific misconceptions and — perhaps more importantly — by vitiating its deeply misanthropic message.

That message, grounded in the humbling of man's pride inherent in Darwinism, found its chief expression in Freud's sexual theories which provided a systematic extension of the evolutionary demotion of man to mere membership in the animal kingdom. It seems likely that Freud's often expressed contempt for the United States, where his theories and the practice of psychoanalysis enjoyed their greatest influence, had to do with the failure of Americans to get his message. "My discoveries are a basis for a very grave philosophy," Freud remarked near the end of his life. "There are very few who understand this." But, blind to the negation of human possibility which Freud's theory of sexual development proclaimed, Americans enthusiastically embraced it, extracting from the nihilistic vision a happy outcome. The withering away of sexual restraints seemed near at hand.

Freud's "very grave philosophy" was, in fact, a bitter rejection of man's status as a rational being. Defining intellectual processes primarily as mechanisms of defence against instinctual impulses, Freud reclassified reason as rationalisation, projection, obsessiveness, reaction formation and other sins of the mind. He had no theory of perception because, as Philip Rieff has noted, "he refused to treat mind except as a historical process." All of consciousness had to be traced back to earlier, simpler, unchanging motives of a sexual nature: the orderly, formal modes through which visual, auditory and kinesic stimuli are physiologically received and transmuted into intellectual development were abso-

lutely ignored in psychoanalytic theory.

Freud's single attempt to deal with the physiology of the brain — what he called his "Psychology for Neurologists" and James Strachey, publishing it for the first time posthumously, titled "Project for a Scientific Psychology" — was taken up in 1895 with great excitement and abandoned for a lifetime by the beginning of the new year. Unable to integrate neurophysiology into his psychological schema, he gave up the attempt. But, as throughout his intellectual career, hidden, often unexamined and now outmoded biological assumptions were retained and insulated from correction through their redeployment in Freud's new language.

The language itself was revolutionary. Dealing principally with what, to the educated public, had been forbidden topics, Freud fashioned a powerful literary amalgam compounded of anthropological lore, classical mythology and scientific metaphor — all delivered with notable dramatic panache. The speculative theorising upon which this language was brought to bear reflected the adventurous spirit of nineteenth-century science. Exuberantly self-confident, its practitioners entertained bizarre possibilities as a right: the world was to be new made under the rubric of scientific theory.

In this context, Freud's crucial borrowings from Wilhelm Fliess — that most valued of his intellectual colleagues — have experienced an interesting fate. Far more rigorous in his methodology than Freud, Fliess's principal goal was to make of biology an exact mathematical science, and it is largely this failed effort which has brought contumely on his memory. But he shared with many scientists of the day a primary interest in sexuality and a belief that, as he wrote in his magnum opus of 1906, "From now on, we may definitely delete the word 'chance' from the biological sphere of events."

Fliess's major contribution to Freudian thought, his conception of human bisexuality, combined his mathematical and sexual theorising, presupposed the existence of infantile sexuality and established a connection between neu-

rosis and sexual repression. The convoluted and completely unproven mathematical formulation for Fliess's ideas was warmly embraced by Freud, but it was the association with infantile sexuality and neurosis which energised Freud's own theory making to the extent that he annexed bisexuality as a major principle of his own. Almost equally with Freud's imaginative creation of psychosexual stages as the key to human development — a projection so happily congenial to Darwinian materialism — the idea of bisexuality has exhibited a palimpsestic quality. In the fullness of time it has provided a foundation for the efflorescence of our present homosexual culture.

Fliess's theory of bisexuality first emerged from his focus on periodicity, a fashionable preoccupation of the 1890s which had earlier seized the attention of, among others, Charles Darwin. The investigation of temporal cycles governing the duration of stages of development of organisms had occupied many nineteenth century scientists, and the conflation of human development with that of any and all lower forms of life was presumed to be a determining principle for the discovery of laws governing human existence. Darwin postulated in 1871 that man was descended from a bisexual, lunar-cycle-dependent, tidal organism.

Powerfully influenced by Darwin, Havelock Ellis, one of the turn-of-the-century pioneers in the scientific study of sexuality, devoted a large portion of the second volume of his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* to an evolutionary perspective on the phenomena of sexual periodicity. Observing that "throughout the vegetable and animal world, the sexual functions are periodic," Ellis emphasised the connection between the usually annual period of flowering in plants, the cyclical variation of sexual energies in animals and the "monthly effervescence of the generating organism in woman." In a personal flight of fancy, Ellis attributed the twenty-eight-day menstrual cycle in the human species to a phylogenetic residue of the favourable opportunities for courting, long provided by the light of the full moon.

Wilhelm Fliess also approached the issue of periodicity in man by extrapolating from lower forms of life, but his studies of conception, gestation, birth, growth and disease were conceived in largely mathematical terms which, despite the receptive enthusiasm of Freud and certain other colleagues, were destined to have no lasting influence. However, it was in tandem with the idea of weekly and monthly cycles throughout the vertebrate kingdom that the idea of bisexuality in man was developed and given credence.

For Fliess, these cycles, which he felt existed in both male and female creatures, were proof of the endurance of bisexuality throughout the evolutionary hierarchy. His claim to have discovered a twenty-three-day cycle in the human male — substantiated as usual with mathematical formulas — constituted a partial argument for his assertion of universal bisexuality. But he rested his case principally on the fact that in the early embryonic stages of vertebrates, including man, the sexual organs of both sexes are plainly visible. In human beings it is only after the third month of embryonic life that one of these two sets of organs begins to atrophy. But whereas Darwin used these anatomical facts to reason, in *The Descent of Man*, about evolutionary history, Fliess felt he could determine from them that man's essential nature is bisexual. Despite the appealing analogy, however, this beginning aspect of embryonic existence no more affects the subsequent psychic life of man than do the fur and tails which human embryos briefly possess. In fact, the apparent early hermaphroditism of the human foetus does not exist. With very rare exceptions, biological sex is clearly differentiated *at the moment of conception* by the XX and XY chromosomal patterns.

Still, Fliess was as successful in convincing Freud of this theoretical speculation as he had earlier been in gaining Freud's acceptance for the idea of a meaningful psychological and physiological association between the nose and the female sexual organs. The latter conception was allowed to disappear from the developing

psychoanalytic canon after the near death of a hysterical patient referred by Freud to Fliess for nasal surgery. But bisexuality was destined to become a cornerstone of psychoanalytic thinking, used as an explanatory principle for repression, for the neuroses and for perversions. In 1901 Freud proposed to Fliess co-authorship of a work to be titled, *Bisexuality in Man*, which, with Fliess's rejection of the offer, emerged in 1905 as Freud's *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*.

In Fliess's view, as Freud later interpreted it, the nucleus of the unconscious consists of the repression in each human being of that side of him which belongs to the opposite sex. Acquiescing in this assumption — all the terms of which are insusceptible of proof — Freud then came to accept Fliess's corollary that all neurotics exhibit unconscious fixations of the libido on their own sex. In a further elaboration of Fliess's concept, Freud attributed homosexuality to insufficient repression of the "bisexual predisposition".

From its genesis in Fliessian mathematical and biological equivalencies, universal bisexuality became for Freud the "decisive factor" in understanding the psychoneuroses. If unrepressed, it provided the basis for perversion. However, in theorising about man as a biological entity apart from culture, Freud had altered the meaning of perversion. Identifying all infants and children as polymorphous perverse, he had created a new race of human beings whose original sin was entirely sexual. Mitigated by their universality, perversions — homosexuality among them — now became childish rather than evil, manifestations of arrested development which were indicative of psychological illness rather than moral choice. With one blow, Freud had assaulted both moral distinctions and the dichotomy between normality and neurosis.

It was in large part Freud's literary imagination, his sense of drama and his skilful use of rhetorical devices, which allowed his elaboration of bisexuality theory to take hold and endure. Other eminent turn of the century scientists and sexologists, including

Richard von Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis and Magnus Hirschfeld, wished to extend Darwinian theory to encompass human sexual behaviour, but their development of the conceptions was sparser, their language drier. Krafft-Ebing, to be sure, enlarged his views to include a neuropsychological version of bisexuality which assumed that the cerebrum contains male and female centres, with homosexuality resulting from the victory of the wrong centre. Not a trace of neurological evidence supported this position, and it was Freud's less concrete but more systematically developed theory which prevailed.

The attribution of bisexuality to certain of the gods of antiquity and to cult heroes and spirits of many primitive tribes indicates the historical power of the idea, which may be imagined to confer invulnerability, or at least self-sufficiency, on its possessor. For some nineteenth-century sexologists — and most notably for Freud — the still potent symbolism was transformed into an explanatory principle which invoked the authority of biogenetic theory. But the authority was spurious; biology provides no evidence of universal bisexuality — not in man, nor in the higher vertebrates. Some classes of mollusc, a phylum of soft bodied and usually hard shelled creatures, contain as standard equipment both a male and a female reproductive system and thus are bisexual in the only legitimate use of the term. Our species, with its standard developmental pattern, determined at conception, of a single reproduction action system, does not provide a biological foundation for Freud's theory of bisexuality.

Yet lacking a biological basis, the psychoanalytic superstructure endures, cocooned in a double layer of rhetorical misconception. The idea of human bisexuality is, like Freud's overarching concept of psychosexual stages, a metaphor garnering authority from recapitulation theory, which has itself long survived scientific repudiation. Stephen Jay Gould, in his 1977 book on the subject, remarked that the doctrine was taught to him in the New York public schools fifty years after its abandonment by science. And the

recapitulation formula — "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny" — which Ernst Haeckel first proclaimed in 1866, occupied a questionable position for decades before succumbing to post Mendelian genetics and experimental embryology.

Whereas the theory had postulated two necessary conditions for its operation — the adding of new features at the end of ontogeny and the deleting of earlier stages to make room for these terminal additions — it was discovered that at conception a genetic program is laid down with both its rate of development and outcome already determined. Therefore, a reenactment in each case of the evolutionary saga was no longer tenable. But Freud refused to modify his theoretical edifice when first Lamarck's and then Haeckel's ideas were revealed as erroneous. It had, in fact, always been a castle in the air — unprovable improvisations on a biogenetic theme.

Moreover, Freud's psychosexual structuring of the mind differed radically from the process of biological development in that no feature was, he insisted, ever truly superseded. In *Civilisation and its Discontents* he explains his view unambiguously: "The fact remains that *only in the mind* is (such) a preservation of all the earlier stages alongside of the final form possible". Repression — fostering socially desired developmental patterns — could, he is telling us, at any time give way, allowing for the return of primitive or childlike phases. Even greater depths might be reached with the eruption of instinctual needs from the unconscious, that wonderful Freudian paradox of the unknowable element about which he claimed to know so much. And among the multitude of vestigial features which Freud imagined as preserved intact in the nether regions of the mind — waiting to elude the conscious will — was, of course, universal bisexuality.

Freud's elaboration of this non-existent biological duality posited psychological remnants of the opposite sex as present in complete but dormant form in every individual. Just as the early psychosexual stages of orality and anality could fail to be traversed or

could be reverted to in later life because of an abandonment of repression, so might it happen with bisexuality, resulting in a temporary or permanent turning away from the heterosexual norm. This ever present possibility of "latent homosexuality" exhibited the titillating hallmark of Freudian sexual theory — misplaced desire lurking unbeknownst to its possessor.

The signs and portents of latent homosexuality, though manifold, were calibrated with egregious imprecision. Dreams, fantasies, fears; failures or excesses in intimacy with either sex; departures from Freud's rigid categorisation of appropriate masculine or feminine behaviour — all were suspect. But the demons released by Freud had an unpremeditated aspect, providing a shelter from responsibility through a systematic biological determinism. And Freud's mythic universal bisexuality gave credence to homosexuality as a not unlikely failure of the psychosexual developmental process.

This particular instance of "arrested development" was not, however, a negative preoccupation of the master's. While showing a propensity to discern homosexual feelings in a wide range of behaviour — in himself and colleagues, in patients and historical figures — he was also willing to consider the homosexual as endowed with special gifts. His monograph on Leonardo da Vinci, which he called "the only beautiful thing I ever wrote," represents his hero as a gentle, repressed homosexual. However, the analysis for this interpretation — based on a crucial mistranslation of a childhood memory taken from Leonardo's notebooks and highly questionable information about Leonardo's early life — was designed, not to expose the limitations inherent in homosexuality, but as exemplification that "there is no one so great that it would be a disgrace for him to be subject to the laws that govern normal and pathological activity with equal severity." It was the "universal narcissism of mankind" that Freud attacked, not the achievement of a homosexual.

In a document of 1921, rediscovered

in 1977, Freud expressed disagreement with Ernest Jones and his English colleagues, who thought a homosexual could not be entrusted with the practice of psychoanalysis. His recommendation was for a "thorough examination of the other qualities of the candidate." He had, after all, in his *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, contended that "the exclusive interest of the man for the woman is also a problem requiring an explanation". Thus holding aloft the banner of scientific detachment from questions of meaning and purpose, he had sounded a note which would become the battle cry of homosexual activists of the last three decades. Turning on genius and love the same theoretical weapons used to decode neurosis and perversion, he had initiated a systematic levelling of the human psyche.

But the negativism of Freudian theory had always been obscured by the therapeutic optimism of psychoanalysts and their patients — if not of Freud himself, whose gratifications were largely those of a speculative "conquistador", to use his self-designation. By the 1960s, however, the paradoxes inherent in the idea of cure through immersion in the lower regions of instinct had produced a conflation which called nihilism by the name of liberation. Norman O Brown's *Life Against Death*, first published in 1959, was a Freudian prescription for society which advocated a lifting of repression to cure "the disease called man" (a phrase borrowed from Nietzsche) of his universal neurosis. To a generation of college students whose parents had been taught to imagine for them a psychoanalytically inspired utopia of instinctual freedom, such a message presented both an urgent call for self realisation and an opportunity to proselytise for a cultural revolution. A sense of purpose, so strangely lacking in Freud's consideration of the human psyche, was supplied by the exhortations of Brown, Herbert Marcuse and other interpreters of Freud to extend the master's insights to society at large, and the universities became the scene of what was portrayed as a courageous struggle against the evils of cultural constraint.

But for Freud, repression was always sexual in origin, thus focusing reform on sexual liberation. Individual psychoanalysis, beset by the internal contradiction between its fundamental bleakness of outlook and the need for therapeutic hopefulness, had seemed to offer an absence of discomfort as its highest good. Brown and his followers — twenty years after Freud's death — demanded a return to the fantasied Eden of childhood, defined by them in Freudian language as the domain of the polymorphous perverse. Freed of the imperative of "genital organisation", with its connection to the reproductive function, the warriors against repression celebrated infantile sexuality as richer and more pleasurable than the adult variety.

Extrapolating from Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis* Brown tells us:

Adult sexuality, in so far as it is restricted by rules designed to maintain the institution of the family and in so far as the desire for sexual satisfaction is diverted and exploited for the purpose of maintaining a socially useful institution, is a clear instance of that subordination of the pleasure-principle to the reality-principle which is repression; as such it is rejected by the unconscious essence of the human being and therefore leads to neurosis.

Brown follows Freud in perceiving mankind as "unalterably in the unconscious in revolt against sexual differentiation and genital organisation." Returning in his argument to what he views as the superior instinctual wisdom of infantile sexuality, Brown assures us that "just because it is infantile it must be sexually undifferentiated hence it is part of Freud's later position to stress the bisexual character of the Oedipal project itself In each sex the unconscious does not accept the repression but wants to recover the bisexuality of childhood."

But more zealous than the master — who dourly postulated an inevitable conflict between what he termed instinctual needs and the institution of the family — Brown is a propagandist for the overthrow of adult heterosexuality in favour of a mystical narcissism. A cult figure for students of the sixties, Brown, in his espousal of

Freud's elegantly expressed nihilism as a program for living, served to fuel the lesbian-feminist and homosexual movements. Issuing a call for "the reunification of the sexes in the self," he further imagined that he was resurrecting the search for primal unity.

Brown's confused attraction to mysticism provided one of the sources for elements of social withdrawal in the youth movement of the sixties. However, such a withdrawal was not commensurate with Freud's view of the self, nor with Brown's. Psychoanalysis had rejected the traditional philosophical and religious dichotomies which viewed man's greatest struggle as internal — the conflict between soul and body or, alternatively, reason and desire. Refusing to acknowledge either a spiritual element in man or rational sources of human behaviour, Freud could provide no basis for contemplative withdrawal. His depiction of the essential psychic struggle as

occurring between nature and culture exchanged the traditional journey into the self for an attack on societal constraints. We speak of culture wars, but what has ensued from Freud's biogenetic mythologising is a war against culture itself — its object a sexual utopia of the polymorphous perverse projected as the psychological foundation for unfettered freedom.

The direct heir of Freudian hermeneutics, our contemporary homosexual movement dedicates itself to biological justifications for its assault on social institutions. The primary assault, a rejection of the status of husband and father, is a historical anomaly — signifying as it does a specialised role and a permanent commitment with no larger social purpose envisioned. Culturally prescribed in classical Greece and in some primitive warrior societies as an aspect of youthful induction into masculinity, homosexual behaviour was, upon completion

of military training and service, typically succeeded by fulfilment of the adult requirements of marriage and the propagation of a family.

Like all human sexual behaviour — except the culminating act which reproduces the species — homosexuality is socially defined and structured. Yet in the current public debate, an increasingly intransigent movement has claimed for its members both biological programming and immutability. Paradoxically, it was Freud, the professed liberator of the psyche, who constructed the fables of biological imprisonment which the homosexual has embraced.

Marjorie Rosenberg is a Psychotherapist whose articles have appeared in *The American Scholar* and other journals.

New Government, New Danger

Stuart Millson offers a Conservative way forward

By the early hours of Friday 2nd May 1997, it had become clear that the Conservative Party had suffered an electoral defeat which not even the most optimistic of Tony Blair's managers could have predicted. As the results were beamed into homes across the nation, Tories looked on in disbelief as the map of Britain turned red. Massacred in Scotland and Wales; ejected from the Midlands and most of urban England; and defeated even in places as seemingly Conservative as Hove, Harrogate, Brighton and Basildon, the Conservative Party was reduced to a shell-shocked rump of just over 160 MPs. Given the bitter infighting now besetting what was, for nearly two decades, the undisputed

party of government, there is every sign that it will take the Tories years to recover.

Meanwhile, New Labour has turned itself into a united, radical, legislative machine, pursuing an agenda of economic reform and social change. The party's new MPs — many of whom come from the world of local government and look even more like British Telecom middle-management or "Human Resources" officers — represent a major generational change in British politics. Building on the campaign of internal reform first begun by Neil Kinnock in the mid-1980s, Tony Blair has succeeded in creating an "equal opportunities" party: a presentable new governing class of concerned men and

progressive women, with, of course, the occasional Scottish Muslim and gay former BBC reporter to add to its ideological sincerity. Still very much Socialist, yet not conventionally Left-wing, the Labour parliamentary party embodies a strange hybrid of Leftish political values and free-market economics. Ironically, the New Prime Minister was aided in this creation by the attitudes and mentality born of 18 years of essentially libertarian idealism. He has much for which to thank his predecessors.

New Labour, in fact, is the apotheosis of the social order created by the Thatcherite/Majorite brand of economic Conservatism — the now-discredited notion that by promoting

unrestrained market choice, acquisitiveness and affluence, a natural and perpetual base for Tory political power could be created. This proved to be all too hollow, with the Conservatives creating instead a society of shareowners, not a society of Conservatives. Tragically, successive Tory Governments failed to cultivate and foster Right-wing and traditionalist sentiments, and paved the way for the widespread dissemination of a liberal left social and cultural morality. In such an atmosphere, it was only a matter of time before Blairism achieved its easy victory.

And what more resounding proclamation of the new political order than in the newspaper which has come to represent the aspirations of all self-respecting, business-suited, but politically-correct New Labourites — *The Independent*. On the Wednesday before the election its editorial said this:

At our founding we embraced a passion for the new economic liberalism, but tempered by intelligent social concern. We urgently sought the breaking up of concentrations of power and the reconstitution of our political system... That reconstitution always had to be internationalist, and therefore pro-European, because it looked forward to breaking down state power by democratising our lives".

What better description of what lies at the heart of New Labour. And for the first time in a generation, it was an agenda that did not frighten the voter. The old ogres of the 1970s have been banished from the popular imagination — Clive Jenkins, Jack Jones and the TUC being nothing more than ghosts haunting the minds of the Heseltine generation. The blatantly-extremist spirit is now to be found either in Arthur Scargill's Socialist Labour Party, or in the far-Left archipelago beyond the sanitised corridors of the Blairite stronghold.

Yet simply because we no longer have crippling strikes and violent industrial confrontation, it does not follow that Britain is safe, secure and stable. On the contrary. Despite Labour's presentation of itself as a Government of firm-handed economists and accountants, the new administra-

tion is committed to the continuation of tax-and-spend welfarism, albeit on a reformed and less grandiose scale than before. One only has to look at the astronomically high-spending activities of Socialist local authorities to see that Labour uses the state as a means to create multifarious structures of support and subsidy.

And despite the disingenuous use of the Bulldog and flag-waving in the last week of the election campaign, the new Government is conducting a thorough overhaul and gradual disinvention of the United Kingdom, its parliamentary system and its sovereignty. As *Sunday Telegraph* columnist Matthew d'Ancona observed, many of the fresh intake of Labour MPs view the House of Commons merely as "just another" body, or as a stepping stone to Europe and regional administrations. Even relatively old hands, such as the Northern Ireland Secretary Dr. Mo Mowlam, are showing worrying signs of favouring the worst kind of change. Her almost undignified haste to see Sinn Fein at the negotiating table and the probability that New Labour will throw itself into "bridge-building" and "power-sharing" offers little hope for the Unionist majority.

Let us be in no doubt, New Labour — as represented by the pro-gay Fabianist Stephen Twigg (he defeated Michael Portillo in Enfield Southgate) and Gisella Stuart (a German and pro-European who — amazingly — now sits for Dame Jill Knight's Edgbaston seat) — is not remotely imbued with any spirit suggesting reverence for, or romantic attachment to our institutions. Indeed, the reverse is true. The monarchical and ceremonial nature of parliamentary ritual is seen by the new administration as "dated" and an obstruction to a full debate on the "issues" — that favourite word of New Labour. That is why Mr. Blair has been furiously modernising the procedure of the Commons and it also explains, perhaps, why at least one Labour MP and Minister was seen crossing his fingers whilst taking his oath of allegiance to the Queen.

For New Labour, the concepts of parliamentary government and constitutional monarchy sit uncomfort-

ably with buzzwords such as "representative forums" and "empowerment for communities". The nearest they come to praising a national institution is in their curiously fanatical loyalty to the NHS. Yet the Health Service is defended, not as a straightforwardly functional body which cures the sick, but as a sacred, gigantic employer of "carers" and finger-wagging liberals of the "I-know-best" variety. No doubt the presence of the decidedly Left-of-centre, hugely-powerful union known as "UNISON" also has something to do with it. So far though, despite Labour's election slogan — "we have only five days left to save the NHS" — the new Health Secretary appears to be committed to almost exactly the same hospital expenditure and closure programme as his Tory predecessor!

Europe, too, is looked at through rose-tinted spectacles. The new Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, a man who has expressed his distaste for "xenophobia" (that predictable Left-wing synonym for patriotism), has gone out of his way to placate our masters in Brussels. The EU, as if readers of this magazine needed reminding, is heaven-on-earth for Socialists like Mr Cook: a pen-pushing, multi-departmental extravaganza with a policy and a committee for everything. Needless to say, superannuated Socialists such as Mr and Mrs Kinnock have discovered lucrative employment and generous expense accounts there, including a role for their researcher son. Indeed, one's whole life (political and romantic) can be planned in the new EU. According to a report in *The Daily Mail*, the younger Mr Kinnock has found a soulmate at the heart of Europe — a Scandinavian female fellow-Socialist who works for the bureaucracy in some form of "anti-racist" capacity.

Much to the delight of the Foreign Office and the pro-Brussels Establishment, Tony Blair's eyes gaze adoringly at the *dirigiste* structures of the Community. The New Labour movement, not to mention a significant number of Conservatives and most of the Liberal Democrats, consider this Continental conglomerate to be a redemptive force — a utopia just across the Channel which will improve us,

make us less parochial and finally dispose of those hopeless 19th-century delusions of self-government and monetary independence.

Yet ever-mindful of public opinion, and realising the British people's doubts concerning the wisdom of further EU integration, shrewd Mr Blair momentarily adopted the language of Euro-scepticism, telling us at Labour election press conferences that he would have "no truck" with a federal Europe. But already, after all the handshaking and rubber-stamping at June's Amsterdam summit, Ministers are implementing a positive European policy, the likes of which would never have been seen under even the wettest Tory government.

On economics and welfare, on Europe and the Union, the new Government poses a threat to the survival of the nation and the state. Sadly, for too many British people, these issues still

do not have a personal relevance, despite the fact that radical, anti-EU parties offering a fundamentally nationalist message polled close to a million votes at the General Election. Yet this is as nothing compared to the vast majority polled by Labour, and it seems inevitable now that Britain will slip further into federalism, devolution and national obscurity, with a self-obsessed and divided Tory Party offering pitifully weak and ineffective opposition. Given that the parliamentary party's new leader, William Hague, offered a message of support to London's "gay pride" marchers, one can only weep for the future of Conservatism.

Our task is now to help guide the Tory Party into new political waters, which will enable it to regain momentum and strength. But we will only do it by understanding the psychology of New Labour and by pinning the Government down on the issues it would

rather not debate. So begins a new chapter for Conservatism. Our party, and our cause, has the historic opportunity to redefine itself — as New Labour did. We should jettison the old, failed personalities and policies, and work for a Right-of-centre renaissance within an attractive and up-to-date framework.

Only the true kernel of Conservative values and beliefs — national identity and the traditional society — will reactivate our cause, and nothing less should be considered. But if the Right fails to capture the heart and soul of a defeated Tory Party, and if Labour is not properly challenged or obstructed, it will be 2012 before we even have a chance of forming another government.

Stuart Millson works as a proof reader.

An African Copper Mine In The 'Fifties

A H P Hughes recalls his life in Luanshya

When I first went to the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) in 1950, I went by train from Cape Town; and the journey to the railhead at Ndola took five days. No doubt, even then, people did make the journey by air, since there was an airport at Cape Town and one at Ndola, which, besides being the railhead was also the capital of the Western Province, but it could not have been common. I was told to make arrangements for transport with the local agent of Roan Antelope Copper Mines, and he never even mentioned the possibility of flying. He did, however, volunteer the information that the distance by road was about 2200 miles.

My destination, Luanshya, was the location of one of the four mines which at that time made up the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt. Luanshya was not shown, even on the large scale map I consulted, but "Roan Antelope Copper Mine," was. This hinted at the true position of affairs: without the mine, Luanshya would probably have been a District Commissioner's office in the "bush", with a Northern Rhodesian Police post attached.

Although this is not a tale of travel, a short account of that journey may not be without interest, since it belongs to a rapidly receding past.

Leaving Cape Town going north, the South African Railways trains run through the beautiful Hex River Val-

ley, and then climb up on to the plateau on which so much of Southern Africa lies.

The second day on the train brought Kimberley, with its "big hole" associated with diamond mining. Later still the train stopped at Mahalapye in Bechuanaland (now Botswana). It seemed to me to be very little different from the other wayside stations at which we had stopped; but when a large number of passengers, including ladies, left the train and made for the station building, I followed out of curiosity. Inside, a native band was giving of its best with a very free rendering of "I'm Looking Over a Four Leafed Clover" while passengers, immigration officers and other officials were

footing it together in an impromptu *thé dansant*. Later, when the guard had managed to coax everybody back to the train, the journey resumed in a noticeably less formal atmosphere.

The South African Railways train ended its journey at Bulawayo. Passengers had a break of some thirteen hours to get a bath, do some shopping, have a meal and stretch their legs before boarding the Rhodesian Railways train for the second leg of their journey.

The Rhodesian train made its way past Wankie, a colliery and a game reserve; Victoria Falls, with its famous hotel; the Falls themselves, most impressive during the rainy season; Livingstone, the first station in Northern Rhodesia; Lusaka, the capital; Broken Hill, with its lead and zinc mine; and finally Ndola.

One feature of the train journey which struck me as odd was that the track was not infrequently serpentine. In an almost flat plain, the line curved to such an extent that passengers in coaches towards the rear were from time to time able to wave to the engine driver in the big Garrett locomotive. The guard told me that when the line was put through, it was cheaper to go round anthills rather than attempt to flatten them. This seemed a bit of a tale at the time; but then, some years later, I watched the attempted demolition with high explosives of an anthill about the size of a suburban semi, on a Northern Rhodesian golf course, I realised that there was probably a good deal in what the man said.

When the train stopped in Ndola station, I saw, on a nearby track, a loco of exotic appearance, pre-war French in shape, with a strange distended smoke stack. Ndola was the Northern Rhodesian terminus for trains from the former Belgian Congo, crossing the frontier at Sakania, and running up to Elizabethville and beyond. The loco I saw was a wood burner and I noticed the addition to the smoke stack of a spark arrestor, made necessary by the long dry season in those parts.

A lorry driven by the steward of the Mine Recreation Club, who had come to Ndola on a shopping expedition, took me the remaining twenty or so miles to Luanshya. No doubt believing

that my spirits had been lowered by five days on trains, he attempted to raise them by giving me a thumbnail sketch of life in Luanshya which, he said, in the local native language, meant "The Valley of Death."

Luanshya, (13°08' S., 28° 25' E.) is about 4,000 feet above sea level, the altitude making the climate bearable for Europeans for most of the year. June and July were splendid months, cool and sunny with occasionally even a slight frost in the early morning. The difficult months were August, (hot dry winds full of grit); September, (still and hot: divorce month); October, (stiller and hotter: suicide month). The rains usually broke in mid-October. One year, of evil memory, the rains did not break until December.

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In fact, until the arrival of the mining company the area was very unhealthy, chiefly through malaria and blackwater fever. The mine medical departments had done such a wonderful job by drainage and other measures that both diseases had been banished from all the mining camps, though anyone venturing outside them after dark was advised to take precautions.

Besides dangers from disease, there was another kind of danger for Africans, which greatly affected their willingness to take work on the mine in the early days. It was well known that a

"snake" existed in the Luanshya area, and though only a spirit snake it was quite capable of swallowing any African rash enough to cross its path. Mine management was equal to the challenge. They hired a witch-doctor who exorcised the snake, and all was well.

Copper was discovered at Luanshya in 1902 by a prospector called W C Collier, who saw signs of an outcrop near the body of a Roan Antelope he had killed for the pot. Some time after this, exploratory drilling took place; but it was not until 1927 that a Company was formed; and the first blister copper was cast in 1931.

The Roan Antelope orebody, according to the books, is U-shaped, goes down to a depth of about 3,000 feet, and is approximately five and a half miles in length. The copper sulphide minerals occur in a finely divided state in rocks described as metamorphosed shales and sandstones.

In the early 1950s there were four major mining camps in Northern Rhodesia: Mufulira (copper), Nchanga (copper and cobalt), Nkana-Kitwe-Mindola (copper and cobalt) and Roan Antelope (copper). Two more mines, Bancroft and Chibuluma started towards the end of that decade.

Being so far from any large centre, (the man who tuned the Recreation Club piano had to travel five thousand miles, there and back), the mines were compelled to do many things for themselves and their employees. At Roan, besides the production departments: Mining, Concentrating (mineral dressing) and Smelting, of which more anon, there was an Engineering Department which did all the maintenance, ran the power station, supplied water, both domestic and industrial, disposed of sewage, provided transport and built roads; a Medical Department which ran two hospitals and nine sectional African clinics, and a Personnel Administration Department, which, besides its more obvious functions, provided housing and domestic services for all its employees.

A Sectional Engineer told me that the Roan Antelope Mine covered about seventy five square miles. Taking into account outlying bits such as the pumping station, and the vast size of the

Mine African Township (about 90,000 people in my time), I should think this a conservative estimate.

Although I visited other mine townships, I always felt that Luanshya was the best. Hemmed in on all sides by "bush", its neat garden-city appearance reflected great credit on the Company, and certainly softened the impact of Darkest Africa. In their efforts to provide this kind of amenity they were ably assisted for many years by their Estates Gardener, Bill Altern, who had a good eye for terrain, and even more important, unlimited patience.

I spent about a year in Mining Department, first getting qualified in the school, then doing various jobs to gain experience. After that I was moved to Organisation and Methods where I investigated procedures, services, machinery, materials, costs, and in fact anything I was asked to report on.

When I came out of the school, there were three shifts in Mining Department. Day shift drilled and blasted; afternoon and night shifts got rid of the broken rock, so that the drilling could get under way again next day. Suddenly European labour became very scarce; and it was decided that as an emergency measure there would be two shifts of twelve hours each. I was on day shift at the time. Going down at 6.30 in the morning (4.30 on Monday to restore electricity, water and compressed air turned off by Maintenance on Sunday) and coming up at seven in the evening, I did not see daylight for weeks on end, except on Sunday. After I had done a couple of "voluntary" Sundays as well, I felt that the Company were really getting their money's worth.

There were four main shafts working at the Roan Antelope mine in the early fifties. From these shafts the haulages, or main levels, went off at various depths, 1440, 1700, down to, I think, 2280 at the bottom of the mine. The cages which operated in the shafts stopped at these main levels, the miners would get out, walk along the railway tracks of the haulage, pick up their African gangs at prescribed waiting places, and enter their working areas through passages cut in the sidewall. At the end of these short passages they

would find a wooden platform, with a ladder leading upwards and another, through a hole in the platform, down. These "raises", usually inclined at the angle of the orebody, gave access to the drifts or drives, 7' by 7' passageways in which developers drilled and blasted their way through the orebody, so that stopping, the removal of rock between raises, could ultimately take place, according to the plan worked out for that block of ground.

Developers used tungsten steel drills,

In fact, until the arrival of the mining company the area was very unhealthy, chiefly through malaria and blackwater fever..... by drainage and other measures that both diseases had been banished from all the mining camps

and advanced each "end" about six feet per shift. Stoppers used diamond drills, and charged the fan-shaped pattern of holes they drilled (sometimes 140' long), with 22 inch sticks of dynamite. Long hole blasting on this scale would sometimes take three tons of dynamite at one go. When you were on your way home in the afternoon you would often hear a thump and feel the ground tremble; and someone would say, "That's Pete Smith's blast in 770 West."

The broken rock from a stopper's blast would fall into a vast funnel-shaped depression (a cone) previously prepared by enlarging a raise. From here grizzleymen (sometimes known as scrapermen) would coax the rock, doing further secondary blasting where necessary, down raises into loading boxes, from which trammers took it by electric train to the main tips, where the rock made its way down to the lowest level of the mine into a storage

pocket from which it was hauled to surface in steel skips each of twelve tons capacity.

Communication underground was not easy. There were special arrangements for emergencies. In case of fire, for example, stench gas was put into the ventilating system. I never experienced a fire underground, but the number of practices we had made me think that the mine was well stocked with stench gas. There were, of course, telephones at various points, but up in developers' areas where configuration changed daily through blasting, they did not have this mod. con. If you wanted to get a message to someone, you went and told him yourself, up and down ladders, if you had time. If you could not spare the time, you sent one of your Africans with a note.

This sometimes led to situations which left you wondering. Once, when I was putting in a temporary timber barricade to prevent blast damage to pipes, a strange African handed me a note which read:

Jack.

Do not eat your sandwiches, your wife has poisoned them.

Len.

I could not stop, as a miner was waiting for me to finish and clear out so that he could light his fuses. I redirected the African, urged him not to loiter, and hoped he got there in time. Since I subsequently saw Jack and his wife having tea on the Club verandah, I must assume that he did.

Even more mysterious was the motive of an African who gave me a note which yielded the following information:

Cageman.

This African has burned his bum on his battery, and I am sending him to surface for treatment. Mine Captain.

Since, in my experience, no African ever had the slightest difficulty in finding the station and cage to go to surface, I could only assume that he was seeking to publicise so singular an injury.

Top brass in Mining Department was fairly mixed: Canadian (McGill University); UK (Royal School of Mines or Camborne); or South African

(Witwatersrand University). In Concentrator Department everybody who was anybody was Australian, and not just any Australian, but one from the University of Adelaide, where apparently they had an edge on mineral dressing technique. To get to the top in the Smelter (where there was a strong rugby football tradition) it seemed advantageous to be South African, although, not surprisingly, the Welsh were strong runners-up.

When the rock, which we had now better call ore, reached the surface it went through a primary crusher near the shaft, and was then carried off to the Concentrator by conveyor belt. Here, by further processes of crushing and grinding, it was reduced to powder.

In the last stages of grinding, water and reagents were added to the powdered ore, and the particles of copper sulphide separated from the much greater fraction of barren rock by a froth flotation process. The copper sulphide rose in the froth, and was skimmed off for transport to the Smelter. The powdered rock sank, and was pumped away to tailings or slimes dams, where it dried out and set hard and white, producing an eye-aching glare in the bright African sunlight.

One of my early O & M jobs was in the Concentrator. It was so quiet after Mining Department that I often thought that the plant must have shut down. In the late fifties the Concentrator was milling between fourteen and sixteen thousand tons of ore a day; and a surge bin had been built to hold a day's supply of ore in case of a hold-up at the shaft.

The concentrate was delivered to the Smelter as a black powder, and there went through three further processes before emerging as the blister copper of commerce.

First it was roasted with fluxes in a reverberatory furnace, and eventually tapped off as a molten substance called matte, which was run into cast steel ladles and carried on bogies to the converter aisle.

When the molten matte had been poured into the converter, air was blown through the charge to remove impuri-

ties, mainly sulphur and iron. This produced spectacular *son et lumière* effects, a cross between a Royal fireworks display and a package tour of the infernal regions. Sceptical in everything else, auditors always took the Smelter Superintendent's word for how much copper he had in his furnaces.

Finally the molten copper was poured from the casting furnace into moulds bolted to an endless chain. To speed up setting, water was sprayed on to the "cakes", producing loud noises, clouds of steam and a strong smell of sulphur dioxide. Operators popping in and out of this industrial mist looked like demons in one of the lavish Drury Lane

***Cageman.
This African has
burned
his bum on his
battery, and I am
sending him to
surface for treatment.
Mine Captain.***

productions of my boyhood.

The cakes of blister copper measuring, I recall, 27" by 17" by 4" thick, and weighing up to 375 lbs. each, left Luanshya by rail in 40 ton trucks. Roan Antelope was said to be among the purest blister coppers produced anywhere. Whether customers refined it still further by electrolytic or other means I do not know.

Living up to its reputation for spectacular displays, the Smelter had one further trick. Crucibles containing molten slag were run out on to a railway spur and tipped on a dump. When working late my journey home sometimes coincided with a Smelter slag tipping, and the scene from the road running alongside the railway track was impressive, as the night sky was lit up for miles around. Still glowing, the crucibles would then be shunted back to the smelter.

The Northern Rhodesian copper mines received a fixed price of £280 a ton for copper until about seven years after the Second World War, when the

guaranteed price was dropped. For a time there was a fall, followed by a steady rise until the original price had more than doubled. In 1957 copper prices slid down and for a time it was £155 per ton, stopping production at low grade mines in some parts of the world. Even at Roan production was cut back for a time. Prices have made a recovery since, of course.

Northern Rhodesia was almost a mono-economy. In those days, 80% of exports came from the Copperbelt. The price of copper was therefore of considerable importance in keeping revenue buoyant. The fluctuations in the late fifties produced at least one story which illustrates how difficult it is to read the future.

An electric grid was planned for the Copperbelt to link up, so we were told, with the important group of mines in the Belgian Congo, only a very short distance away. The contract was eventually awarded to an Italian engineering group. Because of the high price of copper at the time they were placing their sub-contracts, they chose steel-cored aluminium for the overhead power lines, causing Northern Rhodesian blood to boil. When, however, the work got under way, the price of copper plunged, and at installation, aluminium was £30 a ton dearer than copper.

I will conclude with a story which always causes me to smile when I read about the oppressive nature of colonial rule.

One dry season I spent a lot of time in the "bush." Returning to camp in a lorry I was from time to time stopped by small parties of African convicts begging a lift back to prison. They had been out with working parties, gone to sleep in the afternoon heat, and missed their transport back. I always asked why they were so keen to get back inside, and they invariably replied that meals in "Queen Elizabeth's Hotel" were too good to miss. I hope it is still like that.

A H P Hughes subsequently worked for the Civil Aviation Authority.

A (Morality) Tale Of Two Ladies

Lance Izumi looks at the "Sensations" Exhibition

If we preserved our national faith it mattered not in the end what catastrophes might overtake us... But if it were destroyed we should fall inevitably and never rise again. (Lord Hugh Cecil)

I recalled Lord Cecil's admonition as I contemplated the controversy over shock artist Marcus Harvey's portrait of serial murderess Myra Hindley displayed at the Royal Academy "Sensations" exhibition. The "debate" over the Hindley portrait in particular and the "Sensations" exhibition in general has been discouragingly unedifying to say the least.

There has been the usual pseudo-intellectualising by defenders of the exhibition (the *Sunday Times' Culture Magazine* labelled "Sensations" as, "one of the most important coming-out balls in British exhibition history").

The opposition has operated mostly on emotional gut reactions. The mother of one Hindley victim (quite understandably) protested outside the exhibit hall. Two individuals invaded the exhibition and defaced the Hindley portrait. The *Daily Mirror* then editorialised in favour of the defacement attack saying the painting was "revolting," and that the two vandals were "acting for every decent person in the country."

The Hindley portrait and most of the "Sensations" exhibits are revolting. But simply saying so does little to educate people as to why this is so. If one wants to understand the cancer at the centre of "Sensations," one must look to a higher authority than the editorial staffs of the tabloid press.

Harold Macmillan once said, "If you don't believe in God, all you have to believe in is decency... decency is very good. Better to be decent than indecent. But I don't think it is enough." Macmillan's observation goes to the heart of the problem of the Hindley portrait debate. Most people are shocked

by the Myra Hindley portrait primarily because they view it as indecent. (One can hear people, as they read their morning newspaper and see Hindley's portrait, tut-tutting into their coffee, "Isn't it awful that they'd hang a picture of that woman in public!")

This is not a question of decency versus indecency (despite what the *Daily Mirror* might believe). It is a question of our adherence (or lack thereof) to God's eternal natural law. Myra Hindley's crimes and her subsequent celebration at the Royal Academy are symptoms of something deeply wrong with the spirituality of modern human society. Myra Hindley tortured and murdered young children with no remorse. We live in an era when such remorseless murders are commonplace. From tribal massacres in Africa to drive-by shootings in America there is a galloping breakdown in humanity's moral order. The politicians' solution is to provide more police and prisons; but these are mere band-aid recipes that overlook the more fundamental problem. Only by restoring the moral order can we hope to reverse our downhill social slide.

If this is true, then the most frightening, yet revealing painting at the "Sensations" exhibition isn't the Hindley portrait, but rather a painting of a woman at the polar opposite end of the moral spectrum from Myra Hindley. Chris Ofili's *The Holy Virgin Mary* is a painting of the Madonna surrounded by pornographic photos of female genitalia ripped out of X-rated magazines. Irreverently profane? Absolutely. Any public protest or media condemnation? Comparatively little. And therein lies the key.

Norman Rosenthal, organiser of the exhibition, condescendingly explained that "real art" can never be immoral. This is true only if one accepts no objective moral standard, such as, for in-

stance, the Ten Commandments. It is such moral relativism, ironically, that has spawned the Myra Hindleys of this world. If "Thou shalt do no murder" is viewed as some archaic historical maxim rather than an eternal law, then is it any wonder that we are in the midst of a social melt-down characterised by increasingly brutal crimes? According to Christian belief, God specifically chose Mary to bear His Son so that the Son could fulfil God's law. Publicly and profanely mocking her underscores the diseased nature of our society where there are civil, but ever diminishing moral restraints.

Sculptor Michael Sandle, who quit the Royal Academy, observed, "I am afraid that the RA has done something bordering on evil — and isn't it strange that you can never find an archbishop, or a cardinal, or a rabbi when you need one?" Sandle was referring to the Hindley portrait. Yet, it is a disturbing fact that British Christians and their leaders have raised *not a peep* about the public profaning of Mary's image, the Hindley portrait or the "Sensations" exhibition in general. In the popular Anglican prayer "Remember Christian Soul", Christians are reminded that "Thou hast this day and every day of thy life, . . . Neighbours to edify.... Devils to combat". It is a sad commentary on our times that there is little such edifying and combatting going on. If our faith were strong, we could survive the artistic catastrophe of the "Sensations" exhibition. The fact that most nominal Christians in Britain do not seem to care about the implications of the exhibition indicates the current weakness of the faith. One can only pray that there is still time to restore the power of that faith and avoid Lord Hugh Cecil's prediction of disaster.

Lance T Izumi is Visiting Fellow at The Institute of Economic Affairs.

Time Out for Tomorrow's Toryism

A D Harvey considers Conservative prospects

After the electoral disaster of 1945 it took the Conservatives six years to eject the Labour Party from government. This time it is likely to take much longer. In 1945 the Conservatives were by no means bereft of new ideas: there was a clear demarcation between their policies and those of the new government; and Labour had inherited a number of economic problems, for example with regard to sterling and domestic supply, which were soon to leave it looking incompetent. Today the Conservatives have no new ideas, and have found their old ideas are being put across more attractively by the Labour Party; and MPs of all parties seem joined in a conspiracy to pretend that the economy is sounder than it has been for a long time. If ever there was a time for the Conservatives to begin a complete overhaul of their doctrines and policies it is now. It looks as if they are going to have plenty of time to do the job properly.

One prerequisite of the process of overhaul is to admit how badly the party failed during the last eighteen years in office. The Conservative government failed, despite the cosmetic effect of privatisation, to reverse the growth of the public sector. It failed to create a share-owning electorate (the number of shareholders in the country today is scarcely greater than it was in 1979: all those little people who bought into gas, electricity and water sooner or later sold out, and the bulk of their shares are now owned by large financial institutions). It failed to utilise oil revenues to place the British economy on a footing on which it can hope to survive when the oil runs out. It failed, despite its defeat of the blue-collar unions, to resolve the long term problem of the white-collar unions like teachers and doctors.

It failed, despite victory in the Falklands and the reheating of the Anglo-American Special Relationship during the Reagan-Bush era, to halt Britain's decline in her reputation abroad. It failed to place our relationship with the rest of the European Community on a viable basis — the discordant squawkings that accompanied the long-drawn-out process of our capitulation were probably a major contribution to the Tories' electoral defeat, but amongst all the noise did anyone produce even one constructive idea on

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Britain's future relations with Europe? It failed of course to make the possibility of a Labour government unthinkable. And yet in one important respect it succeeded brilliantly: it succeeded in enlarging notions of what was politically possible. In particular it showed it was possible to turn a party round between one general election and another. It took Kinnock and Blair fourteen years to change Labour from losers to winners: it took Thatcher

four. How long should we give Hague?

Part of the change in the Labour Party has been that it has shifted its constituency. Twenty years ago it was still possible to see Labour as the party primarily of blue-collar workers and producers and the Conservatives as the party of consumers, housewives, property-owners and rentiers. Labour is now in the final stages of completing its transformation into the party of white-collar workers in the state sector — the people who provide the services needed by the community as a whole but who are paid, in the long run, only by that part of the community which they most jealously exclude from control of the services provided. Under Margaret Thatcher and John Major the Conservatives were well aware that the biggest single cause of misery to individuals in this country was the systematic malpractice of local government officials, that Britain's universities which, as in other countries, have a key role in recruitment to the professions, were being increasingly run as if their main function was to provide jobs for academics (especially those too senior to have any time for teaching) and that police salaries had become index-linked to the percentage of crimes that remained unsolved. The government's response to these problems was to reorganise municipal taxation so as to permit local councils to prosecute any resident who was poor enough to be entitled to Council Tax Benefit, to double the number of universities and to provide more police helicopters. No doubt things will have to get worse before they get better. The Labour government can be relied on to preside over the getting worse phase; the Tories, when they eventually return to power, should be equipped with policies to make them better.

What is happening in local govern-

ment and the universities are instances of the way in which inherited privilege in Britain is being replaced by co-opted privilege. Britain is, of course, a much less unequal society than it was a hundred years ago, but this is mainly in the sense that while the people receiving a raw deal from society a century ago were the majority of the population, today they are only a minority. They do, however, number several million. While inherited privilege, and its concomitant injustices, are an inevitable consequence of the free market, and generate much of its energy, co-opted privilege — the recruitment to positions of large salary and wide responsibility of people who most suit the prejudices and self-interest of those making appointments — is a corruption of the free market, and one calculated to stifle initiative and talent. We have seen how Communism's attempt to abolish inequality by restricting the scope of private property succeeded only in creating a new privileged class recruited on a new basis, and at the expense of the economic growth achieved by the free market system.

Communism's failure does not, however, mean that the issue of inequality and economic injustice has gone away: on the contrary it shows that the problem has to be looked at from a larger perspective. The Labour Party has a vested interest in not looking at it — the public-sector white-collar workers whom Labour represents are increasingly recruited and promoted by processes indistinguishable from those pertaining to career-making in the Soviet elite prior to 1989; but each year of Labour government is going to add hundreds of thousands of voters to those already ashamed of the injustices of our society. The ancestors of these people rallied to the Conservative cause under the leadership of Lord Randolph Churchill in the days when Tory Democracy was a new slogan. It is not a question of saying that since Labour has outflanked the Conservatives on the Right, the Conservatives should try to outflank Labour on the Left: a just society isn't a question of Right and Left, it's a question of whether, now the Left has other fish to fry, the Right is going to do anything about it.

If one re-examines the failures of the Conservative government between 1979 and 1997, one will see that the problem was inattention rather than intention: the intentions were good, but insufficient thought was given to how the details would work out in practice: for example the Poll Tax. Rhetoric is the language of politics: under Thatcher it became a technique of government, a technique adopted with enthusiasm by the new Labour regime. The Conservatives now have several years ahead of them in which they can work to rid themselves of the bad habits of the past and get back to hard facts and gritty details: including the hard lives and gritty experiences of people who, by the next election, will not be wanting to vote for a party that has Tony Blair and Peter Mandelson in it.

A D Harvey's next book — *A Muse of Fire: Literature, Art and War* — will be published by the Hambledon Press in the new year.

Notes on Reviewers

Gerard Casey is Lecturer in Philosophy at University College, Dublin.

Angela Ellis-Jones, a barrister of Gray's Inn, is writing a book on Law and Public Opinion in England in the Twentieth Century.

John Furber is a QC.

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

George Ross was Lecturer in Physics at King's College, London.

Helen Szamuely is a writer and translator.

Editorial

Myths arise from collective need, and are born in a moment of crystallisation, when the feelings which have been gathering in the turbid reaches of society suddenly take the shape of a person or a fable. Thus it was with Diana Princess of Wales, whose death, by removing her imperfections, permitted the myth of her goodness, generosity, and devotion to mankind to take hold of the popular imagination. She died as a woman, to be reborn as a legend. If we are to understand the British people today, then it is vital to see what it is, in Princess Diana, that enabled her retrospectively to symbolise our nation.

The most important fact about the Princess is also the most obvious. She was a woman. The feminisation of our society has been rapid, and the inevitable consequence of the breakdown in marriage and the family. Since children can no longer be confident that the man in their life will stay around long enough to offer his protection, only women are seen as reliable, and only women seem worthy of love. For love is a risk that can be taken only in special circumstances. The generation which is now rising to adulthood will therefore always place the feminine above the masculine in its scale of values.

The second important fact about the Princess was that she was divorced. In her we see the quintessential modern mother, the holy single-parent family, the family without the father, in which the male is never more than a child.

The third important fact is that the Princess was not divorced from just any old man, but from the heir to the throne, the one who represents the traditional authority of our kingdom, the symbol of the patriarchal

order. She had risen to the heights of old authority, and then stolen the flame, to bring it down Prometheus-like to the realm of mortals. She symbolised both the reality of that old authority, since she stole it, and the fact that it is no longer quite believable and must therefore be fashioned anew.

Royalty owes its authority to the fact that it is remote, bound by laws, conventions and hierarchies, in a certain measure inhuman and untouchable. Princess Diana re-shaped the monarchy, made it touchy-feely, a part of the day-to-day of the madding crowd. Hence she abolished its symbolic power as the representative of past and future generations, and made it as immediate, transitory and expendable as life itself.

And by dying when and as she did, she symbolised the expendability of the power that she had stolen. Nothing survives after her, as the heir survives the monarch: she is unique, temporary and meaningless, just like the rest of us.

Nor should we neglect the Princess's life style. She was a highflyer, a jet-setter, who moved among the people whom the modern Briton most admires — pop-stars, sports idols, media monsters, and all the spangled debris of the TV culture. There but for the failure thus far to win the lottery, go I — this was the thought in the minds of her most eager admirers. No judgement was passed on her private life and its morality. For it was a post-modern private life, lived out loud and in the eye of the camera, with the inverted commas visibly haloing every act and thought and emotion. It was the private life designed for the screen, as immune to judgement as all the other images that flicker in the collective dark.

Besides, the British people have been robbed of their old morality, and do not know how to replace it. They are supposed to look askance at their former 'nationalism' and jingoism, to be good Europeans, and also 'multicultural' and 'caring' — and what better symbol of these vague and uncertain ideals than a Princess involved with an Egyptian Muslim, devoted to politically correct charities for the relief of AIDS victims and the destruction of landmines, who is projected to immortality as a result of a decidedly post-modern car crash which takes place in France?

The British people are monarchists at heart. They seek to attach their loyalty to a single person, who is above politics, and at the same time a symbol of their collective soul. The old monarchical idea stands to the new one of Princess Diana as a painting stands to a photograph: the monarch was removed from time, set above and beyond the process of mortality and decay, in order to convey an idea of authority that could not be tainted by human imperfection. She, however, is a symbol of time and its imperatives. She is monarch of the present tense, the perfect symbol of unity to a society devoted to enjoyment and distraction. Suddenly, therefore, there has crystallised about her image all the old monarchical emotions, but freed from their embarrassing remnants of an authority beyond the moment.

The change brought about by Princess Diana's death is irreversible, and more significant even than the Labour Party's landslide victory at the last election. The matrilineal Britain of our popular culture was beatified in her, and henceforth the icon will be inextinguishable.

Letters

Sir

In his fascinating article on Commonwealth War Graves (Autumn 1997), John Keegan refers to Kipling having 'adapted' words from Ecclesiasticus: 'Their Name Liveth for Evermore' to commemorate Hindus who might not wish to have the Christian Cross on monuments associated with them. But were these words really *adapted*? My copy of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, part of the Apocrypha, and not printed in all bibles, has the following well-known passage in chapter 44:

'.....Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.'

This makes it clear that the words were not *adapted*, but *quoted*. What John Keegan may have meant was that the preceding words 'Their bodies are buried in peace' had to be omitted in the case of Hindus who normally cremate their dead.

George Chowdhary-Best
London. SW3

Sir

I must comment on Clive Dunwich's observations about education (People — or Parties: which does the BBC serve? Autumn 1997) There were no secondary modern schools before the Second World War. These were introduced by the 1944 Education Act. The three types — the other two being secondary technical and secondary grammar — were to enjoy parity of esteem and transfers could take place after the age of eleven if appropriate.

In my opinion the education establishment failed the nation in two ways: not enough money was given to technical education; the consequences can be seen in our camera shops and on the roads. The media allowed the expression 'failed the eleven plus' to become common; the Deputy Prime Minister recently used it about himself. The depiction of heartbroken children who, encouraged by their parents, felt rejected because they had not been selected for grammar school, was partly responsible for the introduction of com-

prehensive schools. In addition the type of snobbery which holds that a professor is better than a plumber also played its part.

Bill Todd
Leeds.

Sir

Peter Addison (Autumn 1997) cites various instances where post-war British governments have been forced to take a certain course of action by political and financial pressure exerted by other countries and international organisations like the IMF. He then deduces that because we cannot control *every* occurrence outside this country, the government is not really sovereign and so we may as well submit to full rule from a federal EU.

Mr Addison also implies that anti-federalists wish to regress to some pre-1914 dream of Empire with Elgar background music — another standard federalist argument. There is also the false assumption of the presumed "inevitability" of historical events, the old Whig interpretation of history. Opposition to the new European utopia is not confined to the right; it is equally held by sections of the left. Anti-federalists throughout Europe want their countries to be governed by their own parliaments. They don't want their current national vote to be diluted in the mush of an Emperor's clothes style parliament which preoccupies itself with ephemeral attention grabbing issues in its desire to increase its own strength.

I am reminded of voters I have met on the doorstep, who have perhaps been unduly influenced and depressed by the sophisticates who cure their inferiority and guilt complexes by rubbing up to the supposed superiority of internationalist opinion. "Sod off, this country's finished", they say. Well, I won't and it isn't.

Peter Gardner
Oxford.

Sir

At the age of 82 perhaps I am into my second childhood with naivety

replacing the cynicism for which I am often criticised. (Letters Autumn 1997) From Gitta Sereny, George Ball, Henry Brandon, to quote but a few authors, there is evidence that the EEC, and from it the EU, was in great part the brainchild of Albert Speer. He was a German patriot, nurtured on the injustice of Versailles and the inflation horrors of Weimar. Spared the rope, unlike his deputy, despite his ultimate responsibility for the horrors of slave labour, but almost certainly because of his ideas for the future which earned US approbation, he was determined to see Germany take its place at the head of a comity of European nations.

From Spandau Speer infected many brave young Americans, some of whom joined the CIA to seek and promote a better world; others of great seniority wished no more American blood to be spilt sorting out Europe's civil wars. The Netherlands, Belgium, France and Italy and other conquered nations, all to varying degrees scared stiff of Germany, with many of their power élite graduates, quickly fell into line. Kennan's prescient words that "we must build a home for Germany to prevent it going its own nationalistic ways" were therefore like bones to a hungry hound, provided Germany was master in the 'European Home'.

In the more covert discussions during its fifty or so two or three day conferences since 1954, the Bilderberg group has been an engine grinding forward the EU concept under German/American direction. It is also difficult to underestimate the potential power and influence of the statesmen, bankers and international industrialists in the controlling Bilderberg hierarchy. Federation or transnational cooperation? Under the influence of Speer, Spinelli and Bilderberg the outdated Federalists, dominated by Kohl, are in the driving seat. Britain, already diminished by governments of nonentities, trudges forward under an elective dictatorship, apparently into limbo.

Louis le Bailly
Cornwall.

Reviews

In The Land Of Unbelief And Fear

George Ross

Woman Behind Bars In Romania, Annie Samuelli, Frank Cass, 1997, £15.50.

The communist take-over of Romania — like that of other Central and East European countries offered, on a silver platter, to Stalin at Yalta — proceeded gradually. It began in March 1945 with the toppling of the legitimate government led by General Radescu and its replacement by one headed by a communist stooge, Petru Groza. In it, however, prominent communists — although increasingly exercising the real power — played an outwardly peripheral role.

Their ascendancy and appropriation of the main offices of state unfolded steadily with Stalin's henchmen slowly replacing the collaborationists of the *ancien régime*, who foolishly and cowardly provided the initial fig-leaf. By 1947 all leaders of the former political parties, declared illegal, were imprisoned, most of them never to leave the gaol alive. The last political obstacle, the King, was ousted and exiled at the end of that year. In the summer of 1948 the nationalization of all industrial and commercial companies achieved the concentration not only of political, but also of economic, power in the hands of communist rulers. The change of currency ("monetary reform") was a raid on everyone's savings, robbing the entire population of any financial assets or reserves. There followed the theft (ie "collectivisation") of the farmers' plots of land.

Mindful of the deep hostility of the people towards them, the rulers were determined to consolidate their position and make the totalitarian system

irreversible (thus implementing Stalin's doctrine of "comprehensive and everlasting attainment of communism"). To this end, a regime of terror was instituted, which set as its purpose — and, to a large extent, achieved — the extermination of any alternative ruling group or stratum. It was a process of aristocide: I am taking the word in its etymological sense, i.e. *aristos* = the best. Former politicians, civil servants, diplomats, writers, scientists, academics, prominent lawyers, judges, were arrested. Religious leaders vanished. (As elsewhere, a despicable segment of the intelligentsia collaborated with the communist *apparat* and committed the ultimate *trahison des clercs*.) Former landowners, industrialists and heads of commercial enterprises were thrown in gaols. Keeping now worthless share certificates in former private companies was interpreted as a hope of a reversal to the *status quo ante* and severely punished. Two maxims were applied in this methodical and meticulously executed holocaust: "*those who are not with us are against us*" and "*round up the usual suspects*" The nightmare instigated by the Romanian *nomenklatura* resulted in over two million years of prison, accompanied by psychological and physical torture, suffered by those sentenced for political activities, in over 200,000 deaths, and in other hundreds of thousand of political detainees, never tried and sentenced by a court of justice, but kept for "enquiries" in prisons, in the same conditions of extermination.

Ordinary people were not spared: peasants who opposed the confiscation of their patch of land were ruthlessly dealt with, *pour encourager les autres*; anyone who dared to voice dissent, let alone opposition, faced the rigours of the red justice, and all those involved in "Zionist activities", such as teaching Hebrew, Jewish songs or the Israeli National Anthem to children (these were deemed to constitute "anti-Communist propaganda"): anyone who, in any way, had contacts with the West, such as correspondents of various newspapers or news agencies; and anyone who had worked for Western diplomatic missions and cultural outposts in Romania.

Annie Samuelli and her sister Nora, who were employed, respectively, by the British and United States Legations in Bucharest, were arrested in 1949. Following nine months of interrogation under savage torture, the two sisters were sentenced to twenty years in prison, on a charge of espionage, being kept in separate security gaols and cells. In 1961, after 12 years of unspeakable horror, the communist rulers decided to heed the Leninist dictum, "man is the most precious capital". The Romanian government were following the by then well-established practice of selling its subjects abroad (read hostages) who were denied freedom of movement, either individually, or collectively (such as the German ethnic population), with a price tag (usually a five-figure sum in dollars) depending — as in a cattle-

market — on the age, potential, performance, pedigree and qualifications of the merchandise.

The Samuelli sisters were ransomed out by a relative and arrived in the West, where Annie was granted British naturalisation within a few months. It took much longer for the United States authorities to grant Nora the equivalent status.

Soon after the release, Annie Samuelli compiled her reminiscences of the nightmare in limbo. They were printed in 1967 in the United States, under the title *The Wall Between*: that edition has long since been out of print.

At long last, in June 1997, her memoirs were published — for the first time — in Great Britain, as the story of a *Woman Behind Bars in Romania*.

The book is written in a deceptively simple, almost matter-of-fact, manner, but it constitutes a dramatic and graphic record, a disturbing document and a powerful indictment of a political régime. It is not an autobiography, nor a description of communist political prisons. Her stories are intended to “depict the psychological reactions of women of clashing generations, nationalities, classes and creeds who, herded against a common background of years of captivity under constant fear; united in the dogged determination to survive.” They “sought and found the means to dilute, if only for minutes, the unceasing hell of life in prison. For to live in fear for twelve years is hell indeed.” Thus Annie Samuelli: “Fear in various forms haunted us, haunted me... Fear of our ever-present oppressors, our jailers, was the strongest, each flick of the peep-hole lid, each opening of the door; any apparition of a strange officer; any unusual order struck panic in the most hardened veterans like myself.”

This is a telling account of the normal routine:

First, blind goggles clapped over my eyes, that made me feel I was sinking into a black, bottomless pit. Then a guard gripped my elbow, raced me along passages and made me stumble down a steep staircase. When I reached the foot, I fell heavily and other guards who

seemed to be waiting for us, kicked me in the thighs until I rolled over on the stone floor; utterly bewildered and panic-stricken. Before I could collect my wits, they roughly tied my wrists over my knees with leather thongs that cut into my flesh (see the marks), thrust a long pole through my elbow-pits under my knees, and then slung me up by the two ends of the pole on to a contraption like the skeleton of a vaulting horse. My head dangled backwards while my feet and legs were dragged forward... They were pulling off my skirt and pants and there was I, showing my bare bottom to all those beasts!... I wanted to scream, to retch, to spit at them — but terror strangled me.. Although the heat was oppressive... my whole body was clad in quivering ice-cold goose-flesh, a jelly of physical fear. Fear of the unknown torture ahead, but also of what would follow it. Were they going to rape me, like the Soviets had done to so many when they invaded our country?

One cannot help wondering with Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, iii 83):

Were such things here as we do
speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Annie Samuelli recounts the fight to overcome the terror:

But this constant, corrosive fear was fought, and in the battle waged against it, another predominant fear was our main weapon: the fear of failing to survive until the next minute, the next hour; the next day which might unexpectedly bring liberty and all we had come to realise it meant... The only way to maintain your sanity and what little dignity the communists leave us is to fasten on to everything contiguous to what you knew before — be it keeping even the smallest tradition alive or tapping on the walls for any bit of news you can get.

The last observation refers to the need of becoming an expert at communicating in Morse, by tapping on the walls, by tapping with the foot on a railway platform, whilst in transit between prisons, to glean some information about the outside world, from those who left it more recently.

The book represents a valuable addition, and complement, to the collection of such memoirs published by former political detainees: Adriana Georgescu-Westwater's not yet trans-

lated into English *Au Commencement Était La Fin*, Leonard Kirschen's *Prisoner of Red Justice*, Silviu Craciunas' *The Lost Footsteps*, and several others.

Why should this book be read by all? The wise Solon offered the reason, twenty-six centuries ago: “Wrong doing can only be avoided if those who are not wronged feel the same indignation at it as those who are.” The age of ideologies may now — or may not quite yet — be drawing to a close. But in the century that saw the triumphal reification into political programmes — followed, fortunately, by the dismal collapse — of two of the most pernicious dogmas ever devised by mankind, it is essential for all to be aware of, and remember, the horrors that the totalitarian cast of mind, given the chance, inflicts upon human beings in the name of one *ism* or another.

The tormentors and torturers of countless political prisoners have never been brought to book. Even more important, many of those who inspired and led the regime of terror and oppression, the former communist *nomenklatura*, are still alive. Not only has not one of them had to face the rigours of justice, they still enjoy extravagant life-styles, generous pensions, and luxury homes. No political detainee has received any compensation, no political trial has been accorded a judicial review, no sentence has ever been declared null and void, no former political prisoner has even received an apology. Not a word of regret has been uttered, not the slightest indication of contrition has been manifest.

As Sophocles (*Philoctetes*) put it:

History says, “Don’t hope
On this side of the grave.”
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.

Is it too much to expect that “the longed-for tidal wave of justice” will rise up during our — and Annie Samuelli's — lifetime and that, at long last, we shall see “hope and history rhyme”?

The New Religion

John Furber

For Fear of The Angels, How Sex Has Usurped Religion, Charles Pickstone, Hodder and Stoughton, 1996, £18.99 hb 1997 pb.

Charles Pickstone contends that the inhabitants of a modern affluent society are no less religious than their ancestors. However, the religious instinct has been diverted; sex has now taken on many of the functions once performed by religion and, in particular, has become a path to an encounter with "primordial mystery" or "something truly other". The author is rightly sceptical about the spirituality of sex; much of what is described is ultimately characterised as bogus, but there is also an attempt to identify how sex may, by giving access to an "other" world, loosely be described as sacramental.

The method adopted is an analysis of various visions of an otherworld which are all found to be coloured by sexuality. For example, in the opening chapters on 'Sex and Childhood' and 'Sex and Nature', Pickstone shows how the Victorians and Edwardians considered that sex excludes us from the paradise of childhood but, through nature, provides a means for a return to paradise. In this part of the book, the references are principally literary: in the chapter on Nature, for example, we are taken from *The Bacchae* of Euripides to D.H. Lawrence, by way of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* or, as the author puts it, from Dionysus to the Devil and back again. A consideration of the religious language of Lawrence is, in this context, inevitable; he is described as giving expression to the dominant myth of our time: restoration with nature via sex. Pickstone does not buy this myth, which is a parody of religion, but contends that sexuality performs a vital role in overcoming alienation, by keeping before our eyes and imaginations

hints of a world beyond.

The width of reference is impressive, and not restricted to literature. There are chapters on 'The Shock of the Nude' and 'Sex and the Fine Art Tradition', in which Pickstone identifies the quasi-religious and sexual elements in a number of well-known paintings; here, his descriptive method of criticism, as in the contrast between Van Gogh's vision of hell in *The Night Café* and of heaven in *Starry Night*, is admirably lucid. The author's consideration also encompasses images used in advertising, pornography ("sex as hell"), sociology, feminism, and the diverse modern literature of sex and sexual desire, both philosophical and practical.

This width of reference is not entirely a virtue; at times, the author's exuberant inclusiveness tends to diminish the force and cogency of the central argument and more time is spent (perhaps understandably) in describing what is found to be bogus, rather than identifying the ways in which sex may be genuinely transcendent. Each chapter is divided into numerous short sections, and it is tempting to read the book as a sequence of intelligent and suggestive essays, extensively tinged with wit and linked by a common theme, rather than as a sustained argument.

The author is an Anglican parish priest, presently working in inner South London. It is pleasing to know that a man with such a vocation is also capable of producing a book of this sort. Pickstone does not allow his experiences as a parish priest to intrude, but they must permeate the chapter 'Sex and Marriage', which is perhaps the

most satisfying in the book, as when he describes the "new tradition" whereby the children of the couple being married are bridesmaids and pages; "the visible fruits of their nuptial success". He observes that many couples see a magical element in the marriage service which is no more than quasi-religious and which will bring disappointment. He makes his point well by reference to the different emphasis in the description of the purpose of marriage to be found in the old Anglican Book of Common Prayer and in the new Anglican service book (ASB):

As long as the aim of marriage was the procreation of children and the avoidance of lust, objectively measurable criteria, it could be shown that marriage in general and in particular was blessed by God regardless of a couple's feelings: children and fidelity were the criteria of a successful marriage. But once the church saw couples' feelings for each other as the locus of God's presence, the sacrament of marriage became rather precarious, for if the relationship itself appeared to have died, then God would presumably approve the transfer of affections to someone else with whom one might have fallen in love.

Pickstone cautions against "idolatorous expectations", but believes that there can be a genuine spirituality of marriage. However, it must first be divested of illusions, "stripped of the accretions of bogus spirituality with which, in our yearnings for the transcendent, we have endowed it"; secondly, the contractual basis of marriage must be better defined, as God can be found in a contract or, in the language of the Old Testament, a covenant. There is, he concludes, a genuine spirituality

in marriage which may be glimpsed when it is demythologised and when couples "get on with the business of sticking to each other through thick or thin for the sake of some ulterior purpose such as creating a stable family". One cannot legislate for such a sense of spirituality, but one advantage of such

a realistic view of marriage is that it will "take the pressure off sex, which can then be enjoyed for its own sake, rather than having to serve as a quasi-mystical glue".

Pickstone is unlikely to describe himself as a conservative, but in this chapter and in moments elsewhere in the book,

he is revealed as a writer with profoundly conservative instincts and insights. Above all, he is a realist; while "yearning for the transcendent, whether reached by erotic or other routes", he takes care, using the closing words of the book "not to make false or imperious demands of life or God".

Euro-fascism?

A W Purdue

The Tainted Source. The Undemocratic Origins of the European Idea, John Laughland, Little, Brown and Company, 1997, £20.

The conventional account of the origins of the European Union sees its origins in the resistance to fascism, in the democratic reconstruction of western Europe after 1945 and in a realisation of the danger of renewed European civil war in a Europe of nation states. Its founding fathers were democrats and anti-fascists like Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman.

An alternative view, which has been propounded in recent years, is that fascism was itself pan-national and concerned to promote European unification. Its proponents point to the degree of economic integration in Europe after mid-1940 and to blue-prints for European institutions drawn up by Vichyists, Nazis, Italian Fascists and others. Hitler's Europe in short projected a version of the European ideal and much of the structure of the European Union bears a suspicious resemblance to it. As Bernard Connolly has written: "There are practically no differences between the Europe of Maastricht and the economic blueprint for Europe laid down in Berlin in 1941" (*Salisbury Review*, Winter 1996).

John Laughland argues that the underlying assumptions of enthusiasts for European union are fundamentally undemocratic and illiberal as well

as founded on the need to dissolve the nation states. The tainted source of such ideas is, he argues, the similar anti-national and anti-liberal sentiments which were so pervasive in the Europe of the 1930s and which were integral to Nazi and fascist economic and political thinking both before and during World War II. Laughland has done a considerable amount of research not only into the pan-European dimension of fascism but into other, largely Catholic and corporatist, movements which pursued an anti-liberal and federalist agenda. One such was personalism, whose most famous adherent is Jacques Delors. But Laughland goes much further back than this, as far as the twelfth century indeed, in his analysis of German efforts to maintain an empire with its power base at the centre against the peripheral nation states.

The great problem with accounts of the European Union's origins that stress the parallels with Europe under the Nazi "New Order" is the temptation to argue that the Union is somehow Nazi or fascist. Like Connolly, John Laughland sensibly avoids the flawed logic of the argument that because fascists approved of a united Europe, a united Europe is a fascist concept, which is akin to arguing that

all vegetarians are Nazis because Hitler was a vegetarian. As Laughland writes, it would be absurd to "imply that most modern pro-Europeans are fascists... Modern pro-Europeans are obviously neither racialist nor militarily aggressive". It is important in any case to distinguish between National Socialism and fascism which were far from being the same animal and a tendency to elide the one into the other is perhaps the only flaw in Laughland's book. Some minor Nazi figures did toy with the idea of a united Europe that could claim assent from non-Germans but there is little evidence that for Hitler the European ideal was ever more than a propaganda tool.

The concept of a united Europe, it need hardly be said, predates fascism by many centuries and Charlemagne, whatever else he may have been, was not a fascist. Laughland's charge is rather that the tendencies of the European Union are fundamentally undemocratic and illiberal. Here he is on firm ground. The great inspiration of the movement for European unity is to be found in the social and economic traditions of Catholic Europe, the desire for a corporate structure to preserve the social fabric and a complementary dislike of individualism and "Anglo-Saxon" economics,

seen as destructive of stability, culture and tradition. It is a profoundly conservative vision founded on an appreciation of the decline of European power, a French acceptance after three wars of German hegemony, and upon economic and cultural pessimism.

It is not even true that the alternative the European Union proffers to a Europe of nation states is necessarily a super state with all power converging at the centre. Some have argued that what is likely to emerge is on the pattern of a neo-mediaeval Europe where one absolute sovereignty has given way to a complex patchwork of overlapping authorities, effectively an end to the era of the territorial state. What then should be the attitude of British Conservatives towards European Union? It has to be admitted that there is a case for support. A strain in

the British Conservative tradition has always looked to European culture and tradition and been dismissive of Americanism and there can be little doubt that fear, not only of US political and economic power, but of America's cultural influence, has played a large part in creating the drive for a united Europe. Some cultural Conservatives, especially perhaps, those from a Catholic or high Anglican tradition, may well see attractions in a corporatist and economically and culturally protectionist Europe that takes much of its inspiration from mediaeval Christendom. After all, one might argue, the nation state is a modern innovation.

Yet Laughland's arguments are compelling. National sovereignty, parliamentary government, and social and economic individualism are not simply the British inheritance but to a

large extent our identity. What the movements, individuals and literature chronicled by Laughland, from the 1930s to the present, were reacting against was Anglo-Saxon liberty, the idea of the free-born Englishman and the American Sons of Liberty. Liberty has its price, its warts and excesses and in contrast the attractions of order, the protection of trade, placing moats around the culture and allowing a supposedly benevolent technological and administrative elite to exercise power are beguiling. But British Conservatism has the socio-political tradition of Edmund Burke rather than that of de Maistre and the economic inheritance of Adam Smith rather than Friedrich List. John Laughland illuminates the dangers of allowing British identity to be submerged in a corporatist Europe.

The Conservative Record

Angela Ellis-Jones

The Conservatives and British Society 1880-1990, ed Martin Francis and Ina Zweiniger-Bargielowska, University of Wales Press, £40.

The Heath Government 1970-74, ed Stuart Ball and Anthony Seldon, £15.99.

The Age of Salisbury 1881-1902, Richard Shannon, Longman, £72.

The history of the Conservative party has throughout the century attracted far less attention than that of its rivals. In recent years this deficiency has been amply rectified.

Part One of *The Conservatives and British Society* looks at Conservative ideology. The two best essays in this section are those by Ian Packer and Martin Francis. Packer looks at 'The Conservatives and the Ideology of Land Ownership 1910-14'. He shows that the Conservatives found it increasingly difficult to protect the power and status of the landowning elites without sacrificing the party's wider interests. This was the first example this century of a conflict between traditional Con-

servative principles and a wider mass appeal that would allow the party to hold office. In a very informative essay 'Conservatives and the State 1920-60' Francis looks at the conflict within the Conservative Party between traditionalist and libertarian moral attitudes. The last essay in the section, 'Thatcherism and the Conservative Tradition', by Lord Gilmour, descends to a level of vituperation intense even by his standards. It adds very little by way of illumination.

Part Two, which looks at 'Identity', analyses Conservative discourse and policy on the multinational and culturally diverse character of the United Kingdom. Essays on 'The

Conservatives in Wales 1880-1935' (Felix Aubel) and 'Scottish Conservatism and Unionism since 1918' (Richard Finlay) are followed by Sian Nicholas' very interesting 'The Construction of National Identity, Stanley Baldwin, 'Englishness' and the Mass Media in Inter-War Britain'. Stephen Brooke's informative 'The Conservative Party, Immigration and National Identity 1948-68' concludes this part.

Part Three deals with 'Gender'. David Jarvis discusses the 'Politics of Gender 1900-39'. He shows how the party believed it had to strike a balance between the conflicting demands of a softer and more home-centred

discourse to appeal to the new women voters and the need to prevent a new generation of 'virile' and 'energetic' young men from turning to extremes of left and right. Ina Zweiniger-Bargielowska writes of 'Explaining the Gender Gap: The Conservative Party and the Women's Vote 1945-64'. The gap has at times been as large as 17 points: as Perry Anderson said in the mid-1960s: 'If women had voted the same way as men, the Labour Party would have been uninterruptedly in power since 1945.' 'When a majority of women voted Labour, in 1945, 1966 and 1997, the result was a Labour landslide.'

The final part examines Conservative approaches to practical policy. All contributions discuss how Conservative perceptions of the relationship between state and society are translated into specific aspects of social and economic policy. E E H Green in 'The Conservative Party, the State and Social Policy 1880-1914' examines the Conservatives' complex and fragmented response to 'the social question', and their attempts to get to grips with what should be the role of the state. The party was engaged in prolonged discussion about the role of agencies of state in civil society dealing with social issues. Harriet Jones shows how, after 1945, the party had to balance the conflicting claims of ideological beliefs on the proper relationship between individual and state and financial constraints. Rodney Lowe gives details of how the Conservative party came to accept high public expenditure between 1957 and 1964. Jim Tomlinson looks at 'Liberty with Order': Conservative economic policy 1951-64. Martin Daunton concludes with an analysis of Conservative Taxation Policy 1960-1970.

In a symposium one expects to find a collection of varying quality. The standard of essays here is (except Gilmour) uniformly and impressively high. It is unfortunate that the cost of the volume may deter many readers from purchasing what is an important work on twentieth-century Conservatism.

Few British governments in modern

times have been so well prepared for office, and few have had such a disastrous experience of it as the Heath government. In his introduction to this work Anthony Seldon illuminates the nature of the difficulties faced: 'The Heath government is intriguing in part because it promoted elements of both the old and the new worlds and was trapped uneasily as one paradigm was beginning to lose its hold, but the other model had yet to secure intellectual credibility or popular backing. The government's predicament was compounded as it was in office at a time of unusual unrest and turbulence, both domestically and internationally'.

Again, the standard of essays is consistently high. An interesting assessment is Rodney Lowe's, that 'Thatcher and Joseph were also two of the least successful departmental ministers in the Cabinet, not the least reason being because they failed to make economies and to target spending where most needed'. Joseph initiated the massive expansion of local authority social services departments. Thatcher fought the Treasury tooth-and-nail to secure the disastrous Raising of the School Leaving Age to 16, and published a White Paper *Education: A Framework for Expansion* planning a 50% increase in real terms on spending on education over the decade from 1972.

Other chapters in the book are; the Prime Minister and the making of policy; Number 10 under Edward Heath, the Heath government, Whitehall and the Civil Service; the British economy; industrial policy and the 'New Capitalism'; industrial relations; social policy; immigration; Northern Ireland; British entry into the EEC; foreign policy; the Conservative party and the Heath government; the calling of the 1974 election; the fall of Heath and the end of the postwar settlement. A thorough chronology is also provided.

1997 is not the only year in which the Conservative Party has been trounced at the polls. It happened in 1906 and 1945, and also in 1880. Richard Shannon's *The Age of Salisbury* shows how the party fought its way back to win in

1886, and then to consolidate its grip on office for most of the next two decades.

The party's success can be explained by its capture of two constituencies: intellectual and popular. Shaking off its reputation as the 'stupid party', the party of the 1880's, as one might expect of one led by the third Marquis of Salisbury, had a strong intellectual vein. As part of the programme of 'bringing the intellectual forces of Conservatism to bear upon the country', the monthly *National Review* was first issued in March 1883, almost exactly one hundred years before the *Salisbury Review*. Its pages were to be graced by some of the most distinguished thinkers of the age, especially W H Mallock, and, after 1886, many former Liberals.

In their writings these men show a profound distrust of the emerging democratic age, one in which the claims of mere numbers will count for more than those of intellect and property. Their fears have, of course, been amply justified. But like it or not the party had to devise a strategy for hanging on to power in the democratic age. Part of its success can be attributed to the foundation, also in 1883, of the Primrose League, which by 1891 had a million members, and by 1901 1.5 million, most of them working and lower middle class. One of the most successful mass political movements ever to have existed, it provided a large army of unpaid canvassers in return for the occasional visit to the great house of the neighbourhood. With its knights, dames, habitations and tributes, it injected a note of romanticism sadly missing from our own age.

The Age of Salisbury can be seen as the zenith of Conservatism, in which popular forces were rallied, yet kept firmly in their place. The tragedy of twentieth-century Conservatism has been that it has retreated from Salisbury's causes: property (most 'Conservative' governments have been as enthusiastic taxers as any socialist one), empire, and a stable, hierarchical social order. What on earth would Salisbury have made of Major's 'classless society', or of Hague's shameless libertarianism?

Neither Holy nor Roman

Gerard Casey

Goodbye to Catholic Ireland, Mary Kenny, Sinclair-Stevenson, 1997, £11.99.

Mary Kenny writes in her new book that “few Irish Catholics who grew up in the mid-century period of 1930 to 1960, would be unfamiliar with the moving head of St Martin (de Porres), nodding ‘thank you’ on a mission box...” that collected pennies for what were called, in those pre-PC days, ‘Black Babies.’ But there is much else about that period that even those who lived through it might have forgotten and still more that some might never have known. Mary Kenny’s book is much more than a nostalgic review of the good old days in Catholic Ireland. It is a serious attempt “to describe, explain and interpret the culture of, Catholic Ireland as it has been for most of the twentieth century.” Serious it is — over 400 pages, together with bibliography and index — but written with a light touch and displaying a real feeling for the events, the institutions, and the individuals that make up modern Ireland.

One of Mary Kenny’s master strokes is to make extensive use of material appearing in the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, the weekly *Irish Catholic*, and, not least, the *Church of Ireland Gazette*. As I write this review on the morning of the day when multi-party peace talks are due to begin in Belfast, one citation from the *Gazette* is particularly touching. Written in 1920 it reads:

Before peace comes to Ireland there must be a change of heart in the vast majority of people. Hatred must give way to charity and the spirit of human brotherhood must appear in our midst.

When one remembers that for most Irishmen History, not Economics, is the dismal science I was surprised to find that I actually enjoyed reading *Goodbye to Catholic Ireland*. The

first part of the book is very good: at once entertaining, informative and, so far as a non-historian can judge, accurate. [There are a few minor mistakes. The ISPCC is not a State agency, and the territorial claims in the Constitution are to be found, not in articles 1 and 2, but in articles 2 and 3.] The second part of the book does not, in my opinion, maintain the same high standard of analysis and comment, not surprising given that it deals with more recent events which I’m not sure that anyone is in a position to understand or explain.

Chief among these recent events is the widespread and startling collapse of the influence of the Catholic Church. The fact that the Second Vatican Council played an accidental role in the collapse of the social-cultural-political influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland is not satisfactorily explained. There are many external circumstances that one can point to that have surely played a role in its startling collapse, in particular the apparently never-ending torrent of clerical sexual scandals which are duly noted by Mary Kenny. Yet bad as these scandals are, by themselves they cannot explain the implosion of the Catholic Church in Ireland. The key factor in the implosion has to be some form of internal decay. Compare, for instance, the sudden collapse of Communism in 1989 when the Soviet Union and its satellites looked set to continue for ever. We know now that the structure was rotten and ripe for collapse. In a somewhat similar way, the structure of Irish Catholicism, apparently so strong and immovable, must already have been eviscerated well before the 90s, otherwise it could not have collapsed as it did. Clearly, there has been a

manifest loss of faith among Irish Catholics; in marketing terms, the Catholic Church in Ireland doesn’t know where it’s going, what it’s selling, who’s buying or why anyone should buy its product.

The Second Vatican Council played an accidental role in the collapse. Not the Council itself, I hasten to add, which is, after all, just one of 20 or so Ecumenical Councils that all Catholics accept, but the way in which it was implemented, especially by the ghost-loving “Spirit of Vatican II’ers”. The implementation was often culturally insensitive and sociologically inept. It didn’t seem to occur to those making the changes that you cannot change the significant externals of religious practice and have the mass of people believe that nothing of importance has happened.

The timing, too, of the changes effected after Vatican II was inappropriate. At a time of general cultural change in the West, when mores and manners everywhere were under attack and venerable institutions and practices suddenly betrayed an alarming fragility, at the time when the universal and unchanging nature of the Catholic Church could have acted as a counter-cultural witness to the Heraclitean social flux, at that very moment it too succumbed to the prevalent passion for change.

At the same time, the Church in Ireland was developing Erastian tendencies. Whereas in the 30s, 40s and 50s, the Church had been quite willing to oppose the State’s attempts to move into what it considered its special preserves, particularly Health and Education, from the 60s onwards we witness a disturbing tendency for the Church to sell out the substance of its concerns

for the shadow of nominal control. This has become starkly apparent recently in the Irish Bishops' cringe-inducing servility to the State in the matter of the introduction of State-Sponsored so-called Personal and Health Education Programmes into Catholic Schools.

Mary Kenny asks what will fill the gap left by the cultural influence of the Church? "What will be — is being — put in place to replace Catholicism as a value system is the State and, perhaps in the shape of Europe, the Super-State. Where once the Church sought to teach virtue... now the State moves

to teach virtue through political correctness and legislation."

Is it too far-fetched to imagine a generation of children in Nigeria and Kenya being urged to put a penny in the collection box for the 'White Babies' of late-20th century of Ireland?

Aimez-vous Burke?

Alexander Boot

Edmund Burke & Our Present Discontents, The Claridge Press, 1997, £14.95.

If you accept the modern focus of this book, you'll probably think the book is brilliant. Myself, I think it's merely good: if you loved Kirk, you'll like McCue.

McCue's 'peg' is that we can cure today's maladies by following Burke's recommendations, even those ignored by his contemporaries. 'He did not win his epic battles, but he lives for other days,' is how McCue sums it up. And elsewhere: 'A return to Burke's ideas of equity and consent, in place of our unrealistic ideas of equality and rights, might help to rescue us from... legalism.'

Holding on to this peg, McCue ignores the hub of Burke's universe: the great Whig saw politics as an extension of morals, and morals as an extension of God's will.

It was Burke's faith that enabled this philosopher to ridicule *philosophie*, this political theorist to scorn political theory, and this man of principle to advocate expediency above principle. As long as one did not transgress against divine order, what did it matter if one chose, in quest of utility, to ignore a theoretical dictate?

But pull the ace of faith out, and the whole house of cards will collapse into the soulless utilitarianism of Mill or the dull *ad hoc* empiricism of today's secular conservatives — which McCue lauds: 'One important lesson from [Burke's] life is that we should be vigilant about our principles, always

asking whether they still apply, or whether other principles better meet the present case. This recipe can produce a nation of weathercocks, who sense which way the wind is blowing but are helpless to stop a hurricane.'

It was the philosopher in Burke who responded to de Maistre's desperate 'Nous ne voulons pas la contre-révolution mais le contraire de la révolution' with an explanation of what le contraire is: government by prejudice, prescription and presumption.

The problem with Paine or Condorcet was not that they were philosophers, but that they were wrong. Burke was right not because he was a better empiricist but because he was a better thinker. It was precisely the rigidity of his core principle that allowed him to be so flexible in practical matters.

Philosophicism leads McCue from the correct assessment of our age as 'the most destructive century in history' to an incredibly glib 'Britain has nothing to fear but self-doubt.' Really? Forgive me for also fearing Britain's moron-spewing education, manufacturing base dependent on the kindness of strangers, disappearing civility, triumphant atheism, dissolution of sovereignty, Tony Blair — enough?

McCue's theme requires an emphasis on Burke's reformism, which shouldn't be overemphasised. Yes, Burke saw social change as a *sine qua non* of conservatism. But let's not confuse his exceptions with his rules. Conservatism

is about conserving: we aren't about social reform even if we begrudgingly accept it.

So what would McCue like to conserve? Surely not the Burkean balance of the crown, aristocracy and people? This no longer exists in a country where the mob can coerce the Queen into participating in an obscene necrophiliac show; where the church accepts perversion more consistently than the divinity of Christ; where the Lords are losing their vote before losing their House; and where the people have become voyeuristic barbarians unable to behave, let alone govern, themselves.

At a time screaming for daring reversal, rather than loving maintenance, Burke's prudent conservatism lacks any but philosophical interest. Ditto, his view of parliamentarians. Burke's 'representatives, not delegates' was a sublime insight. Every Englishman must have his *interests* represented, but not necessarily his *wishes*. Few are qualified to take direct part in government; government by plebiscite is an abomination.

McCue expounds on this point with his usual lucidity, but stumbles into a trap laid by modernity. He laments 'The European superstate to which we have... been subscribed, without our consent...' But Burke would think we have given our consent by having chosen our representatives. They are now free to act in what they regard as our

interest, and claim to have done so.

Burke's vision of an MP was formed during a career spanning Pitt and Canning. Today's Tony-Johnnies solve the conundrum of delegates vs. representatives by being neither. Their allegiance lies elsewhere; the part of the EU gauleiter was written with them in mind. Rightly appalled, we begin to confuse consent with consensus and crave a referendum as a last resort. Why not: it may not pre-empt, but neither will it hasten, the arrival of the European superstate. However, what does that have to do with Burke?

This is my major quibble with McCue's book. There are also a few minor ones, which are perhaps not unrelated to the faulty premise. One is

an undue relative weight given to modern figures enlisted as support. In a book on Burke, one should be able to find room for, say, Richard Hooker — even at the expense of Janet Daley, Noel Malcolm, David Starkey, Norman Stone, Patricia Morgan, Ross Clark or Paul Simon (of the Garfunkel fame).

I would not equate the Directory with the EU (one was mostly revolutionary, the other — more dangerously — is mostly bureaucratic), or refer to Burke as 'the original Eurosceptic', the title best reserved for Sir Arthur Harris. A conservative should not be quite so eager to turn all his -ise endings into -ize, even — or perhaps especially — if such usage is sanctioned by the Times

Style Manual. Phonetically slavish Americanisms are too trendy; and even Americans do not *advertize* products.

These minor quibbles, however, are more than offset by McCue's elegant style and cogent thinking. He is at his best when concentrating on diagnostics, rather than therapy. I was especially impressed by McCue's snappy discourse on the link between taxation and representation, and his thorough hatchet job on rights as a foundation of politics. Above all, McCue loves Burke — obviously and exuberantly. Those of us who share this love will find *Edmund Burke & Our Present Discontents* a joy to read, even if we might take a few exceptions.

“Land of Masters, Land of Slaves”

Helen Szamuely

A People's Tragedy, The Russian Revolution 1891-1924, Orlando Figes, Jonathan Cape, 1997, £25.
Russia, People and Empire, Geoffrey Hosking, Harper Collins, 1997, £20.
The Agony of the Russian Idea, Tim McDaniel, Princeton U P, 1996, £24.95
The Unknown Lenin, Richard Pipes (ed), Yale U P, 1996, £18.50.
Stillborn Crusade, Ilya Somin, Transaction, 1996, £21.95.

In 1840, on his way to exile in the Caucasus, the poet Lermontov expressed the despair he and many Russians have always felt about their country's unfortunate history and identity: "Farewell then, unwashed Russia,/ Land of masters, land of slaves". Russians may have felt despair at the chasm that appeared to be at the heart of their country and society; outsiders have been consistently bewildered. This was compounded by the acceptance for a long time, by both supporters and opponents of the USSR, of the Soviet view of Russian history, which emphasised the break between the pre- and post-1917 regimes. For those who could see no connection between Russia and the Soviet Union the events of 1989-91 were rather bewildering. Has the Soviet Union collapsed?

Has Russia been revived and all Soviet ideas been abandoned? Will everything now be all right or will total chaos reign? What in the new Russia is Russian and what is Soviet? The confusion is such that many a writer now talks about the invasion of Eastern Europe in 1944-5 or the suppression of the Hungarian revolution in 1956 by *Russian* rather than Soviet troops. Others, understanding the overwhelming importance of the Communist system, see the new/old Russia as just another manifestation of the Soviet Union, ignoring the fact that Russian history had gone on for some centuries before the Bolsheviks had decided to take a hand in shaping it and found themselves, to some extent, being shaped by it in return.

Recent books have tried to

disentangle the Gordian knot of Russia-Soviet Union-Russia overemphasising, perhaps, the continuity, partly to explain away the apparent failure of Russia to emerge as a modern, democratic, liberal state. There was, as Tim McDaniel says in *The Agony of the Russian Idea*, a quite unreasonable optimism about the new regime. Professor McDaniel does not explain that there had been a failure on the part of the Sovietological establishment to understand and to explain either the nature of the Communist regime and its destruction of political and social life, or the continuing trends of Russian history. (Most Sovietologists knew very little Russian history.) Communism was not simply another autocratic regime, such as Franco's or Salazar's.

It was totalitarian and its aim, more successfully achieved than many in the West are prepared to acknowledge, was the creation of a completely new society made up of a new kind of person, the notorious *homo Sovieticus*. I am afraid that particular perversion of evolutionary development is alive and well, and, indeed, getting rather rich. Most of the Russian *nouveaux riches* are not entrepreneurs or real businessmen. They are former *apparatchiks*. That is why fraud and crime come very naturally to them. But even those who have not done particularly well out of the collapse are examples of what the Russians call *sovok* (*sovetskii chelovek* — a Soviet being). They, too, have a Soviet mentality and the only way they know of surviving is by playing off one part of the system, any system, against another. Many of them would be content with the Soviet system as long as the shops were full, and only a few understand that the two are incompatible. We have a long way to go before, as one writer put it, they will start producing lightbulbs.

Yet it is important to understand what went on before 1917. The creation of *homo Sovieticus* would not have been possible if the contradictions and tragedies of Russian history had not been quite so monstrous.

One difficulty of post-Communist history and one reason why transition to democracy has been somewhat bumpy, particularly in some countries, has been a lack of de-Sovietification that would have complemented the de-Nazification of the late forties. The Soviet Union and its allies/colonies did not lose a war and there were no victorious allies ready to impose their own, widely different as it happens, regimes. There were other complications. Even in Eastern Europe, let alone in Russia, the system had lasted too long for the existence of a division between the ruling elite and the innocent and ignorant others. Even in Germany that division was questionable. Under Communism, which deliberately involved the whole population, there were no innocent victims. Or rather, all were victims and all were executioners. The ideology of shared

guilt in terrorism, as expostulated by Sergei Nechayev, reigned supreme. This, in turn, meant that nobody, not even the Russians, feels any guilt. How could they, as one Russian intellectual of the old school once explained to me? After all, it was mostly Russians who suffered. This understandable puzzlement sometimes takes on bizarre forms. In Moscow during the last months of the Soviet Union I was told in all seriousness by a dissident writer that the civil war was fought by non-Russians over the bloodied body of Russia. Allied interventionists and Czechs on one side, Hungarians, Letts, Jews on the other. The myth of how the Allies failed to save Russia underlies a number of studies, including Ilya Somin's detailed and well-argued *Stillborn Crusade*. But where were the Russians? Alas, as Orlando Figes shows in his fascinating, though necessarily superficial *People's Tragedy*, they were very much there, fighting on one side or another, sometimes first one then another, carrying out unspeakable atrocities, laying the foundation for a monstrous régime.

Strangely, Figes still repeats the old chestnut about Stalin's regime being different from Lenin's. It is true that Stalin's victims ran to millions while Lenin's only to hundreds of thousands, but the essential features were very similar. Anyone who disbelieves this is advised to read Richard Pipes' illuminating and horrifying selection of notes, memos and letters from and to the leader of the revolution: *The Unknown Lenin*. Like many of the newly uncovered documents in the Soviet Union, Professor Pipes' collection shows that the "rabid, cold-warrior anti-Soviet" writers had been basically right. They simply did not go far enough in the horrors they described. Lenin was not interested in fraternal democracy within the Party, remained unmoved by accounts of Red atrocities, ordered the Red terror long before the attempt on his life and spent a great deal of badly needed money not on grain for his starving population but on promoting world revolution.

It can be and has been argued that the monstrous nature of Communism was the direct result of the horrors of the

civil war. That rather ignores the ideological nature of the Bolshevik Party and the chasm at the heart of the country's history. Orlando Figes demonstrates through general and specific accounts (he alternates between microscopic and telescopic views) that though Russia was developing into a modern nation before the First World War, the development had not gone far enough for her to pass that supreme test. In fairness, one must point out that most of the rest of Europe failed as well. 1914 saw the beginning of a historic agony. Yet there were, as both Geoffrey Hosking and Tim McDaniel show, specific reasons why that agony was so much more appalling in Russia than in the rest of Europe. In some ways their analyses are similar: Russia throughout its history has pursued several mutually contradictory aims. McDaniel sees three elements to the unresolvable problem: the Russian idea, the despotic state and the commitment to rapid modernisation. Professor Hosking laments the fact that Russia, for a number of geographical and historical reasons, has never been able to develop a certain sense of nationhood. The formation of Russia as a nation coincided with the growth of the Russian empire. The contradictions involved in that have never been satisfactorily resolved. In fact, according to Hosking, the country's tragedy was that its idea of itself as a people was sacrificed to the empire. From the seventeenth century onwards, the God-fearing people with their own spirituality and their own church which was synonymous with the state were pushed further and further away from the real state and centre of power. Curiously enough, the unity of the people, the state, and their special mission was revived, though in a perverted form, under the Soviet regime. One can see the legend of the Third Rome, in the ecstatic notions of Communism, just as Stalin's attempt to equate the country with a giant authoritarian family with himself at the head of it reminds one of the Tsar Alexei's very similar Muscovite ideas.

So we come to the final problem: what now? Professor Hosking is the one who is most cautiously optimistic.

Though the Soviet tyranny was aimed at the creation of a new Soviet state, it actually succeeded in creating a Russian nation, in which all, including the peasants, (what's left of them), can participate. But the many contradictions remain. Russia's present borders are completely new. Russians still find it impossible to think of themselves as a nation without the addition of imperial. The two ideas have been separated rather brusquely for the first time and this does not appeal to many. Numerous difficulties will arise from just those two aspects of both Russian and Soviet heritage. Then there is the somewhat peculiar Russian mentality, shaped in all probability, by a peculiar history. It is best summed up by a story I heard years ago about one detail of Khrushchev's abortive and incomplete as well as ill-conceived attempts at de-Stalinisation. It was decreed that there should be a full investigation of the murder of the Leningrad party boss Kirov, which triggered off the purges of the mid-thirties. As part of that investigation a committee went to Leningrad to study the alleged car accident that allegedly killed the commander of Kirov's personal guard before he could testify. The local chauffeur watched the investigation and discussion with interest and finally asked what it was about. Somebody explained to him that the procedure was part of an attempt to find out who killed Kirov. "What's to find out? The whole of Leningrad knows who did it." Indeed, the whole country "knew" that Stalin had ordered the murder. Yet, nobody ever spoke of it and in some ways, nobody ever really knew or wanted to know. It is this ability to know and not to know, to believe and to deny, all at the same time that allowed many Russians to survive the terrors. But it has also prevented them from taking advantages of the various opportunities in the distant and recent past to develop into a modern nation, united in more than just suppressed guilt and uncertainty. One can only hope with Professor Hosking that the latest upheaval will make Russia develop a civic rather than an imperial or messianic nationalism. Otherwise, the outlook is bleak for them and us.

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In Short

The Killing of the Countryside, Graham Harvey, Cape, £17.99.

I find it very difficult to review this book. It is disturbing: but it fails to convince, because of the way in which it is written. It helps to confirm a theory that I have long been nursing that the BBC, as an employer, is operating positive discrimination in favour of the deaf. How else could a whole book come to be written, as it were, in the key of D Major, screaming at the reader from first to last?

Graham Harvey, Agricultural Story Editor of *The Archers*, has something very important to say. He tells us that subsidies are responsible for laying waste the land, wrecking animal and human habitats and rural culture, and producing unhealthy, contaminated food. He blames big business, which has the whole farming industry and most politicians in its thrall. He prescribes the scrapping of subsidies, and I find myself saying not "Clever fellow!", but "If only it were that simple".

There is much in this book that is interesting, and which was new to me. As I ride round Dorset, looking over the hedges into my neighbours' fields, thanks to Graham Harvey, I do so with a fresh, and I hope more intelligent eye. But I also look forward to reading a more sober and compelling analysis of the modern farming scene than this one.

David Edelsten.

The Schools we Need and why we Don't Have Them, E D Hirsch Jr, Doubleday, 1996.

In 1987 Hirsch's book *Cultural Literacy* was the subject of intense controversy. Its theme was that

communication of any sort is impossible without a shared body of knowledge and values, and that it should be one of the main purposes of schools to provide children with what he calls the 'intellectual capital' needed to function effectively in the society into which they are born. This notion, which in a sane world might be seen as self-evident, was a direct challenge to the prevailing educational orthodoxy, usually ascribed to the influence of John Dewey, which insists that in a fast-changing world knowledge is ephemeral and that what schools should be doing is developing 'higher-order thinking skills'. So the establishment used all possible means to try to denigrate Hirsch and his outrageous ideas. However some schools, including one in the South Bronx, adopted Hirsch's ideas and have flourished. This was the start of what has come to be known as the Core Knowledge Movement, which has spread to more than two hundred schools in thirty-seven states.

Encouraged by the success of these schools, Hirsch has now broadened his attack on what he called the Thoughtworld of the educational monopoly. He sees the present progressive consensus as being the greatest single obstacle to what it claims to be trying to achieve, namely fairness and equality of opportunity for all young people regardless of their origins. Hirsch shows how the progressive consensus is grounded in the strong streak of romanticism which all Americans share — Huckleberry Finn has a lot to answer for, and so has Emerson. But the man who did the most to lead all the teachers astray was not Dewey, whose pronouncements were turgid and often self-contradictory, but William Heard

Kilpatrick, whose lectures were always crowded and whose *The Project Method* (1918) sold over sixty thousand copies.

The astonishing thing is that, in spite of the fact that the progressive, anti-intellectual and anti-knowledge dogmas have held sway in American classrooms for seven or eight decades, the self-styled 'reformers' are still able to present their tried-and-found-wanting ideas as if they were the latest wheeze in a hide-bound, unimaginative world still wedded to the cane and the accumulation of 'mere facts'. Hirsch knows these people well and has no difficulty in exposing the absurdities of all the claims and arguments by which they manage to maintain their hold on the system. 'The history of American education since the 1930s has been the stubborn persistence of illusion in the face of reality.' Everything Hirsch says applies with equal force to the situation here in the UK. How long will it take for reality to assert itself?

Hirsch writes lucidly and with great authority, ranging widely over the whole field of education. He is particularly good on the different methods of assessment. This book is a good read and a good store of references and arguments.

Stewart Deuchar

The Housewife as Pariah: Contemporary Feminism's War on the Family, F. Carolyn Graglia, Institute of United States Studies (University of London) 1997, £7.50

Much is said about "stigmatising" single mothers. What about the denigration of those, married or deserted, who seek to be good home-

makers? The media-model for young girls is more the partying pornstar with megabucks for servants than the housewife devoted to domestic care of her children and breadwinning husband.

Attacks on the so-called "cornflake family" have proved profoundly anti-social. The role of the "housewife" in social betterment and her own right is ably outlined by the author, who has three daughters and worked in the US Justice Department. She supports her case with extensive reference to literature as well as recent studies in feminism, economics and anthropology.

Either we reproduce to replacement level and rear our offspring with the best possible personal care, or we head for extinction in increasingly barbarian circumstances. The wiser choice requires cultural emphasis on love between the two different but complementary genders, and education for responsible parenthood.

Should government cease penalising two-parent households with mum at home, perhaps also intervening to reinforce her status? We are not demanding purdah! Like the Victorians with child-prostitution enactments, we could get massive fluctuations in legislation on "marriage", but meanwhile why cannot we all, fourth-wave feminists included, respect the dignity, human value and private world of the housewife?

David Ashton

The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945, George Nash, Intercollegiate Studies Institute (Wilmington, Delaware) 1996 \$24.95

The United States government still adheres to the constitutional principle of the Founding Fathers that government may not prohibit free

speech. This enables a wider range of comment across the "conservative spectrum" to be expressed and securely published in print or on radio than among its NATO allies.

Though restricted by "politically correct" platform denial there is in the US a "marketplace" for conservative ideas which is not controlled by government policies. This richly annotated study provides the best available summary of the brilliant philosophers and formidable commentators who constitute the very broad church — and synagogue — of American "conservatism", from its somewhat thankless post-war resistance against extensive communist subversion to recent campaigns for integrity in academe, especially in the complicated contest of emotionally overheated multi-racism. Dr Nash precisely documents both the diverse range and the scholarly quality of their work, and gives a balanced and thorough account of tensions between "aristocracy" and "populism", "liberty" and "tradition", and "isolationism" and "interventionism", briefly also acknowledging the cult of Ayn Rand, who extended a mental lifeline to students drowned in campus collectivism at a crucial time.

James Burnham, Russell Kirk, Richard Weaver and Robert Nisbet are among scores of writers who have drawn heavily on our shared western heritage positively to replenish conservative thought, illuminating the "ancient qualities" and "beneficent inequalities" not only for our immediate platoons but for future generations. This mini-encyclopaedia is also an encouraging guidebook to help save the Conservative Party of our old United Kingdom from a Second Death. Westward look, *that* land will fight!

David Ashton

The Dispossession of the American Indian — and Other Key Is-

ssues in American History, Dwight D Murphey, Scott Townsend, 1995.

Dwight Murphey brings together six essays that meticulously demonstrate how important historical episodes have been deliberately misrepresented to undermine US patriotism by inducing guilt in the WASP mainstream, poisoning its sense of self-worth and crippling its civic security; a recipe for social suicide.

This varied selection provides an instructive sample of "liberal legends" or "leftist lies" from Gulag denial and the sanctification of Alger Hiss to the "liberation" of Tibet. Murphey investigates in detail the Hollywood Blacklist and the Oppenheimer Whitewash. He analyses the Kent State Student Massacre, so illustrative of agit-prop "spectacle" whereby ruthless revolutionaries cynically put the "moral" onus upon their own victims.

Focus has been shifted from "class" to "sex" and "race", from a sovietism whose multi-holocausts are perfunctorily noted, to "minority rightism" where, for instance, an influential sodomite lobby poses as a viciously persecuted community. Wounded Knee and Redskin questions are discussed and also the wholesale defamation, through constant lying about lynching, of native Whiteskins. Unlike some other "revisionists" who play up US wartime "relocation" of Japanese simply to play down the Nazi wartime "relocation" of Jews, the author shows how Roosevelt's precaution has been fashioned into another garment from the grievance and guilt industry. He refutes numerous falsehoods and identifies similar patterns of pathological dissemination. His exemplary research ought to blaze a trail for honest historiography, thereby relieving "Anglo" societies from self-abasement that leads to the self-destructon.

David Ashton.

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