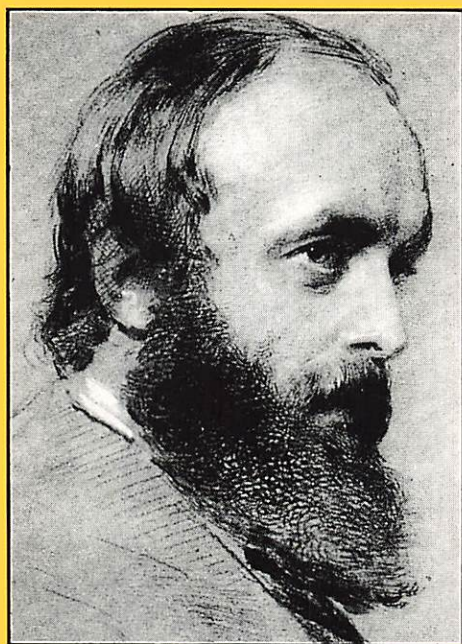


*Autumn 1999*  
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# The Salisbury Review

*The quarterly magazine of conservative thought*



The Third Marquess of Salisbury  
1830 - 1903

**Lord Salisbury**  
*Andrew Roberts*  
**Europe Must Decide**  
*William Hague*  
**Burke and Sound Money**  
*John Laughland*  
**Crime without Punishment**  
*Brian Lawrence*  
**Morality and the State**  
*Ann Widdecombe*  
**Gilbert & Sullivan**  
*James Lewis*

*The Claridge Press*

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## Conservative Journal *Christianity and Society*

Describing itself as a quarterly journal 'for the application of Christian Principles to Contemporary Society', *Christianity and Society* is the official organ of the Kuyper Foundation, a Christian educational trust founded in 1987, and named after Abraham Kuyper, the Dutch theologian and statesman. It carries learned and rigorous articles, which make no apologies for the faith which inspires them, and which endeavour to continue the great tradition of debate which made Christianity not merely a vehicle for religious sentiment, but also an incomparable civilising force.

The issue for July 1998 carries a striking article by Jean-Marc Berthoud, in which the author identifies Comenius, the Moravian reformer, as the originator of progressive education and its follies. This scholarly article (to be continued in a future edition) introduces one of the most fascinating figures of the Reformation, whose tragic life explains (and also

refutes) the mad Utopian optimism of his thought. In another extended article Pierre Courthial tries to show how humanism is 'vanquished by the law of God', with an argument that has some of the high-toned disdain for secular modes of thought that one associates with Archbishop Lefebvre or Monsignor Gilbey.

More English in tone is the essay by Colin Wright, once a bookseller, on 'How to Read Books', describing and endorsing the old fashioned reading habits of those who read in order to understand, while the editorial from Stephen C. Perks, the editor, is a sermon in the old-fashioned Anglican style, exhorting the Church to fulfil its mission, while studiously avoiding the question 'which Church, and whose?'

*Christianity and Society* is available from PO Box No 2, Taunton, Somerset TA1 4ZD, price £3.50 per issue.

# The Salisbury Review

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At the recent elections for the European Parliament the Tory Party sat up on its sick bed and firmly denied the rumours of its death. There is absolutely no doubt that this happened because the Party, after months of dither, finally recognised that it believed in something — namely in the political independence of the United Kingdom. We carry in this issue the crucial speech of William Hague, in which the Conservative leader gives his own reasons for thinking that the Party must lead the reaction against the federal process. The speech was delivered in Budapest, where a government of centre-right complexion is searching for the principles and goals that might rescue Hungary from the atomising effects of communism. Had the speech been delivered in England it would have been promptly followed by one from Kenneth Clark and another from Michael Heseltine, pointing out that what is good for big business and multinational corporations is good for Britain — a principle that New Labour has adopted from the old Conservative Party of Margaret Thatcher, and which it is heresy to doubt. Mr Hague does not explicitly doubt it; but, if he is to be consistent in his opposition to federalism, he must recognise that the forces behind the European Union are precisely those which benefit from the extinction or emasculation of national jurisdictions. First among them are the big businesses that used to support the Tory Party, until they saw more advantage in Tony Blair.

It is in this context that we should understand the Euro: as a currency designed to evade control by national Parliaments. As John Laughland points out, it was not the least of Burke's prophetic insights that he should see, in the mendacious currency of the French revolutionaries, a design which would remove the freedom and power of the citizen far more effectively than any law, and leave all opposition to the revolutionary edicts entirely ineffective. In similar manner, the Euro will render the subject peoples of the European Union without the means to reassert their identity and independence when the day of reckoning comes. All currencies depend upon the power

that guarantees them; hence all people in 'Euroland', as it is comically called, will be compelled by economic necessity to support their own enslavement.

Our European masters wish us to identify ourselves not as nation-states but as regions, and are busily dividing up the map of Europe in ways that will effectively negate its history. We in England will therefore suffer yet another of those mad 'reorganisations' of local government and local life that abolished the ancient counties. The absurd result of these bureaucratic follies is discussed here by Robert Hawley. Far worse than the damage done to history, however, will be the damage done to the landscape, as the slush funds of the EU are poured now into this and now into that 'deprived' region, so as to bring its infrastructure up to the same uniform standard — the standard observed along the edges of a motorway. An England of the regions will be unrecognisable to those who retain some vestige of the Arcadian vision of our country that inspired Richard Jefferies — the wayward naturalist celebrated in this issue by Audrey Parry — and which was captured in the films of Michael Powell, whose *Canterbury Tale*, praised here by Stuart Millson, helped to inspire the English in the last days of the Second World War. Since England is not so much a nation or a people as a country, this endless damage to the sense of place is one that strikes more effectively at our sense of identity than any political edict.

Somewhere in the Euro-future, however, in some unvisited arch beneath a motorway, the old archive will be preserved, and the half-crazed patriots will rehearse their dwindling memories. Perhaps they will still be discussing the Raj, remembered here by Paul Griffin, or the D'Oyly Carte opera company, which James Lewis recalls with the kind of obsessional attention to detail that Gilbert and Sullivan demand. But it may be that even these things will be forgotten, and that the only subject of discussion will be where we went wrong. And to that discussion, as Peter Davison reminds us in the concluding part of his analysis, Schoenberg will always be relevant.

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# Lord Salisbury and the Dangers of Democracy

*Andrew Roberts*

**T**he man after whom this splendid publication is named, Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, the Third Marquis of Salisbury, was a doughty anti-democrat. He saw the horrific dangers inherent in universal suffrage, in terms of the proletarianisation of British politics, society and eventually culture, and he fought a brave but ultimately doomed rearguard action against it, resigning from the Derby-Disraeli ministry over the issue in 1867. This is an extract from my biography of the great Marquis, the first full life of him to be published in almost half a century. My book is the product of five years' immersion in the life and political thought of Lord Salisbury, whom I believe to be one of the greatest of all the Tory philosophers, and the greatest practitioner of Toryism in action:

On 19th January 1861, Lord Robert Gascoyne-Cecil reviewed a pamphlet entitled *Herr Vogt*, which he described as:

the invective of a refugee who lives in London against a refugee who lives in Switzerland. One of them has accused the other of being Napoleon's spy; and the other retorts, among other abuse, with cutting observations on his adversary's personal appearance. It will add something to the secret history of 1848, and much to the vocabulary of any Englishman desiring to learn the art of German imprecation.

Although at first sight Cecil might not seem to have much in common with the pamphlet's author, Karl Marx, in fact he fully agreed that a class war was being fought. The only philosophical difference between Marx and Cecil was that the former believed the triumph of the proletariat to be desirable and inevitable, whilst the latter

emphatically denied both. Their numerical superiority did not imply to Cecil that the proletariat had any inherent right to dominate the bourgeoisie.

"The struggle between the English Constitution on the one hand," Cecil wrote in the *Quarterly Review* in April 1860, "and the democratic forces that are labouring to subvert it on the other, is now, in reality, when reduced to its simplest terms and stated in its most prosaic form, a struggle between those who have, to keep what they have got, and those who have not, to get it." Marx could also just as easily have written Cecil's dictum: "The distribution of property and the distribution of political power are inseparably connected. If power is not made to go with property, property will, in the long run, infallibly follow power."

"The suffrage is not a red riband to be given to classes who have behaved well," wrote Cecil in 1864 in answer to a speech from the Radical democrat Henry Fawcett. "It is an article in a deed of partnership, to be arranged on strict business principles." The working classes, then largely denied the franchise, should not be accorded it, for the simple reason that because their numbers exceeded all the other classes combined, "they would no longer have a share in the government of the country, but would govern it altogether". This would be disastrous because "every class, high and low, habitually and invariably uses whatever legislative power it possesses in order to protect and promote its interests as a class". To prove this he cited the way Irish MPs voted for subsidies to Ireland, squires stayed up all night (very much against their normal inclinations) to

vote for anti-poaching legislation, manufacturers agitated for commercial treaties and land-owning MPs voted for the abolition of the malt tax.

Cecil had an apocalyptic vision of what would happen if the working man "succeeded to uncontrolled power" and then pursued his own self-interest. Unlike the present ruling class, which knew they could not strain their supremacy too far if those under them were not to assert themselves and shatter the artificial fabric of power "by one blow", the working class would not be held back by any such scruples. "They will be at liberty so to adjust taxation that the whole weight of it shall fall on those who do not depend on weekly wages, and they shall be exempt." The working class would very soon "divide the lands of the rich among them". Poor relief, local taxation, master-servant relations, the legal obligations between Capital and Labour, "will be equally at their unfettered disposal". Cecil believed that should the proletariat triumph, as it inevitably must under universal suffrage, then mass confiscation and redistribution of property through taxation would be the ultimate result.

If somehow the working classes refrained from using their new political power in order to serve their own interests, they would "differ much from all other types of humanity, and may be regarded as nothing less than angels in fustian". To prevent them getting the opportunity to subject the rich to exceptional taxation was, he said, in another unconscious comparison with Marx, "a matter, not for arguing, but for fighting". Once the franchise battle was lost and the constitutional palisades had been stormed, Cecil assumed

that there could be no going back. In an exposition entitled "The Theories of Parliamentary Reform", published in a book called *Oxford Essays* in 1858, Cecil boiled his argument down to the fact that "the poor voters are numerous, the rich voters are few; and the few voters are absolutely and entirely at the mercy of the many". Under democracy, he wrote elsewhere, eight workers would have seven Rothschilds at their mercy.

Because of his utilitarian belief that the enfranchised voted according to their financial self-interest "in its lowest and least mitigated form", the idea that the working classes would not do exactly the same was to be "found chiefly in Utopia". Radical politicians would bribe the hugely enlarged new electorate with the money of the rich through taxation, and the horrific result would be equality of outcome, despite "the enormous danger to freedom and property that it would involve". Any *a priori* constitutional checks "to fetter the Frankenstein" would soon prove worthless once "the lower classes... hastened to confirm their monopoly of power".

Cecil constantly referred to the American experience, where "regularly every four years the whole administrative expenditure of the country is converted into an electioneering bribe" on a scale far larger than "the shy and covert corruption of the Old World". Worse still, the bribes offered were with the taxpayers' own money, rather than that of the corrupt parliamentarians. "We do not care to scrutinise too closely", Cecil wrote in February 1861, "the moral boundary which separates a reckless hustings pledge from premeditated fraud." Reform would merely elevate the bribery of the electorate from an endemic evil into an approved system of government. "A philosopher may draw a distinction between the pecuniary benefits which will result to you, as one of a class, from the adoption of a political measure, and the coarser forms of pecuniary benefit which results from the insertion of a five-pound note into your pocket. But the elector cannot be expected to exercise so subtle a discrimination."

Cecil's argument against enfranchising the working class was not based on snobbery; he did not argue that the rich were necessarily better human beings, as his criticisms of clubland and Mayfair society made clear. But he did believe that the leisure and education which the rich could afford, as well as the pecuniary disinterest they could show, made them more likely to be better legislators and choosers of legislators. "Always wealth, in some countries birth, in all intellectual power and culture, mark out the men whom, in a healthy state of feeling, a community looks to undertake its government," he wrote in the *Quarterly Review* in 1862. "They have the leisure for the task, and can give to it the close attention and the preparatory work which it needs. Fortune enables them to do it for the most part gratuitously, so that the struggles of ambition are not tainted by... sordid greed." After a long day's work, he argued, mechanics had little opportunity to develop the intellect and political knowledge necessary to make informed decisions.

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Ridiculing a Radical MP, Edward Baines, who argued in January 1862 that the working classes should be enfranchised because of their "good behaviour", Cecil said that the socio-political equipoise of the nation should not be upset simply because the working classes were "universally well-conducted, buy an abundance of penny tracts, and, when they are admitted to the Crystal Palace, do not break the curiosities". Just because John Bright "had been cheered in half a dozen music halls", Cecil did not believe the victory of Reform was inevitable, or

much more than the latest manifestation of "the coarse and grovelling materialism of the Manchester School". When a private member's Reform Bill was defeated in the Commons, Cecil claimed it was because "English gentlemen will scamper off at the first sound of a demagogue's bluster as quickly as an English mob at the first sight of a red-coat."

He was over-sanguine, and when Gladstone proclaimed himself in favour of universal suffrage in 1864, famously declaring that the working classes must be brought within "the pale of the Constitution", Cecil knew that the battle he had long anticipated was just about to commence. He automatically assumed, however, that Derby, Disraeli and the Conservative Party would be staunch on the issue. They, surely, could be relied upon to recognise how, taken to its logical conclusions, Reform was only likely to stimulate what he called "the love of a good dinner which animates the garotter". At least the Party of property could be trusted to remember that, as Cecil put it at its mildest, "the laws of property are not very safe when an ignorant multitude are the rulers".

Quite why Cecil should have had such a faith in the political mettle of the Conservative Party is hard to understand, considering the contempt he exhibited for the vast majority of politicians. Much of his most waspish journalism was directed against his fellow MPs, such as this report of the speech of the Radical MP George Hadfield in February 1862:

A shrill sound, like the dissonant wail of an oil-less door, is all that meets the ear.... If he had been a general in French uniform announcing that a French army was encamped at Blackheath, or another Cromwell taking away the new bauble, or even an errand-boy shouting "Fire", he could not have produced a more general rush to the door.

Most MPs' "style of oratory is quite safe from deterioration", and their lack of dignity was such that "if a Member of Parliament were obliged to dance upon his head for the amusement of his constituents, it is probable that men of fortune and independence would be found to do it, and to assure the spec-

tators that the time devoted to the feat was the proudest moment of their lives". (In his early days in politics, Cecil considered it "an impudence" to be asked to speak outside his own constituency.)

He thought the average MP a "dull ornament to a drawing room, painfully addicted to talking shop", but also "as greedy of applause as a public singer". Committees of Supply had degenerated, since the days of the Long Parliament, into "an exercise ground for convicted bores" where "the graces of Metropolitan diction are the order of the day — the letter 'h' is put under the table with the mace — most people sleep, some snore, a few talk, nobody listens". Cecil blamed "the shopocracy and the ploughocracy — the men who smirk behind counters and the men who speculate in beans" for lowering the tone of Parliament. Just because nine-tenths of MPs would not read the laws they pass, or nineteen-twentieths understand them, it did not matter, because the British Constitution, so long as Parliament remained unreformed, was "the subtlest, and the most complicated science in which the mind of man is conversant".

His particular parliamentary *bêtes noires* were the non-Party independent MPs — "members upon whom nobody can depend" — and MPs who represented large metropolitan seats, whom he thought "exist in an incessant canvass". Nor did he have much time for dim, know-nothing Tory squires. He was conscious of the quality of Members declining as "seats are falling to local attorneys, pushing tradesmen and contractors of various kinds, to whom a seat is an advertisement that well repays the cost". It was all a terrible portent of what would happen after Reform, when "men refined by thought and education will not stoop to pay this revolting tribute" and would refuse to "supply in any abundance that bombastic and gross adulation which tickles the unfastidious vanity of the uneducated and rude". Instead, electorates would prefer a representative who "will swallow with the plumpest acquiescence any political formula or cry which will be put before

him". He feared that when Reform came, "the transient orgy of misrule in which whips govern and statesmen cringe would become the permanent order of parliamentary subordination".

Private members' Bills were a regular butt of Cecil's mockery. "On the wickedness of the mosquito net it is needless to enlarge," he wrote of Lord Raynham's annual attempt to pass an animal welfare Bill. Cecil claimed that under its provisions a free-born Briton could be consigned to gaol for three months "for cracking fleas". MPs who asked questions about foreign countries' internal affairs were another favoured target; he claimed that they threatened to turn the House of Commons into "a debating society for the discussion of evils which it has no power to allay". But somehow the mystical genius of Parliament always managed to rise above the selfish, scrabbling, ignorant boors who inhabited it, for to Cecil "the dignity of Parliament is a subtle, impalpable essence, which it is not given to eye to see, or the mind of logician to define. Like a saint, its existence is principally known by the invocations that are addressed to it. Like a ghost it is invulnerable to all worldly weapons of attack."

For Cecil, the only thing worse than speeches at Westminster were "extra-parliamentary utterances", the debasing duty of speechifying at public dinners or the hustings. How could one produce something "warm and slipshod enough to elicit the cheers of farmers who have dined", yet, when it was reported in the newspapers the following day, "calm and polished enough to extort the admiration of readers who have not breakfasted"? Cecil believed that there were two separate languages politicians used in Parliament and at the hustings, and "nobody likes to be overheard in the practice of those little 'economies' which are necessary for the purpose of making a man intelligible to the minds of those who are his inferiors in education". It involved "a lavish use of superlatives in which he only half believes" and generally amounted to nothing less than "a voluntary self-abasement". It had to be done, however,

and in the autumn Recess "men will read even the speeches of county members at county dinners, as men will eat shoes in a siege". One day, he hoped, farmers might find a way "to show fat pigs against each other without thinking it necessary to conclude the ceremony by boozing and listening to bad speeches for six hours. But this is Utopian."

The pain of Cecil's shyness and offended fastidiousness can be glimpsed at his outburst, irate by even his choleric standards, against the necessities of electioneering at all, and especially the way it involved

days and weeks of screwed-up smiles and laboured courtesy, the mock geniality, the hearty shake of the filthy hand, the chuckling reply that must be made to the coarse joke, the loathsome, choking compliment that must be paid to the grimy wife and sluttish daughter, the indispensable flattery of the vilest religious prejudices, the wholesale deglutition of hypocritical pledges.

All this from a man who became Prime Minister without once having to fight a single contested election for any political post.

Cecil believed statesmanship to be the rare ability to govern without dishonouring oneself or ignobly leaping through the hoops held up by the electorate. The true statesman, he felt, was being subjected to more and more humiliations: "He stands in a kind of voluntary pillory, in which it is his business to smirk and to bow with ever-increasing suavity; while the dead cats of slander and the rotten eggs of sarcasm fall thicker and thicker round his head." If this was permitted to continue, the best men in society would soon abjure the political life altogether. "To be obliged to utter exaggerations against which your heart and intellect revolt, to be counselled on all occasions to reiterate untenable or unmeaning formulas which in your innermost soul you utterly despise, are self-degradations to which the higher class of intellects find it very difficult to stoop."

Reviewing a book of the Duke of Wellington's despatches, Cecil praised another of his heroes, Lord Castlereagh, for his contempt for "whipper-in

statesmanship" and the way he made "petty parliamentary tactics appear infinitely despicable". Cecil felt contempt for the Party Whips, calling the job "an admission that the aspirant does not feel himself equal to a political career". Of the duties involved, "a gorilla of a docile character, who could be taught to articulate 'Hear, Hear', would be able to perform them quite as effectively". It was not a view he retained once he became Prime Minister.

Despite Palmerston being the leader of the Liberal Party, and no mean "whipper-in" politician, Cecil accorded him the laurel crown of statesmanship. He admired Palmerston for precisely the opposite reasons from everyone else. The general opinion was that his "gunboat diplomacy" foreign policy was magnificent, whereas his resistance to Reform was reprehensible. Cecil thought his and Russell's foreign policy mere bluster, but admired the way that in domestic affairs this octogenarian Whig held up parliamentary Reform. He lauded Palmerston as one of those "cynical philosophers who look upon Parliament as more useful for what it prevents than what it performs" and many years later, he told a friend that Palmerston had been the model of "an astute and moderate leader".

Cecil would genially criticise Palmerston's "government by bamboo" and promotion of incompetent peers who had "no conceivable recommendation except the handle to their names". He would joke that it was not because Palmerston was a fine orator but because he was eighty years old that brought crowds out to hear him, rather as they gathered "in thousands to see Blondin cook an omelette on a tightrope". Palmerston's easy carriage of power, however, his "muscular accomplishments and animal spirits", but above all his "determined immobility" over extending the franchise, engendered genuine admiration in the thirty-five-year-old MP.

"The axioms of the last age are the fallacies of the present," Cecil wrote about his ultimate political hero William Pitt the Younger, "the

principles which save one generation may be the ruin of the next. There is nothing abiding in political science but the necessity of truth, purity and justice." Cecil admired Pitt because "he was far too practical a politician to be given to abstract theories, universal doctrines, watchwords or shibboleths of any kind". He also liked Pitt's "calm complacency" and the lack of triumphalism with which he "announces his victories over the Coalition in the same unimpassioned tones in which he announces that he has been to the Duchess of Bolton's." Of Pitt's ultra-conservative reaction to the abuses of rotten boroughs and Catholic Emancipation, Cecil wrote that he accepted that "concession must be made, but he wished to strip it of all its terrors".

Incorruptible, unflappable, Pitt was admired by Cecil as much as his enemies, such as Charles James Fox, Richard Sheridan and the Prince Regent, were despised. "No man was ever so yielding without being weak, or so stern without being obstinate." Pitt's 1801 resignation over Catholic Emancipation struck Cecil as the highest point in his statesmanship. His action to protect the Schelde in 1792 amounted to "a war of self-defence, not a crusade", the product of the "crucial maxim of British policy to protect Antwerp." No one could have been better placed to combat "the rapidity, the contagiousness, the appalling results of the disease" of Jacobinism, which "were new to the experience of mankind". Insofar as a man of Cecil's utter independence of spirit can be said to have had a political role model, his was the Younger Pitt, and he could have chosen none better.

**Andrew Roberts's biography *Salisbury: Victorian Titan* is published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson in September priced £25**

## Sophist's Corner

Shopping may bring Christians closer to God than going to church, according to the official church liturgy for the millennium.

The new church millennium worship book requires worshippers to meditate on the hard work involved in shopping. "Where we shop, how we shop and what we buy is a living statement of what we believe," states the liturgy. "Shopping which involves the shopper in making ethical and religious judgements may be nearer to the worship God requires than any number of pious prayers in church."

The millennium shopping meditation is part of the proposed Harvest Festival liturgy published in *New Start Worship* (£8, New Start 2000). The prayers have been put together by the ecumenical group Churches Together in England which is co-ordinating the Churches' millennium prayer or "resolution" which makes no mention of Christ, and is also making plans for a "millennium candle" to be distributed to every home in England for New Year' Eve.

The liturgy advises: "If we take our roles as God's stewards seriously, shoppers collectively are a very powerful group." It adds: "If, when we ourselves are not on the poverty line, we always go for the cheapest price, without considering that this price is achieved through ethically unacceptable working conditions somewhere in the world, we are making a statement about our understanding of the word neighbour."

The book also contains a litany pleading for mercy "when the tedium of affluence leads to drug dependence".

*The Times*, March 1999.

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# Where is Peterborough?

## *Robert Hawley charts the path out of geographical madness*

If one wished to demonstrate the intellectual vacuity, the mind-numbing idiocy, the sheer hole in the head insanity of public policy in late twentieth-century Britain, one could do far worse than ask the question, "where is Peterborough?" For the answer, to those who know about such things, is not an easy one to give. Peterborough is in that part of England where the rolling landscape of the Midlands gives way to the flatness of the Fens. But if we are to be more precise, we will quickly encounter problems.

Peterborough is in the county of Northamptonshire. Only it isn't. It's really in the county of Cambridgeshire, where the county council which administers it resides. Only it isn't there either anymore. Now it's a unitary authority and appears on the map as an entity separate from these two counties, a new county called simply City of Peterborough. That is, if it's an OS map you're looking at. Because if it's an AA road atlas it will still be part of Cambridgeshire, because that's its ceremonial county. The Queen's representative there is the Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. Although for a few years it was, of course, in the county of Huntingdon and Peterborough. The latest edition of Pevsner's *Buildings of England* will, however, include it in the Northamptonshire section. All clear now?

This lunacy is repeated across the land. Middlesbrough has been in several places over the past three decades: the North Riding, Teesside, Cleveland, and is now a unitary authority in the ceremonial county of North Yorkshire. Ordnance Survey shows Leicestershire as being no longer a part of Leicestershire, and Nottingham no

longer in Notts — because they have different councils. Similarly, Leeds and Bradford are now mapped outside Yorkshire. The AA, however, continues to show Greater Manchester on its maps despite the fact that the council which served that county was wound up in 1986. This is because Greater Manchester is still a ceremonial county, with a Lord Lieutenant. But in Scotland and Wales the AA reverse this policy and show only local government boundaries. Midlanders have to contend with the name West Midlands being used for two entirely different areas, one being the metropolitan county around Birmingham and the Black Country (no council any more, but still on many maps) and the other the far larger Euro region to which all Brummies will soon be in thrall. I could go on — the scale of the confusion and chaos is nearly endless.

How one almost yearns for the time before the local government reorganisation of 1996. Then we knew where we were. We knew exactly where we stood. Admittedly, we stood in a country whose geography had been well and truly messed up by the 1972 Local Government Act. But it was a mess from which there seemed some hope of escape in the long run. Many of the counties had survived dismemberment. Those which had not still retained some of their identity. Fundamentally, the very concept of a county being something that endures, something that lasts and matters, just about survived. They even attempted to build this notion of stability and permanency into the monstrous new creations of 1974. That concept now lies in tatters. Since 1996, can we really rely on counties anymore?

Ironically the 1996 changes were

supposed to right the wrongs of 1974. They have, by and large, made the situation worse. Some ancient allegiances have, of course, been restored: Rutland, Herefordshire and much of the East Riding of Yorkshire for example. Yet the perceived transience of these counties, whose existence now rests upon their viability as local government units, has undermined the very concept of a county. People's links to their ancient shires have been severed further in other cases, and old allegiances and identities further undermined.

In a previous article (*Save Our Shires*, December 1995) I outlined the conservative case for the restoration of the traditional counties. Now the situation has changed so bewilderingly — with unitary authorities, shire counties, defunct metro counties and ceremonial counties crowding the maps — that, at the very least, the case for a stable geography of Britain needs making. In countless diverse areas — from weather reports to academic studies — a commonly accepted system of reference in which a name defines an unchanging place is an urgent necessity.

Until the mid-1960s this was no problem. The counties had come down to us from the distant past virtually unchanged. Many of England's 39 traditional counties were founded in Anglo-Saxon times, often it must be said, for the initial purpose of administrative convenience (for example, Midlands counties such as Shropshire) although some were reflections of tribal divisions (Kent, and the South Saxons of Sussex). Since then, however, their administrative role had become merely one facet amid a plethora of associations and connotations which each shire gathered around itself. The

names of counties became the means of reference to a great store of knowledge, a treasure trove of understanding. A word such as Yorkshire or Somerset immediately produced a vision of cities, towns and villages, of their native materials in their native scenery. It impressed upon the mind a collection of dialects, industries, pastimes and great houses set within a familiar landscape and typical weather. Almost all human activity that went on within their bounds was organised on this great, unchanging concept of the county. From courts of law to cricket, from regiments to registers of births, marriages and deaths, the county underpinned them all. A county was something you served if you were a military man, something you played for or represented at sport. It was somewhere you came from, something ancient and proud that you were a part of, something that linked you and your family to your distant ancestors and to the land they — and you — trod. It was clubs and societies, leagues and associations. Your shire was a chapter in a thousand guides and gazetteers, a holiday destination, a home. Each county name grew to represent a varied and rich concept in the mind of Everyman. Yet across much of Britain this venerable system of long continuity is in ruins.

Any attempt to re-establish a stable geography of Britain must be based on the boundaries of the traditional counties. No other units have anything like their historical legitimacy. Reports of their death have been greatly exaggerated, for they keep resurfacing in the most unlikely ways. They have not been erased from the common mind; on the contrary, they remain objects of loyalty and veneration to many people, young and old. They retain an allure because, deep down, people perceive them as something ancient and independent which the twentieth century, with its insistence on bureaucratic rationality, couldn't live with. The old counties — with all their connotations — gently hint at local autonomy and freedom, of days when no public health official descended on village fairs and no central fiat from priggish politicians interfered with local pastimes or pursuits. They have become part of the mystique of the past.

So there is hope. Indeed, the last four or five years have seen something of a sea change in attitudes toward the old shires. The confusion caused by the 1996 changes has led to an appreciation of the virtues of a common, unchanging geography. Moreover, it is beginning to dawn upon people that the battle to regain our counties can be won without resort to expensive, unpredictable and infrequent local government reviews. For local government administration is only one among many roles of a county. During many centuries our counties existed without a county council. They can do so again because they legally continue to exist

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*Peterborough is in the  
county of  
Northamptonshire.  
Only it isn't. It's really  
in the county of  
Cambridgeshire,  
where the county  
council which  
administers it resides.  
Only it isn't there  
either anymore. Now  
it's a unitary authority  
and appears on the  
map as an entity  
separate from these  
two counties, a new  
county called simply  
City of Peterborough*

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no matter what the administrative arrangements for an area might be. We should not, therefore, be seeking a restoration of the traditional counties; we should be campaigning for their *recognition*.

For the old counties were never abolished. All that 1974 and 1996 did was to alter the *administrative* counties (quite a different thing altogether). When the county councils were created in 1888 a distinction was made between the traditional, geographical counties and the

new administrative counties. They were separate things. But because their boundaries coincided almost precisely they became synonymous in people's eyes. Yet they remained legally distinct. The government itself has always admitted as much. In April 1974 the Department of the Environment declared: "The new county boundaries are administrative areas and will not alter the traditional boundaries of counties." In the Local Government Commission Draft Report "Cumbria" para. 4 (June 1994) it is unequivocally stated that "there is no question of the abolition of the historic counties, whatever is recommended in the way of the structure of local government". The government accepts that the counties still exist and points out that it cannot abolish them (even if it wished to) because it did not create them. They are still there — all that is lacking is our proper use of them.

So there is a way out of this mess. We must stop pretending that the modern, administrative counties enjoy some kind of monopoly. They don't. Nor are many of them likely to persist beyond the next local government review when a new set of strange creations will no doubt be released upon us. Apart from paying our community tax to them we should ignore them, for they have no historical legitimacy. We must insist that OS stops mapping them, and replaces them with the real geography of our land once again. We must not use the names of modern administrative units in our addresses, but revert to our true shires and ridings. People who speak of the "abolition" of the old counties must be corrected, for no such event actually happened. A grassroots refusal to abandon our real geography, an insistence on continuing our long association with the past, will encourage the government to give the counties what they truly need: not restoration, but recognition. Our historical identities could then emerge from the chaos. The people of Peterborough would be the first to thank us.

**Robert Hawley is the treasurer of the Association of British Counties. For further information: [www.abcounties.co.uk](http://www.abcounties.co.uk)**

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# The Role of the State in the Promotion of Private Morality

*Ann Widdecombe*

Private and public morality are not always easily distinguishable as the morals of the individual have a significant impact on society as a whole. What two fully consenting adults do in private is their business unless and until the consequences affect others on a scale which makes it appropriate for the State to take a view. It is impossible for individuals to regard their actions as purely private if they are contributing to a sum of activity or attitudes which militates against stability and order in society as a whole.

Most serious commentators agree that the breakdown of the traditional family has had profound social consequences, contributing to increased youth crime, greater dependency on welfare benefits, confused and insecure childhoods and a strain on social housing. Inadequate parenting becomes the too frequent consequence of children growing up with no stable male role model.

If this is the case, then the State has a legitimate interest in promoting a preferred model for the upbringing of children. It also has a legitimate interest in discouraging lifestyles which do not conform to this model. How far should the State go in protecting society as a whole from the consequences of the moral choices of a large minority? Or even a majority? If it is right to discourage is it also right to outlaw? Indeed is there a moral imperative to criminalise some moral choices?

I believe that in some cases there is such an imperative. Young people should not be allowed to take certain actions until they can fully appreciate the consequences. Hence the criminal law forbids the purchase of cigarettes

or alcohol before a certain age and specifies a minimum age of consent to sexual activity or marriage and for the driving of motor vehicles. Access to certain types of film or video material is similarly restricted. In some of these examples it is possible to draw a clear distinction between the private and the public act. The purchase of alcohol for a minor is an offence in a public restaurant but it is not unlawful to allow the same minor to consume alcohol at home. In other cases there is patent confusion within the law. Thus sexual activity below the age of consent is unlawful but the prescription of contraceptives for an under-age girl by a General Practitioner is not.

There are plenty of current issues which pose questions about the rightness of State interference in individual moral choices: the homosexual age of consent, fox-hunting, drug-taking, euthanasia and film censorship to name but a few.

If the effects of such choices are sufficiently widely adverse then the State must discourage them, and if it is right to discourage then there must be occasions when it is also right to outlaw. However, the law can be a blunt instrument and supposes enforcement. That can make it not only an undesirable but an impractical weapon for the State to use. Once a principle is enshrined in law there is a presumed intolerance of its violation. Using the law to enforce the State's preferred model of adult sexual behaviour has a bad history of misery, blackmail, absurdity and plain unenforceability. To tolerate while promoting the alternative is a better option. It sends a clear signal while not making pariahs of those who do not conform. Fiscal

incentives send signals but it is dubious if they alter moral behaviour. A strong example of good moral conduct in public life sends signals but is hardly a defining influence. It is consensus which makes the difference — when there is a widely shared view of what is or is not acceptable. Forty years ago such consensus was not hard to seek. Today the only thing which is not tolerated is intolerance.

The arguments for and against lowering the homosexual age of consent, to bring it into line with the heterosexual age of consent, draw together all the threads in the foregoing paragraphs: the protection of the young, the preferred model, the use of law, the sending by the State of signals and the existence of a consensus.

No satisfactory substitute has ever been found for the traditional family in which children are raised against the background of a stable relationship between two adults of opposite sexes publicly recognised by marriage. The widespread breakdown of that pattern has produced social breakdown. Therefore the State promotes that model in the interests of society.

Homosexuality falls without that model and will not therefore be promoted, but does that mean it must be restricted? Thirty years ago it was unlawful for two fully consenting adults to perform homosexual acts in private. The result was a great deal of misery and not much benefit to anyone. So the State withdrew from interfering in private morality and decriminalised such practices. There was still a consensus which upheld the traditional family as the standard to aim for and the law protected the young by setting an age of consent of twenty one.

What was missing was tolerance. Something can be legal and still be feared and ridiculed. Thus it was with homosexuality, a kinder view was yet to develop. Greater understanding does not however mean according whatever is tolerated equal validity with what is preferred. This is what lies at the heart of the debate about the homosexual age of consent. The overwhelming majority of parents still want their children to grow up with the prospect of marriage and having children of their own. The State therefore is in tune with the general consensus. But how far should it intervene? What is the merit of continuing an unequal age of consent?

The merit is in the signal it sends, in the protection of the young, in promoting the preferred model of the traditional family. So long as there is evidence that a sixteen-year-old is not generally ready to take decisions about actions which might set him apart from most of his peers and which might expose him to the exploitation of ill-intentioned adults, the State has a duty to maintain a higher age of consent.

What about those areas of State intervention which prohibit young and old alike? The most obvious example is the illegality of drugs, whether hard or soft. Is the State trying to protect the citizen from himself or to protect society as a whole? The answer must be both. Drug-taking leads to crime, both that committed while under the influence of drugs and that which is committed to finance a drug habit; it also leads to ill health, unemployment and a drain on the taxpayer. The debate about decriminalisation is not only about libertarianism but also about practicality. Usage and therefore abuse would be easier to control if it could be done in the open.

Practicality aside, the libertarian argument is simply that soft drugs are harmless and that it is therefore inappropriate for the State to intervene in a harmless private activity. Yet so strict is the law that the police will invade private property and prosecute anyone possessing drugs therein if necessary. By contrast people may drink themselves incapable and commit no offence if it is done in private.

In this case the law is not only sending signals and protecting the young; rather it is a weapon of intolerance which springs from the need to defend society as a whole from the corrupting effects of widespread drug use.

Yet it does not do the same with alcohol and cigarettes despite their own contribution to crime and ill health. Smoking is gradually becoming the victim of a growing consensus of intolerance but alcohol is unscathed by social disapproval, much to the relief of this author, who likes her whisky and soda. What justifies the distinction? Practicality does. An unenforceable law is an ineffective law and the State has no chance of a successful intervention in smoking or drinking, though it has a duty to inform and to educate. If however neither of these substances had a long history of legality, it is unlikely they would be tolerated in today's health-conscious climate. Their widespread use is however an argument *for*, not against, maintaining the prohibition of the use of cannabis or other drugs of that nature. After all why enlarge a problem?

Is it right that the State should oblige anyone to suffer without hope of survival or relief from pain when there is an alternative route which that individual wishes to take? Should the State so far intrude into private morality that its laws obviate a peaceful death? If someone is terminally and painfully ill and wishes to cut short the suffering and a doctor is of his own free will agreeable to help, and if the death of that person is of no detriment on society as a whole and all the relatives are on his side, what right does the law have to intervene and enforce a lingering death?

I believe, with some reluctance, that it does have that right and that belief is not founded in my private religious views so much as in my observation of what happens when the law takes a back seat on these matters.

In 1967 the abortion laws in this country were liberalised and we were all assured that this would not lead to abortion on demand or a decline in respect for unborn life or pressure on medical staff to become involved in abortion against their conscience. Five

million abortions later those claims look hollow. It was the same with the divorce laws in 1969. We were told liberalisation would not lead to the breakdown of the institution of marriage or to widespread divorce and now 40 percent of marriages end in divorce. In 1968 we were told the decriminalisation of homosexuality would not lead to its active promotion — a prophecy which is scarcely fulfilled by the necessity of a clause 28 in the Local Government Act.

The issue here is not whether one thinks it a good or bad thing that these have been the effects of those laws; rather the issue is that quite undeniably the effects were not foreseen. For that reason I believe that if we were to legalise voluntary euthanasia then, no matter how tightly the law was framed, in ten years' time no granny would be safe. If I am right then the State has an appropriate role in this sphere also.

Perhaps the real issue is: is there any such thing as private morality other than what goes on in one's head or does moral conduct always have a public dimension? Can any man be a moral island?

The answer must be that sometimes he can be; but often he is not, and when his actions add to the sum of instability the State can send signals that it would prefer otherwise while still tolerating those actions. It can still tolerate but at the same time reward and penalise. In some cases it can and should cast aside tolerance and criminalise. All those measures can be justified if the ill consequences of not taking them are great enough; but in the end it is consensus which is the most potent force in protecting both individual and State.

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# The World We Have Lost

## *Audrey Parry celebrates Richard Jefferies' Bevis*

It is not just the bumblebee, the skylark and even the house sparrow that are disappearing, but also the world in which it was unimaginable that they could ever disappear. "The sweet air, the hills, the sun and the sea will always be with us," wrote Jefferies. It was mankind that seemed temporal, the natural world immemorial and eternal and this picture was marvellously portrayed by him in *Bevis*, now reissued unabridged in all its 400 pages, originally written for boys in 1882, five years before the author's tragic death at 37. W H Auden described it as "the only tolerable book about boyhood".

Bevis is about thirteen. There is no Peter Pannery since he is already competent and willing to enter man's estate. He lacks the moral unctuousness of some of Arthur Ransome's characters and the suburban philistinism of William Brown. The book is contemporary with some of Hardy's novels but there is no pessimism or the ready acceptance of Murphy's law. Bevis is a creator, a nomad, an artificer, an Odysseus, a Daedalus, a boy who can and does make a raft, a ship, an anchor, a hut, a gun with its bullets, using the local smithy. His instructions are so explicit (reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe) that any housewife skilled with her Black and Decker could follow them. Bevis lives in the country and is totally of it, as was 90% of the population at the time. He visits town occasionally; fiercely anxious to meet an American with the latest gun culture, but the country is his *métier*.

The action takes place mainly during a long, hot summer. The setting is the South Downs and one can almost hear the sheep bells and smell the thymy turf. Bevis's father is the local squire and Bevis and his bosom friend, Mark

the bailiff's son, virtually run free. He seems free of meal times, can stay away at nights and though his mother is nervous and doting and his father a responsible person, nobody says him nay. He clearly never has to bother about trespass. The setting is feudal and Bevis is the natural leader of the local boys, but when he imperiously orders them about they lose no time in telling him that it is his father who gives the orders. As the year stretches on to autumn and winter Bevis is still at home. There is no mention of boarding school so presumably he attends the local school, which would explain his easy camaraderie with the boys. He organises the gigantic Battle of Pharsalia, recreating rather like the Sealed Knot of today the contest between Caesar and Pompey. No guessing who takes the star role. Bevis is bossy, irritable, dreamy and mystical. He is acutely observant, noting the quick vibration of the wasp-fly's vane and the prismatic gleam of a dragon-fly's wing. He is generous and loyal, sharing his birthday money with Mark. Indeed Jefferies hints that this may be the strongest relationship in his life forever. His lore is gained, as was Jefferies', from old books lying about the house, encyclopaedias and ballads. He is no Luddite and is fascinated by the steam plough and the threshing machine.

Bevis's heart can be touched, as when his friend and helper the little barefoot girl Lou tells him that the small brother with whom she shares a crib cries at night through hunger so that Bevis can understand her taking his food. But by today's standards Bevis is cruel. He beats his donkey and his dog. He takes pot shots at thrushes and blackbirds still eaten at that time, but he also lets forth at herons, moorhens and yellow-

hammers and great crested grebes (for their plumes). He kills for fun and boasts of taking eggs from nests. These activities mirror Jefferies' own life. He hunted, and had a relative who shot the last bittern in Wiltshire. Paradoxically Bevis can take pains to save a fly from drowning. Hostility to wild things is often a characteristic of country folk who drudge for a living and may believe that every wild thing is a rival to their own domestic beasts and calls for no mercy. Yet this is not inconsistent with empathising with the hunted hare or jay.

The adult Bevis, *i.e.* Jefferies himself, is not idyllic about country life and the labourer's lot, which is not "competency without care". The diet is poor and the expectation of prolonged physical activity meagre. At harvest time Bevis notices the heads of the reapers bobbing among the stalks of corn. Jefferies is far more horrifying. "Their necks grew black, much like black oak in old houses. The breastbone was burned black and their arms, tough as ash, seemed cased in leather. They grew visibly thinner in the harvest field and shrunk together, all flesh disappearing and nothing but sinew and muscle remaining. The reaping is piecework. So hard is the pressure of human life that these miserables would have prayed on their knees for permission to tear their arms from their sockets, and to scorch and shrivel themselves to charred human brands in the heat of the sun". (*Walks in the Wheatfields*, which he wrote in the bitterness of his last years.)

The preservation of rural life as it was is no part of his brief. So what does he want to preserve? First, he has a strong instinct for personal liberty and freedom, then for untouched nature and an objection to "preservation by

beadle”, i.e. stopping boys from taking the odd bird’s egg. Political correctness was as rife then as now but was hardly concerned with animal rights and the preservation of species. Of more importance was the state of grace

of men’s souls, particularly on their latter day, and Jefferies’ dying caused disquiet. Was he a pantheist, a pagan, or a Christian soul returning to its earliest lessons? The piety of his wife clouded the issue. But given his inde-

pendence of mind it is doubtful whether he would ever have consented to be an icon of the green cause. Lack of ideology is another thing we may be losing.

**Audrey Parry was a barrister.**

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## The Prodigies of Sacrilege

*John Laughland reflects on Edmund Burke and sound money*

Edmund Burke was famously prescient about the Terror of the French Revolution. When he wrote the *Reflections on the Revolution in France* in 1790, relatively little had happened in Paris. The Terror itself was not to get under way until two years later and yet Burke’s prose already reverberates with horror as if it had already taken place.

Two events explain Burke’s hatred for the French Revolution at a time when Paris was still relatively peaceful. The first occurred on 6th October 1789 when Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette were forced to return to Paris, the Revolutionaries having broken into the Queen’s bedroom at Versailles and murdered the royal bodyguards. In a famous passage of the *Reflections* Burke expresses his deep shock at this episode, which offended all his most profound monarchist sympathies.

A second event, however, may have shocked Burke even more deeply. Although he devotes more pages to it than to the events of 6th October 1789, its importance is often overlooked. Yet his reaction to it is not only highly illuminating about a central aspect of his political and economic philosophy, it also provides us with a lesson in economics which may be no less valid today than it was in 1790. The invention of the *assignat*, the Revolutionaries’ currency.

The *assignat* was originally not exactly a currency, but rather a tradeable

interest-bearing mortgage bond on land. On 9th and 27th August 1789, the constituent assembly launched loans, both of which failed to cover its expenditure. Debt continued to rise. On 10th October 1789 — four days after the transfer of the king and court to Paris — Talleyrand (the dissolute former Bishop of Autun who was to serve as Foreign Minister from 1799 to 1807) suggested confiscating the lands of the Church, which then constituted one third of all the land in France. This duly occurred on 2nd November 1789. *Assignats* at 5% were first issued on 19th December 1789, supposedly backed by the future proceeds of sale of the confiscated land. The idea was that they would be used to pay off the state’s creditors, who could then use them to buy confiscated land or sell them on.

On 17th April 1790, it was decreed that the *assignat* must be accepted as legal tender. This date is thus the formal beginning of inconvertible paper currency. At the same time, the interest yield was cut and pledges to place a ceiling on the issue of *assignats* were repeatedly broken in the following months. The *assignat* rapidly became simply the means by which the revolutionary government, unable to raise taxes, funded its spending.

By September 1790, as Burke had already noticed when writing the *Reflections*, the constituent assembly had fallen into a vicious spiral of hyperinflation and continually rising debt.

On 29th September 1790, it decided to issue a further 1,200 million *assignats* to pay for current expenditure. Hundreds of millions more were issued during the following months, and the value of the currency fell by 45%. As the currency became more and more worthless, the whole grim apparatus of state terror ground into action to force people to use it. The penalty for black market currency dealing (i.e. buying or selling *assignats* for their real worth) was 20 years’ imprisonment (decree of 1st August 1793), later amended to death (10th May 1794). Metallic currency was abolished completely in August 1793. The price of wheat doubled and yet any merchant or peasant who refused to sell wheat on official markets at the fixed price in *assignats* risked the guillotine for counter-revolutionary acts. Anyone familiar with the monetary history of Communist countries in our own century will immediately recognise this pattern of behaviour: the *assignat* was simply the handmaiden of terror. By 1796, 45 billion *livres* worth of *assignats* had been printed. When the whole ghastly business came to an end, with the introduction of the Germinal franc on 4th February 1797 and a huge bonfire of *assignats* on the Place Vendôme, they were worth less than 5% of their original value.

Prescient, therefore, as much about the terror as about the collapse of the currency, Burke considered the

imposition of a regime of metallic inconvertibility — the regime under which the whole world now operates — to more than an economic error. It was a wicked attack upon the very fabric of society and upon natural justice, an act of theft and of authoritarian disenfranchisement. The development of the *assignat* was thus not just one event among others in the Revolution: it was an absolutely key element of it.

An inconvertible currency is a paper currency whose notes the bearer cannot exchange on demand into a fixed quantity of real money, usually gold cash. Because we live today under a universal system of such inconvertible currencies, which unlike banknotes before 1914, are not titles to any property, we may no longer be shocked by the expropriation they represent. In truth, however, to break the contractual link between the issuer of currency and the user of it is a morally repugnant act. The state has a duty to uphold the law and it should do this in the monetary domain as much as in the judicial. It does not have the right to nationalise, and wield discretionary power over, the money supply. The state has no more right to impose a false currency on its citizens, or to vary its value at a whim simply because Caesar's head is on the coins, than it has the right to interfere in the judicial process because the emblems of state are found in every court-room.

These ideas were central to Burke's preoccupations in 1790. In September, a few months before the publication of the *Reflections*, Burke delivered a *Speech on paper currency and on the system of assignats in France*, of which a French translation (or perhaps an account written by someone else) remains. Although its attribution to Burke is not absolutely established, the ideas are recognisably his. In both the *Reflections* and in the *Speech*, Burke displays a very clear understanding of the difference between convertible and inconvertible currencies — a difference which escapes many people today. He mocked the Revolutionaries' mercantilist belief that a nation's wealth could be increased simply by inflating the supply of inconvertible

paper currency. In the *Reflections*, he wrote, "They forget that, in England, not one shilling of paper-money of any description is received but out of choice; that the whole has its origin in cash actually deposited; and that it is convertible, at pleasure, in an instant, and without the smallest loss, into cash again."

In the *Speech*, Burke explains why gold and silver are the best commodities for monetary use — "physically" because they are rare enough for it to be difficult for sudden swings in their supply to occur, "morally" because a common monetary commodity favours international commerce. He explains that, by contrast, inconvertible paper money, whose circulation can be doubled in a week, will destroy both the currency itself and all commerce.

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***The state has no more right to impose a false currency on its citizens, or to vary its value at a whim simply because Caesar's head is on the coins, than it has the right to interfere in the judicial process because the emblems of state are found in every court-room***

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Prices will shoot up, destroying local production in favour of imports. "Thus a state, by suddenly fabricating an extraordinary quantity of paper money, will expose itself to being divested, in the middle of a chimeric abundance, of the means of procuring goods to need of which it is accustomed or of conserving its consideration or external influence."

It was precisely such a sudden increase in the money supply which Burke observed in the issue of the *assignats*. He saw that the value of the paper money would never correspond to that

of any commodity because it was issued on the basis of (seized) lands before they had even been sold: the value of the currency was, therefore, a pure guess. He also saw that if any such currency was made forced tender then it would, unlike an optional scheme of financial speculation, immediately ruin the whole country. "As soon as credit is forced, it promptly becomes general discredit." He predicted that the *assignat* would destroy lending, cause money to be withdrawn from circulation and make interest rates rise. Wages would fall in real terms, plunging workers into misery. Merchants would demand higher prices and everyone would attempt to get rid of their *assignats* as quickly as possible, either by converting them into cash or by buying things with them. He even predicted the authoritarian state actions which would then be necessary to enforce use of the currency — measures which have indeed been taken in many countries during the 20th century, including even the United States. "Will the transport of gold and silver be forbidden? Will one permit visits to private houses to seize cash? Will children be encouraged to denounce their parents and valets their masters, baiting them with confiscations to their profit? Will it be forbidden to keep more than five *livres* of cash, or in gold or silver, at home? Will it be forbidden even to sell silver tableware? Will it all end, as under John Law, with manipulation of the currency itself?" The answer to all these questions was, of course, yes.

Burke exhorted the French not to embark on this perilous path, which so many countries have taken in the 20th century that its horrors are now banal to us. The only solution, he says, is to adopt a new and voluntary system of credit. He called for a system of commercial, as opposed to politicised, central banking. He writes that the disastrous experience of John Law's banking experiment had its roots in the establishment in 1716 of the *Banque royale* in the place of the *Banque générale*: "This conversion mixed up the interests of the state with those of the bank, giving the former the possibility of multiplying its

obligations with the latter and of issuing billions' worth of the paper currency into circulation, thus raising up an edifice which could only collapse under its own weight."

By contrast, he writes, a proper bank, operating on commercial principles, issues currency whose title and weight is invariably fixed. "From this is born a preference in favour of the bank's notes over all other notes which are traded." Such good money can be easily transported and its wide acceptance will encourage the growth of production credit and trade. This, he says, is what has happened in London where the Bank of England has acted as the centre of commerce because its notes are reliable.

Burke also saw how inflation and monetary instability would eat away at the very fabric of society. In the *Reflections*, he wrote, "With you a man can neither earn nor buy his dinner, without a speculation. What he receives in the morning will not have the same value at night ... Industry must wither away. Economy must be driven from your country. Careful provision will have no existence. Who will labour without knowing the amount of his pay? Who will study to increase what none can estimate? Who will accumulate, who does not know the value of what he saves?"

Burke understood that financial instability would introduce severe moral hazard. "Your legislators, in every thing new, are the very first who have founded a commonwealth upon gaming." This disenfranchised the ordinary man in favour of a small élite. "The truly melancholy part of this policy of systematically making a nation of gamblers is this; that tho' all are forced to play, few can understand the game; and fewer still are in a condition to avail themselves of the knowledge. The many must be the dupes of the few who conduct the machine of these speculations." He also saw that the new "monied interest" would inevitably introduce chaotic change, rather than the gentle natural growth associated with land-based wealth. "The monied interest is in its nature more ready for any adventure ... Being of a recent acquisition, it

falls in more naturally with novelties. It is therefore the kind of wealth which will be resorted to by all who wish for change."

Burke thus knew that metallic inconvertibility would strip ordinary people of their natural rights and give discretionary power to the state instead. In the *Reflections*, he wrote, "A paper circulation, not founded on any real money deposited or engaged for ... and this currency substituted in the place of the coin of the kingdom ... must put the whole of what power, authority and influence is left... into the hands of the managers and conductors of the circulation." In such circumstances, it was absurd for the Revolutionaries to pretend that any real regional autonomy could come from the creation of *départements*: "What signifies the empty compliment paid to the country by giving it perhaps more than its share in the theory of your representation? Where have you placed the real power over monied and landed circulation? Those whose operations can take from, or add ten per cent to, the possessions of every man in France, must be the masters of every man in France." By having natural regions "hackled and torn to pieces", and by forcibly introducing an inconvertible paper currency, power was irredeemably centralised: the "superiority of Paris" being "strongly connected with the other cementing principle of paper circulation and confiscation." "It is through the power of Paris, now become the centre of jobbing, that the leaders of this faction direct, or rather command the whole legislative and the whole executive government." One might say the same thing about the twin policies in our own day of European Monetary Union and so-called "regional devolution".

Burke finishes the *Speech* with the pessimistic but illuminating throwaway line. "But in France, too few people are persuaded that the art of finance consists in political and profound combinations, that it is unlikely that she will ever attain this degree of prosperity; ... But how will people who do not know their fathers be able to look after their children? How will

people who forget or degrade their own name be attached to the name of *patrie*?" This surprising last remark, in which Burke implies that monetary policy is somehow connected to respect for ancestry and posterity, shows that he understood that the forced introduction of an inconvertible currency represented an attack upon both the natural continuity between past and future which tradition represents and which, he implicitly considered, money also incarnates.

Money, after all, illustrates one of the most quintessential Burkean beliefs, namely that objective values inhere in real things. This is the key to the Burkean love of tradition: truth does not inhabit only some abstract eternal realm, as the Revolutionary rationalists like to think, but instead also the temporal realm of real life. Burke excoriates the other-worldliness of Platonism and associated forms of rationalist philosophy, which he regards as dangerously gnostic, and subscribes instead to an orthodox Thomist metaphysics and epistemology. As Joseph Pappin has rightly written in *The Metaphysics of Edmund Burke*, this view is characterised by five beliefs: that the real common-sense world reveals an intelligible order which reason can grasp and articulate; that this order points to an orderer; that the ultimate ground of that order is surrounded in mystery, pointing to an infinite which reason cannot comprehend; that being is an act (what Aquinas called *esse*) and therefore dynamic, and that it is therefore neither a matter of mere essence (Plato) nor of mere substance (Aristotle); and, finally, that there is thus in the world a reciprocal relation of permanence and change.

This is a profoundly orthodox Christian position. Because Christians, like Jews, do not believe that the world is divine but instead that it was created by a free and loving decision of God, they believe that the world is basically good and intelligible. Unlike gnostics, Manichees, Orphians, Heraclitans, and others, they do not believe that the world came into being as the result of some catastrophe within the Absolute, or because of a fight between a good

and evil principle, or that the world itself is divine, or that it is in permanent flux. They do not believe that creation itself is in a state of disorder — only that man is through disobedience. Reality is not a sign of degradation or corruption, sin is.

Because the real world is intelligible, men can derive knowledge from it. Human reason can extract eternal truths from reality, but only in a partial, successive and discursive way. It cannot do so immediately by abstract reasoning but only modestly and gradually. Individuals cannot do this work on their own: they must draw on the accumulated knowledge contained in tradition. Burke subscribes to the Thomist view that men are endowed with right reason which enables them to come to the knowledge of some eternal truths by the patient use of their rational faculties. By contrast, he rejects rationalism, whose contempt for the data and given-ness of the world is in proportion to its hubristic belief that gnostic access to eternal truths can be achieved through abstract speculation. This is the meaning of Burke's famous passage on epistemology: "These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line ... The rights of man are in a sort of *middle*, incapable of definition but not impossible to be discerned."

Burke considered that truth was the daughter of time. His whole argument about the "rights of man" turns on their alleged falsehood. They are not "real" rights. Because abstract speculation of some otherworldly realm, as a method, inevitably led to falsehood, Burke considered the Revolution to be an attack upon truth, money, the state, religion and tradition — all of them different aspects of the same thing. For Burke, the social contract was divine, not human. The social order reflected the divine order — "our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world..." — and religion underpins politics. Burke compares the state to "a sacred temple" and says it has been "consecrated". Tradition is a living thing within whose

real practices objective values are preserved. Civil association, like liturgy, is a practice not an abstract science. The state, indeed, like money, is both eternal and temporal and politics therefore represents a natural link between the human and the divine realms. It is clear that Burke had a deep understanding of what Ernst Kantorowicz called "the dual ontology of kingship" for he encapsulates the mutual reciprocity between change and preservation — between time and eternity — when he depicts the state as a corporation or mystical body, of which "the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation and progression." This concept is drawn directly from the medieval, theologically-based theory of incorporation and known by the shorthand slogan, "The king never dies."

Both money and the state, therefore, are contracts grounded in transcendence. Like tradition, money is an objective thing in which value is stored over time. It thus provides a bridge between the temporal and the eternal. Because of the congruence between his monetary and political philosophy, Burke therefore often uses economic metaphors to illustrate other points. For instance, in the *Reflections*, he compares the vitality of tradition with the way that capital can live by being drawn upon and used. "The nobility and the clergy... kept learning in existence... *Learning paid back what it received to nobility; and paid it with usury*, by enlarging their ideas, and by furnishing their minds." To show how puny is the individual's wisdom in comparison with that of accumulated tradition, he writes, "You set up your trade without a capital" or "We are afraid to put men to live and trade each with his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the bank and capital of nations, and of ages."

He also uses the language of monetary counterfeit to draw the distinction between "the real rights of men"

and "their (i.e. the Revolutionaries') false claims of right". Like *les droits de l'homme*, a paper currency is also a false claim of right because it pretends to be a title to something which it is not. Burke thus calls it "fictitious wealth" or "fraudulent circulation and depreciated paper". "We entertain a high opinion of the legislative authority," he writes, "but we have never dreamt that parliaments had any right whatever to violate property, to overrule prescription, or to force a *currency of their own fiction in the place of that which is real*, and recognised by the law of nations." "These sophisters," he writes, "substitute a *fictitious cause*, and *feigned personages*..."; "(We) have chosen our nature rather than our speculations..."; revolutionary ideas are "counterfeit wares" transported "by a double fraud... in illicit bottoms", and so on.

Burke even elides together the "speculators" who invent new unnatural constitutions with those "speculators" on the new money markets who destabilise both economy and polity with their recently acquired fiduciary wealth. Even the crucial Burkean concept of government as a trust has an obvious monetary component. Burke certainly hated (inconvertible) paper currencies as much as he hated paper constitutions. Both were dangerously bogus; both masqueraded as contracts while in fact smashing to pieces the true contractual order of society. He refers to paper constitutions contemptuously when he makes fun of Abbé Siéyès in the *Letter to a Noble Lord* and again in the *Reflections* when he famously contrasts the natural, real and living political feelings of Englishmen with "the chaff and rags and paltry, blurred *shreds of paper* about the rights of man" with which the Revolutionaries want to stuff them.

Because the Revolution was fundamentally an attack on eternal truth, Burke detected in it "the spirit of atheistical fanaticism". "These Atheistical fathers," he writes, "have a bigotry of their own; and they have learnt to talk against monks with the spirit of a monk." For this reason and because the *assignat* was based on expropriation of the Church, Burke

also repeatedly says that the new currency is sacrilegious, calling it “depreciated paper stamped with the indelible character of sacrilege”. He had an acute understanding of the French Revolution as principally an anti-clerical, anti-Catholic movement and only secondarily as a social one. The expropriation of ecclesiastical property was not inspired by any desire to redistribute wealth but instead by the simple intention to destroy the Church. Bishops were expropriated before nobles because “there was no desire that the church should be brought to serve the state. The service of the state was made a pretext to destroy the church.” Hence he notices the collaboration between the Revolutionaries and Protestant or Freemason forces. He accuses them of “correspondence” with the “late king of Prussia” [i.e. Frederick the Great] and of conspiracy with the *Illuminati*, a Masonic sect in Bavaria of which it was said that it planned the destruction of all governments in Europe. *Illuminés*, indeed, in French, was a general label for all mystics and charlatans, including alchemists.

Here’s the rub. At the most fundamental level, Burke called the *assignat* sacrilegious because he knew that inconvertible paper currencies were a modern form of alchemy. He thus often associates the Revolution with sorcery and Satanism: Revolutionary speculators are referred to as “alchymists”; and those who forced the King and Queen back to Paris are “furies of hell”. The creation of the new fictitious money is assimilated to wizardry — a wizardry which erupts in rebellion to destroy the religious and filial deference we owe to the sacredness of the state. “We are taught to look with horror on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent to pieces, and put him in the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal constitution, and renovate their father’s life.” Burke even alludes on one occasion to “the philosopher’s stone” when denouncing the Revolution’s monetary experiment, the philosopher’s stone being,

in black magic, precisely the catalyst the alchemist uses to transform base metal into gold. “Their fanatical confidence in the omnipotence of church plunder, has induced these philosophers to overlook all care of the public estate, just as the dream of the philosopher’s stone induces dupes, under the more plausible delusion of the hermetic art, to neglect all rational means of improving their fortunes. With these philosophic financiers, this universal medicine made of church money is to cure all the evils of the state. These gentlemen perhaps do not believe a great deal in the miracles of piety; but it cannot be questioned, that they have an undoubting faith in the prodigies of sacrilege.”

Alchemy, after all, is not just a matter of transforming one metal into another. At a deeper level, it is a grab for the absolute, an attempt by man to vanquish time and to win eternity. Like the traditional state, real money is both temporal and eternal. Being a store of value, money extends over time; the cost of borrowing is a measure of time. To create it artificially is to achieve in seconds what the natural processes of the earth took millennia to make. The roundness of coins and the yellowness of gold mean that money is associated with the immortal sun and thus with divinity and eternity. In Greek mythology, indeed, the base metal, lead, is by contrast associated with the god Saturn (*chronos* in Greek) who is represented as an old man with an hour-glass and a scythe — in short, as a symbol of man’s mortality. The most famous alchemist of them all, indeed, was Faust, the philosopher and magician who gambled with the devil. In Goethe’s version of the legend, the wager was that he would give the devil his soul if he ever experienced one moment of ecstasy so intense that he wanted it to last eternally. Faust’s goal was to break through the shackles of temporality and taste eternity instead.

Indeed, in the second part of Goethe’s *Faust*, Mephistopheles proposes to the Emperor the creation of a new currency, “backed” by the future earning of gold mines underneath his lands — just as the historical Faust was summoned by a hard-up baron, Anton von

Staufen, to make artificial money for him. Burke, in other words, detected something diabolical or Faustian in the French Revolution and especially in its attempt, by breaking the contractual connection between paper currency and gold, to sunder the natural link between time and eternity — a link which is incarnated in living tradition — in order to escape from the former and attain the latter.

Burke thus foresaw not just the Terror but also the 20th century. The abandonment of the gold standard in August 1914 raised the curtain on a devilish century of political and monetary terror, whose two great totalitarian systems, Nazism and Communism, were united in their hatred of gold-convertible currency. Just as Lenin declared “To destroy the bourgeois system it is sufficient to corrupt its currency” so Hitler’s finance minister, Walther Funk, remarked, “We in Germany will under no circumstances try the so-called gold currency again...” In other words, the world cannot overcome the totalitarian logic of the French Revolution until it abandons the inconvertible currencies first introduced in 1790, made universal at the beginning of this century, and whose devilish instability continues to torment us. It can do this only by abandoning artificial paper currency and returning to real money, gold.

**John Laughland is a commentator on European Affairs.**

*Every man  
is a creature of  
the age in  
which he lives;  
very few are  
able to raise  
themselves  
above the ideas  
of the time.*

Voltaire

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# Arnold Schoenberg

## *Peter Davison concludes his revaluation*

There arose not a prophet since in Israel  
like unto Moses,  
whom the Lord knew, face to face...  
(Deuteronomy 34, verse 10)

Schoenberg's identification with the misunderstood prophet found its ultimate expression in the unfinished opera, *Moses und Aron* of 1932. The paradox of the one chosen by God to be rejected by the people is a consistent characteristic of Schoenberg's creative personality, and it is embedded in the very aesthetic assumptions of his musical language after Opus 25. What do we hear in these early serial pieces? Music in neoclassical forms that grew out of tonality, but with notes decided by an artificial hierarchy that has no basis in aural tradition. The effect is like hearing something familiar through the distortion of a mistuned radio signal. At best, there is an obscure "wrong-note" irony, as the familiar is parodied through denial, with the added pathos of a tragic struggle to communicate, like someone frantically using sign language to explain the theory of relativity. The ambition is admirable, the means ingenious, but the possibility of success negligible. At worst, there is a delusional neurosis, which denies the intent to provoke rejection and gain identity through being a famous victim and cultivating a puritan's sense of moral superiority. *Moses und Aron* is about this very syndrome.

Moses brings the holy law in tablets of stone from God. These are the rules; absolute, inviolable, the will of God. It is pure and provocative gnosticism, which isolates the prophet from the people and their ordinary, worldly weaknesses, hopes and fears. The irony is that to worship the Word is as blasphemous as to worship the golden calf, maybe its inevitable antithesis. In

the polemical exchanges of *Moses and Aron* is the epitome of our contemporary cultural confusion. Of course, Moses is right that people need the law as a manifestation of the higher spiritual order that God wishes for men, and yes, Aron is right too, men need more than pedantic law. They feel, have desires, are instruments of Nature. Schoenberg more or less confesses his failure to transcend the polemic in the text of his opera. Aron accuses Moses of making the word of the law unintelligible to the people because of its austerity and unattractive form:

But your word was denied image and marvel, which are detested by you.  
Moses later admits that the Word alone is not enough. Abstract intellectual concepts cannot express the nature of God. Words always fall short, and it is a delusion to believe that the mind alone can grasp truth:

Thus am I defeated. Thus all was but  
madness that I believed before and can  
and must not be given voice. O word,  
thou word that I lack!

With such an open confession, it is not surprising that in the years that followed *Moses und Aron*, Schoenberg had a rapprochement with tonality, although he never publicly abandoned his twelve-tone theory. The tonal works are worth listing, because they are not well-known and their chronology is surprising in the light of Schoenberg's own statements about serial technique and his artistic development. The works are:

Cello concerto in D Minor after Monn (1933)

Concerto Grosso in B-flat after Handel (1933)

The Suite for strings in G Minor (1934)

The second Chamber Symphony in E-flat minor (1939)

Variations on a recitative in D minor

for organ (1941)

Ode to Napoleon (1942) (twelve-tone work in E-flat)

Theme and Variations in G Minor for Wind Band (1943)

Schoenberg's *Moses* is not the biblical story, for in the Old Testament Moses breaks the tablets of stone not in frustration and failure, but in anger. God wreaks a terrible vengeance on the Israelites for their weakness in worshipping the golden calf, and He eventually provides new tablets as a reminder that the law remains inviolable. If the biblical Moses makes a mistake, it is that his people are lost without him, and while he is on Mount Sinai receiving the word of God, they go astray. The Bible tells the story of a great leader empowered by God to lead his people out of slavery and to elevate them as His chosen people, not the tale of a misunderstood prophet. Being a prophet is indeed lonely and difficult, but Moses largely succeeds in carrying out the will of God. Moses did pay a price for his intercession on behalf of the doubting Hebrews in the wilderness, for which God rather unkindly denies him the right to enter the promised land. The lesson here is that without faith, paradise cannot be regained, and Moses is punished for sharing the doubts of his followers. It is Joshua who is appointed as his successor and triumphantly reaches the end of the journey. (Perhaps Schoenberg feared this part of the story, which he suppressed. He did not want to pass on the glory of the German tradition to a worthy successor or let someone else lead the people into the promised land. Did his suppression of Berg and Webern reflect this fear? Did he deliberately stay in the wilderness to preserve his sense of persecution and to deny himself and his pupils the

chance to make their own escape?)

It is a projection of Schoenberg's own victim identity that makes Moses a much more tragic figure in the opera; punished for his relationship with God and bearing an unintelligible Word to an unwilling people.

Schoenberg had the proud quality of total intellectual rigour. Had he been less concerned with theoretical consistency and taken a less analytical view of himself and the traditions to which he was born, life might have been easier for him. The immensely impressive tool of his mind was applied to problems where it should just have surrendered. Not every creative issue is open to rational analysis. The danger of turning music into a highly complex jigsaw-puzzle of abstract ideas, parameters and techniques is that the intuitive aspect is removed. The technical process becomes more and more the *raison d'être*, and the composer begins to see the surface of the music only, which inevitably reflects, like the surface of a pool of water, the analyst's own thought processes. There may be a demonstrable rationale behind every detail of a great piece of music, but the composer does not make his compositional decisions at the conscious level. What of intuition, inspiration, the capacity to eliminate thousands of alternative solutions in an instant? Like Schenker, Schoenberg analysed great music to discover what was great about it, and drew some remarkable conclusions about invention, form, syntax and historical development. It does not follow that, if one self-consciously extends the complexity of these dimensions, great music will be the result. Nor can one assume the mantle of greatness by devising a theory that will be of equal fascination to analysts in future generations, as one is fascinated by the music of the past.

On so many occasions Schoenberg made it clear that the manipulation of the row and its very identity were not conscious processes open to analysis. This seems unlikely. The nature of the technique demands intervallic rigour and its radical newness would mean that creating structures would be a painstaking affair, because there were

no precedents to create a syntax that could be learnt to a state of fluency. It would be unthinkable to improvise in the twelve-tone technique. For example, it is most probable that Schoenberg had an acute sensitivity about his composing methods and guarded them as a secret to create the illusion of spontaneity, and also to protect himself from harsh criticism. One has to remember that this was a man who inclined to an obsessional analytic approach to the smallest task. He even redrafted the tram timetable for the City of Berlin in an effort to improve its efficiency.

As a composer, Schoenberg's problem was an excessive awareness of the supposed historical significance of his actions. One cannot contrive historical significance. True, Schoenberg was highly gifted, and he knew it, but he could not analyse his way to understanding the next historic step. That step must always be a leap of faith taken in total humility as to its historical meaning. To quote Pierre Boulez, "the desire to make history is incompatible with actually being historically important." Brash claims make one immediately suspicious about their motive and substance. History and tradition are simply a body of knowledge and experience that exists and has accumulated through time. To see tradition or historical significance as being handed to one individual to perpetuate, destroy or revolt against, is to misunderstand the process and the role individuals play in it.

Why did a man of Schoenberg's musical credentials do something so unmusical and unnatural as to invent a composing method out of the ether as a self-conscious historical act? It seems unintelligible that a man could write music that is divorced from aural reality and also compose *Verklärte Nacht* and *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912). But one has to understand what a distorting neurosis can do to a person. Schoenberg was utterly convinced that the inner logic of his music transcended the sound, that as an idea the music had substance beyond its aural reality. What he heard when he listened was coloured by his awareness of his own thought processes. He needed to believe that the conscious mind, which

practised the constructive elements of musical invention, could overcome its dependency on the unconscious for the mystery of inspiration. The lack of a sensual surface to his music and any sense of natural flow were both the consequence and the point of this effort. The listener is left in a state of cold alienation that means it is only possible to engage cerebrally, if at all. The problem is in the assumption that the average listener has the will for such an exercise; not only to crack the new musical code, but also to suspend his own instinct for making tonal relationships. The human mind or, at least, most human minds cannot do that. Furthermore, the avoidance by the composer of inadvertent tonal gestures requires an immense labour that in the end is achieved only by a perverse logic of denial.

In the last song of the atonal *Pierrot Lunaire*, the crisis of the work is resolved when the vocalist breathes the "ancient scent from the time of fairytales", symbolised by the return of tonality, here E major. Until the invention of serialism, Schoenberg's intuition held on to the idea that tonality represented normality, the return to life. The sense of stable hierarchy, the assertion of consonance over dissonance remained the background against which all the expressionist devices had their effect. The tonal works of the mid and late years suggest that this basic truth was never abandoned by Schoenberg the composer, even if Schoenberg the theorist and historical figure had to profess otherwise. This is the sad outcome of an unresolved psychological trauma. The natural tendency of the human psyche is towards integration and harmonisation, the return of stability in the wake of crisis. The alternative is a descent into madness. This healing process takes time and cannot be imposed artificially, and that transformation will be different for each person. Creativity will perhaps be therapeutic during the crisis, but may well dry up once the stimulus of crisis is removed. The creative powers will only return, when the wound has healed and some integration of the pre- and post-critical conditions has been achieved. This can be a period of

immense frustration for an artist, but often a greater maturity may emerge from such a barren time.

Schoenberg was too impatient and too insecure to overcome his trauma naturally. His wounded pride could not accept his vulnerability. Composing was the battlefield for resolving these difficulties. He could have remained a genuine creative genius, waiting for the return of inspiration, but driven by egoism and deluding himself with dreams of immortality, he took the short-cut of rationality and conscious control of the musical material. Thus the invention of serialism consolidated his pathological condition, which resulted in a disconnection from his natural creativity. Now he fully believed that the technical surface of his music was also its aesthetic substance. He reinforced this self-deception by projecting, through his metaphysical theories of form and pitch, extra-musical significances, which were literal rather than metaphorical in their realisation. So, for instance, by the false assumption that musical space does not unfold in real time, Schoenberg ignored an important limit to the human capacity for musical perception. Tonal music can express transcendence through the metaphor of a sublime, disembodied structure. The audible relationships between keys and thematic repetitions are the means of building that structure. Intuition governs the complex relationships in a temporal structure, and these cannot be theoretically precise. What is right to the ear may not coincide with what is logically right to the mind alone, which cannot analyse every subtle interconnection and contextual variable. Tonality, which is a system derived from the interrelation of tones in real time, is the means by which the illusion can be created that the ordinary passage of time is suspended in music. The music thus takes on a spatial dimension, understood as form. Schoenberg's aesthetic theories originated in Swedenborg's account of heaven, where there is no gulf between thought and reality, time and space. By abandoning tonality, Schoenberg made music into a sequence of notes without the tonal framework that provides au-

dible interrelation, and thus his music fails ironically to achieve its stated ambition for transcendence. In Schoenberg's distorted view, one does not need the metaphor of tonality, if one has an intellectual understanding of the spiritual realm. One can be liberated from time and space, by composing simply as though they do not exist. Sadly, reality does not comply with Schoenberg's idealism. Indeed, if one wished to express the idea of Swedenborg's heaven in the terms of our temporal world, the sublime metaphor of tonal music would be the best way to achieve it.

Ironically, Swedenborg's heaven does not abandon space, merely gives it new meaning, and it also does not lack hierarchy. Indeed, Swedenborg makes the point that that which is close has likeness and that which is far has unlikeness, so that hell is very far from heaven. So, in Swedenborg's heaven, spatial awareness has a moral dimension, which would mean that tonality offers a better metaphor of this higher reality than Schoenberg's theories, which grant equal status to each note of the row.

The reason for Schoenberg's identification with Moses is clear. He felt like the prophet touched by God and thus condemned, in this world, to loneliness and misunderstanding. Yet, if one were really able to bring something of heaven into the material world, it simply would not belong here. The spiritual can only realise itself on earth through allusion and metaphor. The limits of time and space make certain of that. Schoenberg tried to be a warrior on the battleground between two mutually exclusive worlds, but perhaps his problem can be explained even more simply than this. He was, after all, also human, subject to the same limitations as his perplexed audience. He just failed to realise that on earth, unlike in a Swedenborgian heaven, something does not become true, because one would like it to be so. Human intelligence and perceptual powers are finite. We cannot grasp essential forms or know the totality of truth or God. Schoenberg's aesthetic position, despite the high-minded, almost religious principles which

characterised it, was a gnosticism doomed to incomprehension. As a consequence of this aesthetic flaw, Schoenberg had to adopt a defensive position. He thus became a brilliant and brutal polemicist. He dazzled himself with the virtuosity of his own thought processes. His razor-sharp ability for finding the weakness in a common sense critique pushed the merely sceptical into an extreme position, while he could retreat into the wounded pride of his much vaunted integrity.

When I hear music ... I feel quite clearly that there are no questions at all

(Gustav Mahler, 1909)

What are the implications of all this for today's composers? Historical awareness should never be such a tyrant. It should not compel every composer to aspire to be a Beethoven, Wagner or a Schoenberg, nor should they be the benchmarks of greatness against which posterity judges others. If a composer believes that, he will most likely betray himself in pursuit of an unachievable goal. For some composers, it suits the essential qualities of their personalities to be ambitious and highly innovative. For others, greatness might lie in subtlety, intimacy and economy of expression. The history of music is not about technical processes after all, but aesthetic assumptions that reinterpret certain fundamental truths for a specific time and context. Technical innovation as an end in itself is pointless, if it does not enhance the expressive means. Technical virtuosity can so easily become a substitute for poor invention. Musical development is not about increasing ingenuity and complexity, but the enhancement of the human capacity for meaningful expression through sound. Good music is about people interacting with ideas and experiences to produce an art that is listened to and appreciated. It can never be about imposing a set of technical norms and claiming its superior validity. Technique is a means to an end, not an end in itself. A work should be judged by its effectiveness as an aesthetic object, as the refined expression of a unique compositional personality that has something substantial to say.

Why should a contemporary

composer want to alienate his audience? What does it achieve except to give music-making a bad name. When one hears music, it should move us inwardly. It is remarkable to see how music can stir people, when it is played well and stems from the deepest human instinct for expression and communicating with others. It is only relevant that such an impact can, under the right circumstances be genuinely achieved, not how it is achieved. This is the only benchmark of quality. Aesthetic judgement is never easy, but let us not abandon common sense in our appreciation. There is a difference between that which yields its full richness and depth only after repeated hearing to an averagely intelligent listener and that which remains impenetrable and obscure after countless hearings.

The main question has to be whether cultural development is about crossing irrevocable thresholds, or is it about the ever increasing expansion of possibilities. In other words, a threshold may be crossed, but does it then become a dividing line between what is and what is not possible? Schoenberg has made a plausible case for the irrevocable step and this has set the pattern for the development of 20C music thereafter. The Maoist concept of constant revolution has been the norm ever since. Schoenberg set the example, but did not reach the promised land, so he is perceived by many as a transitional figure. Webern was the first total deconstructivist. Thence Boulez and the post-war generation sought the Nirvana of a new and totally artificial musical language of the future. Music, it seems at this juncture, can only progress through the most radical questioning of tradition. In reality, progress is not a series of irrevocable thresholds that dictate what can and cannot be done. Even Schoenberg's own development was not as linear as he would have us believe. The tonal works of the 30's and early 40's indicate that even he ultimately found a path to the reintegration of tonal elements. The rhetoric of the serial revolution and its justification as the product of irresistible historical forces are unconvincing.

Stravinsky offers us a much more

balanced view of the whole aesthetic territory of liberation from diatonic tonality and the dangers of a break with the past. In his simplicity, clarity and humility, the prospects appear much less apocalyptic. The composer of *The Rite of Spring* did not consider himself a revolutionary. He writes:.

Art is by essence constructive. Revolution implies a disruption of equilibrium ... so I confess that I am completely insensitive to the prestige of revolution. All the noise it may make will not call forth the slightest echo in me. For revolution is one thing, innovation another.

His relationship with tradition is healthy, simple and lacking in any sense of personal dilemma or historical inhibition.

A real tradition is not the relic of a past that is irretrievably gone; it is a living force that animates and informs the present.... Far from implying the repetition of what has been, tradition presupposes the reality of what endures.

Most striking of all, he has no difficulty in a broad definition of tonality, because he accepts that tones have a natural gravitational pull that generates and releases tension according to a given natural law. This is what makes expression possible. He merely reminds us that diatonic tonality of the late 18C is not the historical norm, but that the ebb and flow of pitches as something with its own innate dynamics was as alive in Gregorian Chant as it is today. He calls this the "polar attraction of sound". It is not for him an arbitrary choice as to how these poles operate, but a matter of intuition, experience and natural law. Intervals generate tensions, tensions which demand resolution, but in an infinite variety of possible ways. Tonality sets the limits, based upon experience, as to what is intelligible by a listener. Audiences are furthermore familiar with its laws and conventions. The clarity and non-polemical position of Stravinsky's aesthetics comes from his ego-less understanding of the phenomenon of music. He is a vehicle for the idea. His mind potentially can corrupt the creative spirit, and this must be resisted. Craftsmanship and the intellect are skills in the service of the higher purpose, which is art. As Stravinsky himself says, "music comes to reveal

itself, as a form of communion with our fellow man — and with the Supreme Being."

In conclusion, what can be said of Arnold Schoenberg by way of a more realistic evaluation of his historical significance? The answer is not entirely negative. In the works of his before 1921 is a well of untapped creative possibilities. The First Chamber Symphony (1906) is one of the finest examples of an infinitely supple and rich musical language that is at once tonal, but free from restrictive diatonic norms. Equally, the expressionist masterpieces of *Pierrot Lunaire* and the *Five Orchestral Pieces* are exceptional works, extending the expressive boundaries with remarkable surety. Serialism was a mistake; an unnecessary and premature theorisation of a process that would naturally have emerged alongside more traditional types of harmonic and melodic practice. This self-conscious act was brought about by complex historical and psychological circumstances. The tortuous polemic that was then necessary to justify his actions was the outpourings of a bitter man, whose alienation from the past was self-inflicted, and a tragic error of judgment for his own development as an artist. From then on, Schoenberg's creativity was in a strait-jacket with paradoxical results. The consequence for musical life has been to polarise it, to normalise extremism, and this has been a sad diversion from real creativity for many composers. Schoenberg had the talent to take music into new territories and to salvage much from the wreckage of European culture. Instead, his obsession with his own historical significance and his alienation from aural reality squandered this potential.

It would be wrong to blame Schoenberg's personal flaws for all the problems that have followed in the music of this century. He was a mirror on a crazy world, trying to resolve the contradictions of a civilisation under threat. Composers of our own times, like Webern and Berg before them, have been receptive to his example, because they want to be, and the alienation of artists from the mainstream of society has been and

continues to be a fact of life. So we should not judge Schoenberg too harshly. Anyone exploring his music and ideas will come to the heart of the twentieth century and its tragic absurdities. Schoenberg suffered greatly for his cause, and the truth of his inner struggles cannot be questioned. As a critique of all that is shallow and thoughtless in art, Schoenberg's music and life are a testament. He was in many respects a

victim of his apocalyptic times, which cultivated in him a destructive egoism driven by paranoia. He shows us the danger of fanatical self-belief, as well as the perverse capacity of human consciousness to distort reality. The consequent polarisation of twentieth century musical life into the 'traditional' and the 'new', should be exposed as arbitrary and as having diminished music's much needed power to transcend the questions of

the restless intellect. Schoenberg embodied the paradox of his age, and when he takes his proper place in the history of European music, as an exception rather than a rule, an important misunderstanding will have been resolved.

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# The Cinematic England of Michael Powell

*Stuart Millson*

In 1943, the year in which it had become clear that Britain would win the war, the film-director Michael Powell returned to his Kentish roots to make what became one of the most extraordinary, contradictory, obscure, yet meaningful films of his career: *A Canterbury Tale*.

A propaganda film without propaganda; a piece of national "myth-making" which recorded real places and people; a village mystery revolving around a bizarre glue attack — it baffled critics and audiences at the time and it may still perplex many today. The critic Basil Wright, writing in 1972, said of the work: "To most people the intentions of the film-makers remained highly mysterious; nor did this picture of the British administration of justice commend itself to the authorities, who showed some reluctance to encourage its export to our allies." Clearly, it is an obscure, almost cultish production. But Powell's cinematic England, now almost gone, and the message of *A Canterbury Tale*, pose some disturbing and uncomfortable questions for today's political arbiters of artistic taste and for society as a whole.

For those who may be unacquainted

with his reputation, Michael Powell's films (*The Red Shoes* and *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* are among the most famous) would, today, be classed as deeply unfashionable. In our times where "serious" cinema must display anti-patriotism and urban despondency — all too often convenient and clichéd excuses for the crude and talentless to market their wares — Powell's rich romanticism, love of chivalry, history and heroes, affection for old institutions, and sage-like, mystical rapport with an ancient, rural Britain seems like the work of someone from another planet. He was in all senses a national artist, a child of his times, and possibly the last great director to embrace a vivid, absolute romanticism, as well as sentimental, even political idealism. He reveals something of his outlook in his 1986 autobiography, *A Life in Movies*:

The theme of *A Canterbury Tale* had grown organically in our minds, but it was not understood, or even enjoyed, until some thirty-odd years later. When we made the film, in the summer and autumn of 1943, the theme seemed to us to be an important one... In 1942, with *Colonel Blimp*, we had said that Britain would never be conquered. In 1943, with *A Canterbury Tale*, we were ex-

plaining to the Americans, and to our own people, the spiritual values and the traditions we were fighting for.

And later in his book, Powell wrote:

The answer [to the American film industry] seemed to us to be in quality, in a different kind of product; in *Henry V*, *Colonel Blimp*, *Brief Encounter* — MGs versus Cadillacs.

Powell was born at Canterbury in 1905 and educated at the city's famous King's School. His upbringing was privileged, but it was rooted in the provincial atmosphere of East Kent and the land of the River Stour — a world of oast houses, hops, family-run farms, and little towns that once boasted "portreaves" or membership of the mediaeval guild of Cinque Ports. Despite his desire for an international career and the professional success that later came, Powell never lost these defining memories of locality and region, linked to an enduring and unquestioned English national identity.

As a youth, he became obsessed with the idea of becoming a director after reading an article on "movie-making", and thanks to a contact of his father (Mr Powell was the owner of a French Riviera hotel) landed a very junior job on a film-set in the South of France. Absorbing continental trends (Fritz

Lang and the inter-war German cinema made their marks on him) and learning the techniques of his trade, the young Powell spent the 1920s and early 1930s forming an artistic temperament and identity. How different and self-motivated this all seems from the formulaic, Arts Council-subsidised world of contemporary film. By 1936-37, he had the skills and finance necessary to make his first acclaimed film, a location-drama, *The Edge of the World*.

Set in the Shetland Isles and telling the story of an island community no longer able to maintain its traditional fishing and agricultural life, the film contained poetic images of landscape and audacious technical touches, such as a supernatural vision of the community's lost life — themes which were to re-emerge some six years later in *A Canterbury Tale*. Most importantly the film was a fable of the struggle between the modern world and the old: the island's idealistic guardian and father-figure "Peter Manson" (played by John Laurie) quarrelling with his son, the "realist", who sees no option but to abandon the island in favour of a job and better housing on the mainland. As we will see, the Peter Manson figure is later reincarnated as "Thomas Colpepper JP" in the Canterbury saga.

By the 1940s, Michael Powell was working in close partnership with a Hungarian Jewish émigré by the name of Emeric Pressburger. Pressburger was a highly-accomplished screenwriter and had served his apprenticeship in Berlin. Now in England — and, like so many outsiders, a fervent Anglophile — "Imrie" was the other half of Powell's production company known as "The Archers". (All Powell and Pressburger films, incidentally, begin with the highly-distinctive trademark of an arrow being shot into a target!) The two men decided to make a film which would show the impact of the war on British identity and the social transformations that were being ushered in by the conflict. And so, using a theme of modern travellers arriving in Canterbury as if on a pilgrimage, Powell and Pressburger set to work on their modern morality play.

The film begins with two servicemen and a Land Army girl arriving at a remote halt (the fictional "Chillingbourne") just outside Canterbury. One of the servicemen is a lonely, heartsick American and unusually, The Archers cast a serving US GI in this role, a Sergeant John Sweet. The other soldier is a young English sergeant, a Londoner, who is cynical and disillusioned with life. The Land Girl is cheerfully serving her country, but her jolly temperament hides a bitter emotional loss: her fiancé (we learn) — an RAF pilot — has been "lost by enemy action".

All three, whether they know it or not, are drawn to Canterbury like Chaucer's pilgrims, as if to obtain a blessing or salvation. But on leaving the station, the Land Army girl is suddenly assaulted by a figure who emerges from the shadows — a disturbing happening for an English film of this period. The figure, wearing an army trenchcoat, makes off into the village, but not before covering the girl with glue. They seek help at the police station, only to be told that this is one of many such incidents perpetrated by, what the local folk call "The Glue Man" — an interesting name for Powell and Pressburger to have used. In the mind of the villagers, the Glue Man has almost mythological properties, as if he is a latter-day bogey-man; a figure who cannot be caught or challenged and who represents a primal, irrational, almost pre-Christian side of the rural English psyche. This is important in *A Canterbury Tale*, as a symbol of all that is old and inherited.

Dismissing the fears, deference and wariness of the people of Chillingbourne, the modern pilgrims decide to find and catch the Glue Man. By this stage of the story they have met a curious, remote figure by the name of Thomas Colpepper, a magistrate and local gentleman-farmer who has a profound, obsessive enthusiasm for the ancient history of Kent and who occupies a magus-like role in the life of the community. Colpepper (played by the suitably ascetically-featured British actor Eric Portman) even runs his own museum, the Colpepper Institute, and holds lectures there, principally it

seems for the edification of the none-too-interested soldiers who have nothing else to do in Chillingbourne.

Thomas Colpepper is, of course, the mysterious "Glue Man" and has conducted his campaign of nocturnal glue attacks, wearing a military uniform, in order to make the girls of the district afraid to associate with the soldiers stationed at Chillingbourne camp. This, he reasons, will leave the men with no option but to spend their evenings at his lectures. As film-plots go, this idea of Powell and Pressburger is possibly one of the strangest ever conceived, some might even say the silliest. Yet the point of the film rests upon it, for it underlines Colpepper's desperate disillusionment with the materialist preoccupations of modern society and its disregard for all that is spiritual, historical and beautiful. He does not just lament the impending loss of English identity and the country's own, authentic soul and character: he violently acts to oppose the trends of which he disapproves.

When finally unmasked as the Glue Man he has no remorse for his actions. "You are not going to defend pouring glue into girls' hair?", asks the bewildered Land Girl. "Certainly not", replies Colpepper. "But I am going to defend pouring knowledge into people's heads — knowledge of our country and love of its beauty." And when confronted by the prospect of being incriminated for his attacks, the Glue Man merely looks away dreamily at the great tower of Canterbury Cathedral and offers the thought that "there are higher courts than the local bench of magistrates" — a statement of Bunyan-like religious certainty and devotion. Although unmasked by the three modern pilgrims, their contact with Colpepper and Canterbury has unlocked something within them: the cynical young English sergeant becomes aware of the countryside for the first time and learns humility; the Land Girl gets news of her fiancé who is safe after all, despite being shot down in battle; and the GI, as well as being reunited with his girl, finds peace and inner harmony in the midst of war. Everything has ended for the better.

For Powell and Pressburger a chal-

lenge had been laid down. The Archers now committed themselves to an artistic policy which later became known as their "crusade against materialism". They sought to promote Englishness in an age which saw the loss of the British Empire, the triumph of America and the growth of science and the United Nations. They stressed the importance of simple, everyday experiences above acquisitiveness and money. And above all, they promoted what might be called a "Tory" view of the world, proclaiming the goodness of a society in which everyone had an

established trade, or role in life, or bearing and status that worked to the benefit and health of the entire community.

The lasting value of *A Canterbury Tale* is in its rich representations of English pastoral beauty and emotional response to change and disorder. It turns the viewer into a time-traveller, taking us away from our modern darkness into a world of freshness, innocence and belief. It is difficult to believe that the England of *A Canterbury Tale* was little more than 50 years ago. It might just as well be 500 years ago: so

distant and different does it seem. Indeed, the film is probably one of the last records of England before the "post-war consensus" changed our society forever.

As we look at what Britain has become in that fateful half-century, one prays for some kind of eleventh-hour national salvation... or at least for the reappearance of the Glue Man.

**Stuart Millson works as a copywriter and editor of a design company.**

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## D'Oyly Carte

### *James Lewis laments the passing of an English tradition*

A distraught young lady crosses the stage. The lights go down on her despair and the music reaches an operatic climax as she faints. A Tudor officer of *The Yeoman of the Guard* catches her in his arms, and the curtain falls. "That is so absorbing," growls a Texan voice from the Grand Circle. The first act of *The Yeoman*, particularly the finale, is absorbing. Elsie Maynard, comatose in Fairfax's arms, destined to love him, already married to him (though neither know it), jilting poor Jack Point and breaking his heart, used to grip the old D'Oyly Carte audiences like no other episode we can think of in English theatre.

That performance, which the Texan and other Americans had come to see, was part of the old D'Oyly Carte's centenary season at the Savoy theatre. In 1975 D'Oyly Carte had never been more popular, having year in and year out taken the repertoire of Gilbert and Sullivan around the provinces, and into London for a Christmas season. They might have appeared for a week

in Bolton, and then a fortnight in Oxford; three weeks in Glasgow, followed by two weeks in Newcastle. Each one of the main works got a good airing during the year: and there were revivals too of lesser known titles, *The Sorcerer* and *Utopia Limited*. The long term cast must have ate, slept and dreamt Gilbert and Sullivan — living as they did with such rigorous production and touring schedules, often playing a set of roles that required them on stage every night in a succession of theatres. How any of the D'Oyly Carte actor-singers ever had time or scope for a personal life is almost beyond reckoning. The London season, from December to March, was their only settled existence. If ever there was an excuse for theatre impropriety, D'Oyly Carte must have provided it: but there was not a breath of public scandal, either in this century or the last. Eventually to keep the show on the road, an arts subsidy became vital. When this need arose, two baleful influences were at work in the land. The disdain of the critics, who thought perhaps that they

had an inch or so more on their foreheads than the quiet, unsung devotees of middlebrow and middle England; and the bitter contempt of a modern grant-making quango called the Arts Council. This body, ruthless in making unfashionable our previous tastes, and out to snub the decent enthusiasms of a traditional theatre-going public, set themselves on a collision course with D'Oyly Carte. No grant, no Gilbert: no subsidy, no Sullivan — at least not staged by D'Oyly Carte in repertory.

Thus the end came. The company dispersed in 1982. The costumes were auctioned. The principals donned dinner jackets for concert performances, or went off from time to time to the United States, where they directed 'workshops' for American loyalists. A new company with the famous name came into being, but only to do one work at a time, and that to be directed by modernists who, it was even rumoured, were haters of Gilbert and Sullivan. But let's go back to the beginning and trace the happy,

popular years of the old D'Oyly Carte. In 1871 a comic opera *Thespis*, written by Gilbert and composed by Sullivan, was produced at the Gaiety theatre where it ran for several weeks, then disappeared for ever; but Richard D'Oyly Carte, a young impresario, remembered it and in 1875, needing a curtain-raiser for the Royalty Theatre, persuaded Gilbert and Sullivan to collaborate once more and to write for him a short, dramatic cantata called *Trial By Jury*. That was the beginning of a magical partnership which lasted until 1896, and which injected a contribution second only to that of Shakespeare into the culture of the English speaking world. The Savoy hotel and theatre were built by Richard D'Oyly Carte, and most of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas had their first run at the Savoy.

The original productions received Gilbert's stamp upon them in every aspect. His vitality as a producer was a byword, and his strictness at rehearsal proverbial. He supervised everything, scenery, costumes, lighting, and missed no detail. Even a ship's rope in *HMS Pinafore* that had not been wound properly caught his eye, winning a wager for one of the cast who had bet a colleague that Gilbert would see it before he started rehearsal. To the chorus he issued words of command as if he were on parade, and if they were not obeyed he stormed and shouted. He once screamed at the Peers in *Iolanthe*. "Wear your coronets as if you were bloody well used to them." Yet with those who took his teaching in good part and tried their hardest to follow it, his patience and kindness were never-failing. He would stand beside an actor or actress and repeat the words with appropriate action over and over again, without irritation, until he had achieved the exact intonation and gesture he wanted. Though he could be moody and very sarcastic (his one liners in private life survived into his biography), the cast held him in the highest regard. When he quarrelled with Carte or Sullivan, as he was inclined to do, although they knew nothing of the cause, they always sided with Gilbert.

Sullivan was easily distracted by rich friends, including royalty, who lionised him. He often turned over rehearsals to an assistant conductor. How William Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan ever achieved synchronisation is remarkable. Gilbert was the dominant partner and achieved a standing for the words of light opera that no other librettist had hitherto achieved. In most operas the characters and their utterances are not memorable. Singing and orchestration are everything. Gilbert creates an array of wonderful English characters, people of the sunlit Victorian age, full of eccentricity, yet recognisable to later generations; or folk of an earlier age seen through Victorian eyes. If the scene is set abroad, as it is in *The Mikado* and *The Gondo-*

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*liers*, the staging is Japanese or Venetian, but the wit and irony — and the love interest — is English through and through. To match Gilbert's words Sullivan composed madrigals, choruses, patter songs and some of the best love duets in our language. The romance of Gilbert and Sullivan is much underrated. Some of these numbers, notably the patter songs, were show stoppers. D'Oyly Carte conductors, Isidore Godfrey especially, knew just how often to repeat a popular song : pointing upwards with his baton to alert stage and audience alike for an encore, two, three, even four times. How the audiences loved it all, and

how they revelled in their perceived right to demand those encores .

Although there has always been a vogue for performances among amateur societies, Gilbert and Sullivan is difficult to stage, needing as it does several first-rate comedy actors, all of them good singers and dancers, a brilliant soprano and a fine tenor and baritone. D'Oyly Carte attracted the right talent from the start. Vivid stage characters require outstanding character acting, or they are useless in a performance. Grossmith, Barrington and Jessie Bond were brilliant early Savoyards. Jessie was discovered in amateur theatricals at Huntley and Palmer. She left the Reading biscuit factory to become one of the most famous soubrettes of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Henry Lytton and Bertha Lewis were also early stars. Henry Lytton was knighted.

Then within living memory came their direct successors; Martyn Green, Peter Pratt, Darrell Fancourt, Donald Adams and Ann Drummond Grant, who married the conductor Isidore Godfrey; and later on, through the seventies, still in Gilbertian mould, still delivering the lines and the "business" as Gilbert had laid down; still entralling and arresting the audiences, came John Ayldon, Meston Reid, Jill Washington and Judi Merri. Meston Reid and Jill Washington singing "Ah leave me not to pine alone and desolate," from the second act of *The Pirates of Penzance*, still echoes down the years. Judi Merri brought a Cornishness and a pathos to Mad Margaret in *Ruddigore*, and a Tudor charm to Phoebe's opening number in *The Yeoman*, that had audiences wrapped round her little finger. John Ayldon was a richly comic pirate king and sang and acted all the bass roles superbly . We venture to suggest that only English artists could have delivered such authentic interpretations.

In this parade of talent we have left one name to last — one performer who, if theatrical knighthoods ever tap onto the right shoulders, should feel that tap. Kenneth Sandford played the bass baritone parts, known as the Pooh-

Bah roles, from 1956 until the poignant "last night" of the last London season at the Adelphi theatre on February 27th 1982. This involved an unbroken run of 25 years in the exacting repertory schedule. With a towering stage presence he could hold a whole performance together, and make other actors seem greater as a result. His theatricals, never forced, somehow dominated each scene in which he took part. He used to bring the house

down speaking the doltish Wilfred Shadbolt's soliloquy "I should be no mean judge of wooing, seeing that I have been more hotly wooed than most men...." When Kenneth Sandford spoke him, as well as sang him, Gilbert seemed to come fresh from the pen and pad to each member of the audience. All his parts — Victorian vicar and medieval jailer; police sergeant or potentate — came across the generation gap into the modern age with all the

irony and eccentricity, and the essential Englishness, that Gilbert had crafted. "It gives one the chance of shining with reflected glory right through the twentieth century," Gilbert wrote to Sullivan after a successful first night. Kenneth Sandford enshrined that glory in his declamations for D'Oyly Carte.

**James Lewis is a journalist and travel writer.**

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## Father Knows Best

### *Paul Griffin remembers the last days of the Raj*

**A**t a first reading, it was easy for me to undervalue Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*. I had had many of Scott's experiences myself at the time, and saw disguised reminiscence in what was a careful work of fiction. It was designed not primarily for people like myself, but for the British public, whose ignorant and uncaring attitude Scott held in part responsible for the horrors of Partition and later wars. My presence at the equivalent of Mirat and Mayapore made me a character as much as a reader; as if Mrs Danvers found herself reading *Rebecca*.

Re-reading, and the distancing passage of years, has put that right. In time, one sees even one's own figure with a degree of objectivity, as I think Paul Scott saw his. One is led as he was to a reflection on the effect of cultural change in Western society.

So far as the British of today think at all about the Raj, they remember it with a degree of unease: obviously, because of the disastrous effects of Partition, but a deeper unease at the behaviour of their forefathers, and the effects of colonialism.

There was merely a nascent doubt when I was sent out to India from a country too preoccupied with survival against Germany to think much about

the future of its Empire. It was clear we were in India whether we liked it or not, and that our task was to move the country to Dominion status and full self-government. Even the thought of India as one country was a dangerous one, but we were hardly aware of that. We were aware, if only thanks to Kipling and E M Forster, of the dangers of feeling superior; but we believed in the value and good faith of British administrators, and thought troublemakers like Gandhi stood in the way of progress.

Indian Army cadets had a voyage of many weeks in dangerous seas, spent in preparing ourselves for what lay ahead. This partly involved learning Urdu, another part being the informal discussion of political and other ideas. Remembering what I can of conversations, many by night as we watched the funnel swinging against the Southern Cross, I can see that we were callow, but very liberal by the standards of the time.

When we arrived in India we were given six months military training in Bangalore, an area where Urdu is not spoken. After that I joined a Gurkha battalion, in which Nepali was spoken, and served on the North West Frontier (Pushtu) before going across via Central India to Assam and Burma (languages various).

This brought home to me the linguistic difficulties of bouncing into India, where in all I spent five years. Paul Scott and Lord Louis Mountbatten spent about half that I say that not to undervalue their work, but to make the point that many of us were bouncers, whereas there were other men and women who had spent their working lives on the sub-continent, of whom it is still brutally common to say that long service vitiated their judgment and caused them to accept the unacceptable.

What added to the bounce factor in my case, though not in Paul Scott's, was that I was serving with Gurkhas, Nepalese citizens with a detached attitude to Indian affairs. Our officers were of two categories, British and Nepalese. The British officers lived comfortably in British conditions, and took the ultimate responsibility; the Gurkha officers lived under something better than Nepalese conditions, and did most of the work. I suppose this arrangement sounds regrettable; yet not only was everyone happy with it, but with some upward infiltration of westernized Gurkhas it survives to this day, in both Indian and British Gurkha battalions. Of course, in today's Indian Army, westernized Indian officers take the place of the British.

Everyone is still happy, except a number of Indian civilian observers, who feel the arrangement is too reminiscent of the Raj. The Indian Government takes the view that the efficiency of its Army is the main criterion.

Had I joined an Indian rather than a Gurkha battalion in 1941, the arrangements would have been very similar; but the soldiers would have spoken basic Urdu and would have been citizens of the country they were defending. In today's Indian Army, the officers and men are separated less by race than by class and ability, but as in all armies, even the American, distinctions have to be made. You cannot blame the British for systems that are universal; nor can you blame them for introducing class into India, the home of the most complicated class system known to man.

This last factor must have helped to form the pattern of British rule in India. Where sharing food and drink involves pollution, there is a ready-made reason for exclusive clubs. We were in the first instance traders in a foreign country, or rather a number of foreign countries, most containing a Hindu majority. This majority operated the caste system, and observed what seemed a similar system of masters and subordinates among the British. The Hindus had their heaven-born, the Pandits, and their lower-caste sweepers and cleaners. They were prepared to honour the 'sahibs', the officers, and scorn the 'goras', or lower whites. The large Muslim minority had no caste system, but easily conformed. Because they had the Islamic concept of equality under God, they were sometimes more respected by the British than the Hindus.

As the British traders needed to protect themselves against the wars and threats of tribes and princelings in a country where even thieves formed a religious caste, the Army in India came into being, and a process familiar from the history books brought about the Raj. The Great Mutiny in 1857 effectively wrecked any possibility of easy companionship between the races. Scott still observed its effects nearly a century later.

The task of excusing or condemning

what happened is made very complex in a country where at least three great cultures, Christian, Islamic, and Hindu, were having to coexist. There was the usual mixture of humanity at work: rogues, fools, saints, bigots, philosophers and men of action, making a consistent pattern very hard to discern; but over two hundred years there was a clear movement towards unity in the sub-continent. In view of the success, in some respects and over a limited area, of the earlier Mogul rulers, it could be regarded as a movement *back* to unity. There was a reasonably successful past pattern of Islamic rule; but it had proved unable to last. A specifically Hindu way of government can be said to have existed in such princelings as those of the Rajputs and Mahrattas. To an Englishman these were frankly medieval.

The decision to unify India on a basis of Western parliamentary democracy was taken long ago, at first perhaps unconsciously. It is easy to accuse the British of forcing their ways on people unsuited to them, but that begs the question. Surely India as it has now become has taken very kindly to the democratic system, one by which it rid itself of Mrs Nehru when she became too dictatorial. It is equally easy, and more cogent, to accuse us of pulling our punches, especially over the Princely States. It seems to me that we did our utmost to face the cultural problems, striving to understand Indian ways and to incorporate them in what we were doing. The encouragement of village panchayats or councils is an example; so is the Governmental insistence on employees learning languages. We officers were given linguistic deadlines, and were penalized if we failed to meet them. I really needed little more than colloquial Nepalese to lead our troops in the service of India; but by 1943 I had passed the Higher Standard of Urdu and was working towards the same standard in Pushtu. Language and cultural understanding go closely and enjoyably together: wandering around normally forbidden parts of the North West Frontier with a Pathan friend, and greeting on equal terms, under the protection of the Islamic code, a vari-

ety of armed desperadoes gave an immense kick to me and other Romantics.

Here I sense the alarm bells ringing as I drift into what Paul Scott called the 'man bap' (parental or paternal) attitude, the attitude he admired but finally identified with Ronald Merrick and trouble. What Paul Scott may have forgotten is the tradition of the British Army itself, where every officer is expected to act as father to his men. It was another case of something British finding its analogue in Indian customs.

The witch-word here is 'paternalism'. Whereas once a leader was expected to be a father, he is now expected to be an elder brother. The social worker no longer even 'works among' the underprivileged; rather he stretches out a hand to others who, but for the grace of God, might have been social workers. While I find this distinction unnecessary and offensive in its determination to reduce human relationships to a grey uniformity, I do find it in myself. When I return to India I feel an insane desire to address all the men as 'bhai' (brother), which during the Raj I could never have dreamt of doing. Here is an example of a new development of culture in one country invading another: very much Scott's theme.

It is hard enough to harmonise cultures, without new developments affecting the matter. I remember as a cadet travelling on one of those interminable Indian train journeys with a young Hindu university student who greeted me with delight at the prospect of a long conversation: "We will discuss the nature of the Good, isn't it?" He assumed that any westerner would be glad to discuss Platonic philosophy, and attempted to lead me into an argument of such complexity that what with that and the heat and the endless rattle of the train my head felt as if it were splitting apart.

It was my first introduction to the Hindu delight in remote subtleties. I in my cultural setting disliked it, and felt superior, though I suppose we were young men of the same age. No doubt he too felt superior to my linguistic floundering. More alarm bells as we

encounter the witch-word 'racism', or, as I prefer it, 'racialism'. Almost any Englishman would have reacted as I did; almost any Indian would have reacted as he did. It is all part of the generic differences between races and cultures which cause dislike, envy, affection, contempt, even honour. "Poor bloke," I thought. "What a pity I can't teach him a more robust attitude to life." "Wretched fellow," he probably thought, "that he should pretend to rule me when I can make intellectual mincemeat of him."

I hope we finally both adopted the only sensible course of acknowledging ourselves as children of God, and making an effort of understanding; but at that point I myself had no educational axe to grind, whereas the Raj had. Thanks to that, my student already had a foot in both camps, Western and Eastern. Seeking to induct Indians into an effective way of government had educational implications, in consequence of which the Raj was inevitably cast as father rather than brother, tutor rather than companion. This is dangerous, but not damning. Paternalism is not wrong in being fatherly, or all fathers would be damned; what is wrong is the implication that the father is a generally superior being, giving rise to the massa-boy relationship, the patronising only-a-woggishness which seemed to be more visible in some of the new arrivals, or bouncers, than in older hands. It should not be confused with having lots of servants, which was a function of the caste system and the abundant labour market. Up to the Second World War, having servants had been a feature of British society as well as Indian. Of course, having them could lead to abuse, especially as the degree of segregation in clubs and workplaces meant that most of the Indians Europeans saw were servants; but I would certainly deny that the average long-standing British resident in India had anything but a healthy relationship with his servants.

Anyway, speaking generally, our conviction of a duty to change India in its own interest made us paternalistic, and sometimes we went too far. What made 1947 so shameful was not that we had abandoned our conviction, but

that we had so abruptly decided not to pursue it any longer. Of course, as we led the country towards self-government, there had to be a withdrawal; but the point of withdrawal had to be decided by a deliberate act of unselfish judgment. When one launches a boat into the waves and releases it under its own power, one does not let go of it just after one of the crew has dived overboard, or when a fight has broken out over who is to steer, or because one suddenly feels like an ice cream.

Various arguments are possible against this. The most popular is the easy one of saying we had no business to be in India at all, let alone to try to change her: that the boat was perfectly capable of floating without our interference. This is of course the old Irish advice to those seeking directions not to start from there in the first place. Without our original presence in the sub-continent would there have been large-scale communal slaughter? Surely there would. The only contrary evidence comes from the powerful effect of that extraordinary man Gandhi in quelling slaughter during the 1947 crisis, as opposed to the lesser effect of the overstretched security forces; but even his effect was insufficient.

Given that we were in the sub-continent, it must have been obvious at any stage before 1947 that a precipitate departure would cause chaos, the breakdown of the rule of law, and the loss of many lives. It should have been obvious in 1947. Perhaps it was, and we decided to accept the fact and blame it on the Indians. Rather, I think, we shut our eyes and hoped that millions of Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs would behave like English gentlemen.

India had to undergo major change if it were to become independent. A far more cogent argument against us is that we were trying to change it in the wrong way, or only pretending to change it. This is the 'divide and rule' argument on which Paul Scott lays weight, pointing out that while we were urging democracy on British India we were guaranteeing autocracy to the princely states.

The British partiality for maharajahs does seem illogical; but remember that we in Britain have our own maha-

rajah or maharanees and are none the less democratic. The Raj had nudged all the princely states along the path to just rule, which might, for example, involve small nominated assemblies to advise the ruler; even so, if, as seemed to be the belief, the peasants of the states were far from ready for modern democracy, it seems odd that the peasants over the border in the provinces should have so far outstripped them. In fact, I suppose we had mentally given ourselves more time to get ready, and hoped, against probability, that the new rulers of the whole would use their time as we would have used it. Also, of course, colonial rulers tend, in the absence of some compelling factor, to think their territories are not *quite* ready.

Perhaps unfortunately, the compelling factor was just round the corner. It was the change in British ways of thought, accelerated by war weariness, underlined by the Labour victory of 1945, and personified in different ways by Paul Scott and the Mountbattens.

It is the very change I feel in myself when I return to the sub-continent: the change towards liberal assumptions not merely in principle but in practice. It is the belief that where something appears to be wrong it must immediately be rectified, on the assumption that the consequences of righting a wrong can never be bad. It virtually removes effects from moral calculation, or considers only those which tend to a certain solution. This forces someone in a false position to capitulate to his most extreme opponents, even if he speaks of compromise. It also means that wrong ceases to have gradations; that colonial rule is treated as slavery, which it is not; that people equal before God must also be equal in all other respects, which they can never be.

It is in fact this belief that in the name of kindness killed hundreds of thousands in India, divided Cyprus in two, and helped to turn parts of Africa into the cauldron of violence and corruption we see today.

But even though I find myself sharing it despite myself, I do not find the belief fully stated in Paul Scott, and I certainly do not find it in India.

Doctrinaire liberalism is a Western, even perhaps a Protestant, virus. God knows what it will have done to Bosnia and Northern Ireland and Hong Kong.

With our culture having so changed, it is as well we are ceasing to rule other races; but we retain our capacity to damage ourselves. Our tendency to move into an age of new preoccupations and rewrite the old is best accompanied by careful attention to our best historians. It is not fair to turn the heroes of the past into villains because we now see them as colonialists, or fascists, or adulterers, or cowards, or mere adventurers; unless we have a right understanding of the problems they faced.

Nowhere is this truer than in the history of the Indian subcontinent. Soon no one will survive to remind us what it was like, and why things happened; no one, that is, except good historians, and literary figures from the past like Paul Scott. Then, if not now, what happened will be a football for opportunist politicians and journalists.

In fifty years the liberal, non-violent,

non-interventionist attitudes of the British majority will have had time to change again. It seems now that every nation's freedom must be conditional. Clearly one condition has always been that it shall respect its neighbours; but many people would add that it must follow broad guidelines on how to treat its own peoples. Iraq must not be allowed to massacre its Kurds or its Marsh Arabs; if necessary the United Nations should intervene. Wars of ethnic cleansing, as in Bosnia and Kosovo, must be stopped, by violence if necessary. The subjugation of groups by such systems as apartheid should be punished by international boycott and support of insurrection.

This is hardly a return to imperialism, but it is a new and more violent sort of liberalism. How it will in its turn alter the course of history is hard to see. I remember ethnic cleansing from India in 1947, and from Cyprus in 1974. The British effort to avoid or control it in the first case could be attributed to exhaustion. In Cyprus, however, there was, I believe, an abro-

gation of responsibility under a solemn treaty, not by the ostensibly liberal Labour Party, who opposed this, but by the Conservatives. The deadly effect was the same in each case. Today, especially under a powerful Labour government, I wonder if the same line would be taken. Relieved of our colonialist burden, we no longer have to be interventionist; but as we adopt more and more liberal principles, we feel a growing itch to be involved in intervention. The Indian Raj did not develop merely from the pursuit of naked self-interest; it needed a large dose of Victorian liberalism. Rather than our attitudes being a dying kick from crude colonialism, it may be they represent a further cultural change, one in which we are beginning to edge back to the belief that Father does really know best, after all.

**Paul Griffin became a Headmaster in Cyprus and England.**

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## “Europe Must Decide”

### *William Hague speaks to Hungary*

**N**ext month we look forward to your President's state visit to our country which will be the most visible sign of the new friendship between our two countries, built on the special affinity which Britain has always had with Hungary.

For like you, we believe passionately in freedom under the rule of law. Like you, we are an entrepreneurial people: an ambitious, self-confident, inventive people. And like you we are not afraid to believe in our country. Nor has our sense of nationhood ever been selfish or exclusive. On the contrary, we value the liberty and patriotism of other peoples as we cherish our own. It

was this sympathy with freedom that led Britain, time and again, to sponsor the cause of national liberation in Europe.

And here, too, I believe our two countries have something in common. When Lajos Kossuth raised the standard of Hungarian freedom, he did so in the name of a Europe of nations. He understood that his cause was also that of liberals and patriots in other European countries. He worked with them through the European Association. And it was this internationalism, this generosity, that won the Hungarian cause so many friends in Britain.

Kossuth was one of the many

Hungarian nationalists who found support and sanctuary in the United Kingdom. It is said that he had learned his English while imprisoned in Turkey from William Shakespeare and a sixteenth century Bible. This meant he only spoke fluent old-fashioned English, an eccentric trait that, along with his political views, made him one of the most sought-after speakers in Britain.

It is instructive to remind ourselves of the cause to which Kossuth and others devoted their lives. For much of our century nationalism has had some unpleasant connotations. To many, it is one step away from ethnic tensions,

even war. But to the revolutionaries of the nineteenth century, it simply meant democracy. In Kossuth's own words, "all for the people and all by the people; nothing about the people without the people".

Having established the principle that government should be answerable to the people, enlightened thinkers immediately found that this raised the question: "what people?" Within what forum, in other words, should the democratic process function? And the answer which they came up with was, in truth, the only possible answer. A stable state is one whose people feel enough in common with one another to accept government from each other's hands: in other words, a nation. Where people lacked this sense of community, it was wrong and dangerous to jam them into a single political unit. It is difficult to sustain accountable government outside identifiable nations.

This is the tolerant, liberal national identity of Canning and Herder, of Rousseau and Palacký. It is the common-sense view that two or more nations can live happily alongside each other, each retaining its own democratic traditions. A friendly neighbour is better than a grudging tenant — which is a profoundly European view. That is why all true Europeans should rebel against the notion that democracy could be made to function in some form of trans-continental superstate. Hungary has never forgotten this genuine sense of Europeanism. We need you in the European Union to remind us of how we should proceed in the future.

The desire of a people to live at peace in a unitary state is not a negative or illegitimate aspiration. If the idea of national identity seems frightening to some, let us instead call it democracy. But whatever name we call it by, it is that aspiration that has allowed me to speak here today as a democrat among fellow democrats in a free Hungary.

Ten years ago my predecessor as leader of the Conservative Party, Margaret Thatcher, said to an astonished audience in Bruges:

We must never forget that east of the Iron Curtain peoples who once enjoyed a full share of European culture, freedom

and identity have been cut off from their roots. We shall always look upon Warsaw, Prague and Budapest as great European cities.

Her speech was received with ridicule and contempt in many of the palaces and chancelleries of Europe. But, barely a year later, those cities were free. As so often, Margaret Thatcher had been underestimated by her rivals. That, perhaps, was excusable. But what happened afterwards was not. The overthrow of Communist tyranny was an opportunity which the European Union failed to grasp.

John Major's Government put enlargement on the European agenda when others were simply not interested, and pushed at every Council for an acceleration of the timetable for

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### *The overthrow of Communist tyranny was an opportunity which the European Union failed to grasp*

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bringing in the countries of central and eastern Europe when many wanted to put the whole process on the back-burner. After the first flush of excitement, less noble considerations began to predominate in parts of the EU. It began to worry about its domestic producers and failed to show the vision and generosity that would have led to a true unification of Europe. Instead, it saw the Central European states as a commercial threat.

As the nations of Central Europe liberalised their economies, the EU, encouraged by several of its protectionist members, responded by dragging its feet on trade liberalisation. Countries were determined to protect some of the very sectors in which the emerging democracies had an early chance of competing, such as textiles and agriculture. They also shielded their inefficient coal, steel and shipbuilding industries. In the mid 1990s the EU did succeed in a measure of trade liberalisation with the so-called Europe agreement and most import controls were removed. However anti-

dumping measures and other non-tariff barriers were abused in order to restrict trade. To some extent this abuse continues. The most outrageous example of protectionism was in agriculture. In the mid-1970s, Hungary was selling over 100,000 tonnes of beef a year to the European Community. By the mid-1990s, despite the enlargement of the EU, your quota had been reduced to 6,500 tonnes a year. What was most distressing about this was not the meanness, but the hypocrisy. While the EU's trade negotiators were delaying the opening up of their markets, its ministers were lecturing you about the merits of free trade. And the more you dismantled the apparatus of the command economy, the more they felt threatened. The official line was that the economies of the Central and Eastern European countries needed further reform. But in 1992, the European Commission let slip an unusually candid and revealing statement about the prospects for enlargement:

There is a contradiction between the trade liberalisation policies undertaken by the Eastern and Central European countries and their wish to join an economic community.

So, there you have it. The problem was not that you were too slow to adopt the market system, but that you had embraced it too eagerly. All the while that Europe's leaders were uttering platitudes about enlargement, they were working to maintain a fortress Europe.

Since Margaret Thatcher's time my party has been an unequivocal champion of a wider Europe. We see enlargement as the healing of a wound that has scarred our continent for too long. We recognise our straightforward moral obligation to those historic nations which, after Yalta, fell under the sway of an alien tyranny. But, more than this, we recognise that enlargement is in the interest of all Europeans. The extension of a European single market promises new prosperity for the businesses and consumers of current and prospective members alike. Repeatedly spurning the Central European states, by contrast, could threaten the stability of our entire continent.

The Conservative Party is proud of the role it played in ending the Cold War. We were resolute when others were not. And we see the extension of the EU's eastward frontier as the completion of the work which we began when we took up arms against Communism. I have to tell you that it grates to be lectured about being good Europeans by those who, during the 1980s, opposed the policies of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan — policies which led to the defeat of the Soviet tyranny and the liberation of Europe. And it grates even more to listen to homilies about our common European home from those who, even now, are doing nothing to expedite the enlargement process.

Many of the politicians who preach most earnestly about enlargement seem, in practice, to be the least willing to make the necessary reforms. Indeed, there sometimes appears to be an inverse correlation between the grandeur of their rhetoric and their actions on the ground. At the beginning of this month, the Amsterdam Treaty came into force. It was meant to be the treaty for enlargement. But, as so often happens, this laudable aim was wholly forgotten amid the bickering of the final summit meeting. Faced with the need to make practical changes to their institutions and structures, Europe's leaders balked at it. What emerged from Amsterdam is a blueprint for a deeper, not a wider, Europe. None of the necessary reforms has been tackled: neither the liberalisation of agricultural policy, nor the decentralisation of power, nor the streamlining of the Brussels bureaucracy, nor even the practical, precise institutional changes needed for enlargement to happen. Far from preparing for expansion, the EU is going down precisely the opposite path, taking yet more powers from the nation-states to the centre.

Nothing represents more the failure of Europe's left-wing leaders to prepare the way for enlargement than the failure at March's European Council to agree even the fudged CAP reforms put together by agriculture ministers. The truth is that, in order to accommodate states with widely differing con-

ditions, the EU must be prepared to devolve power to a lower level. The EU's structure was designed for six broadly similar economies in the 1950s. It cannot easily be made applicable to Europe in its glorious, diverse entirety.

Who seriously imagines that it will be sensible or possible to extend our wasteful and damaging Common Agricultural Policy to Hungary or Poland? Who truly believes that it will be sensible or possible to extend the Social Chapter to the workers of central Europe, with the rises in unemployment that would follow?

They will not say it publicly, but many European politicians are hesitant about enlargement precisely *because* they see that it would lead to an unbundling of powers from Brussels. They would rather maintain the division of our continent than renounce their ambition of building a superstate.

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That, of course, is their privilege. But it is objectionable to hear them canting all the while about building an ever-more politically integrated Europe.

The truth we must now confront is that a European Union with twenty or more members simply cannot be uniform and rigid. The key to bringing in the states of Central Europe like Hungary is not difficult to see, it is flexibility. Every member state, including new entrants, must accept the rights and responsibilities of the single market. But beyond the core provisions of the treaties to ensure an open, free-trading and competitive Europe, we should follow the same principle that lies behind Britain's opt-out from the single currency and, until

the new British Labour government threw it away, our opt-out from the job-destroying Social Chapter.

British Conservatives at European Elections pressed for governments to have greater freedom in deciding which other aspects of EU policy they intend to adopt. To use the Euro-jargon, we want to give applicant countries a partial derogation from the *acquis communautaire*.

There is no reason why a new member should not be able to adopt the provisions of the European single market and customs union while retaining full control over, say, defence policy, fisheries, or social and employment policy. Nor is there any reason why member governments should not co-operate with each other over issues like foreign and security policy, or justice and home affairs. Just as in a restaurant every diner is not required to order the same food from the menu, nor should members of the European Union be forced to sign up to every policy coming out of Brussels. In other words, we should be in Europe but not run by Europe.

The precedent for flexibility has been established with Schengen, the single currency opt-outs, the WEU and now the Danish, Irish and British opt-outs from the transfer of asylum and immigration policy. All member states, even the most integrationist, accept that some flexibility is legitimate. The principle should go further and new members should have the right to accept some EU policies on a selective basis in perpetuity — and that existing members too should be free to develop a mix and match approach.

Outside of the core areas, one concrete way of developing our flexibility model would be to agree a new Treaty provision which would allow countries not to participate in new legislative actions at a European level which they felt they wished to handle at a national level. Once the flexibility model is made available to the applicants, it would become impossible to deny greater freedom to the existing members.

Some European leaders would welcome this as a happy side-effect of enlargement; others would not, for

those who still dream of a single country called Europe are right to feel threatened by enlargement. They know that a Europe of twenty or twentyfive states cannot be administered by the centralised, uniform political system that Europe's founding fathers envisaged.

The post-war generation of politicians rebuilt Western Europe after the devastation of the Second World War, founded NATO and the European Union in order to spare my generation the suffering and the slaughter which they had endured. They succeeded, for the once bloody enemies of Western Europe are now firm friends committed to peace. That is an achievement of which all who played their part in building the European Union are right to feel proud.

But we must not allow Europe's future to be driven by an obsession with Europe's past. We must stop addressing the problems of the 1940s with solutions devised in the 1950s. We must face up to the challenges of the new century, for we are no longer in a world of great power blocks jostling for power. We live in the age of the small unit — the small versatile company, the individual on the internet, the lightly regulated nation competing in global markets.

The European Union in the new century should be a great driving force for prosperity and new jobs. Instead of piling costs on employers and contributing to the long dole queues on the continent, Europe should be encouraging member states to cut red tape and regulation, liberalise their labour markets, cut their taxes and become engines of job creation.

I want the European Union in the new century to complete the Single Market and set the seal on one of the great political achievements of the last twenty years, sweeping away the state subsidies, unfair competition rules and closed markets that still make it impossible for many small and medium sized businesses to trade freely across the continent. The European Union in the new century must take the lead in achieving the ambitious target of truly global free trade by the year 2020 and

begin by looking across the Atlantic and forming a free-trade alliance with NAFTA. Let Europe and North America set an example for the rest of the world to follow.

Above all the European Union must reach out to all the countries of central and eastern Europe who have been left out in the cold for so long. Who can call Europe united while the countries of its Western tip are sundered from other nations which are the equal inheritors of its culture? Who can call Europe complete while Budapest and Prague and, for that matter, Tallinn and Sofia are somehow not considered full European capitals?

This vision of Europe's future has its roots in its past. European civilisation has always been characterised by its diversity, variety, and pluralism. The miraculous success of this part of the world over the last 500 years has rested on the fact that unlike the great civilisations of the Orient, Europe never became centralised.

It was always a plurality of competing states, each vying to outdo its neighbours, able to copy what the others were doing best. This competition gave us our sense of enterprise, of adventurousness, of daring. It gave us the liberal, commercial and political order that has since been copied by the rest of the world.

Wilhelm Röpke, the great liberal economist said:

In antiquity, Strabo spoke of the 'many shapes' of Europe; Montesquieu spoke of Europe as a 'nation des nations'. Decentralisation is of the essence of the spirit of Europe. To try to organise Europe centrally and to weld it into a bloc would be nothing less than a betrayal of Europe and the European patrimony.

That is the kind of open, decentralised Europe which I and my party will continue to advocate: a Europe that recognises the legitimacy of national aspirations and understands the peculiar democratic authority that can only be vested in national parliaments.

We will carry on arguing that case; but we accept that others have a different vision of a more and more politically integrated Europe, taking on for itself the powers and trappings of a

state. If some other countries choose to merge their polities, to bind themselves together under one government, a Conservative Britain will stand aside. We shall wish them well in their endeavour; we shall offer them our continuing support, politically, diplomatically, economically, but we shall never compromise our democracy; nor bargain with our independence. There must be room in Europe for all nations to breathe freely and those which choose to go down the road to federal union and those which are content with a lesser degree of integration must preserve a European Union which allows them to act harmoniously and for the common good.

I make no apology for believing in an independent Britain. As the future British Prime Minister, I will always stand up for Britain's interests in Europe, even if that means being in a minority of one. We recognise that people have a unique allegiance to their national institutions. That is why we believe that key decisions — on taxing and spending, on immigration and borders, on health and education, on defence and policing — must remain within the jurisdiction of our national Parliament. It is democracy that should make us wary of schemes for closer political integration which lack the support of Europe's peoples. If we proceed with further integration and make decision-making more and more remote, then we risk feeding the extremist forms of nationalism that have caused such misery in this century.

Nothing is more dogmatic than the idea that the European Union should take over the principal functions of a nation-state. Consider, for example, the current plans to build a common European defence with a single European army. Where is the practical need for this? Earlier this year Hungary, along with Poland and the Czech Republic, has at last been allowed to join NATO. It was so fitting that the ceremony at which you formally joined took place in Missouri, USA, close to where Winston Churchill spoke half a century ago of an iron curtain descending across our Continent, and

already any remaining critics have been confounded by the professional way commitments during the crisis in Kosovo were discharged by Hungary.

Why, when we have, in NATO, the most successful alliance the world has known, does the EU need to extend its activities into the field of defence? I understand that there will be occasions when the European allies might want to act alone, but there is nothing to prevent them doing so through existing NATO structures. Already, within NATO, the United Kingdom has forged strong bilateral links with other European allies: an Anglo-French air corps, an Anglo-Dutch amphibious unit, an Anglo-Italian rapid reaction force. None of this needed an EU common defence policy; all could be accomplished through existing Alliance structures. The plan for a common European defence is sheer dogma. It does not begin by any assessment of the security needs of the European allies. Instead, it takes as its starting point the idea that, if Europe is truly to be united, then it must have its own army just as it must have its own courts, frontiers, flag, anthem and currency.

That was new Commission President Romano Prodi's argument when he called at the weekend for a single European army. He said it was the "logical next step" in the process of building a political union. If we did not take that step, we would "be marginalised in the new world history". How wrong and short-sighted Romano Prodi's argument is. If he persists in his dogmatic adherence to an out-dated dream of a United States of Europe then he will lead Europe in the wrong direction. Those European leaders, including Prime Minister Tony Blair, who appointed him with such zeal and enthusiasm, will be fully to blame. At best, a common European defence will be a pointless and expensive exercise in duplication; at worst, it could sunder the Alliance that has kept freedom alive in the world for fifty years.

Defence is one obvious example of how the EU is being damaged by a doctrinaire commitment to deeper integration for its own sake. But there

are others. Including the idea — still at an early stage — of a Europe-wide criminal justice system, the so-called *Corpus Juris*. Europe has no business running the criminal law in member states and every single part of the Conservative Party is resolutely opposed to these plans.

Tax harmonisation is another example of Europe heading in the wrong direction. Commissioner de Silguy says that "for integrated financial markets to work we must harmonise taxes". I reject the whole idea. After eighteen years of Conservative Government, taxes in Britain became the lowest of any major European country. Tim Congdon's excellent study published this month by the think-tank Politeia shows that British taxes could have to rise by as much as a fifth to bring them into line with the rest of the EU. Using tax harmonisation as a code-word for higher taxes helps no one in Europe, least of all the hard-pressed taxpayer. If we carry on this route then Europe's businesses will find themselves being out-priced in global markets. Instead of tax harmonisation, we need tax competition. European governments should compete with each other to lower their tax rates and make their economies as competitive as possible.

Hungary has signalled its wish to join the euro in some years time, a decision I fully respect. Britain is not a member of the single currency but the current British Government wants to abolish the pound just as soon as it can, regardless of the economic and political risks. At stake is Britain's freedom to run the British economy in the interests of British businesses and the British people; squeezing the British economy, with its very different cycle from the continent, into a one-size-fits-all interest rate could do enormous damage. The euro straight-jacket would make Britain vulnerable to unexpected events, like a sudden increase in the price of oil, which would have a very different effect on an oil-exporting country like Britain than it would on an oil-importing country like Germany or France or, indeed, Hungary. Handing over control of our currency could lead us to handing over control

of other things, like the power to tax and spend. The current head of the German Bundesbank has said that "a European currency will lead to member nations transferring their sovereignty over financial and wage policy as well as in monetary affairs. It is an illusion to think that states can hold on to their autonomy". Lose the power to tax and spend, and you lose one of the most important things that makes you an independent nation.

It is common sense to see the euro working in good times and bad before we even consider abolishing the pound and the Conservative Party will therefore oppose joining the euro at the next general election. Fighting to save the pound will be a key part of our Conservative campaign.

I remain convinced that ours is a truly European agenda which reflects the character of the European peoples, and that of the British people, whose colonising and mercantile energies have touched every continent, and who will never reconcile themselves to being solely part of a regional block.

Forty three years ago, the world watched horrified as freedom was crushed in this city by the might of Soviet tanks. Ten years ago, the world watched transfixed as Hungary won back her freedom. Yours was the victory of human values over an inhuman tyranny. And we who watched will never forget those days.

Yours was a revolution made in the name of liberty, of democracy and of national independence. And, as Europe enters the next century, I hope we shall all seek to organise our affairs on the basis of these same precepts. These values are not just Hungarian or British: they are truly European values. Whatever course the European Union should take in the years that come, I hope that all its peoples will hold fast to them. For we want to be in Europe, but not run by Europe.

**This speech was given by the Rt Hon William Hague MP in Budapest on 13 May this year.**

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# The Retreat from Prosecution

## *Brian Lawrence explains why the Crown Prosecution Service is a failure*

**T**he creation of the Crown Prosecution Service (CPS) was intended to restore public confidence in the criminal justice system. An independent prosecuting authority would, it was said, avoid miscarriages of justice and, by weeding out and discontinuing hopeless cases at an early stage, avoid futile and expensive trials. Sensible and laudable aims, but the reality is that the CPS has been a disaster for the law-abiding general public at large, and for victims of crime in particular. It quickly became known by the police as the Criminal Protection Society, an appellation that is thoroughly justified.

Miscarriages of justice are commonly thought of as only relating to innocent people who have been convicted and spent years fighting to prove their innocence. In my opinion any failure of the criminal justice system to deliver justice can properly be described as a miscarriage, including the failure to prosecute offenders who would probably be convicted if they were brought to trial. In the pre-CPS days a simple test was used to determine whether to prosecute: was there enough evidence to provide a realistic prospect of conviction? Notionally, and officially, the same test is still used, but in practice the CPS requires a much higher degree of certainty of winning a case than the police did. No-one would argue with the proposition that fruitless trials which waste everyone's time and effort, and are an unnecessary drain on the public purse, should be avoided, but things have been taken much too far. For example, many cases that should be left to a court to decide are discontinued because there is no independent witness. I was the clerk for many trials in magistrates' courts that

ended with a guilty verdict despite there being only one prosecution witness. If similar cases were presented with the same sort of evidence today many would still be likely to result in a just conviction.

Before the CPS took effect, in October 1986, the police had the responsibility of organising the legal conduct of their cases. The official relationship between the police and the solicitors they employed in their prosecutions' departments was the same as the one that exists between a client and a solicitor in private practice. Thus, the solicitors could only act within the limits of the authority given to them, and consequently charges could only be dropped or reduced if the police agreed. Justifiably the police usually had faith in their solicitors, who were just as keen as they were to prosecute wrong-doers, so they were normally agreeable, albeit sometimes reluctantly, to adopting whatever course the solicitors advised.

In those days cases would normally only be dropped either because there was insufficient evidence to provide a realistic prospect of conviction or because the defendant could not be traced. If the police were advised that there was insufficient evidence they would normally accept that there was no choice but to withdraw a prosecution. On odd occasions a prosecutor would have to go over the head of the officer dealing with the case and speak to a senior officer, but disputes tended to be resolved quickly and amicably. Prosecutors did not like having to abandon cases against guilty people any more than the police did.

Almost all the lawyers who had worked for the police transferred to the CPS. There were some who went out of

their way to say they could not wait for the day when they would be able to act independently, and, as soon as they could, appeared to take delight in being able to drop cases and reduce charges without obtaining the agreement of the police. It will come as no surprise that they were often the ones who quickly gained promotion.

The CPS has received a great deal of adverse publicity ever since its inception. Whilst I have never heard any that I did not feel was justified this is subject to very large provisos that must be borne in mind when reflecting on my criticisms. Their lawyers labour under the constant pressure of an excessive workload and an inadequate number of administrative assistants. Things are often not the fault of the people in the front line, who have to pursue the policies and systems ordained by the people in the upper echelons of management. They, in turn, would doubtless blame the government, and they would be justified, for denying the Service sufficient funds to enable the job to be done properly. The government must therefore accept responsibility for the broad principles of policy by which the CPS operates. A major change of direction, which would be possible under current legislation, could only happen with government approval.

During its relatively short life the CPS has been the subject of many reviews and investigations. The latest review, chaired by Sir Iain Glidewell, was presented to Parliament in June 1998. Although the report states that the CPS Inspectorate found few decisions to discontinue prosecutions which they considered wrong, it also says that, on average, the CPS discontinues in 12% of the cases where the police

have charged. Discontinuance rates vary greatly between types of offence, the highest rates being for assault and criminal damage, and the lowest for motoring offences. Unless the police are incredibly inept when it comes to charging suspects, and I do not believe they are, it is difficult to understand how anyone could suggest that an average discontinuance rate of more than one in eight, and considerably higher in assault and criminal damage cases, does not reflect badly on the CPS. Incidentally, the low discontinuance rate for motoring offences — in fact it is almost non-existent — is easily explained. Motoring offenders are an easy target who help to boost the statistics. They nearly all plead guilty, and when they do not their cases are usually straightforward and simple to win.

Apart from the higher evidential test the entire approach to dealing with cases changed the day the CPS took over. I was often left wondering if the CPS and the police were on the same side. Whereas the police used to start from the premise that there would be a prosecution unless there was an excellent reason, the CPS will only prosecute if they believe there are substantial grounds to do so. The latter cannot be the correct approach as it means the CPS is effectively acting as judge and jury. I believe that borderline decisions should normally be resolved in favour of prosecution. After all no-one has to commit an offence: anyone stealing, breaking into a building, defrauding an insurance company, assaulting someone or committing any other crime does so deliberately and knows what they are doing. When a court considers a case to be very minor, or there is compelling mitigation, it can always reflect that in the sentence, if necessary by giving a conditional, or even an absolute, discharge.

The decision whether to take a case to court rests entirely with the CPS. When the police think they have a good case that the CPS declines to prosecute they are powerless, as they have no legal recourse. In theory a victim of crime can bring a private prosecution and there have been a few highly-publicised cases, but you need not only to be a very special type of

person to take on the establishment in this way, but also to have access to almost limitless funds. Even then the CPS has the right to take over and discontinue the case.

The hierarchy much prefers discontinuance to taking a case to trial and losing it. The official view is that when a case has been discontinued it was obviously weak and stood little chance of success. From a statistical standpoint it has been dealt with satisfactorily. Likewise, an acquittal, for whatever reason, is seen as an unsatisfactory conclusion.

These days, as in so many fields, the two most important factors in almost every aspect of the criminal justice system appear to be costs and statistics. Everyone seems so obsessed with them that they outweigh nearly every other consideration. Neither costs nor statistics can ever serve as a principle of justice, let alone making them, as they are now, major factors in deciding whether to prosecute.

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*the CPS ...quickly  
became known by the  
police as the Criminal  
Protection Society, an  
appellation that is  
thoroughly justified*

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Statistics and costs are inextricably linked. Costs govern everything, but statistics determine costs. Never mind what the real situation is, the only thing that matters is that on paper each department achieves at least average results, and preferably better. When the figures show an office is performing poorly there is a tendency to discontinue more cases. This has the effect of the statistics showing an improvement in performance, even though for everyone except the criminal fraternity the reality is the reverse.

The CPS continually sets statistical targets to measure accomplishments that are matched against performance indicators. These have nothing to do with what should be the paramount aim of the CPS — to bring offenders to

justice. They are mostly about costs and internal bureaucratic measures. Policies that are dictated by the need to produce impressive-looking statistics will seldom be the best.

It is lamentable that the number of trials that end with an acquittal can be used in assessing the efficiency of prosecutors. No wonder so many cases are either discontinued or a minor charge is preferred to which the defendant is prepared to plead guilty. There are all sorts of reasons for not guilty verdicts, most of which have no bearing on the way the prosecution was conducted. For instance, witnesses are often too nervous or forgetful to give proper evidence, whilst others do not turn up. The standard of proof is, rightly, very high, so if a clever defence advocate is able to raise a slight doubt it will save his client from conviction. Then there are the cases where no-one, including the defence, can understand how the court could have failed to convict. I think every prosecutor has his own favourite story about how he lost the cast-iron case of the year. There are, of course, those that are lost through the incompetence of the prosecutor, but if one was to draw up a list, in descending order of likelihood, of all the possible reasons for an acquittal, that one would be placed well towards the bottom.

*The Code for Crown Prosecutors*, a public document, says prosecutors must always think very carefully about the interests of the victim. On a personal level few, if any, would wish to do otherwise, yet because the grounds on which they have to make decisions revolve so much around costs and statistics, and not the attempt to achieve justice, victims are rarely given any thought, at least in official circles.

Shortly before I retired a prosecutor expressed concern to me that he should have discontinued a case against a man who had been brought to court from prison, where he was nearing the end of a short sentence. The defendant pleaded guilty to theft and, wholly inappropriately, a conditional discharge was given without any compensation being ordered. When I pointed out that the magistrates had acted against my advice by not order-

ing compensation, he said that was not the issue. The official view is that victims can take civil proceedings themselves and the CPS is not there to help them obtain financial recompense. He concurred with me that this was unfair and the notion of instituting a lawsuit in the county court, either in that specific case or in practically every similar one, was nothing more than a legal technicality. It would cost the victim money to do so and then the chances of being able to enforce payment of any order, the attempts at which would cost even more money, would be zero.

I used to hear, from other Crown Prosecutors who had been present, about internal meetings chaired by Branch Crown Prosecutors, of whom there were then 93 in the country. Apparently, and I have not the slightest doubt that what I was told was the truth, not one word was ever said about trying to accomplish a higher level of justice. Usually the entire discourses related to reducing costs regardless of the consequences. Even when they had sufficient evidence they were to downgrade charges for wholly inappropriate reasons. Rather than holding trials for offences that defendants had committed it was considered better to save money by letting them plead guilty to minor offences. When a trial was inevitable it should, wherever possible, be on charges that could only be tried in a magistrates' court to prevent the defendant exercising his right to be tried by a judge and jury at the Crown Court, where the costs are vastly more. They were often told that more cases had to be discontinued. On one occasion it was suggested this should be restricted to victimless crimes where only the police were involved, as the police would not make any official complaints. What exactly was meant by victimless crimes was not elucidated, but presumably it would include hooligan behaviour directed towards police officers.

*The Code for Crown Prosecutors* contains guidelines for what it calls the Public Interest Test that has to be considered in every case. Many cases that would end with a conviction are dropped because they are deemed to be

'not in the public interest'. That is a vague phrase which is used as an excuse to discontinue cases that should be tried. It has nothing to do with the amount or quality of evidence available as the public interest test arises only when the prosecutor is satisfied that there is sufficient evidence to provide a realistic prospect of conviction.

The Code contains lists of factors for and against prosecution which are worded sufficiently widely to allow a broad degree of discretion. However, because prosecutors are under such pressure it is hardly surprising that they decide against prosecution as often as they do. Very serious crimes apart, the public is completely unaffected by a resolution not to prosecute one particular defendant, but when the same thing happens all over the country on a big scale, with winnable cases, the public is being adversely prejudiced.

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***The CPS continually sets statistical targets to measure accomplishments that are matched against performance indicators. These have nothing to do with what should be the paramount aim of the CPS — to bring offenders to justice***

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Prosecutors are not merely under immense pressure to discontinue winnable cases, they are praised for discontinuing at the earliest possible stage. Doing so after it has become clear that that is the appropriate course is seen as having poor judgement, which is detrimental to them in their annual appraisals. If the statistics show a prosecutor has discontinued cases early it improves his image and enhances his prospects of promotion. It is very unfair, as sound decisions cannot

often be made hastily. One prosecutor told me he could think of only one lawyer out of twenty in his office who would be prepared to say openly that their job is to obtain convictions against guilty defendants.

It would seem natural that if a Crown Prosecutor examines a file which shows that an offence has been committed, but it is not clear if the evidence would be sufficient to bring the case to trial, that the file would be returned to the police with a memorandum explaining what further information was needed before a decision could be made. During my last few years at work prosecutors who did that were likely to find themselves being criticised for being too thorough. The official view was that if a file did not reveal evidence of an excellent case straight away it should be discontinued. The reasons were that it was cheaper, easier and it distorted the statistics advantageously, because it not only recorded a satisfactorily-completed case, but additional weighting was given for doing it speedily. Now, the police are given only *one* chance, to put things right. Files are returned to them, but if they come back to the CPS in anything other than apple-pie order the cases should be discontinued without further ado.

Several years ago prosecutors were told that if they did not receive statements from the police that they had requested, they were to discontinue the proceedings. One prosecutor landed himself in trouble with his team leader for refusing to obey her instructions to drop a trial for dishonestly handling stolen goods because some statements he had asked for had not arrived. The defendant was an habitual burglar with a long record of previous convictions, but the police were never able to amass enough admissible evidence to prove burglary.

Although they were certain he had committed one particular break-in, he was charged with handling the property stolen from the premises, and the evidence against him was overwhelming.

Once again it turned out not to be the fault of the police officer who was being reproached. The prosecutor, in his own time, managed to contact him

the day before the trial and asked him what had gone wrong. The messages about the extra statements had not reached him and he was horrified to find the trial was scheduled for the next day. Fortunately he pulled all the stops out and had the evidence in court for the next morning. The defendant was convicted.

The worst thing for a prosecutor's career is when a judge throws a case out without putting it to a jury. This means that if there is any doubt as to whether a judge will rule that a vital piece of evidence will be admissible, or how he will interpret an oblique provision of the law, many lawyers will not take the risk. As Fiona O'Leary said on *The Verdict*, which was broadcast by BBC television in November 1996, 'The temptation not to pursue a case where you are uncertain which way the judge will go is enormous, because it will save you the inevitable difficulties which arise once there is a judge-directed acquittal. You have to do reports to your Branch Crown Prosecutor who has to do reports to Head of Case Work, and that can be a pretty frightening business.'

Privately many prosecutors at all levels, whether they are issuing or carrying out instructions to discontinue good cases, say they find it distasteful but have no choice. The pressure on them to do so is enormous and it is cascading all the way down from the top, as this

comment made to me by a senior Crown Prosecutor shortly before I retired shows: 'The Home Office is leaning on us left, right and centre. We should discontinue more cases. Everything is driven by budgetary considerations.'

Discontinuing cases that should go ahead would not be quite so serious without a high crime rate. The truth is that, apart from murder, rape and other offences involving extreme violence, we now have not just a higher crime rate here than in the United States, but a *much* higher one. All crime rates in America have decreased considerably in recent years, even those which are still higher than ours. The reduction in offending, which has changed the whole picture and in many instances completely reversed it, is attributed to 'zero-tolerance' campaigns, especially in cities, and the move from liberal to punitive penalties.

It would be wrong to suggest that the blame for known criminals not being prosecuted can be placed entirely at the door of the CPS. Under Home Office guidelines many offenders who would automatically have been charged and prosecuted a few years ago are now cautioned. Police officers are often disinclined to arrest offenders, declaring that it will involve them in a mountain of time-consuming and unnecessary paperwork. This worrying trend has been exacerbated by their understandable reaction to the

Macpherson Report. They are stopping fewer suspects in ethnic community areas for fear of being branded racist, and as a result the crime rate is rocketing. It is not only the CPS that is reluctant to bring cases to court. In the last few years most other prosecuting authorities have followed suit.

Although prosecution and sentencing policies are separate subjects the latter clearly has a bearing on the former, especially with police officers and Crown Prosecutors. There is one valid point they often make: it is rarely worth the trouble of bringing cases to court because the magistrates will only hand out a derisory sentence. Whilst this does not excuse the reluctance to arrest offenders and to prosecute them, it at least helps to explain it. We must be grateful that prosecutors do not take too literally the first factor in the list against prosecution in the *Code for Crown Prosecutors*: the likelihood of the court imposing a very small or nominal penalty. If they did far more cases would be consigned to the rubbish bin.

**Brian Lawrence is a former Magistrate's Court Clerk and the author of *They Call it Justice*.**

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## Two Contrasted Worthies

### *Gordon Wakefield*

**E**arlier this year there died two remarkable men, full of years, Donald Soper and Max Beloff. They were so different and, whether or not they had contact, so opposed to one another that to treat them together seems absurd. They were, however, both conscientious Life Peers, though some thought that Soper abandoned

his principles in accepting the honour, whereas Beloff was a supporter of the Lords. In their different ways, they were dedicated spirits. They had first-class minds, but whereas Soper, after Cambridge firsts and a PhD thesis at the London School of Economics under Harold Laski on 'Edmond Richer and the Rise of Gallicanism from 1600-

1630' devoted himself to the London Methodist Mission and its Christian witness, not least on Tower Hill and in Hyde Park and to a wide public career, Beloff gave his life to History, becoming Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford and a Fellow of the British Academy. His reading lists before his

lectures were immense and he himself read a book a day, whereas Soper probably confined himself mostly to the newspapers. Beloff's literary output was constant and vast. Soper did produce several short books, some of a devotional nature, but one imagines they were mostly taken down from extemporaneous utterances. He had to have some paper in front of him for a series of lectures in the United States, but it was merely for show and blank.

Both turned to politics, though to opposing parties. After a late 1920s visit to Derby railway works Soper became a Socialist, and a pacifist, both of which positions he believed were dictated by his Christianity. Beloff was conservative, though a Grimond liberal for some of his middle years. He was a realist and had less faith in the ability of politics to save the world. He did not like to be labelled Thatcherite, though he supported the lady in many things, partly in return for her help in founding the University of Buckingham. But he wrote 'I personally have found free market dogmatism as hard to swallow as its socialist or Keynesian rivals'. His critical faculties were strong to the end.

Both Soper and Beloff were anti-Blairite, though for very different reasons. Soper was old labour. Aneurin Bevan was his hero and latterly he was allied with Tony Benn. He had never been one with Gaitskell or Healey. Beloff, in what may have been his last article, having read the first volume of Ian Kershaw on Hitler, felt there were dangerous comparisons between Hitler's early use of power and Blair's. This seems very extreme and he exempts Blair from ever countenancing the use of atrocities; but there are some disturbing tendencies, such as apparent contempt for Parliament, already rebuked by the Speaker, excessive centralisation, and the hatreds and rivalries beneath the surface of government. In a Radio 4 discussion only a week or two before he died Beloff said with a chuckle that the people had it within their power to turn Blair out at the next election.

The backgrounds, of course were, as different as could be: Soper from a

Methodist home, strict and in some ways narrow and, in spite of Cambridge, unwavering in his desire to be a Methodist preacher; Beloff from a Russian-Jewish family, his parents orthodox, 'though with a fairly lax degree of observance'. Beloff's was a polyglot household. He was European, yet totally British, devoted to St Paul's School and Oxford and against the European Union. He gave his recreation as watching cricket, which was also an interest of Soper's. Both were musical and Beloff had a knowledge of impressionistic painting.

Where Jews were involved, Beloff recognised that he had inevitable inhibitions. It was 'hard not to see German history moving towards the unimaginable horror of the Holocaust'. And he supported the British and French action over Suez in 1956.

Soper and Beloff were very different in temperament, Soper genial, able to talk down Brigid Brophy with a smile, Beloff said by the *Times* obituarist to be 'a rather aloof man... never able to participate easily in conversations without serious intellectual content and could strike those who came in contact with him as impatient and forbidding'. Yet I remember him as a young lecturer at Manchester as approachable and friendly, and if I had specialised in History, as possibly I ought, we might have got to know each other well. He was excitable and passionate when roused and would walk out of inattentive classes. He was 'enormously generous of his time to students and fellow scholars'. I am not sure that Soper shared intimacies or was a spiritual counsellor, though from his forties he was an ardent sacramentalist, who saw the Eucharist as the encapsulation of Christianity and communion as a converting, as well as confirming, ordinance.

Soper was consistent throughout the years in his socialism and pacificism, repeated himself constantly and had condensed his beliefs into pithy sayings, such as that the capitalist might get to heaven but by a somewhat circuitous route. Beloff did not devote himself to a single historical theme and his chosen subjects were due to the

vagaries of chance. It so happens, for example, that he was the only person able to take on American History at Manchester after Pearl Harbour.

Both may be said in some sense to have ended their lives in failure. Neither socialism nor pacificism prevailed for Soper and the cultural influence of Christianity declined. Tower Hill did not go to Church and Kingsway Hall, his preaching place, had to be closed. Society would not accept his opposition to war for the settling of disputes nor to the need for force to restrain criminals. Max Beloff mourned this century and its flight from whole of the past which is accessible to us. Said Beloff, 'no records, no history'. This and not male chauvinism is why women do not feature so largely in the study of history as men. Where there are records of what they have done there is adequate coverage. Research and study of original sources is essential.

Beloff did not idealise History as the panacea for our ills. Traditional History has its shortcomings. In the West it mostly lacks the synoptic vision which includes other civilisations — 'Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Islamic, Aztec, Inca.' Moreover 'truth' is hard to come by if only because memories differ and are so fallible. There is also constant need for revision of what have naively been thought to be assured results.

Was the Civil War precipitated by the demands of a rising of gentry, or by a reaction to the decline in their revenues and status? Was the Glorious Revolution a landmark in the history of British liberties or simply the culmination of a plot between a foreign prince and native malcontents? Did the industrial revolution raise or lower the living standards of the working classes? Was the British Empire a major force for spreading material progress and good government or merely a vehicle for the greed of individual capitalists? Was Britain in any way responsible for either of the two world wars which have been so fateful for her own story?

Sometimes novelists, such as Trollope or Paul Scott, or Walter Scott, so sadly neglected now, may be better guides to what we ought to know and understand than the authors of academic theses. But an idealist or Utopian view

is wrong and may be dangerous. From Manchester days onwards, Beloff reiterated his conviction that 'The extraordinary view held in some quarters that "kings and battles" are matters of secondary interest not affecting the mainstream of human development could not be more wrong'. We have to live in a world in which force prevails and, armed with hideous means of mass destruction, becomes not less cruel as time goes on. As we bid farewell to what has often been a terrible millennium, there seems little hope that we can do more than mitigate the distresses of people in the next, though there has been progress in the betterment of the human lot, especially in medical science. And perhaps we should, as the Judaeo-Christian tradition always has done, have some vision of a kingdom or order where peace and justice and indeed love prevail. George Steiner in *Errata* finds the case for atheism overwhelming until he is confronted by those who were not atheists and have done so much to enrich life with beauty, goodness and love... Do we need our Sopers as well as our Beloffs? Steiner — himself of Jewish origins — is well aware of something like original sin and wonders if history is not 'the passing nightmare of a sleeping god'. And sometimes it seems that in the future

the values associated with religion will disappear, their place in human evolution over.

As an objective historian Beloff was a safer guide over matters of religion than one with *parti-pris* or a Catholic, Protestant or ecumenical predisposition. He did not disguise the place of Protestantism in British history. He was not happy with the 'extreme sensitivity of Britain's current rulers to minority attitudes'. 'When the Glorious Revolution fell to be celebrated in 1988, the fortification of British liberties against a continental style Roman Catholic absolutism was pushed into the background and the accent in the official celebration and accompanying ceremonies was placed on the relatively minor and transitory link with the Dutch House of Orange'.

Beloff avoided prurience and cheap sneers, though in his amazement at their blindness to the hollowness of the Russian system he castigated Jean-Paul Sartre and others as 'spurious eminences'. He might similarly have condemned Soper for his naive acceptance of the Stalinist system on its own terms and his equally naïve excuses for it. Soper's utterances could cause terrible hurt, as when he told Ulrich Simon and others whose relatives had perished that the Holocaust was the result of the attempt to save the Jews:

'if you employ violence... you may increase it'. Yet even that appalling remark has some ironic truth to it — as we see from the air strikes against the Serbs which, in striving to save the Kosovans, have made their plight yet worse. The logic of Soper's politics and pacificism is that those who contend for freedom and justice must always be a persecuted minority. But in commemorating the two men we are left with the conclusion that we need Beloff with his caution, born of immense learning, freed from easy optimism, never carried away by fashionable slogans or the belief that the 'lessons of history' can be applied in simple or mechanical fashion. Such a man was more inclined to cry 'alas' than hurrah when he gazed at the imperial British sunset or witnessed the triumph of 'political correctness'. But though we may not applaud Soper as a political guide we need him also to disturb our consciences and make sure that we do not consign the Sermon on the Mount to oblivion.

**Gordon Wakefield is a retired Methodist Minister and was Principal of the Queen's Ecumenical College in Birmingham.**

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## Humiliating a Small Country

*Christie Davies discusses the Pinochet case*

Throughout the five-million strong urban metropolis of Santiago, the capital of Chile, walls have been painted with slogans saying in Spanish 'Long live Pinochet', or 'Pinochet, Chile's martyr'.

What, then, do Chileans say to a visitor about the legal proceedings involving their former dictator in

London? Why should they support him so strongly, when Chilean exiles in Europe are demonstrating vociferously to have him extradited to stand trial in Spain?

Many Chileans were, and are, supporters of Pinochet, whom they see as having saved them from becoming a Communist satellite of Cuba and the

former Soviet Union, but that is not the main point. What is crucial is that they see Pinochet as their own problem, not one to be taken over and 'handled' by British and Spanish moral imperialists. They know they have been treated as a small, powerless and unimportant country whose wishes in the matter can be safely disregarded.

What the Chileans know full well is that the English revel in the moral bullying of small countries; but they have to be small and, in order to satisfy the demands of political correctness, their rulers have to be of European descent or at the very least, Christians or Jews. The Chileans are well aware that no British government would ever dare to take action against a former Chinese or Indonesian politician involved in real genocide in Tibet or Timor, the persecution of ethnic minorities in Inner Mongolia, Sin-Xiang, or West Iran or the torture and murder of political dissidents. These are matters best left alone in the interests of placating major powers. Chile, by contrast, doesn't count. Chile is a small Christian country that can safely be humiliated in order that the English political élite can enjoy a sense of moral superiority. The English themselves would never permit a compromising political settlement of the peace process kind, that would allow men of violence such as bombers, kneecappers, and assassins to go unpunished, and they are insisting that the Chileans line up to the high moral standards of paxless Britannia. Such demands are imposed on the Chileans because they are a Christian people of European descent, whose sense of honour and autonomy, therefore, need not be respected. For England's racist political élite, the Chinese and Indonesians are in Kipling's moral phrase 'lesser breeds without the law' and so no moral demands can be made upon them. Only the Chileans, who share a common culture with Europe, are fit objects for an attempt at national degradation. If Pinochet had been a member of the Araucanian Indian minority from the south of Chile, no one in racist England would have dared to take action against him. The Chileans, who have a thorough understanding of English hypocrisy, also know this.

What is most offensive of all to the Chileans is the way in which the British government has co-operated with the Spaniards to ensure that the case against Pinochet went ahead and that he was not able to return home before being surrounded by the British police. The Chileans are not fooled by the

Westminster government's absurd claim that this has been a purely judicial matter and not a political one. We all now know that the original Spanish application for a warrant was defective and that the British authorities speedily helped them to correct it, so that Pinochet could be detained. The Chileans had long suspected some such conspiracy and now they have been vindicated.

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***To be able to crush Chile by trying a former Chilean head of state in the Spanish courts is a wonderful moral revenge for the Spaniards' own defeat at the hands of the liberators who gave Chile its freedom. It is a Chilean's worst nightmare come true. ... the involvement of Spain is an extra and unbearable humiliation***

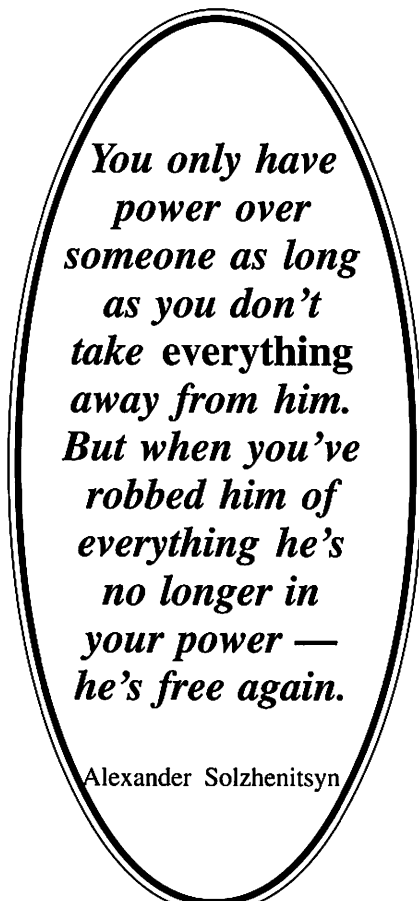
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There is no anti-British feeling in Chile, but the same can not be said of Spain. The Spaniards ruled, oppressed and exploited their Chilean (and other South-American) colonies in a way that is still remembered and resented in Chile, until the early nineteenth century when the Chileans (with a little encouragement from Britain) threw them out. The Spaniards have always resented Chilean and Peruvian independence and later in the nineteenth century used their navy to sink Chilean ships and to blockade and bombard the Chilean coast. Not until the Spanish-American war did the Spanish finally relinquish their dreams of an empire to exploit. To be able to crush Chile by trying a former Chilean head of state in the Spanish courts is a wonderful moral revenge for the

Spaniards' own defeat at the hands of the liberators who gave Chile its freedom. It is a Chilean's worst nightmare come true. For proceedings to be taken against Pinochet by any European country would be a moral put-down and a statement of Chile's powerlessness, but the involvement of Spain is an extra and unbearable humiliation.

None of this will be known to the members of the British legal and political élites who have so enjoyed being moral arbiters to the world in the case of Pinochet. Nor would they care even if they did know. They can no longer exercise Britain's greatness; but moral superiority is a reasonable substitute. It does not worry them in the least that it is being exercised at the expense of the pride and autonomy of a smaller and less influential country on the other side of the world.

**Christie Davies is Professor of Sociology at Reading University and has travelled extensively in Latin America and Chile in 1999.**



***You only have power over someone as long as you don't take everything away from him. But when you've robbed him of everything he's no longer in your power — he's free again.***

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

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# Roy Kerridge's Wessex Alphabet

## A

### Adge Cutler

Adge Cutler, tragically killed in a road accident in 1975, was the leader of a wonderful band, 'the Wurzels', famed pioneers of Scrumpy and Western Music! In their early days, the Wurzels were based in Somerset, and played all over the West country, often at open air Lamb Roasts. Their 'Wessex Sound' was a good-humoured, ribald brassy mixture of hokum/trad, jazz, pop and local traditional music. Scorned by 'folk purists', they were wildly popular with audiences whose grandparents may have sung old ballads or played in village bands. Oddly enough, their skilful accordion player was a Scotsman, who kept his mouth shut and passed as a West Countryman. Without Adge, the Wurzels played in a watered-down scrumpy style, and had a hit record for their pains, 'Combine Harvester'.

### Axminster (Devon)

"After all, it's not my Axminster."  
This was the withering reply of 'Tobermory', the talking cat, when someone spilled his milk on the carpet, in the short story by Saki (H H Munro). It illustrates the fact that Axminster, to most people, means 'carpets'. On my one and only visit, I found Axminster to be a comfortable, prosperous and happily complacent little town, where carpets are still made. Between the large church and stout, immovable carpet workshop, the town had an eighteenth century air. I could imagine aldermen and other citizens in days gone by, rolling home to roast beef dinners, undoing their waistcoat buttons in anticipation. A beggar calls for alms – some toss coins without looking back, others brandish copper-toned canes and roar out "Sturdy rogue!"

In a pub near the church, I thought for a moment that my day-dreamings had come true. However, no three cornered hats hung on the rack near the round fat-jowled figures in waistcoats

who lounged talkatively around the bar. From their looks and conversation, I gathered that they were farmers, cattle auctioneers, seed merchants and feed merchants. I took my light-and-lime over to the jukebox, and they glanced at me in sleepy-eyed amusement. This changed to approval when they found I had put on only Wurzel records.

"I like your taste in music", said one farmer-like man.

To my surprise, his friend, a younger man, solemnly showed his agreement by silently placing a glass of beer before me and withdrawing. I raised my glass to him, and drank to the spirit of Adge.

## B

### Barnstaple Market (Devon)

This attractive market, with indoor and outdoor sections, is held every Friday just below the castle mound. Do not sing "O the Roast Beef of England" at the cattle pens. When a little girl admired two white lambs in an indoor pen, her father, a brawny young farmer, at once popped her in with them, much to her delight.

"We've got teo pet lambs at home, so she's used to lambs", he explained.

## C

### Clifton (Avon)

My brother Paul, a well-known architect, helped to design the suicide-prevention barriers on the Clifton Suspension Bridge. Brunel's masterpiece, the fairy Bridge is lit up at night with rows of light bulbs strung up and down its bars and iron gossamer chains. Not only the Avon gorge but Clifton itself is a scenic wonder, with its mansions, hilltop tiers of terraces, its parks and cobbled mews. I used to find the pubs there to be friendly places. For years, a student pub near the Bridge was well-known for its potboy, a midget with a large head and a merry disposition. Bristol Zoo, not far away, has a high stone wall around it. I always expect to see a giraffe peeping over the top, as in the 'Dandy' or 'Beano' comics.

## Coombe Martin (Devon)

Just outside this North Devon seaside resort, there is a magnificent Wild Life Park. No lions, tigers, elephants or bears can be found here, for the park specialises in small mammals. A stream runs through bluebell woods, a part of it fenced off for a lucky family of otters. These otters are of the Malayan Small-Clawed variety, commonly seen in captivity, and uncommonly seen in the wild in Oxfordshire, where escapees have become naturalised. They are smaller and darker than the European otters.

The park has an excellent monkey house with South American monkeys, the only ones who can hang by their tails. Here can be seen miniature black Goeldis monkeys; not marmosets, but tiny replicas of the larger Woolly Monkey.

Even tinier are the new-born Goeldi babies, who cling to their mothers' necks like furry swellings. Active little creatures, the Goeldis scamper from outdoor to indoor cages along raised passages.

A walled kitchen garden has been filled with sand to simulate the Kalahari desert in southern Africa. Meercats, alert mongoosy-prairie dogs, run around among artificial termite mounds, bright and inquisitive and expert at begging for food. This is the animal travestied by the Disney Corporation in the appalling film, *The Lion King*.

Overhung by oak trees, in a deep pond surrounded by branches, a grey or Atlantic seal looks oddly out of place. Seals often swim up rivers, far from the sea, so such a scene might not be impossible in nature.

Ring tailed Coatis, or Coati Mundis are whiffle nosed relatives of the racoon. My sister has seen them in the Brazilian rain forest, where they run along in troops with ringed tails held high. At Coombe Martin, I watched a bright ginger-coloured mother coati

carrying her dark-coated baby around by its head.

"You must be pleased to have raised so many coatis," I said to the keeper.

"We-e-ell,yes," he replied, "but there's a glut of coatis in the world's zoos at the moment. In fact there's a Coati Mundi Mountain."

## D

### Dursley (Gloucestershire)

Sheer and abrupt, the Cotswold Hills spring straight up near the town of Dursley. A former cloth-making town, Dursley is surprisingly close to the Severn Estuary. That is, it's surprising if you're like me and regard the Cotswolds as a place in the middle of England

## E

### Exmouth(Devon)

Exmouth, as you might expect, is a small town at the mouth of the River Exe. In summer it is a sunny place of sand and sea, with cafes and shops stretched in a thin line along the coast, and fields not far away. Last time I was there, many years ago, I caught a ferry across the estuary to the railway station and the Torquay train.

There is, or used to be, a small indoor zoo at Exmouth. At one time I had hopes of becoming a zoo keeper, and I regard all zoos with keen interest. At Exmouth, I greatly admired the mountain hares, seldom seen in zoos, and the hen sized smoke-blue Victoria Crowned Pigeons. Most enchanting of all were the tiny baby adders, who followed their mother round and round the mossy floor of their tank. They were incredibly fierce bright eyed little creatures, each one brimful of personality.

Later, in the country, I saw a tiny brown wriggling object on a dusty path between high wavy walls of bracken. Thinking it was a slow worm, I bent to pick it up. Suddenly I recognised its bright black eye and zig zag back. It was a baby adder, as poisonous as an adult! Already it was curled up like a rattlesnake poised to strike. I withdrew my hand, and the baby adder's expression changed from do-or-die ferocity to bewildered surprise at finding itself unharmed. Unable to believe its luck, it waited bemused for a fresh attack. None came, so looking visibly relieved,

it glided away into the depths of the bracken forest.

## F

### Fairies

Fairies, in Wessex as elsewhere, come in two sizes. There are human-sized fairies who live inside hills or mounds, often Neolithic burial grounds, and dance around stone circles to enchanting music. A farmer's daughter I know used to dance around a stone circle on her father's land. She called it a fairy ring. However a "fairy ring" usually means a small circle of toadstools, and the fairies that dance there are obviously tiny little people, like butterflies. Perhaps the larger fairies are really a confused memory of the Neolithic people themselves. An old print of Red Indians in New England shows a group of braves dancing wildly around a "wood henge" of wooden posts. Many stone circles in Britain are said to be maidens turned to stone for dancing on a Sunday. A single stone standing outside the main circle is said to be the petrified piper. It seems certain that God or gods were worshipped in dance outside or inside circles of upright post-like stones. Similar circles of toadstools reminded people of stone circles, in my belief, and so helped to give rise to the idea of miniature dancers.

In the stories about human-sized mound-dwelling fairies, a mortal is sometimes lured to a fairyland "under the hill!" If, while there, he should eat or drink anything, he can never leave. Is this because the mound's original use as a grave was known to the storyteller, who regarded it as a Home of the Dead? Or is it because the vanishing tribes and races of pre-Roman England were hospitable to strangers in the overdone, possessive way of some Africans and Red Indians, whose hospitality to the first white people they encountered amounted almost to taking them prisoner?

Another kind of circle often seen nowadays is not of stone or of fungi. It seems obvious to me that corn circles are caused by fairies dancing. Except of course, for one or two, which are hoaxes perpetrated by aliens from outer space.

## G

### Gypsies

Gypsies are known, to myself at least, as the Expendable people.

Thirty years ago, gypsies paid annual visits to my village, in order to pick peas, beans and broccoli on a neighbouring farm. Some of them made tent houses, but most of them arrived in cardrawn trailer caravans, forming a camp alongside the picking fields. After work the married men would sit in their trailer doorways, taking their ease, while the small children played on the edge of the field not far from home.

Just round the corner from where I then lived, dwelled a family with two gun-obsessed boys in their mid-teens. One day I saw these unpleasant anti-social boys walk off into the fields with their rifles, after rabbits and wood pigeons as usual.

Later that day, a little gypsy girl was playing near her caravan when two black-clad youths with rifles suddenly confronted her. Both pointed the guns at her, as if jokingly. One of them fired, and the girl fell dead. As her father raced to the scene, the boys ran off.

At the post-mortem, the coroner hinted that the hysterical weeping father had shot the girl himself. The father, stunned for a moment, gave a cry and made as if to hit the coroner. Policemen dragged him away, and though he was not charged, he remained under shadow of suspicion. A "full investigation" into the death was promised, but never came about. No police came door-to-door, or at least not to my door. Nor did they call at the house where the gun-boys lived.

Everyone in the village knew who had committed the murder, but none spoke up. Afterwards, events were dated from "the year when the - Boys shot that gypsy girl." The same boys, who dabbled in devil-worship, sometimes shot over the heads of people who annoyed them. Now the gypsies no longer come to the village. I too have left. That is why I call Romany gypsies "the Expendable People".

**Roy Kerridge's *The Story of Black History* is published by Claridge Press.**

# Editorial

An aristocratic culture has an instinctive aversion to what is vulgar, sentimental or demeaning; not so a democratic culture, which sacrifices good taste for popularity, and places no obstacles whatsoever before the people in their quest for tastes of their own. In our time we have witnessed the final evaporation of the aristocratic idea, and with it the disappearance of the judgement of taste from public life, and from all the public bodies once devoted to the maintenance of moral and aesthetic standards.

Moral sentiments which are banished from their natural sphere have an awkward habit of re-appearing in another — not as judgements of taste, but as the politics of righteousness. Academics who make no criticisms of pop culture, will often denounce the entire classical tradition as élitist and patriarchal. American professors of English Literature who teach Mickey Mouse and Elvis, will turn their fury against Henry James for his 'sexism', Joseph Conrad for his 'racism', and the entire literary tradition for its subservience to the ruling powers. Gradually, the erroneous but unshiftable view that everyone is entitled to his own opinion, causes opinions to congeal around a new consensus — not as moral precepts or guides to life, but as intransigent political programmes, directed against the last vestiges of the aristocratic idea.

This explains the strange situation in which we now find ourselves. It is evident to the most casual observer that our society is not in a state of moral health: marriages expire as soon as undertaken, children are abandoned or disregarded, abortion rates verge on genocide, while the younger generation takes refuge in drugs and casual sex. Yet the inverted pruders who dominate the media and Parliament offer no response save to ban the innocent pastimes of old-fashioned Englishmen. The same politician who advocates

lowering the age of consent for homosexual intercourse, and liberalising the sale of 'soft' drugs, will rage against tobacco advertising as a predatory assault on the young. The person who finds not a word to say against a TV culture that makes violence and sex into the sole admissible recreations of the human species, will crusade against hunting as a 'barbarous' pursuit of the doomed aristocracy.

The most significant area in which this moral inversion occurs — significant because it directly affects the ability of society to reproduce itself — is 'sex education'. In so far as children were taught about sex in the past it was with one predominant end: to safeguard chastity. It was not sex that was taught, but its prevention. The result was that, by and large, girls hoped for marriage, and boys learned to respect the answer no.

All that has been inverted. Sex education, as currently practised by experts and advisors, is devoted entirely to teaching children about sex: not how to avoid it, but how to do it. The shameless quality of this 'education' stems from the fact that it is devoted to destroying shame, to making children feel 'good' about things which fuddy-duddies tell them are 'dirty'. The only things that children need to know, according to the experts, are hygiene and the avoidance of children of their own. The rest is pleasure.

Sex education, so conceived, is really vicarious paedophilia. The adult 'advisor', explaining the use of the condom to a class of fourteen-year-olds with slides and pictures, is in the position for which every paedophile craves — freely arousing the sexual curiosity of the immature, with himself as the centre of attention. We should not be surprised that in Belgium, where sex education is not merely compulsory but based on obscene material designed to encourage sexual activity at the earliest age, paedophilia

has become something of a national pastime. And it is surely one of the many contradictions of New Labour, that it puts its weight behind the condom culture, behind guilt-free sex, and the legitimising of homosexuality from the age of sixteen, while identifying paedophiles as a serious social threat. Paedophiles are a threat only in a society that is still dedicated to reproducing itself. In the new democratic order, however, we are all entitled to our tastes. Children come into this brave new world as fodder for the adults who produced them. And the sooner they are produced in test-tubes, the better.

It is not for politicians to give us guidance in these things: we must guide ourselves. All the same, it is time for politicians to wake up to the fact that many people are not entitled to their own opinions, and that many tastes are deprived. The habit of judgement needs to be resurrected. What we now find, however, is not judgement, but the 'tyranny of the majority'. The freedom that the English have always enjoyed stemmed from a shared moral outlook and a habit of decency. Now that those things have been undermined, our freedom too is threatened. It says much about our country that so many politicians believe that foxhunting should be banned because a majority are against it, while the age of consent for homosexual intercourse should be lowered, merely because they cannot understand why not.

We carry in this issue an article by Ann Widdecombe, one of the few Parliamentarians who seems to recognise what is at stake in these last failing attempts to safeguard sexual morality. Of course, on the issue of foxhunting, Miss Widdecombe is on the side of the new consensus. But at least she recognises that if Parliament has a right to impose the new morality, then it also has a duty to support the old one.

# Letters

Sir,

While a true conservative cares for the environment, he will avoid un-Burkean "solutions" seeking imaginary Utopias. Tracy Worcester's rant against free agricultural enterprise (Spring 1999) would end up by starving millions to please her few customers. Thanks to her post-Rachel Carson bias, all things agribusiness except small-plot, organic farming are deemed anathema, but even her fresh organic produce contains protective poisons. An irrational urge for "unadulterated, unengineered, healthy" produce could only lead to inept socialism with its tyrannical levelling of enterprise. Furthermore a Hudson Institute report stated that "People who eat organic foods are about eight times more likely to be attacked by the deadly new *E.coli* bacteria than are people who eat mainstream foods."

Lady Worcester's claim that motorways are unfair subsidy for commercial farming is ridiculous. How could customers reach her stalls without them! Supermarkets already offer organic food but find only limited demand. When the public start buying organic produce, agribusiness will speedily manage to meet the demand which, despite her claims, has yet to materialise.

W Edward Chynoweth  
Sanger, California

Sir,

As a practising Christian, I find many new religious hymns uninspiring (Summer 1999) but the *real* horror is *Hymns for Today's Church*, a far greater danger than *Mission Praise*, and used increasingly by Anglican churches. It is a Bowdlerised version of the old hymnal, apparently updated by computer so as to be politically correct. Some changes are so minor as to be undetectable; others make hymns almost unrecognisable and go to enormous lengths to avoid *thou* and any of its variations and to avoid referring to

anyone as *he*, so that one gets the atrocity in *Come down O love divine* of "For none can guess its grace 'til *we* (not *he*) become the place Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling." The replacement of *we* for *he* make a nonsense of the hymn and is most distressing. Many of us sing the old words but our memories are not perfect and there is a danger that the old inspired versions will become lost.

J M Staniforth  
Croydon

Sir,

"It is difficult for an Englishman to be a nationalist. For there is no such thing as the English nation" (Editorial, Spring 1999).

My parents were English and as far back as can be recorded in a modest family there is not a trace of Scottish, Welsh or Irish blood and certainly no Jewish or Negro. I am an Englishman (for better or for worse), and my homeland is England. It has not been necessary for the English to proclaim a nationality for nearly three hundred years, but if ever the need arises, I will respond to it, and so will some thirty million others.

We all enjoy the comments of Defoe, Chesterton and Flanders and Swann; however, if the Afro-Asian settlement of England persists, and if the Celtic fringe in its devolutionary mode gets too stropky, then there will be an exclusively English reaction, and I, with the rest, will be of it and in it.

In the past I have been delighted by your radical approach to problems and your scattering to the winds the canned PC opinions and cant of the chattering classes but your last Editorial was a shock and a disappointment. Perhaps you were just stirring things up to get a reaction? I hope so.

R J Francis (Major)  
Farnham, Surrey

Sir,

Though learned and entertaining, your

article on Anglican hymns (Summer 1999) seems lacking in balance; you have much to say about the music but you hardly mention the words. Why is it that the English language, which possesses the world's richest tradition of lyric poetry, countenances so many hymns which are either banal, illiterate in construction, ludicrous in imagery or loathsome in sentiment and sometimes a combination of all four?.

You do mention the Wesleys and ascribe to them 'religious verses comparable at their best to those of George Herbert and Isaac Watts', but can such a comparison be regarded as a compliment? This is the version of the third verse of the 23rd Psalm which Herbert allowed to be published

Or if I stray, he doth convert,  
And bring my heart in frame  
And all this not for my desert,  
But for his holy name.

That he should do so suggests a monstrous vanity, combined with an epic lack of taste.

As for Watts these words are his:

Eternal Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite length beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds  
What can you make of this set to the rousing tune of St. Denio?

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
These two lines contain one bad rhyme, one tautology, one archaism, and three words which appear to be there purely for the scansion, yet they open one of the most popular of all Anglican hymns. One can see why Jonathan Miller chose it as the prelude to the courtroom scene in his notorious production of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Chris N Gilmore  
Bedford

Sir,

David Pryce-Jones (Spring 1999) presents the continuing problem of the typical welfare state so tied down with responsibilities towards its populations that it cannot see a way of combining

its two objectives: the wider establishment of the welfare state, and the construction of European unity. The establishment of European unity can be achieved only with the granting of further entitlements to wider populations and sectors. The European state therefore will have to move further toward redistribution of income to the have-not nations and sectors of the European population.

The inevitability of the growth of the European welfare state(s) was indicated in many other evaluations made of the problem. In our book *From Cradle to Grave* (Segalman and Marsland, Macmillan, 1988) we showed that only by moving away from the welfare state could countries move toward relative prosperity for all. Pryce-Jones indicates that the Brussels operation of a continental-scale welfare state through subsidies, transfer payments, etc are leading Europe into a command bureaucracy such as created the fall of the USSR and its captive nations.

Irving Kristol in the Winter issue 1999 of the *American Outlook* argues that "numerous countries maintain an extensive system of entitlement programmes even though doing so is beyond their means". In an underdeveloped country this is the recipe for an authoritarian government which can control both the people and the government. 'Lifting people out of poverty' will never create viable democracies. In our opinion, neither

will such actions do much good for democracy in developed countries. There will be no energy left to build families and populations of character. Without them there will be little democracy, justice or responsible society.

Ralph Segalman  
Northridge, California

Sir,

It might seem churlish to criticise A D Harvey's kind review of my book, (In Short, Summer 1999) but there are two points that require my response. I do not hold up bourgeois liberals of the nineteenth century as consistent paragons of tolerant behaviour. Many were indeed anti-Catholic, an attitude characteristic of much of the European Protestant Buergerstand. In Italy, Austria, and Germany identifiably liberal politicians sometimes gratuitously pursued anti-clerical policies, most egregiously during the Kulturkampf; only a few liberals were willing to defend the right of workers to organise on behalf of shared economic concerns. But none of these facts contradicts my positions, that authentic liberal ideology is tied to bourgeois civilisation, that bourgeois liberals had a relatively restricted view of state power, and that the modern managerial state was only made possible by the overtaking of bourgeois society by mass democracy. One can insist on these points without attributing them to any dead white male libertarian consistency.

I do not deny but underline an observation that crops up in Harvey's review, that the managerial state pushes multiculturalism and expanded immigration, particularly from the Third World, in order to dilute and weaken the once established majority culture. I treat this strategic calculation as self-evident and suggest that until now it has worked brilliantly. Whether this strategy has worked equally well in all Western societies, e.g., in Catholic Latin as well as Germanic Protestant ones, is debatable. What is not is the intended subversion of social order by public administration and its media boosters. But this strategy of enforced fluidity can backfire on the forces that now promote it. What would happen if tens of millions of militant Muslims joined the swelling tide of Mexican nationalists who have already arrived in the US? Such a development, or any number of possible variations on it, would change the American political climate dramatically. Such a shift of population would displace the culturally passive, white and predominantly Protestant subjects of our therapeutic regime with people who have no desire to be sensitised and detest the host culture. While the political class may come to its senses before this happens, again it may not. I do not see rational self-interest as the paramount factor in the way our ruling élite responds to reality.

Paul Gottfried  
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania

## Notes on Reviewers

Merrie Cave is our Managing Editor.

Brian Crozier's new book *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire* will be published in October by Prima Publishing (US).

A D Harvey's most recent book is *Muse of Fire*.

Mervyn Matthews' book about his experiences with the KGB will be published in the Autumn.

Donald Moore's latest book is a novel about the fall of Singapore.

Derek Turner is Editor of *Right Now*.

# Reviews

## Two Presidents: the Good and the Bad

*Brian Crozier*

**Ronald Reagan: How an Ordinary Man Became an Extraordinary Leader**, Dinesh D'Souza, Touchstone, Simon & Schuster, £8.99.

**Crossfire: Witness in the Clinton Investigation**, L D Brown, Blackforest Press, Chula Vista, California 91910, \$14.95.

The qualities of leadership are sometimes baffling to outsiders. In retrospect, Ronald Reagan can be seen as one of the greatest American Presidents; yet no President was so readily dismissed by his country's intellectuals as laughably inadequate. In a long first chapter of his biography, the right-of-centre journalist Dinesh D'Souza quotes a disturbingly lengthy list of dismissive views. For instance, the diplomat Clark Clifford called him an "amiable dunce", while Robert Wright of the *New Republic* pronounced him "virtually brain dead" and Nicholas von Hoffman, writing in *Harper's*, found it "humiliating to think of this unlettered, self-assured bumpkin being our President".

Amazing — is it not? — that so-called 'intellectuals' so often lack judgement. To my mind, Ronald Reagan's career was the perfect illustration of the superiority of wisdom over intellect. In my first long talk with Reagan, at his California home some months before the election that brought him to power, we discovered that we had realised the truth about communism in the same year: 1947. At that time, Reagan was President of the Screen Actors' Guild, which was heavily penetrated by Communists and fellow-travellers.

The author compares Reagan as Presi-

dent with Jimmy Carter and George Bush. Carter often worked past midnight, mastering all the details but failing to grasp the order of priorities; Bush was indecisive, and lost his share of popularity when he raised taxes after pledging the opposite. ("Read my lips!") D'Souza rightly gives him credit for organising the necessary international coalition for the victory that followed in the Gulf War. Surprisingly, he does not mention Bush's fatal ban on action against Saddam Hussein, which allowed the Iraqi tyrant to continue his policy of repression at home and threat to neighbouring countries.

What, then, were President Reagan's main achievements? The most important of all, in international terms, was the West's victory over "the evil empire". No other oratorical phrase so exasperated the American "liberal establishment". As D'Souza puts it:

In his "evil empire" speech on March 8, 1983, Reagan described the cold war as a "struggle between right and wrong, good and evil". He repeated his charge that the only morality the Soviets recognised "is that which will further their cause, which is world revolution". (p.135)

On visiting Poland and East Berlin after the collapse of the Soviet Union, he was given a hero's welcome. Former dissidents told him his words had given

them hope.

Reagan had calculated that whereas the Soviet Union had reached its spending limits, the United States could aim at a technological stage which the Soviets could not hope to match. The outcome was the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), which his critics immediately labelled "Star Wars", in an effort to discredit his plan. In fact, it was a masterly device to avoid a war by providing the US with a defensive shield designed to intercept and destroy Soviet long-range guided missiles.

No sooner had the President launched the SDI than his critics pooh-poohed the idea. Robert McNamara, an ex-Secretary of Defense (and supporter of the fatuous "body count" scheme which persuaded the Americans that they were winning the Vietnam War) dismissed the idea as "pie in the sky". Strobe Talbott, a former *Time* magazine correspondent and now President Clinton's Deputy Secretary of State, dismissed the SDI as "like an arcade video game". Ever critical of Republican ideas, the *New York Times* called it "a pipe dream".

Are we saying that Reagan is beyond criticism? No. On the domestic scene, he did score an unpredicted triumph in that he introduced substantial tax cuts leading to startling rises in family income, creating 20 million new jobs

with unexpectedly low inflation. The down side was a soaring deficit leaving the US \$1.5 trillion deeper in debt when he left office than when he assumed it. There was thus a substantial price to pay for winning the Cold War while creating millions of Jobs.

To turn from Ronald Reagan to Bill Clinton is to descend from personal decency and presidential success to sordid personal behaviour and dubious administrative success. The author of *Crossfire* is uniquely qualified to write about Clinton's personal lifestyle. As a member of Arkansas State Police when Clinton took over as State Governor, he was assigned to the Governor's security unit and developed a close relationship with him. He describes the said relationship in considerable detail, including an opening quotation from Clinton's "first intimate conversation with me": "L D, you're a smart guy, Do you consider oral sex adultery?"

He keeps the reader waiting until p.54, when he repeats the quotation, adding the words "he asked almost boyishly". Brown's unexpected answer is: "No, not necessarily." And he goes on: "Knowing what he wanted to hear, I

followed up with, 'But don't try that with Hillary.'"

After this Lewinsky-note start, it is not surprising to learn that whenever the Governor happened to meet an attractive woman, L D Brown was told to stay behind and get her telephone number. A kind of secondary procurement was thus added to the author's security duties.

Brown confirms the other affairs that became notorious while the Clintons occupied the White House, among them, with Gennifer Flowers: "Gennifer was a seductress, plain and simple. With a voice like a nightingale and an alluring sex appeal that I have seen in few women."

He also confirms the rumours about Hillary Clinton's affair with the lawyer Vince Foster, whose body was found in a park some way from where he is believed to have pulled the trigger of the pistol that killed him. Personally, I am drawn to the alternative theory that he was murdered, for why would the man's body have been moved if he had taken his own life? Brown's explanation, however, does support the suicide theory. Foster, it

appears, moved to the White House from his lucrative law practice in Arkansas to be near Hillary Clinton, and could not bear life when she told him the affair was over.

Inevitably, L D Brown became the man who knew too much. Whether they parted because Clinton eased him out or because he started looking for other jobs is unclear. As it happens, I met him several times when he came to London and asked to see me in connection with intelligence matters. I was impressed by his dignity and his mind, and charmed by his wife and family.

This is not a biography of Bill Clinton, but it does throw further light on the President's personal failings. Of special interest are the documents printed at the end of this unusual work. For reasons that challenge the inquisitive mind, L D decided to "self-publish" his work. It throws a perceptive light on one of the least respected of American Presidents.

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## 'Out of Thine own Mouth shall I judge Thee'

*Merrie Cave*

**The Lost Literature of Socialism**, George Watson, Lutterworth Press, 1998, pb, £15.

The fall of the Soviet Union eroded many political beliefs and certainties, often making labels misleading. When New Labour privatises rather than nationalises, when many British liberals are far to the left of New Labour and a well known journalist declares that socialism is the best guardian of the national interest, George Watson's stimulating contribution to the problems of political theory is most wel-

come. It is a pity it is not a longer book because of the density and complexity of the material.

Watson aims to 'peel away the layers of whitewash' clinging to established beliefs. Socialist texts are not so much lost as unread, perhaps deliberately. In many cases exposure would have been embarrassing if not fatal. HG Wells's *Anticipations* of 1902, for instance, describes a socialist utopia which will

purify mankind by exterminating the dark races and destroying the 'grey confusion' of democracy. John Millar's intelligent contribution to the theory of social class in the *Origins of the Distinction of Ranks 1771* is now remembered only by scholars, because it was supplanted by the Marxist obsession with class struggle. In the mid twentieth century, when socialism ruled a third of mankind, only a few

fanatics or opponents read its sacred books. The French political élite was shocked to discover from his posthumous autobiography that Althusser had read hardly any of the Marxist writings he had spent his life expounding. Theologians and literary critics, on the other hand, constantly reinterpret and discuss their texts. But socialism was a way of life for many; giving it up meant surrendering life-long friendships and marriages, as many ex-communists would testify.

Socialism was not always left-wing and its disciples were not necessarily in favour of a welfare state. Labour members of Parliament did not always support the welfare legislation introduced by the Liberals. William Beveridge complained that Ernest Bevin was more interested in bargaining about wages and had derided his report as 'a Social Ambulance scheme'. The British Conservative party was once the *statist* party, only discovering the free market in the 1970's. Socialists like William Morris and Robert Blatchford reacted to the 'dark satanic mills' and rampant capitalism of the Industrial Revolution and nostalgically looked back to a pastoral England where craftsmanship was appreciated. Blatchford's book *Merrie England*, 1894, sold 2 million copies and was said to have recruited more members for the Labour Party than any other socialist tract. Ruskin declared himself to be 'a violent Tory of the old school'; his autobiography *Unto This Last* was popular among many members of the 1945-50 parliament, and through Gandhi reached India. After the Russian Revolution Shaw announced that the true heirs of Ruskin were the Bolsheviks: 'all socialists are Tory in that sense. The Tory is a man who believes that those who are qualified by nature and training for public work... have to govern the mass of the people'. No wonder that all European socialist parties attracted so many upper class people, and bossy Fabians wanted to sterilise the underclass.

The legacy of the Revolution made France a natural laboratory for the theory and practice of Socialism and Communism in the nineteenth century.

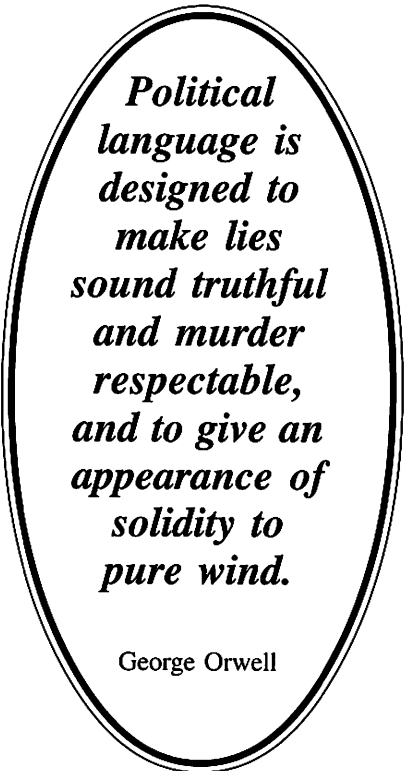
Sudre, a Parisian lawyer who had taken part in the 1848 revolution, does not even mention Marx and Engels in his *Histoire du Communisme*, demonstrating that the communist tradition goes back to Plato's perfect state, the medieval Anabaptists and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* of 1516. The extremists of the Revolutionary period, like Grachus Babeuf who inspired Lenin, were followed by gentle Christian theorists like Robert Owen, Saint Simon and Louis Blanc. Most strikingly, however, Sudre grasped the essential truth about the socialist state a century before Koestler, Orwell or Djilas thought they had discovered it for themselves. The abolition of private property favours those in control of the state. Private property, far from oppressing the poor, was and is their best defence against oppression.

The socialist intelligentsia are horrified if they are told that Marx and Engels started the idea of ethnic cleansing in modern times. Socialist genocide did *not* begin with Darwinism or Galton and no other group had ever supported racial extermination before 1849. In the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* 1849, Marx and Engels recommended the extinction of 'ethnic trash' which included 'those dying nationalities like the Bohemians, south slavs, Scottish Jacobites and the Basques'. Backward races could not face the challenge of capitalism let alone of socialism. Lenin's remark about 'cleansing Russia's soil of all harmful insects' was echoed by Shaw, who averred that the socialist state was right to kill anyone not useful to it. 'Appeal to the chemists', he wrote in the *Listener*, 'to discover a humane gas that will kill instantly and painlessly'. The Nazi holocaust was almost certainly an extension of Stalin's and Lenin's purges and the two programmes exchanged useful information and experiences. One Soviet defector reported that the NKVD's predecessors were using exhaust fumes in windowless trucks as early as the 1930's to kill prisoners in Siberia. The Nazis later perfected these crude methods.

Hitler remarked many times in private that he owed everything to Marxism, 'the whole of National Socialism

is based on it'. And he always welcomed communists into his movement: 'The petit bourgeois Social Democrat and the trade union boys will never make a National Socialist but the Communist always will.' The economy could be planned without dispossessing the propertied classes or provoking a civil war. Hitler showed that National Socialism could solve unemployment by planning and rearmament. Contemporaries also believed that Hitler was a socialist, Julian Huxley among others called the Nazi experiment 'a despairing attempt to find a short cut to the promised land', and Stalin of course believed that it was the Menshevik phase of the revolution. But by the outbreak of the Spanish civil war everything had shifted — Stalin was Left and Hitler was Right.

Is socialism, as Watson thinks, in terminal decline? The socialist organisation of states may have withered but the socialist tradition lives on in the massive growth of bureaucracies in recent years, even under Thatcherism. New Labour promises another huge expansion in the public sector, nourishing the old claptrap in its personnel. The greatest socialist edifice of all is the European Union, the new Soviet Union into whose murky depths we may be completely swallowed.



*Political language is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.*

George Orwell

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# Komputing

*Mervyn Matthews*

**From Glasnost to the Internet, Russia's New Infosphere, Frank Ellis, Macmillan Press Ltd, 1999.**

Another curate's egg, this book: good in parts. The task which Mr. Ellis has set himself — to survey the information sphere in Russia since the collapse of the USSR — is important, but not easy. The aspects he concentrates on are state control of the popular media and computer transmission, including the Internet.

The book begins with an overview of the various factors leading to the collapse of communism. The author asserts, quite plausibly, that censorship and the information deficit, stemming from the need to conceal economic failure and bolster Marxist-Leninist ideology, were central to the degenerative process. The socialist system failed to develop a computer industry matching that of the USA, it lacked feedback and flexibility. Mr. Ellis then proceeds to a careful overview of the post-Soviet legislation on control of the "traditional" media, with particular reference to the Gorbachev Press Law of 1990 which (it will be remembered) formally abolished censorship.

Alas, "the ghost of the Soviet past" continued to cast its censorial shadow. The government, Mr Ellis shows, retained important intrusive powers through several agencies, including the Committee of the Russian Federation of the Press and the Presidential Press Service. Beyond this journalists came under other unhealthy pressures, including "grave financial difficulties, the search for new political allegiances, intimidation and murder by criminal elements and a complex legal situation" (the laws are indeed extensive and confusing). State subsidies are received by nearly 90% of the Russian media. The author sadly concludes that as a result of all this "Russian journalism can only ever be at best an

anaemic version of what has long been taken for granted in the West." (p. 120).

After a brief discussion of what he calls the "media wars" — primarily conflicting views of the role of Russian writers in an increasingly electronic environment — the author provides what is probably the most interesting chapter in the book — a discussion of Russian computerisation. He examines the instruments of state control of information flow (exercised through five intrusive laws), and considers the enormous difficulty of monitoring or managing the ocean of data now available. As for future development, the authorities show a strong tendency to rely on state (or corporatist) methods of promotion, rather than on individual private enterprise, which, the author convincingly argues, is more suited to a healthy growth of information technology.

Mr Ellis argues that the excessive regulation is bound to fail, partly because of the nature and volume of information available, and partly because the losses which result from restricting information will eventually outweigh the benefits of state control. There is a positive correlation, he believes, between the free use of information technologies and economic prosperity, though the quality of the information is decisive.

The author has gone to great pains to analyse the restrictive laws and (to judge from his comparisons) has a good grasp of the broader problems of the information revolution. But the book, as I intimated above, has significant failings. Some of the argument (on literature, for example) seems superfluous, and some (on the role of information technology in Russia)

seems too narrow in focus. Such crucial matters as the availability, cost and use of computers, mainframe and personal, compared with other lands are not discussed. The author contents himself with a few references to a 1994 report by Martin Bangemann, "Europe and the Global Information Society". Computer use in Russia, we are told, will spread slowly, but surely we also need to know how many of these machines are in use, by whom and to what effect.

Furthermore, as a former "sovietologist", I was astonished by the paucity of historical background. Many pages are devoted to a translation of the December, 1991 "Press Law" (a refinement of the earlier version, signed by Yeltsyn) and there is also a chronology of significant events in the media from Lenin on. But the author makes no reference to several key, and highly restrictive, documents of the Soviet period which would have improved the reader's perspective, even if mentioned briefly. They include Lenin's numbing Decree on the Press, passed two days after the Bolsheviks came to power; the main Soviet censorship law (which was openly published, in several editions, between the mid-twenties and mid-thirties); and (perhaps most relevant) the 1970 secret censor's regulations which were somehow leaked to the West a few years later. Instead Mr. Ellis makes a couple of windy references to the 1934 doctrine of socialist realism, as though that were a turning point.

These reservations apart, however, the book contains much that is useful for our understanding of the information revolution in Russia, and demonstrates careful scholarship.

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# Mars Feminised

*Donald Moore*

**Not Fit to Fight. The Cultural Subversion of the Armed Forces in Britain and America**, edited by Gerald Frost, The Social Affairs Unit.

That this book should have appeared at a time when President Clinton has been agonising over the possible commitment of American troops to the Serbia/Kosovo imbroglio adds enormous force to its thesis: that the application of society's liberal preoccupations to the governance of the armed forces can result only in their emasculation and eventual reduction to uselessness. The American people, it seems, have lost the ability to face the gruesome reality of war and their President and Commander-in-Chief ('the formative experience of (whose) youth was manoeuvring to avoid military service') is the most outstanding example of their phobia. Indeed, if it is true — as some American military men have attested — that the priority concern of the modern American military commander is to preserve the lives of his troops at the expense of achieving his battlefield objective, uselessness is already upon us. Nor need we look much further for confirmation of these trends than events in Yugoslavia, where a fear of war on the ground and its inevitable concomitant of dead soldiers persuaded Nato to conduct its offensive from the comparative safety of the stratosphere.

The processes of military castration have so far enjoyed smaller success in Britain, but they are already in train, and on the assumption that nearly everything that happens in America eventually crosses the Atlantic we may be sure that as the Cold War recedes ever further into history the forces of 'modernity' will apply themselves to their self-appointed task with redoubled enthusiasm. Cool Britannia will be in her element, insidiously corrupting everything that once made us strong

and self-reliant. Indeed, in the words of the editor of this volume, future conflicts are likely to expose 'the dangerous absurdity of refashioning our armed forces in the likeness of civilian society. There is a danger that they will be feminised, sensitised and privatised to the point where they are incapable of fighting wars; they will then pose a greater threat to themselves, and to us, than to our enemies.' What price then General Douglas MacArthur's immortal advice to the 'culturally confused' cadets of West Point: 'Through all this welter of change and development, your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable. It is to win our wars. Everything else in your professional career is but corollary to this vital dedication. All other public purpose, all other public projects, all other public needs, great or small, will find others for their accomplishment; but you are the ones who are trained to fight.' Just so. But who will win? The regiments of ideologues, or the 'thin red line of 'eroes when the drums begin to roll...?'

At one time one might have said that since the serviceman was prepared to risk and possibly lose his life in the defence of his country, his profession was different from all others and called for a distinct and unassailable ethos. But, with the forces of 'neo-marxism, anti-nationalism, feminism, radical environmentalism, new age humanism and finally the all-encompassing religion of multicultural political correctness' ranged against him, to say nothing of the impact of the Health and Safety at Work Act, the Sex Discrimination Act, and the Race Relations Act, how can he possibly survive in his traditional role? How long before he

goes into battle so hedged about with conditions that he might as well have stayed at home?

Reading between the lines of *Not Fit to Fight*, it is difficult to avoid the impression that its contributors believe that the soldier as we have known him is doomed. For not only is he being attacked from without, he is even being subverted by his own commanders — the people who John Hillen, the author of the chapter on their ilk, calls the political generals. These are of two kinds — those who go along with liberal pressures, perhaps believing that they can eventually be incorporated into effective military life, and those who, wearying of civilian idiocies, will agree to almost anything if it leads to political patronage and their own advancement. Admirals and generals, Hillen contends, have succumbed to the 'liberal vision of human progress' with a 'cynicism and duplicity that is breathtaking', and stood aside as an anti-military civilian élite has imposed a regime upon the armed forces that has made of them 'a postmodern institution in which war is not possible, sex or sexual orientation is irrelevant, and core military values are not immutable but eminently negotiable'. Of course, this process has gone much further in America than in the United Kingdom, but the warnings are already writ large, especially in mainland Europe where, with the possible exception of the French, armies are unfit to fight anything more menacing than a rice-pudding. And if our fighting services are to be reduced to the status of an effete constabulary, their military spirit undermined if not destroyed, what ultimate chance of survival does our country have in an increasingly dangerous world? Or, in a wider context, Western civilisation?

*Not Fit to Fight* is a most important contribution to a debate that isn't often joined: we prefer not to be reminded of George Orwell's observation that 'people sleep peacefully in their beds only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf'. That quotation sits at the head of the editor's introduction, '*How to Destroy an Army*,' accompanied by another attributed to a Major Cindy Sito, a US Army spokesperson in Haiti commenting on the fact that male and female soldiers in her unit sleep in the same tent, 'In my opinion,' she says, 'it's easier to run a unit if you are able to reach out and touch everybody.' What can one say? — except,

possibly, to tell it to the Marines who, alone among the American armed forces, have offered stout resistance to the imbecilities of a counter-culture out of control.

In her contribution, *The War Machine as Child Minder*, Kate O'Beirne, Washington Editor of *National Review* writes, 'During the Gulf deployment, the Navy reported a 1.5% non-deployable rate for men and a 5.6% non-deployable rate for women, mostly due to pregnancy. On the first major deployment of 415 women aboard the aircraft carrier USS Eisenhower (1994-95), 24 women didn't leave shore due to pregnancy and 15

more mothers-to-be were evacuated from the ship during the six month cruise. As a matter of official Navy policy, commanders are not permitted to complain about the negative effects of their sailors' pregnancies.' (my italics). And there you have it: the laws of the new enfeeblement are granted the status of holy writ while the traditions that have kept us safe for centuries are traded like so many pawns in a negotiable game of chess.

I could go on, and Kate O'Beirne does go on to devastating effect, but can there be any need to say more? Read this book — and be incensed.

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# A Practical Reactionary

A D Harvey

**Salisbury: Victorian Titan**, Andrew Roberts, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1999, £25.

In writing his life of the Third Marquis of Salisbury Andrew Roberts has tried "to fill the largest historiographical gap left in modern British political biography" and has succeeded triumphantly. This is a book to put on one's shelves alongside Ehrman's *Younger Pitt*, Gash's volumes on Peel and Blake's *Disraeli*. But where Ehrman's *Younger Pitt* is over-long and over-detailed, an administrative history rather than a life, and Gash's biography of Peel and Blake's *Disraeli* have too much of the dryness and the superficiality of their respective subjects, Andrew Roberts's book has the balance, insight, all-roundedness and intellectual elegance of Lord Salisbury himself.

At six foot four and weighing over eighteen stone, Salisbury was the largest as well as one of the greatest of Britain's prime ministers but his career lacks the dramatic impact of Peel's fight back from the electoral eclipse of

his party following the Great Reform Act, of Disraeli's splitting of a party within which he was such a bizarrely alien intrusion and building up its rump into a new party of government, of Gladstone's vertiginous odyssey from High Tory to tribune of the side streets: but his thirteen years and eight months as prime minister was a longer innings than Gladstone's four stints as head of government or the combined duration of Peel's and Disraeli's premierships, and the greatness from which this country has been declining all of our lives was a greatness which he brought to its apogee, and masterfully presided over. Nor was Salisbury's achievement simply that of being the compromise chairman of a cabinet composed of more talented subordinates, as was more or less the case during the fifteen year premiership of the Earl of Liverpool earlier in the century. Salisbury obtained only an honorary Fourth Class in Mathemat-

ics at Oxford but that was because he was unable to stay up for more than six terms; he was at least as academically gifted as Peel or Gladstone and had a wider range of intellectual tastes — before inheriting his marquise, for example, he reviewed German books in the *Saturday Review* every month for nine years — was no less conscientious as an administrator, and his political vision was quite as clear as theirs, and more consistent. Salisbury's political vision is — or should be — his most enduring legacy. Except in his refusal to allow his country to be stampeded into an unjust and destructive settlement in Ireland, his policies have little immediate relevance to the issues facing us today, but it is possible that Andrew Roberts has been a little too ready to adopt Salisbury's own presentation of himself as an aristocratic reactionary who looked back with fond nostalgia to the era of Pitt and Castlereagh. There is no doubt

that Salisbury was out of sympathy with the glib opportunism of Disraeli and with Gladstone's attempts to appeal to an ever larger political constituency, but he was not impervious or unresponsive to the political and ideological conditions of his time. He was a sceptical, even fatalistic, empiricist who willingly acknowledged that "the principles which save one generation may be the ruin of the next". His conservatism was always coloured by that species of liberalism that derives from sympathetic common sense rather than abstract theory: for example, though the devoutest of High Anglicans, he discouraged his own children "from going to church until they were old enough to consider it a privilege rather than an obligation". Though he disliked what he called "grandmotherly legislation" — a phrase that surely prefigures today's notion of the "Nanny State" — it was under his leadership that free elementary education, factory

inspection for adult workers and compulsory accident insurance became the law of the land. He was also the prime minister whose governments established County Councils — with female County Councillors — and the system of Metropolitan Boroughs in London. He was opposed to universal suffrage because he believed the working class, being more numerous "would no longer share in the government of the country, but would govern it altogether," but he showed himself more sensitive to his party's grass roots in the constituencies than many of his successors when he warned against alienating traditional Tory voters: "You may say that they can't vote against you but they won't trouble to vote for you, and they won't work for you, and you'll find it out in the polls," Unlike Margaret Thatcher — to whom rather oddly Roberts dedicates this book — Salisbury did not half-wreck any of his governments by hubristic persistence

in too-often-repeated dogma combined with lofty contempt for practical detail; unlike Edward Heath he did not quixotically take on his class enemies in an epic confrontation in which he and his country would be the losers; unlike Harold Macmillan he did not posture and perform before emptying auditoria while reality was trickling away around his feet. Salisbury was a reactionary but he was pre-eminently a *practical* reactionary whose sense of possibilities and necessities is separated by more than merely a century in time from the pious bleating of New Labour or the punch-drunk fumbling of post-Thatcher Toryism. It is Salisbury's readiness to seek solutions that were both practicable and decent to sometimes uncongenial realities, rather than his stature as the last and greatest representative of the *ancien régime* that is placed so vividly before us by Andrew Roberts's book.

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## The Country's Side

*Derek Turner*

**Another Country**, ed. Michael Mosbacher and Digby Anderson, Social Affairs Unit, London, 1999.  
**Town and Country**, ed. Anthony Barnett and Roger Scruton, Jonathan Cape, London, 1998, £17.99

Here are two books on the same theme and of similar format, published only eight months apart, the one by a major publisher, the other by a conservative think tank. The theme is the many misunderstandings between urban and rural Britain that have occasioned so much media fuss and caused the two impressive Countryside Marches in London, which caused the government to climb down over hunting and act as if genuinely concerned about rural people. The shared format is that of an anthology of essays on different aspects of the town-country divide. But despite these resemblances, both books have different uses and address different audiences.

The contributors to the cleverly-

entitled *Another Country*, as might be expected from the publisher, are mostly what would be described as 'Rightwing' commentators, insofar as most share a minimalist, traditionalist and conservative perspective. One exception to this slant is Helen Searls, former managing editor of *LM* — ie, *Living Marxism* — magazine, and one reason for her contributions to this anthology may be that her loathing of New Labour matches that of other essayists, albeit for different reasons. *Town and Country* also features several well-known men of the Right, such as Roger Scruton, Robin Page and Anthony O'Hear, but it leavens this input with essays from decided non-Rightists like Anthony Barnett and

George Monbiot.

*Another Country's* introductory essay is jointly written by the editors. Entitled 'Country People as an Oppressed Minority', it sets the tone for the book. Cleverly, the editors seek to recapture the 'victim' terminology of the Left in order to garner sympathy for country people. The Western intelligentsia has learnt to 'understand' (ie, make excuses for) Amerindians and other 'noble savages'. They even forgive the Eskimos/Inuit their whaling. The Western love of whales appears to be a deep-rooted psychological phenomenon — outside Norway, which has just applied for a renewal of her whaling licence. One thinks of the remarkably foolish remark of the mis-

anthropic 'Tony' Banks, who has said that "No human being is as important as a whale — including my mother!", and one realises that there is a whole area of psychiatry left unexplored.

The tactic of using 'victim' terminology for countrymen and women seems to have first surfaced in articles written for the *Field* and the *Daily Telegraph* by one of *Another Country*'s essayists, Aidan Rankin, whose essay is one of the best. The idea of portraying countrymen and women as an endangered anthropological group is not a mere rhetorical device, although it is remarkably effective. Successive governments have let down everyone who lives in the countryside in different ways, through participation in the CAP, refusal to invest in public transport and anti-hunting legislation, even to drink-driving legislation (rural pubs need to draw customers from a wide area, a little-appreciated point made by John Maloney in *Another Country*).

Deserving of honourable mention are the perceptive contributions from Christie Davies and Mark Neal on why fox-hunters are the latest targets of a disaffected minority who have previously campaigned against atom bombs; Antony Flew on animal rights, Elizabeth Peplow on why anti-hunting legislation is really hatred of 'toffs' and tradition; Ian Crowe, on why the hereditary peerage is so important to the countryside; and Frank Furedi, on why townspeople secretly dislike those who live in rural areas. Even essays with which I disagree, such as Leo

McKinstry's piece, on why countrypeople are not justified in complaining about government interference on the one hand while demanding subsidies on the other, and the essays on greenbelts and land use-planning, are crisply written and useful, even if they only make us think about why we support greenbelts and land-use planning! I also liked *Daily Telegraph* Environment Editor Charles Clover's defence of our old roads which, he believes, need protection just as much as fields or forests. He mentions G K Chesterton's 'Rolling English Road' poem from *The Flying Inn*; but the poem I prefer is that untitled one which simply describes the reasons why a fictional English road takes the course it does:

The road turned first towards the left  
Where Pinker's quarry made the cleft;  
The path turned next towards the right,  
Where the mastiff used to bite,

Clover is surely right to remind us that there is romance in our old roads, and poetry in the seemingly prosaic.

*Town and Country* is a collection of essays from the members of the Town and Country Forum, a group set up in 1995 by Roger Scruton and a few others to encourage wide-ranging discussion on urban-rural relationships. The book is less combative than *Another Country*, but doesn't shy away from asking awkward questions. Here are essays that would probably not have been printed in *Another Country* — on why expanding car ownership is a bad idea, why ramblers should have a 'right

to roam', on how the 'heritage industry' prevents us from having a healthy relationship with the past, on replacing the railways, and interesting articles on urban topics, which would likewise not have featured in *Another Country*, such as Ken Worpole's thought-provoking essay on how we are running out of cemetery space.

*Town and Country* addresses some recondite but important themes — such as light pollution (which deprives us of 'the velvet, the jewelled and sacred mantle of the night', as Libby Purves puts it in this book) and 'The Music of English Pastoral'. When we townies sit in a field and view the countryside on a hot day, somewhere in the back of our minds 'The Lark Ascending' or Percy Grainger's beautiful arrangement of 'Brigg Fair', is playing softly, the music as much a part of the land (and our national identity) as the chirp of grasshoppers.

These two books will be useful additions to the shelves of anyone interested in practical and environmental rural issues, but also to anyone with an enquiring mind because, as Roger Scruton and Anthony Barnett say in their jointly-written introduction: "If we set aside the great questions of international politics we find that many, even most, of the issues at the centre of current concern bring relations between town and country to the fore. From the food we eat to our vision of the nation, from the most basic needs to the most intangible, the future of the countryside affects our overwhelmingly urban society".

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# Death and Taxes

*Anthony Cooney*

**The Grip of Death: A study of modern money, debt slavery and destructive economics:** Michael Rowbotham, Jon Carpenter, 2 The Spendlove Centre, Charlbury, Oxon. 1998, £15.

It may seem a truism to say that the controlling mechanism of a monetary economy is the monetary system, but

as Rowbotham shows, it is precisely this fact which 'orthodox' economists ignore, treating money and the physical

economy as two distinct systems on the assumption that monetary 'demand' is always equal to physical 'supply'. In

fact, Rowbotham argues, it is not, and the deficiency is made up by debt. The new money made necessary by a 'surplus' economy, as opposed to a 'replacement' economy, is created by the banks and building societies, not as a credit, to society, but as a debt, repayable to the money creating system, at interest. The 'monetary base' (Crown notes and coins) of the debt is a mere 3% of the 'money' sloshing around the economy. The other 97%, 'number-money' as Rowbotham calls it, is created by the banks and building societies against the assets of borrowers. It is secured by the 'Grip of death', that is, Mortgages.

*The Grip of Death* is not easy reading, but it is compulsive. Expect to have all the comfort of the conventional wisdom demolished as you turn each page! 'Inflation' is not 'Too much money chasing too few goods'. It is an increase in purchasing power accompanied by an equal or greater rise in prices; the increased purchasing power being due entirely to an increase in total indebtedness, and therefore a cost component of all prices. A 'favourable balance of trade' is not, at least in a sane world, a desirable thing to be striven for might and main. It is, in fact, a loss of real, physical wealth to the home economy. 'Full Employment' as a policy is disastrous not only to the economy, but even more to the ecology. It is a waste, for the purpose of distributing purchasing power, of the earth's mineral and energy resources, which are certainly not unlimited. Forced 'Economic Growth', a collateral of 'Full Employment', is equally mischievous, creating the huge transport problems we experience daily and generating them world wide. Our food is provided by a world market which institutionalises the evils of single cropping, over-grazing, soil exhaustion, malnutrition, and, to maximise production of exportable foodstuffs, Genetic Modification. All this to meet the impossible demands of servicing the Third World debt, which in any case can never be repaid. We do not live in a 'Consumer Society', on the contrary, the consumer is obliged to take what he is offered by a decreasing

number of multinationals and super-market chains, and his choice is ever more restricted to the standardised, the cheap, and the nasty.

If it is the case that there is a chronic shortage of purchasing power, how does the system continue to work? Why are the shops not overflowing with merchandise, the warehouses stacked to capacity and the factories and mines closing? It is odd that those who pose this objection do not seem to notice that they are! As Rowbotham asks in his demolition of the accepted notion of Inflation — Just where are the 'too few goods' which the 'too much money' is chasing, and indeed, where exactly is the 'too much money'?

The system works, Rowbotham insists, by a continuous creation of debt; national, municipal, industrial and personal. The economy is floating on a sea of debt; every house mortgage, every bank overdraft, every bank loan, increases the debt total. But the debt and its interest has to be repaid, which means that everyone must chase money, either by employment or by trade. What however is to be done with the increasing surplus production which results from this hectic activity? Many evils result from the 'solutions' to the problem of selling the surplus production to somebody, or indeed to anybody. The first 'solution' is to export more than is imported. This in effect transfers a proportion of the debt from the home market to the 'defeated' state in the 'trade war'. Real war is of course a useful way of getting rid of surplus production in the form of high explosives. Another method is sabotage; the destruction of perfectly good and usable plant and stock as part of a 'rationalisation' process. An ecologically vicious method is 'built in obsolescence' combined with shoddy materials and poor workmanship to produce goods which fall to pieces in a short time.

The problem of Third World debt is examined in detail. The relationship of states to the World Bank and I.M.F. is the same as that of individuals to their local bank. States are granted loans under increasingly onerous conditions, one of which is that the loan

must be spent in the country whose currency provides it. The effect is to force a permanent trade deficit on the debtor country and to subject its affairs to direction by the World Bank.

Rowbotham devotes a chapter to the theories of Lincoln and C H Douglas, and a further chapter to the history of debt finance, beginning with the parchment receipts issued by the goldsmiths for gold deposited with them. The goldsmiths in fact issued bills up to ten times the value of their deposits, since it was their experience that only one in ten receipts came back with a demand for gold.

Essentially the 3% base of Crown money created today acts in the same way as gold deposits did in times past, but, freed from gold, the deposits created by the new 'number money' provide the basis for ever more loans!

The solution offered in *The Grip of Death* is for the Crown to increase its issue of 'real' money; using it to redeem Treasury Bonds as they mature, thus increasing the rate of flow of purchasing power. A simpler solution might be to treat all loans by banks over their holdings of 'real' money, as a loan from the Crown to the bank, to be repaid to the Treasury. Perhaps the first step toward any solution would be to make *The Grip of Death* required reading for politicians and Treasury officials, followed by *viva voce* examination. Meanwhile let Rowbotham's Epistle be read in all the Churches, but especially in the Church of the Laodicians.

*We can be knowledgeable with other men's knowledge, but we cannot be wise with other men's wisdom.*

Montaigne

# In Short

*Wild In the Woods, The Myth of the Noble Eco-Savage*, Robert Whelan, Institute of Economic Affairs, 1999, £8

The world is divided into those who believe in original sin, and those who believe in the perfectibility of man. Among the former group Shakespeare in *The Tempest* and William Golding in *Lord of the Flies* brilliantly challenged the arguments about the innocence of primitive peoples.

Robert Whelan has presented an elegant exposition of the interaction between civilised and primitive societies, adorned with instructive references and marvellous quotations, ranging from Montaigne, who provided the blueprint for the Noble Savage, up to Rock stars and business women with guilt complexes.

Contrary to Greenpeace propaganda, primitive people do *not* respect the environment. Pre-Columbian Indians changed their natural environment and carried out deforestation on a huge scale. Savages did not look after the animals either: American Indians were responsible for the extinction of large mammal species and "the first Maoris ate their way through all twelve species of the giant Moa birds."

In our own time cunning tribes have hoodwinked gullible anthropologists, notably Margaret Mead who in *Coming of Age in Samoa* rediscovered the noble savage in the Pacific. The exposure of Mead's fraudulent research was most unwelcome because she had justified and explained the sexual revolution of the sixties. L'affaire Seattle was perhaps the most celebrated hoax of all. Chief Seattle's "speech" in 1854 was written by a script writer and turned into a best seller for children, *Brother Eagle, Sister Sky*. It reinforced the stereotype of the American Indian as the noble Eco-Savage, so the environmentalists cannot bear to give up using it as a propaganda weapon. The Rock star Sting persuaded the World Bank to stop the construction of a hydro-electric dam in the Amazon

which would have displaced tribal peoples. Afterwards the Kayapo Indians deforested the Amazon and extracted reserves on a massive scale. Their chiefs acquired houses and planes while the villages lacked medical care. Sting learnt his lesson: 'I was very naive and thought I could save the world selling T-shirts for the Indian cause.'

Merrie Cave

*Europe's Road to War*, Paul-Marie Couteaux, June Press, 1999, £6.99.

Euro-sceptic literature in Britain has been growing and diversifying despite strenuous efforts to suppress the unthinkable. It is different in Continental countries, especially France, where it is axiomatic with the *bien-pensants* that the European Union is a good thing, not least because it will extend France's superior position in Europe and keep Germany under control. What French opponents of the Maastricht and Amsterdam treaties, which have considerable popular support, dislike is that they threaten France with economic freedom. France neither supports a liberal economy, nor even a free exchange of ideas between nations, being centrist and protectionist in every way. Depending on whether you are a Frenchophile or euro-sceptic the EU is the instrument that will strengthen these traditional French values or undermine them.

M. Couteaux's book, excellently translated, falls into the second category. Ignoring the ideological aspects of European integration and of the common foreign and security policy, he sounds a deafening alarm bell about German expansionism, and a less deafening one about American ambitions and free trade. To support his theories he uses dubious historical parallels. One cannot help feeling that, despite his avowed love for the nation state, *le perfide Albion* comes high on M. Couteaux's list of enemies.

Helen Szamuely

*They Call It Justice*, Brian Lawrence, The Book Guild, 1999, £15.95

Magistrates Courts like other British institutions reflect the disintegration of our society. Brian Lawrence provides an exhaustive but readable survey of every aspect — including the Crown Prosecution Service (see article in this issue, p34), the police, the probation service, the development of motoring and criminal law, and juvenile offenders. His account is well illustrated by reference to cases — all between 1992-7 and enlivened by his experience as a long serving court clerk. An exasperated public, including many magistrates, would agree with his central thesis that the reforms of the last thirty years, in many cases a reaction to the severity of criminal punishment in the past, have benefited offenders and the time to redress the balance is overdue. Back around 1950 most people had respect for others, their property and above all for authority. The shame of appearing in court was worse than the sentence. Unfortunately a shift seems unlikely, especially in the wake of the McPherson Report. The police are demoralised; and cautions are replacing arrests. This trend has resulted in the cancellation of magistrates' sittings in many courts, and the total of all criminal offences brought to court has dropped over the whole country. The crime rate, particularly for offences like mugging, has risen simultaneously. The pro-criminal groups like the National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders have influenced the Home Office, together with many social workers who see criminals as victims. This situation is aggravated by the Treasury's need to save money. The author compares the criminal and the motoring offender, exposing anomalies and miscarriages of justice, and also shows that if the enforcement, prosecution and sentencing of drinking and driving laws were applied to all offences we would have a good criminal justice system.

Merrie Cave

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