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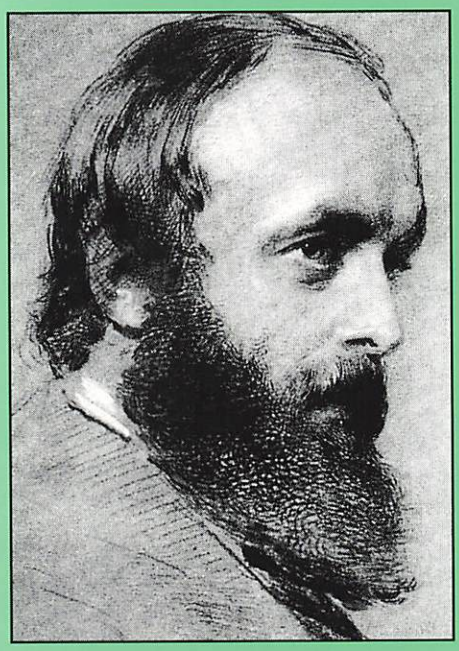

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1830 - 1903

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Richard Body

Islam
Alfred Sherman

Broad Swords & Sweet Liberty
Penelope Tremayne

The Three Inflations
Christie Davies

Saying The Unsayable
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The pre-teens who learn their addiction to Saturday morning TV quickly graduate to even more sinister programmes. These are the sex-obsessed features aimed at the teenage market: *Malibu*, *Weird Science*, *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*, *Saved by the Bell* and a dozen more shows just like them. These half hour comedy drama series are designed to show off as much teenage flesh as possible. This motive barely succeeds, since most of the actors and actresses are in their twenties. Some are so embarrassingly overaged that you imagine they will soon be in line for false teeth and a hearing aid. The plot is always about showing off, sulking, jealousy and who is having it off with whom.

The only difference among any of these shows is the insignificant one of location. *Sabrina* is set in a spectacularly tasteless American family house and a hideously sub-educational American high school, complete with lockers, fast food, cheerleaders and baseball caps. As in all these shows, the characters in *Sabrina* shout their lines all at the same pace. The content is irretrievably banal and the regular intrusion of canned laughter is the only hint we have that a joke has been made. Many of these series are set in schools, but none of the characters ever does any work. We never see the cast reading a poem, for instance, or studying a theorem. They do, however, sometimes visit the gym – so that we might gawp at a little more of the exposed flesh. Their activity is confined to either attempts at dating or committing small acts of spitefulness against one another. Sabrina, being a witch, is able to devise somewhat more unusual acts of spite than those perpetrated by her classmates: she might, for example, turn her chief rival for her boyfriend's affections into a mouse.

Weird Science is a particularly sordid piece of voyeurism in which two teenage 'nerds' construct their shared girlfriend in the laboratory. *Malibu* is set on a cardboard beach where the characters behave exactly like the cast of *Sabrina*, except the setting allows them to exhibit even more flesh. There are no moral issues in any of these series. The characters do not discuss *anything* except themselves, their coy lust and their primitive expectations.

Then there are the British children's drama series which are also set in schools: *Grange Hill* and *Byker Grove*. All the children in these schools are scruffy and ill-mannered. I once raised the issue of uncouth behaviour in such as *Grange Hill* with one of its producers. He replied, without a hint of irony or shame, that he wanted to make the programme 'realistic'. In other words, *Grange Hill* is what state schools are like in real life. Quite: real live thugs and yobs watch *Grange Hill* and *Byker Grove* and have their thuggery and yobbery reinforced. And on the usual spurious grounds that 'art' has to be like life only more exaggerated, the thugs and yobs in the series have got to be seen as even more thuggish and yobbish than those in real life. The consequence is that life mimics art and real schoolchildren aim to behave as outrageously as their fictional counterparts.

Moral issues are raised in the British schools series, after a manner. The subjects constantly paraded for our attention are bullying, drug-taking, domestic violence, racism, sexism and the difficulties faced by single-parent families – in other words the whole repertoire of fashionable, left-wing social agenda. Once again the producers defend this debasement of public taste and morality on the grounds that it is 'relevant' because it faithfully reproduces reality. AIDS and rape are favourite themes of course. And, when it comes to sexual relationships, there is much preaching of the only remaining injunction: 'Wear a condom'. Have these producers no understanding that drama is meant to be a form of moral education, cathartic and even redemptive? A generation ago there were television and radio drama series for children which were hugely entertaining, often amusing and widely-regarded while they took the human world seriously: *The Barlows of Beddington* and *Jennings*, for example, which were set in public schools. Moreover, these programmes were about something: they had moral content. Terence Rattigan's excellent 1946 stage-play *The Winslow Boy*, which was subsequently made into a universally-popular film mocked and derided by the apparatchiks who produce *Grange Hill* as is an example of a form of class distinction that has no place in the 'modern' world. Can't the producers of the lumpen proletarian shambles of *Grange Hill* see that it is a far worse case of class warfare? Yes, I'm afraid they can. They know whose side they are on. ***Peter Mullen***

The Salisbury Review

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The world of politics and public affairs is rather like a dance at a disco. It's not just a matter of the sound track which seems constantly on the point of saying something memorable but only deadens thought: the jitterbugging of all those self-absorbed couples who seem about to collide, resolves itself every now and then into a balletic pattern, and certain sequences of movement seem to reproduce themselves endlessly in a narcotising tempo. Last September's attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon wrenched the West's attention away from a number of intractable problems and presented us with a new agenda to scratch our heads over, but we have not been able to escape from the familiar rhythms of argument at cross-purposes, skimped investigation of root causes, sound-bite solutions, large rhetoric and small grasp of reality. Despite the defeat of the Taleban in Afghanistan none of the real issues raised by 11 September have been satisfactorily addressed, as Alfred Sherman and Penelope Tremayne, launching out from very different starting points, indicate in their articles. The use made by Tony Blair of the international excitements to escape in a jet plane from the tedium and embarrassment of the failure of his domestic policies was quickly spotted by the press: as with other species of primitive predator, the eyes of journalists have little perception of depth and colour but are quick to detect movement. Yet the possible connection between the frustrations and paranoias that fuel al-Qa'eda and the frustrations and paranoias that surfaced in last summer's riots has attracted little attention. Tony Blair is the most Micawberish of world leaders. Something will always turn up. Perhaps he hopes that a summer of public transport strikes, or another epidemic, or the fall-out from the nuking of Baghdad, will keep people at home through the English rioting season. The problems of Islamic militancy and international terrorism are being half-handled, or mishandled, or not-quite-handled, in exactly the same style as the problems they have replaced at the head of the public agenda. Meanwhile the problems that have been displaced are still there: still resolutely failing to solve themselves.

The endlessly reproduced sequences of movement that one sees in our leaders' tangoing are not limited to the accelerating charge across the ball room floor, the sudden jarring halt, the wrenching round of the face to stare in the opposite direction. Within the overall framework of repetitiveness there are subtler and less obvious rhythms of manipulation, of doctrine and data, of ideas and principles, of facts and statistics. In 'The Three Inflations', Christie Davies shows us how the game of secret harmonies is played with both criminal statistics and education. David Fraser, writing on the Home Office's 'What Works' community supervision programmes and Roy Kerridge on 'Black Youth' provide more narrowly focussed explorations of some of the issues Christie Davies touches on. Norman Dennis shows how the establishment libertarians misrepresent John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* and Timothy Kidd tells how *Jock of the Bushveld* has been rewritten – i.e. censored – the object in both cases having been to adapt these texts to serve latter-day purposes their authors might well have found questionable. Rodney Atkinson's piece makes a good case for supposing that there is a caucus of public officials who are quite cold-bloodedly at work to redraw the map of civilisation. Ron Capshaw's discussion of the mythologisation of Ernest Hemingway's politics seems to suggest the underhand dishonesty might merely be the result of the inevitable love affair between the conceit of professionals and intellectual voguishness. It is very difficult to judge the true motives of public figures, especially when most of the available evidence consists of excuses. Dean Cartwright at least is able to provide us with something that is in no way speculative: the thirty-two months he spent in a Spanish gaol before being acquitted on a murder charge by a Spanish jury is a hard fact. When readers study his letter they will reflect how unbearably hard thirty-two months in a foreign prison following the death of his fiancée must have been for him. The whole point about politics is that the Great Man's expansive twaddle becomes the Little Fellow's imprisoning reality. Even the Afghans realise that.

Justice: European Style

Dean Cartwright and Richard Body

The Salisbury Review recently received the following letter:

I am a non-Spaniard who was found innocent of murder by a Spanish jury trial. I did not kill my fiancée, as the Spanish alleged. Freda Macintosh was a disabled tourist who accompanied me on a holiday to Spain in February 1998. However on the bumpy flight she damaged her ribs, and so upon landing in Malaga she underwent an 'examination', by the airport 'doctor'. His appearance was filthy, he did not wear gloves, nor wash his hands, and he appeared to be intoxicated. During the examination Freda Macintosh protested violently at his behaviour and at one point screamed and stormed out in her wheelchair. She alleged physical abuse, saying that the doctor had pushed her ribs into her lung. She began hyperventilating. A later hospital x-ray showed that she was right. Two of her five broken ribs penetrated her right lung, which was now filling with fluid. The hospital doctor who took the x-ray put her into shock by telling her that she would 'die in Spain' if she did not follow his instructions, but by now she was terrified of Spanish doctors, so she refused.

Forty-five minutes later the doctor was proved right. On our way to telephone our doctor in England for advice, we got a nail in our car tyre and stopped to change it. Freda Macintosh got out of the car and in her extreme pain, and confusion, she rolled some fifty feet in her wheelchair across the lay-by and over the edge of a cliff that we didn't even know existed. My rescue attempt failed but I called the Red Cross, who found her still alive, but then she died in their care when she choked on the fluid build-up in her lung. The cliff has a long history of accidents and there are no lights, warnings or steel barriers.

The authorities now fabricated a case against me for murder. They claimed that I pushed her off the cliff in her chair. There were no facts whatsoever to back this up, so in a 'secret sumario' technique hung over from the Inquisition, they lost evidence; withheld evidence; failed to investigate or protect evidence; presumed guilt; wrote reports around impossible conclusions; falsified documentation; threatened me with contempt of court to make me sign documentation which I could not read, with no lawyer nor translator present; refused a reconstruction of the accident with the same type of wheelchair which shows that it rolls all the distance without being pushed; tried to bury the body in Spain; stole her body parts; threatened me with seventeen years imprisonment; denied me the right of *habeas corpus*; held me in maximum security squalor with heroin junkies for thirty two months without trial; censored my correspondence; forced me to a trial in a foreign language on hearsay, circumstantial evidence only; used 'doctors' with no forensic qualifications to lie about the time and cause of death so that the trial could be based upon an event which did not cause the death; and then denied me the right to a full defence by prohibiting all documentation from England, including medical records, our registration for marriage, character references and testimonies, and proof that I was not the beneficiary of the small estate.

Eventually, my lawyer rose to the occasion and brought in expert witnesses. The jury (jury trials are only a recent experiment in Spain and are only used for cases of murder and terrorism) realised that there was no 'motive' for a crime, and they insisted upon a valid reconstruction of events. When a wheelchair of the same type rolled the distance without being pushed by anyone, they found me innocent.

Sir Richard Body has told me that *The Salisbury Review* often carries articles on European policies and practices and my account therefore provides a concrete example of an abuse of fundamental human rights. I now passionately believe that people deserve to be made aware, if not warned, that one member of our European 'family' does not recognise these principles.

Dean Cartwright

Comment - Richard Body

Dean Cartwright's case could not have happened in England. Not even the most vile crime can justify anyone here being locked up in a cell for thirty two months, that is 1,000 days and nights in which he must have pondered in disbelief how his fellow humans could treat him in such a way.

A writ of *habeas corpus* is our protection. For centuries those responsible for enforcing the law have been told 'take him to court or set him free.' It is the reason why trials of serious cases where the magistrates do not grant bail take place much sooner than in Europe. But not for much longer. Having a single criminal code including the same rules of procedure and evidence is a logical necessity in what Helmut Kohl called 'one country-Europe'. A succession of treaties agreed at weekend summits and duly ratified by supine parliaments has taken us a long way towards the objective of converting most of western Europe into 'one country' economically and politically. The next treaty, due to be agreed in 2004, is intended to achieve one judicial system.

Britain and Ireland, in enjoying the protection of *habeas corpus,* are in a minority; and in harmonising the criminal law and procedure, the principles of the majority must be expected to prevail. Besides, *habeas corpus* in the ago-old conflict between the state and the individual always comes down on the side of the latter. So we need not be surprised that the writ has been swept away in *Corpus Juris*, the E.U's proposals for harmonising our law. *Habeas corpus* and trial by jury, which is also due to be abolished by *Corpus Juris*, have been instruments of reform. They have protected our constitution and enabled changes in the ways in which we are governed to be made in a very different manner from what has occurred on the Continent.

This may seem a strange claim to make. Nevertheless a student of England's history of the last two centuries will have no difficulty in naming a list of reforms that Parliament was initially loath to make. They did not come about. by sweetly reasoned debate. The Reform Bill, the extension of the franchise to every adult, women's suffrage, the abolition of the death penalty, the right to join a trade union and the subsequent trade union reforms, are among the examples. In each case laws, perhaps sometimes important ones were disobeyed. Civil disobedience was sometimes restrained but those who had the duty to enforce the law either turned a blind eye as policemen or took a lenient view as lay magistrates and it was not long before Parliament made the necessary reform. That was not the way it usually happened on the continent.

The jury also played a part. The jury is a microcosm of our democratic society. In summing up the case at the end of a trial, a judge will say that in considering the evidence they should use their common sense, their knowledge of the world and their understanding of human nature. The facts are for them and the law for him; and the paramount fact is whether or not the defendant is guilty. Anyone who has practised at the Criminal Bar knows that many a time the foreman of the jury has stood up and declared in a firm voice 'not guilty' when the judge has made it obvious that his view was the opposite. Occasionally, a jury reacts with sanguinary-mindedness to a judge who trespasses upon their role, but as a general rule, when a contrary verdict is given, it is because as a cross-section of the electorate, they believe the law is an ass (or at least needs amendment in the circumstances of that particular case) or they believe more merit is with the defendant than the prosecution – which is much the same thing.

Judges however act within the four corners of the law. That is what they are trained to do. That is also, they would say, their duty. So if the evidence falls within the defining terms of a criminal offence, the judge sees no room for manoeuvre, and only one verdict is possible. In practice, it is rather worse than that. A member of the jury answers to his own conscience and to no-one else. The Lord Chancellor's Department, on the other hand, keeps an eye on all the judges. Any who steps out of line will not only forfeit a chance of promotion, but risk a transfer to a different kind of court, where his hands will be tied. In the last half century only one judge stands out, having burst the bonds, to act like a common-sensical jury. That was the much-loved Lord Denning. And he did so only after reaching the House of Lords and becoming Master of the Rolls. Juries in a word represent Public Opinion, that amorphous thing which must be satisfied in any society with a pretension to being democratic. What is important is that the people's opinion should be expressed freely. Trial by jury is the safety valve which the Continental system lacks.

On to the Statute Book has gone a dozen or more crimes that could be stretched to justify an arrest, for even just shouting a slogan can be deemed a breach of the peace. In addition, some draconian laws are now being introduced in co-operation with the E.U. against terrorism – except its meaning has become extraordinarily elastic.

In today's world of strange paradoxes conservatives may be forced to join radicals in securing a change. They also may wish to raise their voice too loudly for the comfort of those set in authority. They should be warned of what has happened to reformers on the Continent even in states purporting to be democratic. Breaches of the peace in other parts of Europe – indeed even the most modest militancy – have enabled the authorities to arrest reformers and detain them in a prison for many months at a time. Perhaps in shutting them up in a cell, a campaign for reform has temporarily lost its leadership, and the momentum for change halted, but never for very long. They enter their cells as reformers and leave as revolutionaries. You can cork up a gaseous wrath for a while, but give the bottle a shake and the wrath will explode into what revolutionaries, not reformers, thrive upon. The Continent's history over the last two centuries provides the evidence. Over that time western Europe has known hundreds of political prisoners. How many has England known?

In a small state with a democratic constitution and a population of only a few million, wrongs can be righted with a speed impossible in the big state. The E.U. will indeed be a big state; and already we have seen how slow any reform call be. It has taken some thirty years to make any significant reform of the Common Agricultural Policy. Achieving any radical change of the kind readers may have in mind is going to be inordinately long in the E.U. Resort to some modest and well-behaved militancy will be inevitable. But when voices are raised too loudly for the comfort of our masters in Brussels, what will happen? The law will be heavier handed than it is today. That is one certain fact about the future when trial by jury, and the writ of *habeas corpus* have been swept away.

Sir Richard Body practised at the Criminal Bar for twenty years. Dean Cartwright was a lecturer in philosophy at the University of East Anglia

The Three Inflations

Christie Davies

Looking back from the twenty-first century it is clear that the key corrosive force in the British society in the previous century was inflation, or rather three inflations. In modern England inflation is a new phenomenon. In the latter half of the nineteenth century and the earlier part of the twentieth, prices were as likely to fall as to rise and there was a rough long term stability of prices except in war-time. In the 1870s and 1880s the real standard of living of the British worker rose, even though money wages did not, because prices were falling. The pound was literally as good as gold.

All this changed in the late 1930s, and it has been estimated that over 90% of all British inflation has occurred since the publication of Maynard Keynes' masterpiece, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money.* In 1936 Keynes himself understood full well the dangers of inflation, but his admirers were obsessed with the so-called paradox of thrift whereby too much saving supposedly led to unemployment. It was their Keynsian policies that debauched the currency in a way that would have dismayed Keynes and overjoyed Lenin. Inflation is theft. Long before Mr Brown's stealth taxes on savings that have destabilized company pension schemes, inflation was used by socialists to steal quietly from savers and people on fixed incomes, notably in the 1970s. Inflation is also fraud, for it arbitrarily redistributes income and retrospectively changes the terms of contracts in ways that could not have been predicted.

It is no coincidence that Britain's second mode of inflation also began in the late 1930s – the inexorable rise in the crime rate. From the mid 1950s onwards it was taken for granted that crimes both of dishonesty and violence would go on growing forever, just like prices, with the same horrible cumulative effect. Crime rates today are in real terms probably twenty times as high as they were in Edwardian England. This is not an artifact of better reporting and recording, but a reality, a product of the erosion of moral standards in parallel with monetary ones. Rises in crime are *also* new phenomena in modern England. Crime rates fell substantially between 1840 and 1890 and there was only a negligible rise in the number of crimes recorded before the mid 1930s when the rise in crime began to accelerate. Only in the mid 1950s, though, was Britain hit by a massive exponential increase in the incidence of crime which continued with minor fluctuations for the next forty years. The rise in violence and theft committed by individuals matched the pattern of theft and fraud committed by an inflation-mongering state. The state went soft on crime as well as money. Today the penalty meted out to a habitual burglar is but a fragment of what it would have been in 1900, and it takes a lot more crime to earn the criminal a year in jail than it did then.

It is very striking how so many criminologists of the 1960s and 1970s denied in the face of all the evidence that crime in Britain was soaring and seriously undermining the quality of life of the ordinary person and particularly of the poorest in society living in what now became thoroughly bad areas. The more wilful criminologists claimed that the inexorably climbing rates of recorded crime were merely the result of people being more able, willing and keen to report crime to the police and the police becoming more diligent and efficient at recording it. They claimed that there was no real increase in crime and no real risk to person and property. Anyone who claimed that mugging was becoming an increasing hazard in large cities was accused of creating a 'moral panic' and of unfairly labeling and stigmatizing the harmless flotsam of our gutters.

Most of these commentators whether social democratic or 'critical' criminologists were acting in bad faith. The social democratic ones could not face the fact that the beginning of the rise in crime in the mid 1950s coincided with the completion of the construction of the welfare state. Crime was supposed to be a product of need, poverty and deprivation and yet just as these were being conquered, there was an explosion in crime. It was an explosion that likewise denied the validity of the liberal reformist penal policies that they had espoused and showed the ineffectiveness of rising educational opportunity to stem it. Rather than see their theories and their ideology undermined they chose to deny that which was obvious to the ordinary citizen. It was only in the 1980s when unemployment rose and welfare seemed to be receding that they were willing to accept that crime was going up, for only at that point did such a rise fit their ideological prejudices about causation and fit into their policy presumptions. Suddenly victim surveys became fashionable and these confirmed that not all but a substantial slice of the rise in crime was real and only a part of it better reporting and recording.

Along with their 'critical criminology' cousins the pink progressives shared a fear that the ordinary citizen's perceptions of and indignation at the rising impact of crime would lead to stronger policing and heavier penalties. In order to block more stop and search and severer

sentencing they were forced to deny the reality of crime.

The old deniers used three techniques. The first was to say that present levels of crime were far lower than in the past, that medieval England was far more violent than our modern world (which it was) and that the eighteenth century had been a time of murderous riots, footpads and highwaymen, gin and assault. All this was irrelevant for as I had already pointed out in detail in 1985 the figures showed a U-curve of crime and not just of crime but of illegitimacy and drink and drug abuse as well. All of them fell heavily in the nineteenth century and remained low in the early part of the twentieth in a crime free, bastardy unprone and by the 1920s increasingly sober England. The true contrast to be made with the criminal Britain of the 1970s was not with the distant past but with the relatively crime free 1890s or 1920s or even early 1950s and this contrast showed clearly that matters had got a lot worse in regard to crime, illegitimacy, drunken behaviour and the new problem of serious drug abuse. It was clear that the building of a respectable Britain in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was being reversed with disastrous social consequences. It was a message that the rattled yet arrogant purveyors of welfare and 'liberation' did not want to hear.

Their second technique was to play the game of differential rigour. When studies seem to support the dominant left-liberal ideology however feeble the evidence or dubious the arguments employed, they are hailed as proof positive that progressive assumptions and policies are justified. However, if it is suggested that crime is rising or that the main cause of this is greater moral wickedness the degree of rigour is raised and an impossible standard of proof demanded. It is the familiar set of dishonest tricks that we have seen deployed in relation to such questions as the substantial innate differences in levels of intelligence between social classes, the dismal failure of comprehensive schools relative not just to grammar schools but to secondary modern schools, and the ethnic identity of those who racially harass respectable Asian shop keepers. Studies that produce the 'wrong' results are discarded or denounced because of minor flaws or uncertainties.

In this particular case it was demanded that the rise in crime that had taken place be proven with *total* certainty, a certainty that no one would seek in any other aspect of human life. Reasonable people were satisfied that it was highly probable that there had been a large increase in the volume of crime. The unwillingness of the progressives to accept this and their call for total certainty merely revealed their bad faith. Dust to dust. Rigour to rigor mortis.

The third inflation has been the inflation of qualifications. It has now been shiftily admitted that standards in mathematics have slipped far below the level they enjoyed in the 1950s, as difficult topics have been pushed to the margin. Yet if the standards in mathematics A-level have declined how can we possibly have faith in any of the other A-levels where it is easier to fudge grades and standards or in the newly invented A-levels that are not about anything at all? We have left the A-level gold standard as decisively and as irrevocably as we left the monetary gold standard seventy years ago. We have been told that mathematics will be restored to a sliver of its former glory, but nothing will be done to reverse the more general A-level rot caused by competition between the boards, with bad money driving out good. At all levels in secondary schools we have seen the replacement of substantial units of teaching culminating in traditional formal examinations held under strictly controlled conditions by fragmentary modules, tested in house and in all manner of bizarre ways known as 'alternative' methods of examining. I suppose the term 'alternative' is a fair term to use to describe the measurement of homeopathic levels of knowledge, understanding and skill possessed by most of the candidates. A heavy reliance on course work and projects inevitably means cheating and Interynetterydownloadery and even commercially driven plagiarism. Where there is a demand for an illicit good, there are always crooked entrepreneurs willing to supply it and they in turn drum up new demand. Those who can cheat, will and those who can pay will cheat best.

It is obvious to any unbiased observer that there has been steady inflation for some time. It simply is not possible to increase the flow of A-level candidates and to have steadily improving grades since the additional new candidates are likely to be on average poorer than the ones who would have sat in the past. The marginal candidate is just that. Grade inflation is the only feasible explanation of the plethora of As and Bs. Everyone has won and all shall have prizes even if their value is expressed in plummeting Euros. It is called excellence without exclusion. Those responsible in each case are governments who have used inflation as a means of deceiving the voting public. It is governments that have controlled the printing presses that have run off more and more banknotes and educational certificates and sponsored the reckless expansion of both monetary and education credit.

The progressives were again outraged at the very suggestion that school standards were falling and qualifications devalued by inflation. They used the familiar trick of demanding absolute proof and denying the validity of any study based on incomplete data. Since much of the relevant information had been disposed of because no one had sought to keep it to measure trends (some had wanted it out of the way for fear of what it would reveal) this was an impossible demand. What we can say is that it is highly probable that examination standards are far lower today than in the late 1950s. The bad faith of the criminologists is thus matched by that of the educationalists. The educationalists have perpetrated the best of all possible frauds, one in which everyone appears to win – at least until the bubble

bursts. The candidates who get more and better pieces of paper are happy, their parents vote willingly for the corrupt politicians who created the system that rolls out educational Andrex like a warm puppy, the schools use these confetti triumphs as vindication and the suits who run education make it an excuse for demanding gongs fit for heroes and the salaries of portly felines.

In the secondary schools there is a clear link between two of our inflations. It is impossible to maintain the higher standards of the past, because a substantial minority of the pupils are the same delinquents who have brought about the rise in crime and bastardy. They are not willing to work and succeed themselves and they make it more costly and sometimes impossible to teach the others. It would be better, cheaper and fairer to exclude them altogether, preferably by lowering the school leaving age to 14 which would make it possible to chuck persistent violent trouble-makers out permanently rather than being transferred elsewhere to wreck another school. In an era of devalued moral standards no government is willing to do this.

All morality involves exclusion. A society without limits to its inclusivity is by definition morally rotten. It is a society which perversely penalizes the virtuous by inflicting the vicious upon them. Those pupils who have been prevented from learning by the hooligans whose disruptions are endorsed by the politicians are of course blameless so they have to be compensated by the state with worthless certificates. Such certificates were brought about by the replacement of O-levels by 'comprehensive' G.C.S.E.s, a logical extension of the comprehensive idea that led to the aptly named 'all-in' schools. Anyone who doubts the power of the good old O-levels, should remember that the liking of John Major for Jeffrey Archer was rooted in their common achievement of three O-levels. It was a true measure of value. The slide downhill was accelerated not impeded by the introduction of an inane national curriculum designed by people of putty at the behest of powerful fools in which a 'science' is compulsory but need not be a difficult or even a recognizable science . The parroting of tendentious nonsense about the natural world will do and the question 'but is it true and how do we know?' is never asked. A language is insisted on but only a smattering, enough to go to Boulogne for the day *pour le shop-lifting* . It is paper trebles all round and yet, ironically, it is the widespread and growing availability of these devalued pieces of paper that confirms the drop-outs in their own total worthlessness. They can not even manage to achieve a qualification signifying nothing.

Each form of inflation has of course two aspects, a dialectically linked and opposed rise and fall; each involves a collapse of standards and a pulling down of one of the pillars of society. Inflation, as the word is conventionally used, sees prices going up and the value of money and of savings going down. The standard by which we judge our economic transactions has been stretched and distorted over time. The inflation of deviance sees crime rocketing up and the usual penalties awarded for everyday crimes such as burglary or mugging falling. Standards of honesty and public order have faded and the penalties by which we judge and gauge serious wickedness have become exiguous. Qualifications inflation sees more certificates handed out and their value is risible as the standard by which we judge competence collapses. In each case we have lost the most precious of qualities, trust, we can no longer trust our money nor our fellow citizens' integrity, nor their qualifications.

To a large extent the inflations are the result of policies formulated by governments of all complexions out of reckless expediency and shaped by amoral crusaders among their advisers. Many of these policies were also driven by that peculiar English variety of socialism that accepts the fruits of capitalism, but is 'passionately committed to equality'. Blair's Blairist ancestors including the doubly foul-mouthed chain-smoking Anthony Crosland who swore that he would 'destroy every f**king grammar school'. Using a slight variation on his vocabulary we can now introduce a new verb 'to croslandize' an educational system meaning to 'muck' it up completely.

English socialism sought to destroy the old order of thrift, knowledge, culture and respectability in order to confer equality on the thriftless, the ignorant and the feckless. Monetary inflation enhanced by taxes on saving is a way of redistributing money from the bees and the ants to the slugs and the grasshoppers. The inflation of qualifications, the process of dumbing up, erodes real cultural capital as decisively as financial inflation does the value of savings. Policies that reduce the penalties for crime and provide perverse incentives for deviance are likewise an attack on morality, a way of making the rough the equals of the respectable.

The last half of the twentieth century was largely an inflationary disaster yet in the 1990s things stabilised somewhat. Monetary inflation has been kept below 3% and will remain that way unless we waste more money on education than can be raised even by dishonest taxation, or join the Euro. Many property crimes are declining because the population is ageing. Burglary and car theft are a young man's game. The elderly do not hold up banks and service stations. Cynics will also note that the current dip in crime both here and in America is a long run consequence of the increased availability of abortion which takes the potentially feckless off-spring of actually feckless parents out of circulation. It is not a conclusion that will please either pro-lifers or those ideologically opposed to the idea that undesirable traits can be inherited. The examiners have reduced the rate of inflation in qualifications and perhaps even temporarily stabilized standards at a low level.

Yet it is necessary to be wary and pessimistic for the twenty-first century. The strong economic growth of the

1990s is fading away yet government expenditure is rising fast on the basis of plans made in more prosperous times. The result will be accelerating inflation.

If unskilled young people are brought in from abroad by the government to restore the country's demographic profile, crime will rise again with the re-younging of the population, particularly if they are drawn from countries with much criminality rather than from countries with law-abiding traditions. One trend only now being acknowledged, though it has been in evidence for some time, is the high incidence of crimes committed by children against other children – assault, theft, mugging and sexual abuse. These crimes are not picked up by victim surveys that only question older people. The child victims are afraid to report what has happened to them except perhaps to their parents. In tough areas the parents are too afraid of reprisals to do anything and middle class parents are enfeebled by their own political correctness and sheer lack of bottle. If an adult harms a child there is outrage and panic but if a child harms a child everyone looks the other way because the alternative is to appear punitive to the children who are the persecutors. Yet for the child beneath the harrow why should it matter what the age of the ploughman is? Does it hurt less because a violent or sexual assailant is twelve rather than twenty three? As a greater proportion of crime comes to be committed by children there will once again be more crime and less punishment.

The Blairist emphasis on inclusiveness and recruitment by post code will likewise set off a new downward spiral in education this time concentrated in higher education. No one will be allowed to fail and in consequence the certificates that indicate passing will cease to have either value or meaning.

We have long since lost the world of stable money and stable moral and educational standards that was Britain's ideal and to an extent achievement. We will soon be a society in which no one can remember what it was like or believe that it ever existed.

Christie Davies' next book is The Strange Death of Moral England *(Transaction, New Jersey).*

Doubts about 'What Works'

David Fraser

Results from the Home Office 'Pathfinder' programme involving experiments with 'What Works' style community supervision programmes, involving cognitive therapy aimed at changing the way offenders think, are expected sometime in 2004. Both the Home Office and the Probation Service have recently dropped broad hints that the expected results will show that the programmes have been effective in reducing crime and are a viable alternative to prison.

However, the Crime and Society Research Association believes that such claims should be treated with caution. Firstly the track record of these 'What Works' programmes has been disastrous. Their high reconviction rates of between 70% and 80% for the offenders concerned show that not only have they failed to protect the public from crime, they may have put them at great risk. What is even more significant is that their high reconviction rates are based solely on those offenders who were caught and so only provide a hint of the extent of their failure. Viewed against the 5.5% crime detection rate their true re-offending rate must be nearer 100%. Had the offenders concerned been sent to prison the public would at least have gained 100% protection from them whilst they served their sentence.

Arguments found in Home Office research publications provide pointers that they will compute their results by comparing the actual reconviction rates of offenders supervised on the 'What Works' programmes with their theoretical 'predicted' reconviction rate. Their intention is to use this statistical device to produce results which can be presented as a 'success'. However, such comparisons involving theoretical projections are a red herring. From the point of view of the safety of the public the only relevant question is – how many of the offenders supervised on these schemes continue to commit offences? To date, based on the two-year follow up period, the answer is almost all of them. A leading academic 'What Works' exponent, whose highly influential book, *What Works: Reducing Re-offending*, J McGuire, (1995), argued strongly in favour of these offender programmes, was compelled, only two years later, to publish what amounted to a retraction of his former argument. In 1997 he wrote 'it is recognised that in criminal justice settings, the re-offence rates of any pre-selected group will accumulate steadily with the passage of time'.

We already know that thousands of people have been victimised by the persistent offenders being supervised by the probation service on such programmes. For many this has resulted in the loss not only of property including irreplaceable family and personal items, but also of their peace of mind. Despite these failures, the

Home Office have set the probation service a target of supervising 70,000 offenders on 'What Works' programmes over the next few years, under the aegis of its 'What Works Pathfinder Scheme'.

The comparison of actual and predicted reconviction rates of 70,000 or more offenders will enable the Home Office to present their results in such a way as to trap the unwary into believing that the programmes have 'reduced offending'. In recent public statements both the Home Office and the Probation Service have already anticipated the 'results' of this so-called 'research' at least two years ahead of its publication. Their unsubstantiated projection is that these 'What Works' supervision programmes will achieve a '5% reduction in offending', and the Director of the National Probation Service has declared that this 'will be achieved by accredited What Works programmes'. How can they possibly know? And even if this claim were reliable, which it isn't, the 5% would be an insignificant reduction from the 90% re-offending rate suggested by Home Office statistics.

Even the National Association of Probation Officers (NAPO), not usually known for self-criticism, has warned that such practice can only debase genuine research enquiry. But that of course is the point. It is not genuine research. There are no control groups and the random allocation of offenders to 'What Works' programmes is not possible in a criminal justice setting. In fact, every effort is made to choose offenders for the schemes. The purpose of this statistical manoeuvre is to provide the Home Office with justification for pursuing an anti-prison programme which ignores reality and threatens the safety of the public.

To understand their motive behind the 'What Works' programme, it is important to recognise that a fierce ideological campaign has been waged for at least 30 years by some academics, Home Office officials, the Probation Service and the anti-prison lobby in the UK. The purpose of this campaign has been and still is to persuade the public to support an anti-prison stance in response to crime, and to allow the majority of persistent offenders, unmotivated to reform, to roam free in the community.

It is important to realise that in pursuing this campaign they are following a set of a priori ideas, or an ideology, about how they think offenders should be treated; they are not interested or motivated by hard evidence from the real world. For example, David Faulkner, doyen of the anti-prison lobby, has publicly stated that 'prison is full of people who have committed minor offences – normally theft – and who are more of a nuisance than a danger to the public'. To trivialise theft as 'minor' and only of nuisance value could only be possible for experts completely indifferent to the often long-lasting and harmful effects of such crimes on their victims. The anti-prison lobby organisations also make unqualified claims that 'prison does not work' and that it 'makes offenders worse', and they pointedly ignore the official record which shows that millions of people are victimised by criminals being supervised in the community,

In the late 1970s and early 1980s the anti-prison lobby's campaign suffered a set-back because the weight of research published at that time showed that community penalties aimed at reforming persistent offenders showed that in fact 'nothing worked'. Then in the 1980s they were thrown what they saw as a life-line. Research from North America purported to show that community programmes which were run on the basis of certain identified principles (known as 'What Works' principles) could show an effect on the behaviour of those who attended them.

This conclusion was not arrived at in a straightforward manner. Those involved knew that a major stumbling block to these results being taken seriously was that they were the result of amalgamating hundreds of different and often small programmes with different objectives and criteria, many of which were not even concerned with crime. Bringing the data together in this way was regarded as necessary because viewed separately, results from hundreds of different, small programmes which showed 'nothing worked' could, when put together in one big equation, show an overall statistical 'effect'. This 'effect' was eagerly interpreted as meaning that the programmes had some influence on the behaviour of those who attended.

However, treating different data from a myriad of different programmes as if it were from a single source meant that the differences had to be 'ironed out' using statistical but entirely artificial means. Nevertheless this technique, known as meta-analysis, offered a way out of otherwise insuperable problems for those who wanted nothing more than to be able to offer 'proof' that persistent offenders could be supervised effectively in the community.

Thus it was that from the early 1980s onwards the UK was bombarded with meta-analysis results of North American programmes purporting to show 'evidence' that community supervision of offenders based on cognitive behaviour techniques 'worked'. The probation service and others in the UK who identified with this line of thought did not approach these claims objectively. Rather, they seized upon them as a bolster for their unrealistic ideological claims about the ineffectiveness of prison and the effectiveness of alternative sentencing of offenders, and to this end a number of offender group work programmes were run in the UK under so-called ' What Works' principles. As previously indicated the results were disastrous, with officially recorded reconviction rates of between 70 and 80% for the offenders concerned. The obvious gap between these stark failures and the 'What Works' claims from North America was ignored. The UK researchers reported these failed 'What Works' programmes as 'successful' and Probation Committees, judges, magistrates and others

were targeted with this misleading propaganda.

During the early 1990s in the wake of these dire results officials in the Home Office and the Probation Service played a confusing double game. They continued to portray these 'What Works' experiments as 'successful' but at the same time they let slip that they knew there were significant problems which undermined their credibility. This gave rise to a number of confusing reports from the Probation Inspectorate which also failed to make the all-important distinction between re-conviction and re-offending. The latter refers to all offences committed by an offender, whereas re-convictions refer only to those that have been dealt with by a court. It follows that researchers cannot know about re-offending, as the probation service, unlike the prison service, does not provide 24-hour surveillance of those under its supervision.

Firstly, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Probation (HMIP) reported that 'there was evidence that offender group work programmes run on "What Works" principles were successful in reducing crime', even though no such evidence was ever produced. Secondly he argued that these programmes should be rigorously evaluated 'to see if they worked'. This 'double-think' was then encapsulated in the Home Office's 'What Works' Pathfinder programme. This directed that the Probation Service should put forward offender group work schemes to the Pathfinder panel for 'accreditation'. Once accredited, they could then be run and their results 'evaluated' to see if they worked. This was despite the fact that the Home Office emphasised that only group work with offenders planned on known 'What Works' principles would be accredited, because these principles were drawn from 'What Works' style supervision programmes with 'proven success'. Not surprisingly, magistrates and others soon fell victim to the confusion caused by the circularity of the Home Office's thought processes, and many took 'accreditation' to mean that there is evidence that the programmes 'work'. Nothing could be further from the truth.

However the panel's real but undeclared purpose is to ensure that all the programmes are run in a uniform way so that their results can be combined and analysed together. Thus the Home Office researchers will be free of the criticism levelled at the North American data that it had to be statistically manipulated in order to analyse it.

In its construction of this confusing apparatus the Home Office ignored the fact that no one has been able to identify the so-called 'successful' programmes from which 'principles' were supposedly drawn. If it was really true that persistent offenders could be 'programmed' to behave in a law-abiding way, civil libertarians would no doubt be shrieking in horror at the bogey of Communist-style brain-washing, but of course the claims of the proponents of 'What Works' programmes are totally fatuous. Professional psychotherapists who employ group work techniques have recognised how difficult it is to achieve behaviour change even with highly motivated and fee-paying patients, and that not infrequently it is impossible. With persistent offenders unmotivated to reform, such programmes have no chance of success. The evidence of the failure of community supervision for persistent offenders is overwhelming and unarguable and, alas, totally unacceptable to the anti-prison ideologists both inside and outside of the Home Office. The impenetrability of their 'What Works' campaign seeks to hide this from the public. It is vital that magistrates and judges are provided with accurate information concerning the results of 'What Works' schemes for offenders so that, when sentencing, they can properly protect the public from offenders who would otherwise continue to prey upon them.

David Fraser is a retired Senior Probation Officer, and the Director of the Crime & Society Research Association

Sophist's Corner

The new 'racial equality' legislation applied to schools marks a possible start in bringing to an end the inherent racist character of English institutions, just as the proposals to outlaw religious hatred are a small start along the path of tolerance. But do we not now need a Commission for Religious Equality to ensure that all educational establishments are numerically representative of the diverse faith and non-believing communities, and that there is comparability in examinable outcomes for all?

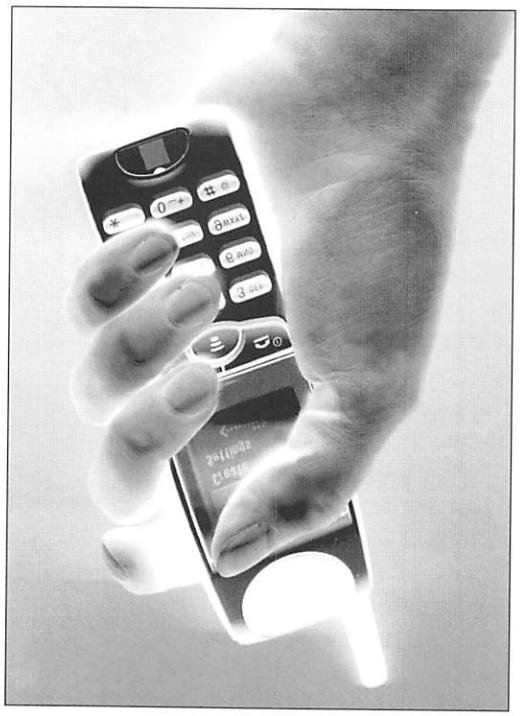
Letter in Times Educational Supplement

Saying the Unsayable

Roy Kerridge

Whenever role models and mentors for wayward young men are mentioned, it is quietly understood that we are talking about black young men, the sort who have no fathers. No one in the public eye dares to speak his thoughts on the people known (with a shudder) as 'Black Youth'.

Well-behaved teenage sons of West Indian families are not regarded as 'Black Youth', and are ignored by public opinion and its makers. It's a wonder that so many youths are well-behaved, when they see how the bad boys are courted and flattered by the Powers That Be. 'Black Culture' itself, as popularly understood, just means the tastes of the bad boys.



Some bad boys were brought up by their fathers, some were not, as with all boys. Many a lad with a father at home wishes his father were elsewhere. Spare a thought for the good black young man, on whom white prejudice can be safely vented. His is often the fate of the one well-behaved boy in a teacher-baiting class, the one boy whom the frenzied teacher feels safe to pick on.

Although many bad boys, of all colours, have had unhappy childhoods, their fortunes change as soon as they feel stronger than adults. They become so uproariously happy as they swagger around creating mayhem that it would be foolish to feel sorry for them. You had better save your pity for yourself, should you have the misfortune to run into them.

Talking of foolishness, the 'mentor' scheme seems particularly absurd, if you think about it. If a boy wants a real mentor, or adult friend, he'll find one; if not, a bad boy who can escape from the police won't have much trouble shaking off a mentor. A 'black youth' I know named Kelvin hangs around the post office on pension day. One day, after a long absence, he reappeared in his usual haunts accompanied by an adult mentor. This mentor was a middle-aged white man with sidewhiskers and spectacles. He seemed unable to believe his luck at being allowed to befriend a 'black youth', and gazed at Kelvin admiringly.

'Stay here, I want to buy something!' Kelvin ordered the mentor, as he went into the post office to reconnoitre. Emerging, he saw a friendly drug dealer, and so ordered the mentor to 'Go over there! Look the other way!'

'But why?'

'Do as I say!' Kelvin commanded, as if to a disobedient dog, and the mentor obeyed. I don't think that the mentor scheme is going to work.

Although half the young men of England seem to be engaged in crime, the Black Youth and the White Youth have different styles. The White Youth will beat you up if you catch his eye, or if you politely ask him to stop smashing a phone box. He will rarely rob you on the street, preferring always to break into your house or car. White Youths often beat people up, or kill them, for having the wrong colour skin or football scarf, but seldom for gain. Those left for dead still have money in their pockets.

Black Youths, on the other hand, attack inoffensive passers-by and rob them. You might think that a Black Youth is a safer bet, as if you hand over your watch and money he'll go away. Wrong! Having robbed you, the Black Youth, or Youths, often seems to take a sadistic delight in maiming you as much as possible. It is for this reason that Black Youth are regarded with terror by most white and Indian city dwellers. My sister, who lives in Harlesden, was once surprised to see crowds of Black Youths running out of Macdonald's and dancing up and down on the pavement in paroxysms of joy, shouting, whooping, laughing and beaming at one another. When she saw what they were looking at, she felt sick. It was a corpse. An elderly white lady had been killed on the spot by a hit-and-run driver, and this was the source of their amusement.

Incidentally, at almost the same spot, I witnessed the unedifying sight of middle-aged respectable-looking West Indians pleading with an old white lady who held

a black thirteen year old girl's arm in a vice-like grip. 'Just this once, mistress! *Please* let her go!' they begged, as the girl's mother wailed and the girl herself stood mutely defiant.

'I saw her take my purse – it's in her pocket!' the old lady repeated firmly. 'Unless she gives it back, I'll hold her until the police come.'

At that moment the police *did* come, and in her surprise, the old lady released the girl, who walked calmly away, not looking to right or left. 'That's her', I whispered, and the purse was recovered.

Harlesden is normally a friendly place, though plagued by gun vendettas between Black Youths. Such murders or woundings are invariably described in the local press as 'black on black violence'. The inference seems to be that black on white violence is normal and healthy, but black on black violence is nothing but a waste of man-power. Crimes of Black Youth can only be read about in local papers, for national dailies seldom mention them, obviously in obedience to editorial policy. Brent and Hackney local papers, part of the same chain, blandly report five or six crimes weekly, each mis-spelled paragraph ending 'police are looking for a black young man'. If the police were on the beat, the crimes may not have occurred at all.

Black Youth, and the fear they inspire, cast a shadow over London life. Fear of Black Youth is the Fear That Dare Not Speak its Name, in case that name may be 'Racist'. Because some white people condemn *all* black young people as violent robbers, other sensitive souls are afraid to condemn *any* black people. It is obviously a mistake to fear every black young person you see, but it's only commonsense to fear some of them.

'Racist' is a catch-all word that lumps together the skinhead thug on the prowl with the nervous office girl who hopes she can get home without having her handbag snatched. When her handbag *is* snatched, the victim often feels deeply ashamed of being a 'racist', and says 'I was attacked by some youths who just happened to be black.'

If a 'racist' is someone who believes that one race is superior to another, the poor mugged woman is a 'racist', of a type unrecognised. She believes that the Black Youth is superior to herself, and so he is, in brute force, which is all that seems to matter nowadays. No one is in terror of their inferiors – the bad Black Youth is king. He is truly Respectable, in the new meaning of Respect – that is Fear. The good youth, like most good people today, is unnoticed and unappreciated. Huge sports centres are not built to appease good youths, though good youths do use them. No job structures or mentor opportunities owe their pension schemes to the actions of good youths.

If people dared to speak openly of their terror of Black Youth, it might clear the air. Newspaper cartoonists depict 'muggers' as skinheads, never as Black Youth. Mention is often made of London's 'Rolex Robbers', but there is little mention of the fact that most of them are black and have graduated from being schoolboy pensioner-robbers. Many old people, not least John Aspinall, have been helped on their way to the grave by Black Youth. Actor Leslie Phillips's mother was killed by black ten year old schoolboys. The tragedy of young black men shot down in their prime of life is all-but ignored by the Press, in a most unfeeling way. Has 'anti-racism' made the Black Murderer sacred?

Many middle-aged West Indians are unaware of the extent of Black Youth Terror amongst white people. It is no use saying 'The Black Community must put its house in order.' Are West Indians supposed to form their own police force? An elderly Jamaican I know was attacked from behind and robbed by Black Youth in Harlesden. He has been frail in health ever since, yet all the police apparently told him was 'Bring out a private prosecution.' Do the police believe so strongly in a 'Black Community' that they think all black people know each other?

If people dared to speak openly of their terror of Black Youth, it might clear the air. Many old people, not least John Aspinall, have been helped on their way to the grave by Black Youth...

Black Youth Terror girdles the world, from Chicago to Cape Town. In Sierra Leone, British soldiers were held captive by a gang with the California-like name of West Side Niggaz. Short of banning rap music worldwide, I don't know what should be done. The cause and the cure for Black Youth Terror are both unknown to people of any colour. If we could admit that such a Terror exists, it would be a start.

If sensitive white people stopped worrying about their own racism, it would help them overcome irrational terrors. ('Agh, that man's coming at me with a knife! This could make me a racist!') It's like worrying whether or not you've gone mad. If you really *have* gone mad, you won't know it.

Meanwhile I'm going down to the post office, keeping a weather eye out for Kelvin, mentor or no mentor.

Roy Kerridge's book Subjects of the Queen *will be published by Duckworth*

The whole duty of government is to prevent crime and preserve contracts

Melbourne

John Stuart Mill misused:
Drugs Legalisation and On Liberty

Norman Dennis

In a society in which the term 'multicultural' is so often used, there is surprisingly little discussion of what a culture is, and how we distinguish one culture from another. This is partly because 'multiculturism' is used with two different emphases, not infrequently by the same people who switch from one to the other as the occasion demands. In one of its uses it belittles the importance of cultural differences, for otherwise the idea that we can all live in harmony would be damaged. In another the importance of cultural differences is emphasised, for otherwise the argument against assimilation to the host society would be weakened. Those who wish to protect minorities are anxious that both elements in the term should be retained, for it enables them when necessary to enjoy the benefits of the logical fallacy called 'changing horses in midstream'.

A culture exists to the extent that a given body of people share a set of beliefs about this world (and often about the next world), agree on the appropriate ways of in which people should act in the light of those beliefs, and do in fact act in those ways. They require each other to accept those beliefs and engage in those forms of conduct. They successfully pass the beliefs and ways of acting on to generations below them. How far any set of people have their own 'culture' is an empirical question. Sets of people can be placed along a cultural continuum. At one extreme there are those sets of people who show a state of near 'anomie', the absence of shared beliefs and rules, and few similarities of conduct. Near the other extreme there are those sets of people, a whole society or a community or association within a society, with many strict rules governing role behaviour, deeply internalised so that opposition is simply not to be thought of, and great uniformity of behaviour of people occupying such roles.

Where sets of people do form cultures, one of the most important general ways in which they differ from one another is in the role allocated to rationality. Max Weber, the German sociologist, distinguished four cultural uses of rationality. In two types of culture rationality plays relatively little part. One of Weber's non-rational types of culture is that in which tradition controls what people believe and feel, and how they conduct themselves, compliance is with 'the authority of the eternal yesterday'. In the other type of non-rational cultures the emphasis is on emotional responses to situations. These cultures are characterised by the high value placed upon emotional responses, not 'do what thou willst', what you will, but 'do what your feelings tell you to do'. 'The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.' What for Blake was a proverb of Hell is a proverb of approval in culture that highly values the expression of personal states of emotion.

In two types of culture rationality plays a relatively large part. In one of these types people subscribe to a few overpoweringly important beliefs and behave in accordance with a few overpoweringly important principles of conduct. Weber called these 'value rational' (*wertrational*) cultures. What these values are varies greatly from culture to culture, but a typical example in principle would be a culture subscribing seriously to the values of the ten commandments, whatever in the circumstances your own interest demands, you must not steal, you must not commit adultery, you must not tell lies, you must keep the Sabbath day and so forth. Another example of a value rational complex is 'patriotism' as it existed at the time of the second world war: Britain was 'worth dying for', though not quite as much as in 1914, in 1939 it was still sweet and fitting to give one's life for one's country. Some cultures place a high value upon fidelity, honesty, sobriety, fortitude and so on, values to which all must adhere, even when adherence is highly disadvantageous to the given individual. Each individual conducts his life rationally within the constraints of the society's 'sacred' or quasi-sacred values, including rational ways of sacrificing himself or herself, at a heroic level Marie Curie, at a mundane level the working-class man obtaining a steady job in order to fulfil his duties as a father. Whatever the particular values, they are summed up under such notions as 'principle', 'honour' and 'dignity'. William Cobbett, the nineteenth century radical, was horrified by the idea of having the disease of an animal injected into his veins, cowpox, just to save his life. It was below his dignity. To the extent that such imperative values are taken seriously and acted upon, to that extent the culture is a 'value-rational' one. How wide the gap is in one society or another between ideal and achievement can only be determined empirically.

From the point of view of the given individual, the fourth type of culture is one in which people are fully rational in their beliefs and conduct. The objectives of life are not given either by feelings, traditions or a moral code. The individual calculates for himself what is in his own interest, rightly or wrongly, prudently or foolishly. If his actions affect no one else, then his actions are nobody

else's business. In economic terms he attempts to 'equalise utilities at the margin', a little more of this, a little less of that, without overriding commitment to any single value or any other person. But the calculation is not merely economic. Whatever mix of personal rewards he decides suits him, by giving him what he believes will be the maximum of overall satisfaction, that is the mix he will choose. The culture, that is, is one characterised by what Weber called *Zweckrationalität*, 'the rational conduct of the person with regard to his own self-defined ends as well as to the technically most effective available means to obtain them'. Every choice is governed by a 'cost-benefit analysis' of one's own proposed course of conduct.

But the idea of maximising total utility by equalising all marginal utilities is here much wider than the utilities of economic commodities, for included in the calculation are the emotions. Love, hate and fear are to a greater or lesser extent brought within the total cost benefit analysis (by experiencing fear in the cinema, by hating at a safe distance, by loving for the time being and so forth, and generally getting the strongest feelings at lowest cost to oneself). One of the cheap ways of obtaining feelings of personal well-being, instead of through the arduous and risky channels of concrete personal achievement and service to others, is to gain direct access to the chemicals that control the pain and pleasure centres of the brain. Some of these chemicals, unfortunately, have the unusual characteristic that they do not comply with the otherwise almost universal law of diminishing marginal utility, the law that says that the more that you have had of a particular thing, the less pleasure you get from each additional unit of it. (The search for and consumption of Mars bars rarely dominates any person's life. Crack cocaine can easily do so.)

A culture that values principles of conduct is vastly different from a culture that values only individual autonomy.

In recent discussions about the legalisation of at-present illicit psychotropic drugs John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* has been cited by the *Economist* as its authority for the legalisation of illicit drugs. Mill wrote in *On Liberty* that 'The sole end for which mankind is warranted individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any other member is self-protection. His own good, either physical or moral, is not sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forebear because it would be better for him to do, because it would make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise or even right. ... Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.' Written in 1859, at the high tide of economic liberalism, it is an almost pure statement of Weberian *Zweckrationlität*. In the 1850s, of course, the *Economist* was liberalism's most important journal.

Unfortunately for today's *Economist*, if it had moved one or two lines away from that much quoted short passage in either direction, it would find that *On Liberty* is much more about a society of high principles than about the right of each individual to go to hell in his own way. First, Mill makes it clear, both in *On Liberty* and elsewhere, that the application of his principle of the sovereignty of the individual where his conduct has consequences only for himself depends on the circumstances of the time. In general terms, he holds views on the appropriateness of liberty to different cultures that would be attacked as racist or xenophobic if he expressed them today. Liberty, he writes, is only desirable in societies where the population has become, and then remains, 'capable of being improved by free and equal discussion'. This capacity of 'being guided to their own improvement by conviction of persuasion' has been 'long since reached' in England and some other countries, but not elsewhere.

There are other societies, Mill writes, that are in a 'backward state'. When dealing with them, despotism is a legitimate mode of government. Among 'barbarians', and in societies where we find 'the race in its nonage', compulsion in the direct form of pains and penalties inflicted by the State for non-compliance is admissible as means of driving people to act for their own good, and not just, as in 'civilised societies', for the security of others . For Mill it was an empirical question of whether any given society had this capacity for self-improvement without compulsion. Within any society, the application of his principle depended upon the capacities of the given person. People who 'require care by others must be protected against their own actions'. His doctrine applies, he says, only to people 'in the maturity of their faculties'.

It was in his view a peculiarity of England at the time that he was writing that legal control was hardly a problem at all, the unrest of the Chartist years had died away, and 1859 very nearly marks the peak attained by the *laissez-faire* State. He was specifically concerned with an increasingly powerful Victorian public opinion, demanding and securing more and more morally rigid controls by communities and organisations. He did not deny that many of these controls were desirable. A strong movement had set in towards the improvement of morals, he wrote, and 'much has actually been affected in the way of increased regularity of conduct and discouragement of excesses'. But control of personal conduct by a narrow puritanical public opinion had grown to be excessive. In these circumstances 'the mere refusal to bend the knee' to prying and censorious neighbours was, Mill said, 'itself a service'.

At least in Mill's opinion, and that is all that is relevant when we consider the anachronistic use of his arguments from *On Liberty*, mid-Victorian England was characterised by a high propensity to obey the laws of a decreasingly despotic State, and to comply with a community opinion, moral within its limits, but one that was inhospitable to the higher virtues. In 2001, by contrast, so far as community control is concerned, oppressive morality scarcely exists. 'Moralising' and 'judgmentalism' are

words of generally negative connotation. British teenagers are now western Europe's heaviest drinkers and smokers and its most enthusiastic what used to be called fornicators. So far as the State is concerned, British teenagers are the most criminal young people in western Europe.

The most effective argument today for taking it easy with young delinquents, and young users of illicit drugs is that it is now in practical terms impossible for the police to do anything to control them. Both public opinion and the State are ineffectual, and therefore both the moral and legal towel should be thrown in, in defeat and despair. That is the complete opposite to Mill's argument for liberty in 1859. The population was law abiding, and his argument was that community control was too pervasive and too effective.

Secondly, the sovereignty of the individual is not Mill's only principle. 'All that makes existence valuable to anyone', Mill says, 'depends upon the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people. Whenever there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to [another] individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty and placed in that of morality or law'. Some rules of conduct, therefore, must be imposed — 'by law in the first place, and by opinion on many subjects that are not fit subjects for the operation of the law'. What these rules should be is, Mill says, the 'principal question in human affairs.' In many cases, Mill writes, 'misplaced' notions of liberty prevent legal obligations from being imposed where they were fit subjects for the State. For Mill it was 'a self-evident axiom' that State coercion should 'compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen'. On the subject of fatherhood, he said that for a man to act in a way that might bring a child into existence, without being already prepared with the mother, to look after that child materially and emotionally was a 'crime', and that therefore 'the laws which, in many countries on the Continent, forbid marriage unless the parties can show they have the means of supporting a family do not exceed the legitimate powers of the State.' He does not discuss the drugs that are now strictly controlled (they were freely available until 1868), but his approval of legal punishments for various misdemeanours associated with the misuse of the problem drug of his day, alcohol, and his disgust at drunkenness, do not indicate that were he alive he would join the *Economist* in its current campaign.

Thirdly, in *On Liberty* there is no trace of the notion that people have a 'right' not to improve themselves, still less the right to damage themselves. For Mill the damage that people do to themselves is an unavoidable but nevertheless wholly deplorable by-product of the absence of legal and of diffuse social control. The sole *purpose* of the absence of legal and social control, for Mill, is to facilitate self-development and serviceability to others.

Arguments for withholding State and community control from people personally neglecting their own powers of self-development, damaging themselves, or underperforming in their social roles, based on the principle that 'over his or her own mind and body the individual is sovereign', are commonly put today. The fact that the editor of one of the most respected journals in the world, the *Economist*, has adopted that principle as taken-for-grantedly decisive for the legalisation of all presently -illegal drugs (with the possible exception of crack cocaine) suggests that the principle is in cultural terms, to use the phrase dear to the neo-Marxist of the 1960s and 1970s, now 'hegemonic'. The *Economist* argues for legalisation partly on the non-libertarian prediction that, pragmatically, legalising their use will make it easier for the State to regulate the supply of and the demand for drugs. But away from the *Economist* the argument is often taken even further. Not only is control inadmissible, so is any person's adverse opinion on another's socially irrelevant conduct. To hold such an adverse opinion, I was told recently by a senior journalist of a quality Sunday newspaper, is to be 'like the Taleban'.

But these conclusions from the principle of the individual's sovereignty over his own body, rendering illegitimate any expressions of judgement on the socially irrelevant behaviour of others, were utterly marginal to Mill. For Mill, the case for tolerating diversity was only that it enabled people to 'grow up to the mental, moral and aesthetic stature of which their nature is capable'. His aim was the flowering of 'mental vigour and moral courage'. His emphasis throughout *On Liberty* is on the absence of State and community control that ensures that as many people as possible will stand 'on the higher eminences of thought'. Self-indulgence, the neglect or violation of reasonable social rules, and succumbing to the appeal of chemical intoxication were unfortunate by-products of the absence of State and non-State community control, not their justification.

Mill was overwhelmingly concerned, not with the evils of moralising as such, (Mill does nothing but moralise), but with the *narrowness* of the Victorian public's range of virtues, which prevented the flowering of virtues of a moral elite. He condemns Victorian morality not because it was judgemental, but because its judgements were not sufficiently elevated. Again exposing himself to present-day condemnation for his cultural absolutism, the purpose of liberty was not to allow people chill out in peace with the chemical of their choice, but to release those 'energies guided by vigorous reason' that had created 'the greatness of England'.

Finally, Mill did not deny at all that community control was desirable over behaviour that affected only the individual concerned. Purely from the point of view of his own private welfare, a person can act stupidly and self-destructively. If other people think that is the case, they might be wrong, they can properly offer advice and employ persuasion. They can properly display their

'dislike and disapprobation' of the sovereign individual's choice. They can legitimately shun the sovereign individual in disgust at the choices he or she has made . Where only their own interests are affected the sovereignty of individuals means for Mill only that the coercive power of the State has no role in a society that has proved itself capable of self-improvement without State coercion, and that apart from any action of the State. In such a society, one whose members are self-improving without the State, where the individual persists in his (perhaps superior) choices in the face of advice, disapproval, contempt and social exclusion, there must be no 'compulsion' to make him change his beliefs or behaviour. If being persuaded, despised and shunned are included in the definition of 'compulsion', then clearly Mill means no 'compulsion worse than these things'.

The absence of State and community control was only appropriate in a society that actually did use that absence of control for the self-improvement of the population and the adornment of the community by public service. Some communities have never reached that stage. Other communities have declined from it. He had a strong sense that a free people can through indolence, carelessness, cowardice or selfishness render themselves once more 'unfit for liberty'. Civilisations of free people, he says, can be faced with threats to their culture, and triumphantly and creatively overcome them. But that is not by any means inevitable. Some, Mill says, fail to meet these challenges to their morality successfully, and become 'so degenerate that neither its appointed priests and teachers, nor anybody else, has the capacity, or the will to take the trouble, to stand up for it'. Presumably he did not exclude a future England from this fate.

Norman Dennis is currently studying the struggle between the advocates of drug permissiveness and their opponents.

Broad Swords and Sweet Liberty

Penelope Tremayne

The loud love of peace terrifies me more than any battle-cry.' So wrote D H Lawrence, getting it right for once. Wars, like earthquakes, are wholly undesirable; but reluctance to battle is no shield for defenders. The western world has been putting its faith in peace processes for too long.

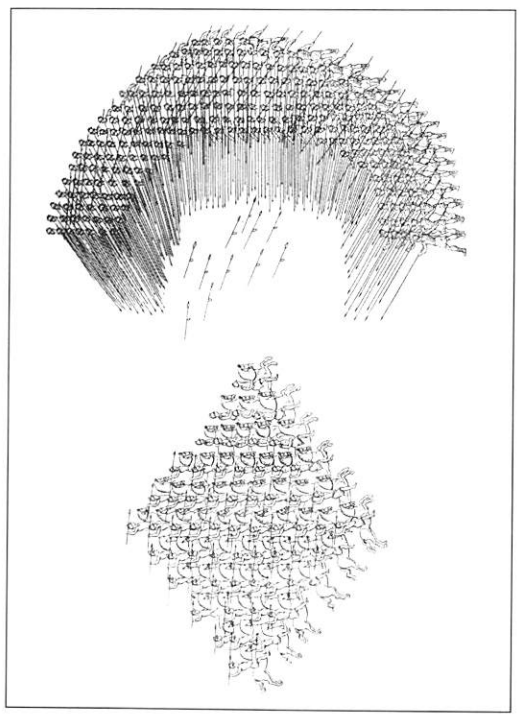
Should we go to war because bin Laden, (a Saudi Arabian Moslem self-appointed cleric and capitalist billionaire), having contrived in 1994, with cash, arms, and manipulation, to oust from Afghanistan its president (an Afghan Moslem scholar) and his government, and its replacement by the Taleban, then contrived the murder last September of about three thousand people, mainly Americans?

No. Disgraceful as all that may be, it is not our affair. But what is very much our affair is the murder of our friends. The declared intention of the organisers of the New York atrocity is to wipe out 'capitalism' in the name of Islam – an interesting objective, since the Islamic states have adopted so many capitalist practices, and some of them are so greatly enriched thereby. Surely if it is now a virus that must be destroyed, they should begin at home – possibly with their own oil-wells? But it was not 'capitalism' that was wiped out on 11 September, it was people, capitalist or otherwise.

Before going on, a word may be needed about who, and whence, the Taleban are. After the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan (December 1979) the Sheikh-ul-Islam declared a jihad against them, which the USA and some others wished to, and to some extent did, support. But alas, the *mujahideen* were divided into seven main groups, and the setting up of an effective channel for help needed a decision on who should be at the receiving end. Unluckily the three most effective groups all used the word 'Islamic' in their titles; and this led to a mistaken American assumption that they were 'fundamentalist' – a word of dread. While the USA hesitated, and let slip several good opportunities, including one to back the pick of the bunch, Mahsood, the Saudis poured in gold and weaponry to their chosen groups, along with agitators to infiltrate the refugee camps which, by 1984 or so, held something over 3 million Afghan refugees, mainly women, children, and old men, inside the North-West Frontier Province of Pakistan. (This area, known as the Tribal Territories, had been left largely independent under the British, who dealt with it by individual treaties with its own Khans, or Princes. After independence, Pakistan came to a rather similar arrangement.) By 1994 the refugee children (mainly Pathan, for obvious geographical reasons) were grown men and teenagers; and those of bin Laden's Arabs whom Pakistani governments had ineptly let in, along with the arms, had spent seven years and more in filling their heads with explosively 'fundamentalist' propaganda and training them to repossess an Afghanistan which should then be absorbed by Saudi Arabia. They formed in short a ready-made and armed guerrilla force under Arab leadership, which further

managed to seize the main weapons stocks the Soviets had left behind. Named 'Taleban', they went on to seize Kabul from Prof. Rabbani's government and its military commander Ahmed Shah Mahsood, in a strikingly bloody siege. (To-day Mahsood tends to get blamed in the press for the destruction of Kabul: unfairly, for his government was legitimately elected and he its defender.)

Now it is very right and natural that idealistic young men, especially if they are brought up in places like Liverpool or Luton, should long for heroic action and even martyrdom. And here is where the political shift shows, under the cloak of holiness. They could have been martyred just as well by going to join the Northern Alliance, without disloyalty to either Britain or Islam. But that was not explained to them in Luton or Brixton – although some Moslem leaders did speak out wisely and bravely. And the Northern Alliance were rightly not recruiting here. Sad to say, the germs of propaganda are much more easily spread than the seeds of common sense. A good example of this from the past is the campaign against the war in Vietnam: it succeeded through insistence that *all* war is utterly wrong (except apparently when waged by the Viet Cong), and that the suffering it causes is intolerable to anyone of sensitivity or heart. But the real point at issue, under the moral cloak, was that the USA must not be allowed to impede the forward march of Marxism in south-east Asia. Thanks to operational ineptitude and emotive television coverage, millions took the message to be entirely one of ethics; and the cost of the mistake in south-east Asian lives at the hands of south-east Asians, quickly grew past counting.



Nor has the lesson yet been learned: the loud lovers of peace are at it again, in this country and elsewhere. Our own government, realising we must stand by America but afraid that Old Labour may not like the idea and the far left may make awkward use of it, has been trying to convince us that our troops are in Afghanistan not to help root out terrorists but to prepare for Mr Blair to choose and impose a 'democratic' regime on 'the Afghans' (who include at least three, some would say four or five, mutually irreconcilable races); and that this futile proposition is what makes any fighting there all right. This is nonsense, of course: imposed governments are not democratic, and anyway it in not for Mr Busybody Blair to choose who shall govern the Hindu Kush. As for whether or not America and Britain qualify as enemies of Islam: very obviously we do not, and in Britain we have a thriving. hard-working, peaceable and mainly respected Moslem minority, some of them more patriotic than some of the rest of us. All the sadder to read of young men among them having been urged, like those refugee children on the North-West Frontier, to fight and die for a bogus parody of the Faith. Something here is seriously out of kilter.

The Churches' own guidelines for identifying a just War are not widely discussed these days ('Eastenders' gets more coverage, and in our incubator-raised liberal society the Chancellor's criteria for joining the euro doubtless seem more 'relevant'.) Not many years ago a Churchman came to write, in a volume on morality and modern warfare:

The justice of the cause is irrelevant; ... no individual state may presume to take even the cause of justice into its own hands... Warfare undertaken on the sovereign decision of the national state is an immoral means for settling grievances and for altering existent conditions.'

And he went on to argue that, should *'existent conditions'* be unjust enough, things which are immoral if done by you or me, or by a nation, will be all right if done under cover of a much larger, vaguer approval. This is hard to swallow. Does, say, a mugging done by a couple of thugs become right if other gangs go in with them? And who will say how many thugs are needed to make it so? An unanimous decision by the UN will not make two and two into nine. Nor can it be just a matter of what we kill each other with – though some of the NBC weapons are still, thank God, more than most of us can stomach. Killing is killing, whether we do it hand-to-hand or by remote control (the girl pilots might find their job harder to do with a garrotte than with an F14). And guilt is individual, much as hunger or heroism are. It is individual guilt that knocks the feathers off the soul, not collective.

We all know that war is, by and large, hideous and cruel and a tragic waste. But now and then it becomes necessary, and the talking has to stop. Then, who actually does the fighting? Not international bodies, but you and I, who have to when the chips are down. And I do not believe as Freud, that great guide, philosopher and fiend from the howling wilderness did, that we fight for the sake of releasing aggression: that has more to do with the animal exertions of the football terraces. We do it either to right what we think is a wrong or in uncomplicated defence of what we love. This can be seen very

clearly when it comes to recruiting: it is not our baser instincts that must be appealed to when we are needed, but our higher ones: love and loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice. Most of us do not throw our lives away for whims and the few who do, be they racing drivers or suicide bombers, tend to be either show-offs or loners, not happy members of a baying pack. Nor is the average fighting man more driven than others by greed, hatred, desire to crush or dominate. He is mostly an ordinary steady-going sort, reasonably patient and self-disciplined (he would not be of much use otherwise), who fights because it is a job worth doing and because, at some level, he would like to see justice done. He does not fight or die to get rich, but he believes that justice lies with the side he fights on. If not, he will not stay long behind the gunsight – which is why enemy propaganda during wars aims not at scaring him off but at eroding his faith in his cause. At rock-bottom ordinary men and women give their lives for others, not for themselves.

We also, odd as it may sound, die to keep our word. Wars of alliance are fought, and have to be, for the keeping of that mutual trust which is the base of all civilised life. We can and do blame politicians when they take us into treaties that produce trouble (not that blame ever averts consequences), but there is no trust, therefore no civilisation, where promises are given and not kept.

... if capitalism is now a virus that must be destroyed, they should begin at home – possibly with their oil-wells ... I do not believe as Freud, that great guide and philosopher did, that we fight for the sake of releasing aggression.

I believe we mislead ourselves in thinking of war-making as something we do on purpose, like an act of adultery or charity, and later pretend was an aberration, as adulterers and givers often do. I submit that war is a condition, like wetness or cold: a normal condition of primitive human life. It prevails if certain things are not done, or done wrong. Most animals live in a state of perpetual war, or at best armed truce, for all their sometimes tranquil appearance (war too, it will be remembered, is nine-tenths boredom). Peace is a product of law and order, but hard to sustain, and our frequent relapses into war are results of neglect or ineptitude. Their eyes being misted with dreams or dazzled by their own glory, the demagogues get lost among the tussocks, and the primal swamp condition, war, re-engulfs their hapless countries. Political leaders are far likelier to act in pursuit of personal power than generals are: war is too serious a matter for gambling.

'It is the irrational that leads to conflict,' Lord Carrington remarked a few years ago. It is hard not to sympathise with the passionate pacifism which argues simply: war is wicked, without weapons it cannot go on; so I will live and die unarmed and *tant pis* if no-one follows me. Between the two world wars, sickened by the bungling and slaughter of 1914 - 18, almost anyone could be forgiven for putting hope in disarmament and peace pledges, and keeping eyes shut. But something nightmarishly worse than war arose from that: organised, extermination of millions in the names of National Socialism, Scientific Socialism, etc., as matters of policy, as if men and women were lice. But time passes, and lessons are forgotten, and last September it was as if they were lice that a few thousand odd civilians were wiped out.

This long step backwards is, I think, a direct (and foreseeable, if not foreseen) consequence of the collapse of faith during the last century. Christianity had given us certain, basic decencies of life which have now largely been discarded as tedious or unrealistic, but leave a vacuum. Whether Islam too is now collapsing inwards in a question worth asking. (Why has no Islamic state come to Rabbani's aid? Well, what's in it for the boys?) Bin Laden's declared personal aim, to wipe out America, is not a very admirable one, and to preach it while making full use of all America provides, be it biotechnology or the internet or Coca-cola, surely carries a strong whiff of hypocrisy. But that will hardly worry his acolytes as long as he is seen to be in the ascendant – as he certainly was to many, for a few hours, and still is, to more than a few. Human nature being what it is, no location seems so attractive to it, or so naturally right, as the winning side. If bin Laden and his lot are cleared away they will be followed by others of the same sort, as always. All the more reason why the west should give up its cherished pretences that it cannot distinguish terrorism from legitimate wars, and fight the present one to a just and much-needed finish.

Penelope Tremayne is a writer on political and military subjects

ERRATA

In SR Winter 2001:

p.13 Line 13
$37 should be $57

p.43
The title of the book should read
Never Ones for Theory.
England and the War of Ideas

p.49 line 23
Christopher Hitchens should be Peter Hitchens

Islam: Our problem in the 21st Century

Alfred Sherman

Up till six months ago it would have been true to say that comparatively little attention had been paid to Islam in recent decades. What attention has been paid has been on the whole Panglossian, fuelled by conviction of convergence, the supremacy of reason and of multifaith and multicultural accommodation. The events of Sept. 11 and their welcome in large swathes of the Moslem world should have served as an awakening call here, but have yet to do so. It is time to point out that far from converging, Islam and Christianity, or Post-Christianity, or the secular world, or 'The West', or whatever we call it – and thereby hangs a tale – are growing further apart. 'The West' must pose searching questions, primarily of itself and only secondly of Islam. For 'The West' crisis of identity constitutes a greater threat to its survival than al-Qa'eda's present and future assaults and machinations, however ugly: civilisations are rarely destroyed from outside.

For centuries, Islam was treated here as a threat and competitor to Christianity. From Islam's first irruption, its history was one of expansion by conquest and conversion, to which Christianity reacted as best it could with varying degrees of success. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when technological backwardness caused by intellectual stagnation led to most of the Moslem world's conquest at the hands of the West, there was no reconversion. Islam retained its grip, while Christianity's in its own heartlands weakened. Islam is still expanding: in Europe and North America by migration; in the Balkans and Africa.

In the space of a few decades the whole political has situation changed radically. The Moslem world, encompassing a fifth of mankind, came to full and uncontested independence in several dozen sovereign states. But this cannot easily be described as a happy ending. The Moslem world is in crisis. Political independence has not brought with it well-being, but the contrary. Hopes of constitutional progress have remained unfulfilled; democracy and the rule of law remain as far away and alien as ever. Population increase has not been matched by growth in resources.

Mass urban unemployment is a social blight creating riot-fodder. Corruption is the rule, undermining economic development and social stability. Though oil wealth in some Moslem countries has increased to undreamed of levels, with scope for further increase, very little has flowed into either well-being or economic progress. Instead it has flowed into comparatively few privileged pockets and massive corrupting arms deals. Saudi Arabia, the foremost Aladdin's cave, is on the verge of bankruptcy from overspending and overborrowing. If oil flows from Soviet and other non-Moslem sources are permitted to bring prices down for any period of time, Saudi Arabia's chronic indebtedness could bring about economic crisis and possibly break-up of the kingdom. In a number of countries, including Algeria and Egypt among others, elections cannot be held because they would bring victory for the Islamic extremists. In the case of Egypt, this can be calculated from the results of elections to professional syndicates. In Egypt the ulema are riding high, while the use of criminal sanctions to enforce religious orthodoxy has been growing. Pakistan and Bangladesh, heirs to British India's order, teeter between unworkably corrupt parliamentary regimes and military dictatorships lacking legitimacy and long-term stability. Criminal sanctions, judicial and extra-judicial killing are commonplace.

Malaysia is kept stable by the need to accommodate the large Chinese minority on whom prosperity and indeed economic viability depend, but hankerings after a more robust Islamic regime are strong. The same holds good for Indonesia, which did not stop short of genocide in East Timor and is doing much the same in the Moluccas. Though Islam benefits from Western liberalism, its own in-house political philosophy is totally illiberal.

Though corruption and abuse of power are the rule rather than the exception worldwide, the increase in corruption in the newly enfranchised Moslem world is a guarantee that the gap between it and the West will continue to expand. In this context, the question why Islam continues to strengthen its hold in spite of its relatively weak social performance in many sectors cannot be avoided. It continues to promote high levels of personal satisfaction and religious devotion irrespective of social outcomes. Gender relations are central. In the West, ever since the middle ages, gender relations have modified, generation by generation. In the Moslem world a comparable process has been much slower, but until recent decades it had been in the same general direction, in as much as there was any change at all, and the consensus was that it would continue. But now reaction is setting in.

Egypt is as ever the most significant, with its sixty-five million inhabitants, its central role in Arab culture, its large economic and military presence and its ten per cent Christian minority, traditionally among the most Westernised and talented. Its exposure to Western ideas

and institutions from the Nineteenth Century onwards together with its large Christian community made it a leader in liberalisation. Its regression in recent decades is therefore all the more disturbing. Liberals are putting up a fight, but they have lost battle after battle on issues like veiling by coercion and female genital mutilation, which infiltrated Egypt from the horn of Africa; scope for free enquiry on religious matters set the tone in Egypt and at a remove in much of the Arab world.

In Egypt power has lain with the Army since Col. Nasser's revolution in 1952. The army cannot permit free elections for fear of letting in the fundamentalists who would set up their own shariya monopoly of power. Among other things, the fundamentalists would destroy all pre-Islamic antiquities as inherently sinful, whereas they are a major source of Egypt's foreign currency income which no Egyptian government could afford to sacrifice. The fundamentalists oppose the present peace with Israel and close relations with Western powers, including the USA, whereas the Army needs American money and arms. In country after country, the fundamentalists are not necessarily the majority or the most powerful, but in many cases they dominate by default.

Why Islam's development should be so different from Christianity's takes us into the realm of philosophical speculation, and I make no claims to originality. In their early centuries Islam and Christendom seemed to run parallel. Then, the Christian world took off, quite late in historical time – when did they finally stop burning heretics? – whereas Islam stagnated. Inquiries among Moslem thinkers as to the causes of Islam's plight came down to the need for greater piety.

Movements for change and liberalisation in Islam have lacked body in spite of having outstanding literary protagonists. You might conceivably argue that by the Western calendar Islam's dark ages have several more centuries to run and there is little we can do to hasten the process. At all events, there is no point in holding up counter-measures for fear of generating hostility. Arguments around the Moslem world's reactions to the American-led campaign against the Taleban and al-Qa'eda have so far shed no light. My own assessment for what it is worth is that American firmness has mitigated the power of Moslem reaction.

The philosophical basis of Western reactions stands in need of clarification. First, there is the issue of the presentation of bin Laden's extravaganza as purely aberrant rather than an extreme version of general Moslem phobia against Christians, Jews, Hindus and against Western capitalism, Western democracy, the United States. Bin Laden has gone no further than the 'Great Satan' denounced by Khomeini, who had his following and still after his death dominates Iran and Lebanon. Secondly, we return to the question what is 'The West', apart from being the target of bin Laden, Khomeini et al? There is strong resistance to defining the West as Christian. But if so, what is it? What are the Western values in whose name we act, fight and kill? The West is now democratic, at least since the Second World War. But democracy describes a system of government, not society's content. By most definitions, democracy is quite recent, whereas most Western societies, their traditions, values and essence go back much further, and await, or defy, description. No Moslem society has forged a democracy, with the possible and partial exception of Turkey, which wants to be a secular European society. Are all the rest to be cast into outer darkness, or are there other means of defining, measuring and distinguishing between acceptable and unacceptable? There are polities which respect international law and those which do not, like the Sudan and Nigeria.

The development of modern Western society was essentially unplanned and self-defining. Many aspects are deplored by Conservatives, but accepted *post factum*. That we refer to it as 'The West' rather than Christendom or some *tertium quid* is indicative. And till yesterday, 'The West' was more often counterposed to 'The East' in the sense of the Soviet bloc, or even the Communist third of the world, than to Islam. By now Russia and its appendices are hovering on the edge of the West, as indeed they were before Stalin, with the prospect of re-joining it, and the antithesis of 'the West' is Islam. But is a geographical expression sufficient definition. Can the West's Christianity be omitted without undermining its relevance?

The problem is enhanced by Moslem migration into Europe and the USA. Moslem migrants enjoy all the rights denied to Christians or heterodox Moslems in Moslem states. It could hardly be otherwise. But as a result there is a solid disciplined Moslem Community in Britain of over two millions in a position to exert influence at all levels. Recent reports on Moslem riots, though they do not use that brutal expression, face a quandary. They deplore the existence of parallel communities, but can neither call on Moslems to become Englishmen or Englishmen to become Asians. The fact that mass Moslem immigration into Europe and America is producing intractable problems is taboo. Yet it is the beginning of wisdom. The longer it is shirked, the more turbulent the effects of finally facing up to it.

It is in many senses a new problem, except perhaps for the experience of Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece and Israel, *mutatis mutandis*. A better term than immigration would be colonisation. How these new colonies grow, preserve their identities and establish themselves requires objective study. According to Home Office demographers, present processes will lead to the English becoming a minority in their own country, and Christianity a minority religion. This is the stake.

Sir Alfred Sherman lived for some years in the Middle East and studied Arabic and Arab nationalism.

Yard-arm to Yard-arm:
CS Forester versus Patrick O'Brian
Geoffrey Bewley

Naval novels have fans everywhere. In Hollywood, for instance, Charlton Heston enjoys yarns of sea fighting under sail, C.S. Forester's, Patrick O'Brian's:

'From the beginning, critics compared O'Brian favourably with C.S. Forester, long considered to be the master marine novelist,' he's written. 'O'Brian is the better writer, "by a long sea mile",.... Not only in overall naval knowledge and a deeply saturated sense of character, dialogue and period, but with a sure feel for comedy totally absent in Forester's work, O'Brian eclipses his distinguished predecessor.'

That's a fair summary of one side's case in one of today's longer-running literary disputes. All the pund its and academics keep on trying to tell us about modernism, postmodernism, structuralism, poststructuralism, Marxism, feminism, metafiction, hyperaesthetics and Angst. But out in the real world, real readers debate whether Forester or O'Brian is sounder on ship-handling and gunnery. Is a French frigate more at risk when she's trading broadsides with Horatio Hornblower, or when she has Jack Aubrey tacking past her stern?

C.S. Forester's Hornblower novels have been the yardstick for modern naval fiction for nearly three-quarters of a century. Squadron after squadron of hopeful emulators have set sail in his wake. Some have shown up better than others, but today O'Brian is the only one who is reckoned to have matched or bettered him.

Forester said he wrote Hornblower stories one by one, as the ideas came to him. A neat trilogy in the Thirties showed Hornblower in mid career as a captain. Two books in the Forties showed him as a squadron commander, a knight and a peer. Three more a little later covered his early years at sea. Forester plugged more gaps in the series later, and the last Hornblower novel was half written when he died in 1966.

By that time, Hornblower was a book hero in the Tarzan, Sherlock Holmes class. Publishers had seen room for a few more Georgian naval heroes. New writers mightn't be up to Forester's standard, but it was obviously possible to be worse than Forester yet still pretty good.

Showell Styles and James Dillon White got under way in the Fifties. Dudley Pope, Adam Hardy, Ellis K. Meacham, Alexander Kent were part of the same wave as O'Brian, in the Sixties. C. Northcote Parkinson wrote a set of naval novels in the Seventies, and a full-scale biography of Hornblower as well. Richard Woodman and others have appeared since. Even in the age of missile submarines and spy satellites, there's a lingering taste for cutlasses and carronades.

Forester had first pick of the more interesting side issues, and he came up with bomb ketches, treasure diving, red-hot shot, Nelson's funeral, Spanish galleys. He didn't see any need to have Hornblower present at any of the great fleet actions of the time. He made William Bush a Trafalgar veteran, but he left the battle off stage.

Later writers showed scores of British victories against odds in single-ship actions, just as in real life. Every hero fought his share of the forty-year round of blockade work, convoy defences, stern chases, shore bombardments, with breaks for piracy, mutiny, espionage and intrigue. All round the coast of Europe, there's hardly a single haven that hasn't seen a sheltering privateer cut out for a prize, or a single beach that hasn't felt the bare feet of a landing party on a mission of destruction.

These careers overlap sometimes. *The Commodore* is a late series Hornblower title, and a late series Aubrey title. too. In *The Hundred Days*, Aubrey's baffled by a glimpse of a white flag on a French warship, but readers who know Forester's non-Hornblower novel *The Captain from Connecticut* will guess what's what. Richard Woodman's sea hero's name is Nathaniel Drinkwater, which is near a parody of the great archetype's.

In *Master and Commander*, Jack Aubrey's first command is the odd little brig-sloop *Sophie.* She's a renamed Spanish prize, the brig *Vencejo.* Actually, *Vencejo* was a real ship, a real prize, and she met her end in 1804 under her original name. She put up a brave defence against a swarm of French gunboats, and her captain died in suspicious circumstances in a French prison. Showell Styles told the true story in *Vincey Joe at Quiberon.* O'Brian's book came out in 1970, and his came out in 1971.

In the Fifties, O'Brian wrote two very good sea novels for boys. They didn't make the impression they should have, but they gave him a footing in the field. The year after Forester died, editors asked him if he'd like to try a shot at filling that gap. O'Brian did a bit more homework, and *Master and Commander* got his series started.

As a late starter, O'Brian had some advantages. He could look back over the whole Hornblower series. What could he learn from that example? How close to that model did he want his own series to be?

In an article on Forester, William Golding pointed out how tricky life could be with a hero whose career had to

run part of the time in reverse. O'Brian dodged that sort of complication. There wouldn't be any adventures of a junior Jack Aubrey. In the first book he was a senior lieutenant getting his first command, and the others ran on serially from there.

This got O'Brian into a different sort of fix in later years. *Master and Commander* was set in 1801, so Aubrey had to fit in all his fighting between then and 1815. O'Brian found he had more stories to tell than he had left room for and some slightly unhistorical stretching of time was called for.

Other naval heroes in fiction then tended to be measured off Hornblower. O'Brian cleverly found himself a chap who wasn't really much like Hornblower at all. Jack Aubrey is bigger than Hornblower, more outgoing, less reflective, not quite as bright. He's more like a bigger, brighter version of Hornblower's follower Bush.

This makes Aubrey sound like a fairly moderate sort of hero, but he's not O'Brian's only hero. His partner in adventure is Dr. Stephen Maturin, a scatty Irish naturalist who's heavily involved in intelligence work. When Aubrey's not hammering French frigates or running down prizes, he's often putting Maturin ashore for meetings with secret agents.

Maturin's a skilful medical man, and he sails as Aubrey's ship's doctor. Aubrey's crews are amazed at his skill at patching them up after the violence of the King's enemies has torn them apart. Otherwise, when he's not scrapping he's studying or dissecting any part of any dead man or beast that he can lay his hands on.

Maturin is brighter than Hornblower or Aubrey. He's an equal partner to Aubrey, not just a follower and friend like Bush. There's a rather clever balance to the relationship, with Aubrey a lion afloat but a duffer ashore, and Maturin a fox ashore but a duffer afloat.

Right from the start, the Aubrey books offered as much gunnery and sailing and seaworthy detail as the other naval novels in Hornblower's wake, along with a lot of interesting extras. Some reviewers liked O'Brian's fresh approach, but others measured him strictly against Forester and found him wanting. But readers who liked his books tended to like them very much, and for twenty years he kept writing for that hard core of fans.

In 1990, O'Brian's luck suddenly turned. Sales on both sides of the Atlantic were boosted by powerful reviews. Most of the other early post-Hornblower naval novelists had dropped out of the running. Now he wasn't being counted as a naval adventure novelist, but as a serious literary novelist who happened to write naval adventures.

O'Brian's fans were delighted by this hard-earned success. From then on, every new Aubrey book's arrival was a notable event, solidly promoted. Critics seemed almost desperate to make up for decades of neglect. For about ten years, it was widely accepted that Forester had been outmatched at last.

Then Forester struck back from beyond the grave. Hornblower stories started to be adapted for television, with great success. *Mr. Midshipman Hornblower* was launched as four 100-minute teleplays, and *Lieutenant Hornblower* was reported to be on the stocks. Nice young ladies in bookshops say sales of Hornblower books now are booming.

O'Brian published the twentieth Aubrey novel in October, 1999, and he died in January 2000. He'd taken his heroes to the end of the French wars, and on through new adventures on the South American coast. Like Forester, he left a last series novel under construction.

The Hornblower books run as a series of books. The Aubrey books run more as one single immensely long novel, cut up into book-sized chunks. Thanks to his disorderly order of writing, Forester was able to round off Hornblower's career several times, with the end of the French wars in *Lord Hornblower*, the end of Boney himself in *Hornblower in the West Indies*, then the end of his sea service in the same book. A late short story shows a new Napoleon heading into a future out of Hornblower's reach.

O'Brian might have wound up Aubrey's career after Waterloo, but it seems he couldn't bear to stop writing. Instead of retiring ashore like Hornblower, Aubrey and Maturin have run on out of sight into a misty future. It's not so dramatically neat, but fans will be grateful to O'Brian for keeping them under way as long as possible.

O'Brian's books run longer than Forester's, so his series is more than twice as long as Forester's. Is it better stuff than Forester's, too? It's possible to argue that the case for O'Brian has been pushed a bit too hard lately, and the case for Forester hasn't been pushed at all. How do they really match, point by point?

First, the naval setting. That's what really matters in most naval novels. They're like the best sort of science fiction, where the setting is the whole point of the thing, where plot exists to show up the background and characters exist to man the plot. Naval novel fans will see a book with lightly done characters and a solid background as a good job, and a book with heavily done characters and a weak background as a dud.

As far as getting things right goes, it looks like a dead heat. Nobody ever seems to have nailed either of them for getting stuff wrong. Both give more than a full measure of technicalities. Forester puts in what's needed. and then a bit more. O'Brian puts in what's needed, and then a whole lot more, as if he can't bear to let a single line of research go to waste. This tends to slow the story and set the exciting bits a bit farther apart, but naval-minded readers are likely to see it as a fair swap.

Besides that, O'Brian gives a lot of space to Maturin's doctoring and nature study. Beyond that, Aubrey and Maturin spend a lot more time ashore at home than Hornblower does, getting into financial scrapes, for instance, or resisting the enclosure movement. Their relations with their womenfolk are much more complicated than Hornblower's with his.

In theory, there's a danger here of slipping too close to

mainstream fiction. In fact, O'Brian's side issues mostly pull their weight. Hundreds of thousands of O'Brian fans can't be wrong. The enclosure movement may not be as fascinating as the average frigate action, but it's obviously fascinating enough.

Where character is concerned, O'Brian's said to be in front. It's true he has twice as many full-scale heroes as Forester, but aside from that there isn't really so much in it. More characters appear in O'Brian's books, and that's not surprising, seeing that there's twice as much space for them. But they're generally shown like comic bit characters in Dickens, not in depth or detail.

Aubrey's cheeky, grumbling steward, Preserved Killick, has a fine comic name, but is he actually any more plausible than Hornblower's run of stewards aboard the *Hotspur,* the cowardly Grimes, the incautious Doughty, the awkward Bailey? Even at the top of the ladder, Maturin's lasting ignorance of naval matters comes to seem a bit overplayed. It's funny to start with, and later, too, but it's hard to believe he can resist learning so steadily, and for so long.

Sometimes O'Brian seems to shy away from giving us full weight. In *The Thirteen-Gun Salute,* the villains Ledward and Wray are talked of a good deal but they're only given three very brief appearances on stage, twice living and once dead, and they don't get to speak a single word. This is plausible but a bit disappointing.

All the pundits keep on trying to tell us about modernism, Marxism, feminism, metafiction and hyperaesthetics. But out in the real world, real readers debate whether Forester or O'Brian is sounder on ship-handling and gunnery

In the last chapter of *The Hundred Days,* a lucky shot from a Moorish galley kills the brave sailor Barrett Bonden. O'Brian covers this in a very few words, in the sort of tone held use for the serving of a slice of plum duff at dinner. A few pages on, Aubrey reflects briefly on Bonden's death. Maturin isn't shown noticing it. Bonden's been in the series from the first book, and he's a chap with claims to the reader's affection. Seeing him got rid of so briskly, the reader's likely to feel he's been given less than his due. When Hornblower mourns Bush in *Lord Hornblower*, after Bush's death in a boat action, the reader feels that's the right sort of send-off.

As far as humour goes, O'Brian certainly packs in more of it. But Charlton Heston's wrong about Forester's lack of feel for comedy. Think of Hornblower in *A Ship of the Line* on reading the Benediction, or in *The Commodore* with Bush's wooden leg thumping the deck over his head, or in *Lord Hornblower* getting into a temper with his stockings. These are light breaks in fairly serious books. The Kaiser's war had taught Forester's generation that war was a serious business.

Actually, it's possible to argue that Forester gets the balance of humour just about right, and O'Brian sometimes doesn't know when to stop. Bears seem to bring out the worst in him. Pratt the thief-taker disguises himself as a stuffed bear when he arrests Don Diego Diaz the Spanish spy in Sir Joseph Blaine's library, in *The Yellow Admiral.* Aubrey is disguised as a dancing bear, with Maturin as his keeper, when they escape from France into Spain in *Post Captain.*

Their prose styles are nothing alike. Forester's doesn't often stray from plain, clean, serviceable modern English. It's a safe vehicle for all those salty technicalities, and only a very dim reader could ever have any trouble catching Forester's drift. It's the sort of style William Bush would be happy with.

O'Brian's is much more interesting. It's solid period stuff, stiff with Georgian turns of phrase. It seems to be part pastiche Marryatt, and part O'Brian's own rather stately natural style. Lots of the words can only be found in very big old dictionaries, and others can't be found in any dictionaries at all, and it seems O'Brian may have made them up. It's not as light and easy-running as Forester's, but once the reader settles to it he finds it is great fun.

Beyond style there's technique, the way the prose builds and moves the story. This is the area where even pro-O'Brian critics tend to put Forester ahead:

'Forester remains unequalled for dynamism of narrative and precision of encounter,' says Professor John Bayley. 'His single ship actions are surely the best ever described.' 'An uncommonly strong narrative gift,' says *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea.*

Forester's more economical than O'Brian. He doesn't let his characters chat on and on because he loves the sound of their voices. He has a much better eye for what needs to be dramatised and what doesn't. He's much better at sorting out the large issues in the background of the action. Then, when it comes to the action, his plain modern prose gives the reader a much sharper picture of it.

O'Brian's Georgian style is an asset in some ways and a handicap in others. It delivers period flavour at the expense of pace. It runs like a road-roller, taking a long while to get places. pressing the high points of the narrative down to near a level with the rest. Forester's novels are like ships where most weight is given to guns and speed. O'Brian's are like ships where guns and speed are given up for armour.

Comparing O'Brian and Forester as naval novelists is like, say, comparing Bela Lugosi and Christopher Lee as screen Draculas. Lugosi has a nasty smile, a solid sense of costume, and that marvellous, totally authentic Hungarian accent. But Lee is tall, stern, and vigorous and athletic, with a long clutching reach and that mad round-eyed starved grin, and he's the chap we instinctively feel our necks to be most in peril from.

You can enjoy Forester in one frame of mind, and

O'Brian in another. It's not surprising to find lots of readers liking O'Brian better. He's a naval novelist for people who don't usually much like naval novels. They can skim past his more naval bits, and then slow down for all the remainder. If they try that with Forester's books, they'll have a hard time finding any remainder.

This isn't to say O'Brian is a bad writer. Other points can be raised against him, too, but they don't add up to much in such a long series. There are plenty of places where he shines, when Jack Aubrey goes in the pillory in *The Reverse of the Medal* for instance, or in the stalking encounter with the Dutch warship in *Desolation Island* or in hundreds of other flashes of seamanship or character or background colour.

As a novelist, O'Brian may be Forester's equal. As a naval novelist, he's not. On minor points he beats Forester, but on major points Forester beats him. He offers a wider picture, but it's weakened by an obsolescent style and a faulty technique, and it ends up lacking focus and vigour. He set out to be different from Forester, and that wasn't a bad idea. He managed that, but he couldn't manage to be different and better too.

Actually, it's not easy to see anybody at all coming up to beat Forester in this line. He got in first and he set the pattern, and everything since has gone to suggest he set the best pattern possible. The other writers in the field will go on being measured off him, and their heroes will go on being measured off Hornblower.

Like an exploring sea captain, he left a name on the territory he found. In the public mind, tales of sea fighting in the French wars will go on and on being classed as Hornblower stuff.

A couple more things need to be said about Forester. First, in one way, the Hornblower tales don't show him at his best. There's an interesting major theme that turns up in his other books, time after time. It hardly shows in Hornblower, maybe because the structure of the series doesn't leave much room for it.

The most heroic figure in a non-series Forester book often isn't a bold, quick, skilful leader of men. He's much more likely to be one of the men being led, one of the minor cogs in the machinery of events. Mostly, his leaders hardly know he exists. Just the same, when events suddenly put him under a great strain, at a horseshoe-nail turning point in history, he goes on doing his duty, and history turns a little in his side's favour.

There's Leading Seaman Brown in *Brown on Resolution*, and there's Rifleman Dodd in *Death to the French.* In *The Ship,* there are two of them. In the shaft tunnel of the cruiser, the injured, nearly drowned religious fanatic Stoker Hobbs keeps on oiling the screw shaft bearings in the dark. Under 'X' turret, the halfwit Ordinary Seaman Triggs ruins his hands on the red-hot wheels when he floods the magazine to save the ship from blowing up.

Triggs is a key Forester figure. He's a halfwit, but he's a well-trained halfwit, He can remember what he's got to do, he's responsible enough to try to do it, he's insensitive enough to stand the pain for just long enough. Up on the cruiser's bridge the Jack Hawkins-like captain can keep on shooting with his other guns and turn back the Italian fleet, and get the convoy through, and resupply Malta, and stop the tide of war turning the wrong way, all thanks to Triggs.

Forester hasn't had as much critical notice as he deserves, and this sort of theme isn't the sort of thing most critics would be likely to notice anyway. Officers, watch out for all your men. You never know which of them will turn out to be vital. Men, do your duty as you've been taught. Any task well done, however trivial it might seem, might make the difference between victory and defeat. What sort of highbrow would see any point in any of that? But it's there for readers to find.

Then there's the Hornblower television series. It looks good, but it doesn't do Forester justice. It wasn't a bad idea to reconstruct the Midshipman Hornblower tales into longer episodes, but they might have done it much, much better. Forester's neat, straight, sensible stories were twisted and tangled and padded and blown up into foolish melodrama.

See how they botched *The Even Chance*. Forester's plot and plot twists were largely chucked out, and his double climax was lost. The climax of the final duel shown was ludicrous. Forester was a great story-teller, and adaptors who aren't great story-tellers will do better to stick tight to the stories as he told them.

That's tough on viewers, but then of course they'll never know any better. It's good news for readers. When they switch from Hornblower on television to Hornblower in print, they'll find that Hornblower in print is much better. And if they go on from Hornblower to Forester's other books, they'll find that in some ways those are better still.

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A South African Story

Timothy Kidd

Every year, at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, much of Britain comes to standstill for two minutes in order to remember the dead of the world wars of the twentieth century. Few of those who stand in silence may know the name of the man who had the idea for the 'two-minute pause', as it was originally termed. Nor may they be aware that at its inception in 1919, and for many decades afterwards, the commemoration was 'readily adopted and carried out with heartfelt sympathy throughout the whole of the British Empire', as the King-Emperor George V himself acknowledged in his letter of thanks to its originator.

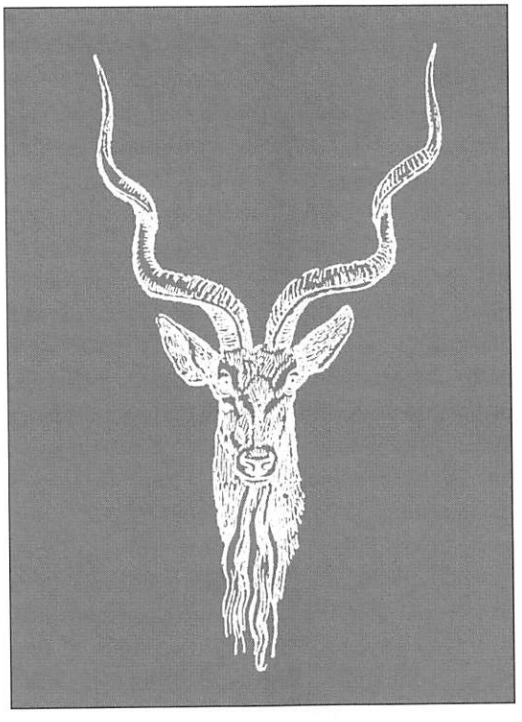
Sir Percy FitzPatrick was a South African Britisher, as he termed himself. A former public schoolboy, he had worked as a bank clerk, gold-panner, transport rider, butcher, storekeeper, mining magnate, revolutionary conspirator, journalist and politician. His book *The Transvaal from Within* (1899) was instrumental in creating support for the *Uitlanders* and the British cause at the start of the Boer War. One of his brothers died in that conflict, and another in the Matabele Rising. His eldest son was killed by shellfire in the First World War. In addition to the two-minute silence, FitzPatrick was also responsible for arranging the purchase of Delville Wood in northern France as a memorial to the South African troops who served on the Western Front. After the war, he retired as an honoured statesman to his estate in the Cape Colony, where he also helped to establish one of the richest citrus-growing areas in Africa. Throughout his political life, he worked for a Union of South Africa within the Empire, with fair treatment for Briton and Boer and for the native peoples in addition. Yet if we remember his name today it is probably for a single book of stories, first told to his own children, and subsequently written down and published at the insistence of his friend Rudyard Kipling. Based on his own experiences, the tale of a young man and his dog was published in 1907 under the title of *Jock of the Bushveld,* and it has since intrigued generations of adults and children.

Percy FitzPatrick was born in 1862 in King William's Town, then a frontier settlement in the Eastern Cape. He came from ancient Anglo-Norman Irish descent on both sides of the family; his mother was a Fitzgerald. His father served as a judge in various parts of British Africa. He was christened 'James Peter' and subsequently adopted the name of Percy for himself, although everyone except his mother and his wife called him 'Fitz'. His boyhood was spent near Cape Town, in the oldest settled part of South Africa, although he found plenty of scope for exploring the wilder country and coast nearby. At the age of twelve he was sent home by ship to public school in England, as was normal for the sons of the Empire; but with his father's health failing he returned after three years and was sent to a local boarding school in Grahamstown. At both of these schools he displayed a gift for language and a remarkable memory, but no capacity for examinations. He failed university entrance. His father's death soon afterwards left his mother with a very small income and eight children to bring up. As the eldest son, FitzPatrick was obliged to seek paid employment, which he found at the imposing premises of the Standard Bank in Adderley Street, Cape Town. He hated it. In *Jock of the Bushveld* he referred to this august establishment, where he had spent four years of his youth, as 'the cage'. (Even in mature years when he had become a partner in Wernher Beit, the greatest mining company in the world, he had little affinity with figures or balance sheets. His own financial arrangements were always over-sanguine.) At the age of 22 he left the bank and set out for the gold-fields of the Eastern Transvaal to make his fortune. It is at this point that the story of *Jock of the Bushveld* begins.

The book is a tale of growing-up. It begins in a mode of detachment, with the author referring to himself in the third-person as 'the Boy', although at that stage in life he was already in his early twenties. The sense of loneliness and danger is sketched in barely as he sets out on his journey: 'The mountain tracks were rough and all unknown; the rivers many, cold and swift; the country wild; none lived, few ever passed, that way.' The narration soon broadens to a more general 'we', when the young man arrives to join his fellow pioneers: the wagon-drivers, prospectors, traders and hunters of the Transvaal. Then in the main body of the book it emerges as a first-person narrative, with FitzPatrick himself as the central character, although never referred to as such by name. A similar process is traced in the parallel account of Jock, as we follow him from birth to puppyhood to maturity as a full-grown and courageous hunting-dog. The whole time-period of the book is no more than three and a half years, in the mid-1880's, although many of the legends and camp-fire tales of earlier days are also nostalgically recorded. The geographical setting

is in the wild Eastern Transvaal, from the Highveld above the Drakensberg mountain range where the gold-fields were located, through the Lowveld of some eighty miles of rough country to the border of Portuguese East Africa. This area had once been populated by native tribes who had been completely wiped out by Zulu invasions, and all their settlements destroyed. There were no roads or railways, only wagon-tracks or game paths; some of the country was made impassable by the tsetse fly. It had reverted to the bush and to the wild game, and hence acquired its other name – the Bushveld.

'It was work – hard work. But the joy of it! Shovelling in the icy water, in mud and gravel, and among the boulders, from early dawn to dark.' FitzPatrick began his adventure as a gold-prospector in the streams near the town of Pilgrim's Rest. But the gold had been almost worked out by the time he arrived in that beautiful but fever-stricken and dangerous valley. (In the town cemetery there is a grave with no name on the headstone, crossways to the others. A miner who had cheated his fellows was forced to dig his own grave and then shot as he stood at the edge of it. This story does not appear in the book.) FitzPatrick realised that the job he had been given was no more than charity. In shame, he set off on his own into the wilderness, surviving a fierce African hailstorm in which birds and animals caught out in the open were beaten to pulp. He made his way to the mining-camp of Barberton, and worked for a few fretful months as a clerk in a store. Eventually he found a job as a transport-rider, accompanying the ox-wagons on their long trek down to the Portuguese border, and their return journey laden with goods and supplies for the mining-camps of the Highveld. It is thus that we meet his companions on the trek: 'the young recruits, the laggards and the faint; the few who saw it through; the older men – grave-eyed, thoughtful, unafraid – who judged the future by the battered past, and who knew none more nor less than man – the kindly, constant, nameless Pioneers!'



Although this was technically Boer territory, almost all of the white men (there are no women in the book) are of British origin. But there was also an old Yankee prospector known as Rocky Mountain Jack, who becomes a mentor to the young man, teaching him the vital skills of hunting and fieldcraft, and some of the lessons of life itself. Generally silent and secretive, Rocky occasionally unburdened himself at the camp-fire gatherings at the end of the day's trek. FitzPatrick's gift for total recall of conversations served him well when, twenty years later, he came to set down some of the gruff advice of the old Yankee: 'Men ain't born equal: no more's dawgs! One's born better'n another – more brains, more heart; but I ain't heard yet of the man born with knowledge or experience.' Rocky disappeared from the company and from the narrative early on, and was never heard of again. But the lessons he imparts are essential ones, and are passed on in similar form to the young puppy whom FitzPatrick acquires on one of his first treks.

Jock was a gold and brindle bull-terrier, originally the runt of a litter of six puppies born at an outspan in the bush who is saved from drowning at the entreaty of the young FitzPatrick. He grows up to become a strong and handsome hunting-dog, whose qualities and achievements are minutely recorded in the book, from his early struggle with a table leg to a final epic battle with a wounded kudu bull. His training in obedience, discipline and self-sacrifice – somewhat unfashionable educational values nowadays – is matched by an emphasis on courage and an independent spirit. The hunting trips the pair undertake are vividly described, and form a record of a now-vanished pioneering way of life. Hunting was essential in order to provide food for the wagon-drivers while on trek, or else to deal with predators such as hyenas or baboons. (In a later essay, FitzPatrick deplored the extinction of Africa's game for trophies or skins – 'a wicked, wanton, wasteful slaughter' – whether by white sportsmen or native poachers.) There are brilliant accounts of the local wild-life, from the great leopard which has been raiding a native kraal, to the sinister crocodiles that lurk at every river-crossing: 'this hideous, cowardly, cruel thing, with its look of a cunning smile in the greeny glassy eyes and great wide mouth, which will mercilessly drag you down – down – down to the bottom of some deep still pool, and hold you there until you drown.'

FitzPatrick also gives a picture of the native wagon-drivers on the trek, notably the almost-legendary fighting Zulu Jim Makololel: 'big, broad-shouldered, loose-limbed and straight as an assegai.' Jim becomes the third main character in the book, and a good friend to Jock. As an employee, his drunkenness and boastfulness and occasional violence is far outweighed in FitzPatrick's eyes by his loyalty, strength and courage. At the end of the narrative, there is a retrospective glimpse of him in old age peacefully at home in his kraal, surrounded by his wives, goats and children.

It would be impossible in an essay such as this to give more than a flavour of the scope and detail of the book. It is developed as a series of episodes and stories, each seemingly randomly-linked like a camp-fire narrative, but in fact containing concealed themes and insights which serve to build up a vivid overall picture of a whole way of life, and of the natural world. There are accounts of bush fires and floods, of epic hunting-trips, of days spent hauling the ox-wagons up the steep passes of the Drakensberg, and of the strange and varied individuals whom FitzPatrick encounters on the journey. He writes of men and animals with warmth and feeling, but on the whole without sentimentality. His style is strongly-coloured and can in places be somewhat prolix, but that might have been regarded as a virtue in a more leisured age. Indeed his own four children, to whom he told the original tales at bed-time, had given him strict instructions: 'Don't leave out *anything!'*

Inevitably, though, there were aspects of his experience of those days that FitzPatrick was obliged to leave out, and not simply the more mundane elements of trekking and camping. The behaviour of single men in a rough outdoors environment was not always suitable for a children's story, but his private diary of the period records his observations of drunkenness and brutality among the white men, and also of the 'black harlots' who were brought up with the wagons from Lourenço Marques and then left at the border post when the drivers crossed into the Lowveld. The diary also gives details of his increasing prosperity as a transport-rider, and as the eventual owner of four wagons and fifty-six oxen. Much of this came from private trading, including in gold nuggets. But a South African economist has calculated that the profits of successful transport-riders of that era could not have come solely from the freight rates which were then obtainable; they must also have derived from smuggling, notably dynamite and hard liquor, as well as other technically-contraband goods on which the Transvaal government had granted a monopoly concession.

Although some aspects of the life of the bushveld were undoubtedly omitted from the story, FitzPatrick does not shrink from describing its harshness and occasional cruelty, as well as the beauty and romance. 'It must be *all true!'* was the other command of his young audience, and the realism of the book when published was enhanced by the drawings and watercolours of the artist Edmund Caldwell, which appear on every page. FitzPatrick happened to see a painting of a kudu bull in a Bond Street gallery and tracked down the artist in his studio, convinced that he must be an experienced painter of animals in the wild. It transpired that Caldwell had never been to Africa, and that the kudu was an inmate of London Zoo. Nothing daunted, FitzPatrick persuaded the shy and short-sighted artist to return with him to the Transvaal, and there they set out with FitzPatrick's wife and four children on an expedition to trace the route of the original wagon-trek, and to sketch the subjects at first hand. The year was 1906, some two decades after the events described, and although much had changed, there was still plenty left of the original scenery and wild-life to explore. (Indeed there is much still to be found there to this day, and also in the adjoining area of the vast Kruger National Park.) The resulting illustrations – 21 large plates and 500 or so marginal drawings – add immensely to the detail and charm of the book. Although most were entirely accurate, there was however one line-drawing which showed a dung-beetle pushing its ball of dung with its front, rather than rear, legs. When the first edition was issued, the publishers Longmans were aghast to find their Mayfair offices deluged with letters from all round the world pointing out their error in the depiction of the habits of the common dung-beetle, *Scarabaeidae vulgaris.* The mistake was hastily corrected in the second impression, and as a result the first edition is now extremely valuable. The book may justly be regarded as Caldwell's masterpiece, as well. Sadly, though, the artist never received much money from royalties, and some seven years later he went completely blind.

There are also a few inaccuracies in FitzPatrick's text. For example, in his account of the defence of Rorke's Drift, at which Jim the wagon-driver had fought on the Zulu side, FitzPatrick describes how 'a man in black with a long beard, Father Walsh, moved about with calm face, speaking to some, helping others, carrying wounded back and cartridges forward' – Father Walsh, who said 'Don't swear, boys: fire low.' There was indeed a clergyman at Rorke's Drift who performed those tasks, but his name was the Reverend George Smith, an Anglican missionary. He was well-known in South Africa and appears in all of the contemporary paintings of the battle.

But the value of the book is not diminished by occasional errors of fact or depiction. It stands as a classic for children, which can also be appreciated by adults. It records a way of life which has now largely disappeared, but its themes of companionship and endurance are timeless. Although South Africa itself has changed and developed, and the relations between the different races have altered considerably, the book survives as an account of a pioneering epoch, preserved in the vigour of FitzPatrick's style, and the freshness of Caldwell's drawings.

Edmund Caldwell died alone in London in 1930, after seventeen years of blindness. Sir Percy FitzPatrick died in 1931 at his farm, Amanzi, in the Eastern Cape; flags flew at half-mast throughout South Africa to honour him. His three sons and his wife had predeceased him; of the four children who listened to the original tales only his daughter Cecily survived as his inheritor. The book continued in print and remained much loved and read throughout the English-speaking world; it has also been translated into French, German and Afrikaans, and into the Zulu and Xhosa languages.

But in 1981, the copyright ran out. In the latter part of that decade, a revised 'version' was issued by a South

African publisher, edited by one Linda Rosenberg, and for a time it became the only available new edition of the book. This was still during the era of embattled white government in South Africa, so the initiative for the changes presumably came from the publishers or editors themselves, rather than from any official fiat. An idea of how the original text was watered down may be gleaned from the following. A chapter on the friendship between Jock the guard-dog and Jim the former Zulu warrior (entitled *The Allies)* begins thus in FitzPatrick's original:

'Jock disliked kaffirs: so did Jim. To Jim there were three big divisions of the human race – white men, Zulus and niggers. Zulu, old or young, was greeted by him as equal, friend and comrade; but the rest were trash, and he cherished a most particular contempt for the Shangaans and Chopis, as a lot who were just about good enough for what they did – that is, work in the mines. They could neither fight nor handle animals; and the sight of them stirred him to contempt and pricked him to hostilities. It was not long before Jim discovered this bond of sympathy between him and Jock.'

And here is the version as produced by Rosenberg: *'To Jim, there were three big divisions of the human race – White men, Zulus and the rest. Zulu, old or young, was greeted by him as equal, friend and comrade. White men he respected, but the rest were trash. He cherished a most particular contempt for the Shangaans and Chopis, and the sight of them stirred him to contempt and pricked him to hostilities. It was not long before Jim discovered that Jock needed only a little encouragement to share his views.'*

Throughout the revised version, common expressions of the original era such as 'kaffir' or 'nigger' are altered to modern neutral terms, which might perhaps have had some justification given that the book was used as a school text, and that the white government itself was shortly to ban their usage. But also the word 'boy' (meaning a native workman) which is still in everyday use in South Africa was replaced by terms such as 'driver', so that it becomes unclear whether natives or white men are being described. FitzPatrick's perceptive and well-balanced accounts of individuals of other races, such as Bushmen and Hottentots, are either truncated or dropped altogether. Many of the original drawings are omitted. There remains a marginal sketch of a charging Zulu warrior, but not the successive picture of the circle of Zulu dead around the compound of Rorke's Drift, which makes an absurdity of the accompanying text and its vivid account of the battle. Some of the changes are merely risible. The editor adopts an unhistorical system of measurement throughout, so that the storekeeper Tom Barnett is described as standing '1,5 metres in his boots, but every centimetre a man.' The tragic ending of the book, with the slow decease of all of FitzPatrick's oxen from the tsetse fly, and the heroic death of Jock himself ('like Nelson, at the hour of victory') is reduced from the original full-blooded and heartfelt account to a few bland paragraphs. Indeed, the editor appears to think that South African children need not know who Nelson was, despite the fact that Mandela himself was named after him.

On the opening page of the revised version, there is an Editor's Note which reads: 'While the prejudicial racial references have been eliminated, the esoteric charm and innocent philosophical tone have been left scrupulously intact.' It does not seem to have occurred to them that their own 'philosophical tone' might be regarded as at best misguided, and at worst repellent. However, the attempt to rewrite history, to alter actual feelings and events by altering language, and to pretend that the world is something other than it has been in reality, is not confined to modern South Africa. We may find examples in our own country and in other parts of the Western world, notably the United States. A few years ago, a new film was made of *Jock of the Bushveld* in which the stoutly-British character of the young FitzPatrick was turned into an American. The film subsequently sank without trace; perhaps it was taken by a crocodile.

The story of the Rosenberg 'version' also had an eventual happy ending. For some time after it appeared, it was almost impossible to find a copy of the real book anywhere in South Africa. I visited several second-hand bookshops in Johannesburg and Cape Town, to be told ruefully by their owners that original copies were very scarce and would fetch a high price. The market thus revealed that people would pay a lot more to secure the true product, and were prepared to spend time in the search for it. But after the changes in South Africa of the 1990's, I found at the end of the decade that a reprinted authentic edition was once more available in the shops, selling side by side with the revised version. Now I gather that it is the Rosenberg version which is hard to find – although whether those copies will ever fetch high prices, I somehow doubt.

A sadder conclusion, though, is that the book seems largely to have disappeared from bookshops in Britain itself, where it was originally published. A random tour of the children's sections of central London bookshops yielded not a single copy. It seems a shame that children are nowadays introduced to wild-life adventures through the medium of plastic toys or Disney cartoons. The modern interest in wild animals and in the relations between mankind and the natural world ought to find a chord in the tale of Jock and his master. Furthermore, as much of independent Africa reverts to the bush, it is an account that is becoming more relevant rather than less. And finally, it is surely the exact definition of a classic that it transcends time and change, and can speak to later generations, and to different countries. In all of the achievements of Sir Percy FitzPatrick's long and varied life, he produced nothing more enduring than the story of *Jock of the Bushveld.*

Timothy Kidd is a free-lance writer and academic

E H Carr at the Ministry of Information, 1940

A.D. Harvey

The historian E H Carr wrote one very good book, *What is History?* (1961), but will be chiefly remembered as the author of a fourteen-volume *History of Soviet Russia* (1950-78) and as an apologist for Stalin.

According to his official biography, Jonathan Haslam, *The Vices of Integrity: E H Carr, 1892-1982* (London: Verso, 1994), the reason why Carr gave up the Directorship of the Foreign Publicity Department at the Ministry of Information in 1940 was that he had fallen into disfavour with higher-ups at the ministry as a result of recommending that his department be transferred to the Foreign Office. The private papers of Juliet, Lady Rhys Williams (1898-1964), now in the possession of her daughter Elspeth Chowdharay-Best, tell a rather different story. Carr's departure from the Ministry of Information followed within a few days of Lady Rhys Williams's resignation in protest at the way he was running his department. Lady Rhys Williams, wife of a former MP, herself a former parliamentary candidate and, as a leading figure in various charities involved in questions relating to midwifery, and the nutrition of infants, member of an inter-departmental committee set up by the Ministry of Health, was not entirely a stranger to the techniques of departmental strife, and she had backed up her resignation with a memo which she made sure received the widest possible circulation. Sir John Reith, the Minister of Information, was sent a copy on 14 March 1940; a week later he had a 'long interview' with Carr who noted afterwards that Reith 'disingenuously tried to get me to resign'. The disingenuousness seems to have been on Carr's past in pretending that the issue was the position of the Foreign Publicity Department within the Ministry of Information, rather than his own position within the organisation. He resigned anyway: a job had been lined up for him at *The Times* as a leader writer.

Extract from a letter to Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air, 12 March 1940

Dear Sir Kingsley,

I am writing to let you know that I have resigned from the Ministry of Information, as a result of my profound disagreement with the policy of inactivity in British propaganda abroad which has been adopted by Mr. Carr, the Director of Foreign Publicity, in whose Division I served.

Extract from a memorandum sent to Sir John Reith, Minister of Information, 14 March 1940, and subsequently to other prominent individuals.

My experience of the working of the Foreign Publicity Division of the Ministry of Information has made it clear to me that British diplomacy is being seriously hampered by the failure of that Department to adopt modern methods of propaganda...

The inadequate scale and amateurish quality of our propaganda abroad is not the result of lack of ability, nor of professional knowledge among the staff of the Department, as is generally believed. There are many able and experienced publicists and foreign experts both in the Foreign Publicity Division and in the Production Division. It is because the proposals of these experts are given no serious consideration that matters have drifted into the present unsatisfactory state.

The authors of important Memoranda, involving questions of major policy on which the conduct of their future work depends, are left in ignorance as to whether their minutes have been so much as read by the Director of Foreign Publicity, and it seems probable that the Minister has usually been unaware that the proposals have been made. Members of the staff are seldom given any opportunity of putting forward their suggestions verbally, or of elaborating their schemes.

From a Memorandum sent to Duff Cooper, Reith's replacement as Minister of Information, 13 May 1940

The Director of Foreign Publicity, Professor Carr, was openly defeatist in his outlook. With the firm support of those above him, he successfully resisted all attempts by his very capable staff to undertake effective propaganda in any country, and he refused to utilise the services of outside commercial organisations which were anxious to help. In March, 1940, the despair of the majority of Heads of Sections at the inactivity of Mr. Carr was brought to the notice of Sir John Reith by the writer, at the cost of resignation, and Mr. Carr resigned. The necessary powers to enable a radical improvement of the situation to be carried out have, however, so far been denied to his successor, Mr. Kirkpatrick...

There are many excellent and hard-working individuals in the Ministry, who would do first class work if properly directed, and allowed to develop some enthusiasm for their efforts. Apart from Sir Walter Monckton, there are several first-class men, particularly Mr. Kirkpatrick, Sir Kenneth Clark, Mr. John Rodgers, Mr Chetham-Strode, [etc].

Mutatis Mutandis: From Watt to Windows

Margaret Brown

I was born in the northern heartland of the First Industrial Revolution in 1943 and until I was 18 rarely went south of the Trent. The North was already on the way to decline. In the 1960's I taught social and economic history 1750-1950 at a northern college attended by day-release bobbin boys and iron and steel operatives. They were dimly aware that they were living in a shrinking backwater but were unable to alter their fates, let alone have any impact on the outside world.

Now I live in the Thames Valley, the centre of the Second Industrial Revolution in Britain and the outpost of its heartland in the US. There are some remarkable similarities. Now, as then, some yield to the temptation to wallow in sudden wealth. In the 1800's weavers wore £5 notes in their hatbands to show off. Now computer experts enjoy jet-set life-styles. Even their dress-down shirts cost £45 each. Now, as then, flash cash is unreliable. Mechanisation impoverished the weavers. And dot.com has already become a by-word. Now, as then, there are wild fluctuations and regional variations, as expressed in employment statistics and accommodation costs. The basic question is the same: how to extract the most possible labour from the population and how to spend the least possible money on non-productive dependants.

In the 18th and 19th centuries the work force was swollen by a fall in the death rate. During the following century it declined as a proportion of the population because soon after the institution of retirement pensions the death rate fell again, thus creating millions of pensioners instead of the few thousand originally envisaged. Children worked. 'Hardly anything above four years old but its hands were sufficient for its support.' (Daniel Defoe on the textile industry of his time). Immigration from the Celtic fringes boosted the work force. Compulsory emigration of those seen as useless or dangerous helped to make room for them. Botany Bay became a dumping ground.

How will we, or rather our governments, adapt these approaches to present values and perceptions? Such adaptation will be helped by the advances of science. Pre-conception counselling and *in utero* tests will reduce the number of lifelong dependants born. The slow conquest of debilitating diseases from Alzheimer's to arthritis to asthma will reduce the proportion of those whose working lives are cut short or interrupted, leaving them dependent. Technology will continue to raise the number of the disabled competent to work. Governments will apply pressure to ensure that they do.

Retirement is already changing. A set age of 60 or 65 is being accepted as unrealistic. People increase their hours at second jobs, move to employers who ignore the official retirement age or go freelance. Improved general health, new drugs and innovative surgical procedures have contributed to this signpost of things to come. Earlier in the year the Reith Lectures brought all this to public attention. At the present rate we will be entering our 70's like the Six Million Dollar Man. Allowing for the fall in the price of technology, European integration and political correctness, the term will probably be the Six Hundred Euro Person. The best guess would be that everyone over 60 has a quick check every day on some scanning machine and when enough days in succession show serious ill-health he or she should consider at least partial retirement. Needless to say, euthanasia will be encouraged. It won't be quite like putting Eskimo parents on an ice-floe. It will be more like the pre-timed deaths of the citizens of 'Brave New World' whose last days were spent in comfortable hospices. Let us hope that it is not 'Soylent Green' or 'Megacity I' in which the dead are recycled more directly than via the soil. However the 'sans everything' stage, more protracted in our time than in Shakespeare's, will be compressed, to the relief of the sufferer and the profit of society.

Defoe's attitudes to child labour will re-appear. At some point a businessman is going to realise that if a six-year-old can pass an O-level in Information Technology he or she can theoretically support himself or herself, or at least contribute substantially to the family. Some way will be found to legalise child labour. Firms will offer schools money or goods in kind in exchange for pupils 'giving' them an allotted number of hours of data entry, filing, telephone answering etc per week. It would only be a step down the age ladder from students who work their way through university. After all banks and mobile phone companies are targeting the under-14's. Work-free childhood was always a luxury. It will become so again.

Immigration has been and will continue to be a source of labour. We need settlers – and we can't keep them out. In its period of decline the Roman Empire let in Goths to provide a protective belt along its frontiers. Anglo-Saxon England ended up letting in large

contingents of Vikings on condition that they kept out their even more savage brethren – a bloc sanitaire. We, the descendants of both groups, will probably find ourselves testing would-be immigrants at the ports in a systematic way and grading them for usefulness. Indeed, we will regularise and co-ordinate talent-hunting expeditions abroad. Unsportingly we will extend the policy of creaming off the Third World's top layer.

As a corollary to this piling up of the wheat, plans to dispose of the chaff will be drawn up. The Government claims that the country has an extremely expensive and disruptive hard core of 100,000 criminals and layabouts. Again, compulsory exile might be a solution. The triumph of unrestricted private capitalism has led to a sharp fall in the population of Russia. The country is also broke and in debt. Perhaps we could offer the abolition of all debts to Britain plus £5,000 per criminal to Russia if she will take our wastrels. 'To Russia With Cash'. Nuclear waste disposal has set a precedent for the removal of toxic substances. The prospect of forced exile would act as a strong deterrent. It is alleged that every year 20,000 prisoners die of T.B. in Russia. All this would raise the work potential of the British population.

Accommodation problems could hardly be dealt with as in the 18th and 19th centuries. Throwing together jerry-built tenements would not be acceptable. Motor homes and trailers would be a way of providing for an increasingly nomadic work-force. If the climate changes as expected only dwellings built like Fort Knox or immediately replaceable like tents will be feasible propositions. One could consider the precedent of Speenhamland. In 1795 the local magistrates set up the system named after the place. They laid down a survival income and those whose wages did not reach it had the shortfall made up from the parish rates, with due allowance for family size. No prizes for guessing the results – lack of enthusiasm for work, large families and huge parish bills. The only publicly supported relief for the able-bodied was to be provided in workhouses. Conditions were to be made so harsh that people would take even the lowest paid job to stay outside. Mercifully no modern government could or would go so far – but paring benefits and putting people in barely adequate purpose-built living units might have the same type of effect.

All these approaches could be given legal force, backed by public opinion. People working hours declared excessive generations ago will not tolerate those that they will see as idlers soaking up their money via taxes. We are already on the path to stopping preventable disease from being treated at public expense. Big versions of wheels in mouse cages in every home and office for compulsory use for an hour a day? Line-ups for weigh-ins? Regular examinations for above a low permitted level of ingestion of alcohol and nicotine? Identity cards and medical records will make evasion difficult. People will be evaluated by their financial worth to those around them and to society rather than, as it were, to themselves. It will not be: 'You have lost a leg and deserve £1,000,000 compensation for the damage that this will do to your life.' It will be: 'You have lost a leg, so your family and society should be recompensed for the decrease in your contribution to them.' It will be a reversion to the wergild of Saxon times..

A long crisis of labour and energy is nearly on us. At some periods it will bear a resemblance to harvest time in medieval England. Everyone worked 18 hours a day to gather the crops in before rain, rot, fire etc could destroy them. All the approaches listed are technically practicable, if in some cases morally undesirable. All they require is the concentration of spin-doctors on softening resistance. For example, forced exile to Russia could not be called Destination Russia Or Similar State (DROSS). Child work could not be euphemised as Special Ways to Electronic Education in Primaries (SWEEP). Millbank could quietly launch a subtle, slow, initially subliminal campaign to prepare Britain for the harsh necessities of the high pressure survival economy into which we are about to be plunged. The Age of Windows might be more like the Age of James Watt than most people imagine. Once more life will be almost coterminous with work. The difference will be that they will stretch over a far longer period. A working life of 70 years will not the unknown, though the amount of work per day will vary. The journey between the cot and the coffin will a be a longer one and made in a very different Britain. However economic revolutions have some constants, so present and future variants should not surprise us too much. How would one express *mutatis mutandis* in mobile phone text?

Margaret Brown works in an office

Absent Voters

Audrey Parry

The last general election is in the past, a pre-September 11th past moreover. A remarkable feature was the number of people who did not use their right to vote. Evelyn Waugh, a non-voter, said that he would not presume to advise his sovereign as to her choice of servants. Non-voters nowadays would hardly use such sumptuous language or affect such grand insouciance. The facts are tantalising. Labour won a second massive landslide in 2001 yet only 1 in 4 voters opted for Labour and 2 in 5 of those entitled to vote did not do so. Low attendance at local or EU elections is nothing new which is why they are sometimes joined with general elections but it was thought that at the big event people would do their civic duty.

Patronising comparisons have been made with the USA where voting turnout is rarely if ever up to 50%. It is true that it is harder to vote there because registration is not so easy. There may be a sentiment that whoever is in charge the ship of state will sail sublimely on. The events of September will have shaken this faith though people clung to the stanchion of the Presidency as an abiding thing. Turning back to the main constitutional criteria their system of checks and balances means that it is not always possible to establish where sovereignty lies. In our system of 'first past the post' where you can 'hang all the rascals at once' the voter can vent his grievances more effectively at the ballot box.

Before the election Labour had feared a low turnout by its supporters. 'Tories may get in through the back door' warned Margaret Beckett, the Leader of the House. Various stratagems were considered such as electronic voting, easier days for voting e.g. Sundays, polling booths placed in supermarkets and easier postal voting (PV). There was only time for the last option and application forms were placed in newspapers. No evidence of illness was required or of holiday absences and an astute reporter managed to collect voting forms for six dead people. In the event there was no significant pick-up of PV and evidence of fraud was small. Those who did did not want to vote did not want PV either. The marvel is that the Registrar's staff can transform a temporary polling booth like the back room of a pub or a classroom into a place of mystery and awe. The voter feels that this is a solemn occasion and it would be a pity to lose this sense of dignity in favour of modern gimmickry. We will not easily forget the dimpled chads of Florida.

After the election the BBC commissioned a poll from ICM, a reputable firm often used by the Tories, to ask the non-voters (a sample of about 1000) how they would have voted if they had actually cast their vote. The result was dismaying for the Tories as a majority said they would have voted Labour. The vital question as to why they had not voted was never asked, nor were we told about the ICM's methods of collation Did they rely on the word of mouth of the non-voter ? Did they check up at the Town Hall that he actually had not voted? Such information is in the public domain and can be obtained by anyone from the Registrar. Eccentric though it may seem it is possible to boast of not voting, thus making a gesture while actually casting a vote. Those who say that it is pointless because sovereignty has been lost to the EU, or Parliament no longer counts for anything, may still vote for a Eurosceptic candidate or one who promises to work for a more effective Parliament.

Information about non-voters is anecdotal. Some made it a virtue on the grounds that they had not time to master the details and it is irresponsible to vote in ignorance. A bookshop in a busy town revealed that nobody had asked for the three manifestoes it had stocked in readiness. There was, of course, much media coverage. Others offered no apology. 'They are all the same. Promises, promises'. More street wise is the suggestion that since the three parties are seeking the central ground (the exact location and habitat never disclosed) why bother to vote? More sophisticated still are the arguments that the country is now ruled by judges who are not elected, that we need PR, that the organisation of the parties is undemocratic, and so forth. The Hansard Society reported in December 2001 that from their research the non-voters showed antagonism, not apathy, to the parties. People were not ashamed of not voting.

These findings ought to stop the verbal lambasting of the non-voter and put the onus on the parties and not on him. He is accused of shallowness and ingratitude. He is reminded that people have died for the right to vote, and it is a noble plea. But it is as long ago as 1913 that anybody in the UK died for the right to vote when the suffrage lady threw herself under the King's horse, an episode with an element of farce. In any case the populace, though voteless, was not without influence. MPs feared the wrath of the mob and the lessons of France since 1789 were not forgotten.

The right to vote implies the right not to vote and a second argument, commonly used, is specious. It is that if you do not vote you have no right to criticise the

behaviour of the government. Why not? You may be a supporter of Old Labour, a Tory who found the agenda of Macmillan too left-wing, or a Liberal who dislikes the EU. Even the Greens have fissures between those who want to protect a rare butterfly and those who want to attack laboratories. A right not to vote implies no ban on criticism.

Whether the class of non-voters will grow is anybody's guess. Since non-voters may well not be of the proselytising strain and indignant letters in the press purporting to come from them may well be of doubtful provenance, the future is unclear. Some will simply get on with their own affairs, bending the state's laws to their own advantage if occasion demands. Thus they may go over the Channel for booze and fags if their tastes lie that way. The category is broad enough to encompass those who rarely stir out of doors, those who go on peaceful protest marches and those bemasked figures who brought such chaos in Seattle and Genoa. They will continue to baffle political pundits.

Audrey Parry was a barrister

Six Techniques to Destroy Free Nations

Rodney Atkinson

There have been several devious techniques used by Eurofederalists to construct a United States of Europe on the corpses of once free nations. The two obvious methods of creating an anti-democratic European superstate – waging war and open, democratic discussion and approval – were of course out of the question. The former had failed on several occasions and the latter would not achieve the desired outcome.

The First Technique has therefore been secrecy and deceit. The true aims of the Eurofederalists could never be revealed. This process is best summed up by two of its practitioners, the English historian Arnold Toynbee and the former French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson. Toynbee said at an international gathering in Denmark (not, you will note, in England) in 1931:

'We are at present working discreetly but with all our might to wrest this mysterious political force called sovereignty out of the hands of the local nation states of the world. And all the time we are denying with our lips what we are doing with our hands.'

Cheysson said a few years ago: *'We could never have constructed Europe by democratic means'*

The second technique has been to create the impression of 'inevitability' with the concomitant technique of the 'deadline method'. The 'European train' (which metaphor has the advantage of suggesting movement along a prescribed track of a vehicle which if you don't get on board 'in time' you will 'miss') has its treaties which are 'inevitable' and those treaties are full of the words 'irrevocable' and 'irreversible'. The train must move from one 'stage' or station to another and like a timetable Kohl, Mitterand and their ilk always referred to the next deadline as being for instance 'the March summit in Copenhagen' or the 'December summit in Paris' by which time 'the next stage' must be agreed – especially if there was in fact no agreement in sight!

The third technique has arisen conveniently out of the fact that 9, 12 or as at present 15 member states could never agree a clear and specific wording for any treaty. As a result broad principles are written down but cannot be applied directly to everyday political, social and economic cases. Therefore the European Court of Justice (which admits its task is to promote the integration of the states of the European Union) is called upon (daily!) to interpret the treaties and therefore to make law in the interests of the new central state ('the country called Europe' as some in the European Commission have called it) and against the sovereign interests of the constituent nations.

The fourth technique is the 'pragmatic interest group' technique which is part of the 'salami slicing' approach. Having set out to deceive national electorates about their true constitutional intentions the Eurofederalists have been anxious to take short, *pragmatic* steps in the process of overriding the rights of European nation states. For instance it is now vital to their cause that the Euro be seen as a purely economic step, of convenience to trade, businessmen and bankers and saving holiday-makers the burden of changing their money within the new Euro-zone. When the CBI was asked by the Eurofederalists (and when the CBI asked its members) whether they supported the 'Single Market' they were asked to consider it 'purely from a business point of view'. The National Farmers Union asked its members if they would like to do business in the Euro 'purely from an agricultural point of view'. The Trade Unions were asked whether they wanted European provisions on working time or parental leave or board room consultation 'purely from a Trade Union point of view' – and how could they say no? But in fact the Single Market, the Euro and the Social Chapter were not political agreements between co-operating nations *but the constitutional structures of the new European Superstate.*

These organisations representing businesses and workers were not, as they believed, signing up to industrial and employment policies but to the ('irrevocable and irreversible') right of the European Union, and not their own parliament, to make all such decisions in future.

The fifth technique has been never to discuss the next anti-democratic step in the destruction of national democracies until that stage had already effectively been achieved. In other words in 1972 Heath's European Act (which enacted the provisions of Britain's accession to the Treaty of Rome) completely destroyed the constitutional right of the Westminster parliament to pass laws for the British people and of the British courts to interpret and judge them – although all under the disguise of an apparently harmless treaty to form 'an essentially economic 'Common Market'. In 1986 when discussions were concentrated on 'loss of British parliamentary control', the fundamental question of loss of democratic sovereignty had in fact already been decided in 1972.

Similarly when the Maastricht Treaty discussion of 1992/1993 introduced majority voting to even more areas of political decision-making, the *principle* of adding ever more areas of majority voting (and hence loss of self government) had already been accepted in 1986. When Prime Minister Blair signed the Amsterdam Treaty in 1997 there was minimum discussion of the rights of British subjects not to be exposed to a foreign legal jurisdiction. But this principle had already been put into statute form in the 1989 Extradition Act and, through treaty law, in the Maastricht process.

... it is now vital to their cause that the Euro be seen as a purely economic step, of convenience to trade, businessmen and bankers and saving holidaymakers the burden of changing their money ...

On the same principle the present discussion of the abolition of the Pound, HM Treasury and the Bank of England (in favour of the Euro and the Frankfurt Central Bank) is based on the assumption that the UK has not yet signed up to European Monetary Union. But in fact that is exactly what the Maastricht Treaty was all about and the UK's 'opt out' is at best ambiguous. First the UK has accepted stages one and two of European monetary union as laid out in the Maastricht treaty and has only opted out of stage three – i.e. the introduction of the Euro and the abolition of the Pound. If we compare the Danish opt out (which is very brief and very clear – and given even more clarity by the recent NO vote by the Danes!) with the British opt out we see that in our case bad drafting of the opt out and opt in clauses make it unclear whether we need to positively opt in or just passively do nothing and find ourselves part of the Euro by not saying no! Secondly the legal requirements of the Single Market legislation of 1986 could always be used by the constitutionally activist 'European Court of Justice' to force the UK – or any other member of the European Union – to adopt the Euro on the grounds that a 'single market means a single currency'. Indeed the words 'Single Market', having no other logical meaning, was always intended to pave the way for a single currency but like every other piece of Eurostate planning the true intention had to be either disguised or blatantly (and repeatedly) denied.

It is interesting to note what might have happened if the Euro had ***risen*** against the Pound – and the other national currencies which did not sign up to the Euro – instead of collapsing ignominiously against all the major currencies of the world. It was made clear as the 'Stability Pact' was being drawn up (designed to 'co-ordinate' the economic and exchange rate relations between those EU member countries within the Euro and those outside) that 'unfair competition' from countries whose currencies were weak against the great Europe would not be permitted to 'undercut' producers inside the Euro-zone. This was despite the free trading terms of the Single Market legislation. However the reverse situation has occurred – there is an enormous trade advantage for those countries *inside* the collapsing Euro who can now undercut producers *outside* the Euro (but within the Single Market). Strangely there is no suggestion that the latter can take action against the 'unfair competition' of Euro-zone members. This demonstrates once again the essentially corporatist and politicised nature of the 'builders of the European Union'. Laws are passed and regulations applied but then the whims of politicians and arbitrary majorities decide to suspend or ignore those rules.

The Sixth Technique is perhaps the most insidious of all – the gradual insertion into every aspect of a nation's life the insignia of the imperial power (the stars of the European Union flag). Already this very unpopular flag or logo can be seen on some car licence plates, on flags flown from public buildings, on flags flown on their buildings by some of the biggest corporations (like Forte Hotels) and on some driving licences. More will come – quietly, secretly, without any fuss or democratic approval. One day, when the British people and, who knows perhaps even their so called 'democratic representatives' awaken and talk of the rights of the British nation, the conquering power will say 'The British nation? What is that? The nation is called Europe – look around you the flag of Europe is everywhere. Oh of course there are a few union Jacks, but they are being replaced by the St Andrews Cross and the flag of St George, but of course *they* only depict regional allegiances, not self governing nations. The Parliament at Westminster? Oh no that is merely an assembly where English representatives are responsible for regional government. It has no real sovereign powers.'

And so the conquest of a sleeping people is complete. *Extract from Rodney Atkinsons latest work* Fascist Europe Rising.

Hemingway: A static figure amidst the Red Decade shifts

Ron Capshaw

For biographers, Ernest Hemingway's life has always been a litany of legends: the shrapnel-shattered knee, Hadley's loss of the suitcase containing stories, Ernest crouched at the feet of Stein. When covering the 1930s, biographers offer the legend of the political awakening: Hemingway on the stage of the League of American Writers; trading his safari hat for the beret of a Loyalist soldier. According to chroniclers of this legend, (Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Michael Reynolds) Hemingway abandoned his apolitical 20s phase ('a writer belongs to no faction'), dabbled in proletarian fiction, embraced Popular Front communism, and then made the already-well travelled evacuation from the Stalinist Left with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). But Hemingway did not travel this familiar trajectory for numerous literary figures in the 1930s. The 1935-39 period did not constitute a political change or awakening. His politics remained consistent amidst various shifts by the American left in the 1930s.

First let us look at one portion of the myth. According to Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Granville Hicks and New Masses writers, Hemingway sometime in the mid-1930s awoke to the literary potential of revolutions. For many on the left, this awakening was long overdue. Writing in 1936, Granville Hicks complained that Hemingway stunted his growth as an artist by refusing to look 'squarely' at contemporary politics. This outcry had reached such a crescendo that in 1936 Hemingway complained about 'chickenshit communists' insisting on him writing a proletarian novel. With the arrival of *To Have and Have Not* (1937), with its proletarian characters and revolutionary backdrop, communist critics praised Hemingway's sudden awareness of politics. With the arrival of *The Fifth Column* (1938), a tale of an American spy on the side of the Loyalists, critics saw Hemingway moving beyond mere awareness and becoming a member, if not formally, then mentally, with Popular Front communists.

But Hemingway in the mid-30s had not had a sudden awakening. Since the 1920s, he had been a student of revolutionary politics and had always, even before the atmosphere of the 1930s, intended to write a novel with that as a subject. Sixteen years before his 'awakening' in the Fifth Column, while covering the Genoa Conference as a reporter, he wrote more articles about the Bolshevik representatives than any other delegation. The next year he reported on Italian communists sympathetically: 'The North Italian Red is a father of a family and a good worker six days out of seven.' Seven years before *The Fifth Column*, nine before *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway wished to visit the revolutionary scene in Madrid. That he studied the scene intensely is borne out by his letter to John Dos Passos listing the 23 different political parties 'steaming up' the countryside. The desire to record this contemporary scene was present: Hemingway even lamented that there was really no market for what he knew about the present Spanish situation. But even had there been, Hemingway would not have submitted anything, at least not in fictional form. As early as 1923, he had attempted a fictional story about revolution, but had abandoned the project because he did not think he knew enough about the topic. Two years later he made another attempt, but broke it off before completing the first page.

But by the supposed awakening period, he had spent 15 years studying, and by then, visiting, revolutions. He had the subject matter and he now knew enough about the topic to show merely the tip of the iceberg. Thus, the timing of the novels *To Have and Have Not* and *The Fifth Column* did not represent the sudden political awareness of Ernest Hemingway; these novels instead reveal that he had now acquired confidence in his subject matter.

What of his embracing and then abandoning leftwing activism? It is true that Hemingway was more active politically in the late 1930s, but only the publicity of these activities had changed, not the sentiments behind them. He had not merely spent the last 15 years studying revolutions and revolutionaries; in some cases, he was a supporter. He had been a sympathetic chronicler of the Italian communists in the 1920s and an early critic of Mussolini. He supported the overthrow of the Cuban dictator Machado in 1933. In 1934, he financed a benefit show for the communist revolutionary Luis Quintalla. In this period, he was expressing his sentiments in some of the same venues he would in the 'awakening' period – fundraising and reporting. The difference between the two periods was that by the late 1930s the journals he was reporting for were more frankly partisan (*New Masses, Pravda*) and he was now engaging in a new venue for old sentiments – a speech. The antifascism of the speech was not due to the influence of the Popular Front. He had warned against Hitler since the early 1930s, a period in which the CPUSA was dismissing the Nazis.

What of the politics in the literary works produced in the 35-39 period? If the model of Wilson et al is

correct, then *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which the Left saw as representing Hemingway's break with Stalinism, should differ significantly from his literary efforts in the 35-39 period. The novels beginning with *To Have and Have Not* and ending with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* should follow the emotional journey of an ex-communist: propaganda followed by ambivalence toward the cause, heroic treatment of the 'progressive' side followed by exposes of the homicidal behaviour of revolutionaries. There should be no links between the novels of the Popular Front period and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Such is not the case.

The politics of *To Have and Have Not* are not, when examined minutely, recognisably different from those expressed by Hemingway in other eras. There is a more forced contrast between the rich on the yachts and the boat bearing the dying Harry Morgan. There is more of a criticism of the New Deal in this work than previous ones. And there is the implication that economics forced a reluctant Morgan to accept dangerous work. But in its coverage of revolutionaries Hemingway, in this novel written during his Popular Front phase, prefigures the murderous and treacherous Pablo, a character in a novel considered to show Hemingway's break with the Popular Front. Witness the description of the Cuban who machine-guns one of Harry Morgan's friends and fires the fatal shot that kills Morgan: 'He is a good revolutionary but a bad man. He kills so much in the time of Machado he gets to like it' What more apt description for Pablo? But Hemingway, in a period that he is supposedly sympathetic to communist revolutionaries, makes these characters in *To Have and Have Not* even more one-dimensionally homicidal than the more plotting Pablo. They threaten Morgan with death within minutes of meeting him; and they machine-gun his friend. These revolutionaries never would have allowed Pilar to take over the cell; she would have been machine-gunned within seconds.

Phillip Rawlings, the communist counterespionage protagonist of *The Fifth Column*, a play praised by the Party, shares similarities with the disillusioned Robert Jordan. Both are disgusted with the means (assassination and torture) that their progressive ends involve. Both have doubts about their religion. But both have decided to suspend thinking about these doubts until the war is won. Both eschew any Marxist terminology to describe their activities. Rawlings recoils from those who describe him as a 'commissar'. Jordan makes distinctions between the term antifascist, which he accepts as an accurate description for what he believes, and Marxist, which he rejects.

Rawlings seems to have been reconverted at the end of the novel when he rejects the love of a rich debutante. But the novel's theme is more sex war than class, with the usual doses of Hemingway misogyny thrown in. One gets the impression Hemingway is more concerned with a fantasy of reversing the real-life roles of him and Martha Gellhorn, with the woman taking on the role of clinging pursuer. Hemingway rejects the comfortable life she leads rather than her particular class; it is an affirmation of machismo over the 'feminine life' – a theme Hemingway had been exploring throughout his life – not Loyalist over conservative since the girl is sympathetic to the Loyalists.

Robert Jordan is the end result of Rawlings; a disillusioned priest fully aware of that his religion had elements of fascism: 'You were fighting against exactly what you were doing and being forced into doing to have any chance of winning.' Jordan is aware of the necessity of the Party line – the war must be won first before the Revolution can be achieved – but that does not mean he sees it as democratic or without blemishes. Jordan denies being a Communist, even a Marxist and instead declares himself 'antifascist'. Jordan's political pronouncement sounds more Jeffersonian than Loyalist: 'He believed in Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.'

That there are links between these novels composed in supposedly different periods not only destroys the model of Hemingway embracing and then abandoning communism; they also reveal that Hemingway retained his previous view that good literature was neither left nor right. Like George Orwell, whose anti-Stalinist but pro-Loyalist *Homage to Catalonia* he admired, Hemingway was far too honest a writer to ignore the blemishes of the left. He presented real-life characters – not characters designed to make a propagandistic point. In his stories, counter-revolutionaries could be kind and communists could be bloodthirsty. This willingness to record honest experience put him at odds with a Popular Front that wanted revolutionaries to be noble, not bloodthirsty.

For all of Hemingway's supposed susceptibility to the Popular Front, he never succumbed to one of its foremost tenets: the need for America to arm to fight fascism. Throughout this period, Hemingway sounded more like an America Firster than a collective security communist. In 1935, the initial year of the Popular Front, Hemingway declared in a letter to *Esquire* that the only country worth dying for was one's own and the America should never again be 'sucked' into a European war again. Exposure to the Spanish conflict had not changed these views. Never once in his famous American Writers' Conference speech is there a mention of arming against fascism, merely a warning of many 'years of undeclared wars' for writers to study. A year after this speech, he was still urging that the United States stay out of the European conflict, even advancing the America First position that the United States should not sell arms to either side. In foreign policy, Hemingway's focus was always on the carnage of the Great War, not the current Party line of the moment. Hemingway maintained this consistency, arguing for war only when his country was attacked at Pearl

Harbor. By then, the remnants of the Popular Front had reversed their position twice.

Hemingway had other lifelong allegiances and this led him into heretical deviations from Popular Front orthodoxies. In a time when the Party supported Roosevelt and Stalin, Hemingway denounced both. He despised the literary left in America and complimented Franco. He believed in the 'absolute minimum of government' in a time when the Popular Front praised collectivist efforts. Hemingway's lifelong admiration of those tested by combat partially accounted for his attacks on the sacred cows of the Popular Front. In his view, the communist Luis Quintalla fitted this criterion – he had 'been on the barricades'; the literary left, 'those chickenshit communists', had not. Hemingway's dislike of Stalin and FDR, his libertarian view of government, was traceable to a distinct strain of anarchism in his political makeup. In a 1932 letter, he defined his political philosophy with the statement 'tearing down is more important than building up'. That is the core of Hemingway's political behaviour throughout his life: a hatred of those in power, a support of those who were not. He disliked FDR, Stalin, and the Russians headquartered at Gaylords for the same reason he later denounced HUAC, Joseph McCarthy, the FBI and Batista: they were in charge. The drowned veterans of Key West and the front-line Loyalist soldiers were not. Like a true anarchist, he denounced whoever was in power, be they left or right.

The myth of the 1930s Hemingway dies hard. It is a comfortable myth for biographers, conjuring up the same rapid-fire images as the Hemingway legend of other decades. But the reality is more complicated. Hemingway and the Popular Front were at odds from the beginning because of their divergent allegiances. Hemingway's was to non-propagandistic literature, to those who had been through combat, to anarchism. The Popular Front's allegiance, despite futile rescue efforts by revisionist historians, was to the foreign policy manoeuvres of Moscow. Hemingway supported revolutions and revolutionaries all his life, but not when it fitted the fashions of the moment or the whims of another country. In the 1930s, revolution became fashionable for the left; it was only an accident that the Popular Front and Hemingway supported the same revolution in Spain.

Ron Capshaw is an academic living in Richmond, Virginia.

Conservative Classic - 5
Hayek's The Road to Serfdom
Norman Barry

The controversy that the publication of this book in 1944 aroused has never abated. With its prediction that totalitarianism must inevitably follow from even minor state-directed interference with the private enterprise market system, it was immediately assailed by the moderate left as far too alarmist (although it received a favourable review from George Orwell), by the extreme left as a mere apologia for the inequality of capitalism, and was criticised by some conservatives. The response of the last was instructive: some, like Karl Popper, were concerned that the author showed little sympathy for those measures which, while eliminating obvious suffering, could be made consistent with freedom and limited government, and some extreme laissez-faire thinkers were worried that the modifications that Hayek made to the market were too great a concession to the collectivist *Zeitgeist.* At the philosophical level, Michael Oakeshott rejected its apparently rationalistic approach: 'A plan to beat all planning may be better than its opposite but it belongs to the same style of politics', he wrote.

mThe Road to Serfdom is in many ways an outline of ideas that Hayek was to develop more fully in later works and was, compared to the latter, more overtly propagandist. But it remains to non-specialists the canonical statement of *classical* liberalism. Its composition, in the circumstances of a war in which the West was formally allied to the Soviet Union, was important, for it meant that Hayek's fire could not be directed exclusively at 'communism', which is scarcely mentioned, but is aimed at any form of collectivism. Still, Hayek had been something of a Fabian socialist after the First World War, and even in 1944 he never challenged the ends of socialism. He just thought that its means were grievously mistaken and that any attempt to implement a planned society would be ultimately totalitarian.

It is important to understand the rationale of *The Road to Serfdom.* It was a *political* assault on that collectivism which had been Hayek's target as an *economic* theorist in the 1930s. The two themes are complementary. Earlier, the technical problem of economic calculation without a market was his major concern and in

the *Road to Serfdom* he extended the argument to show that the diversity of potentially incompatible goals and purposes in a free society, which are harmonised by the market, could only be reconciled under socialism by totalitarianism. Here people could not co-ordinate their disparate purposes under general rules that privileged no one, but would have to obey a central commander.

The rule of law is a key aspect of Hayek's thought and it is an important normative feature of *The Road to Serfdom.* It is not enough that a law be formally valid for it to satisfy this requirement. A purported legal rule has to meet certain moral criteria: it must to be perfectly general, name no person, be non-retrospective and is better if issued in the form of a prohibition rather than a direct command. Most important, government should be subject to impersonal law. The classical notion of sovereignty is quite inconsistent with Hayek's standards and no socialist order could satisfy them.

The book is often taken to be a utilitarian justification for liberty, incorporating the view that theory and experience show the superiority of the market over the plan. But Hayek had a deep affection for the moral value of liberty. He wrote of 'the respect for the individual man *qua* man, that is, the recognition of his own views about tastes as supreme in his own sphere'. While he wrote as an economist there is no doubting his respect for the moral value of choice, no matter how incompetently it is exercised.

It is the case that historically, the predictions implicit in *The Road to Serfdom* have been falsified. Considerable intervention has taken place without dire consequences. The West has experienced Keynesian macro-economic planning, the welfare state, prices and incomes policies, some nationalisation and a myriad of minor economic impediments to the free market without totalitarian consequences. In some cases these interventions have been made consistent with his conception of the rule of law, which makes no reference to 'rights' However, the book was never meant to be a scientific prediction but rather a warning. As Hayek said later: 'if you neglect your principles you will go to the devil'. What he did not notice at the time was that nominally free societies could endure much intervention but suffer stagnation rather than outright tyranny. What normally happens is that interest groups use the political system to divert income created by others to themselves ('rent seeking' in the language of public choice economics).

But throughout his life, and especially when he wrote *The Road to Serfdom,* Hayek was convinced that it was ideas rather than interests that were decisive in the determination of events and although in later work he incorporated public choice theory he could never make the two causal perspectives fully consistent. He distinguished between 'hot' and 'cool' socialism and *The Road to Serfdom* was obviously addressed to the former. It was the latter, however, that became the more immediate danger to the West.

Classical liberals have made many improvements to their doctrine since Hayek's early work, but in the *Road to Serfdom* he made arguments against socialism which are of abiding significance. Most important is the symmetry he established between economic and political liberty. He stressed the fact that the decentralised nature of knowledge means that a free market is an absolute necessity if that knowledge is to be co-ordinated for the benefit of mankind. But he went beyond this in demonstrating that freedom to trade is as important morally as is freedom of expression or religious liberty. Modern American liberals are completely remiss in their claim that the two concepts can be separated. In a brilliant chapter, 'Why the Worst Get to the Top' Hayek shows how, in the absence of a free market, success goes to those who can manipulate the political system. The removal of the market actually means the absence of justice. Under socialism everybody has to work for the state and obey a political superior.

Despite the huge hostility which his work provoked, Hayek, the courteous refugee, conducted his side of the debate with an endless civility, entirely consistent with his political philosophy.

Norman Barry is Professor of Social and Political Theory at the University of Buckingham. His books include Hayek's Social and Economic Philosophy, The New Right, Welfare and Business Ethics.

> The system of private property is the important guarantee of freedom, not only for those who own property, but scarecely less for those who do not.

LETTERS

Sir,

I turn to the Salisbury Review for a breath of fresh air for thought free from the fashionable nostrums of our time, for appreciation of the enduring wisdom of the past, and for searching accounts of what may be necessary for our flourishing in the future.

Many articles are excellent. But some seem to me to forget the difference between probing critique and having a good rant. At the risk of singling out someone unfairly, Frank Ellis on 'The Decline and Fall of History' is a case in point. In an essay purportedly devoted to defending traditional Western intellectual disciplines, one of the prime Western intellectual virtues is conspicuously absent: the concern to understand your adversary so well that you can expound their position sympathetically and in its strongest form – and only then demolish it (i.e. to observe the proper difference between critique and rant). Without this it is less clear that the Western intellectual tradition is worth defending against alternatives.

R. W. L. Moberly, Durham

Sir,

David O'Regan's aricle about Enoch Powell's relationship with India renewed my unease on the subject.

India has always attracted quick visitors. Beverley Nichols wrote a book on the sub-continent after a matter of weeks there...– not an entirely bad book at that. Paul Scott's Raj books were based on a two-year spell in India, and were a superb account, though only of some vital years. Enoch Powell was there for not much longer, and I am almost as reluctant to regard him as an expert on the subject as I am with the other two. Of course, he pursued the language and culture at university level; but during his military service (when we are told he studied Urdu for three hours a day) he was a senior Army officer in a hot climate with a very full life.

Army officers had to study Urdu, in order to pass at a minimum standard soon after their arrival in India. Some went on to study the subject at higher levels, and often to learn other Indian languages. I concede that far too many, both of old-timers and of new arrivals, spoke local languages badly; but there were always men of quality, including those who chose to spend their lives in India, mastering its culture as well as they could. An old friend of mine, who spent less than a lifetime (though more years than Enoch), was respected for his great learning by many Indians, and aged 80 could talk intelligently to a young Iranian in Farsi about Persian literature.

Must I join the chorus that praises Enoch for that immense profundity of mind of which Mrs Thatcher spoke? or was it not rather that he had a sad and permanent compulsion to be seen as an expert, or, to use an Indian word, a Pundit? The intelligent people who disliked him would say that his insistence on being regarded as an expert on immigration, accompanied by no trace of humility on the subject, was the cause of his failure as a politician.

P. Griffin, Southwold, Suffolk

Sir,

It was disappointing to read Frank Ellis's review of Windschuttle's *Killing of History* (SR Winter 2001). Not only does it do scant justice to a very valuable exposé of what post-modernist relativism is doing to scholarship and teaching in the field of History, it picks out for praise what may be considered the one weak point in an otherwise excellent book, what Windschuttle has to say about Karl Popper.

Like every great thinker Popper made mistakes and these merit serious appraisal. There seems, however, to be a small fashion around for picking on these in a cavalier mode which can only influence negatively those who have not read or understood what Popper actually wrote. When great scholars like Hayek, Gombrich and Gellner speak highly of Popper the pinpricks of lesser figures do his reputation little harm. But they do influence younger generations who are now unfamiliar with all of these.

However, in faraway places Popper studies are flourishing. In Central Europe, here in Portugal, Spain and Brazil, in Japan and the Pacific rim there are influential circles of Popper students and some of these publish on the Internet. Sir Karl would have been delighted to find that his message is finding an audience where it is most needed: among nascent democracies rather than among our jaded democrats who live in places where the battle for the Open Society (though threatened) has long been won.

Patricia Lanca, Portugal

Sir,

While I have not read the moronic Jane and Peter children's readers which Penelope Tremayne warns against (SR Winter 2001), I have no trouble imagining them. Perhaps, however, the situation is not quite as bad as it might be.

The phenomenal success of the Harry Potter books shows that even today children will read and enjoy intellectually and imaginatively-demanding stories so long as they are well-written and obey the principles of good story-telling that have been around since the ancient world. Harry Potter has demanding and adult vocabulary, plots and concepts and some complex characterisation (for example Snape, the Potions Master, is spiteful, vindictive and bullying, but he is ultimately, however ungraciously, on the right side). I should think many of Harry Potter's readers are not much older than six or seven, and they are the sort of books which, if I could not have read them unaided at that age, I would love to have read to me.

Harry Potter is not an isolated phenomenon. Cartoons which children love include Peanuts, Calvin and Hobbes and almost anything by Gary Larson. I have heard children whose ages are certainly in single digits learnedly and even pedantically discuss the obscurer pedigrees of Tolkien's *Silmarillion* or the politics of *Star Wars*, and at military war-gaming societies pronounce authoritatively on the differences in equipment for earlier and later Roman legions.

If the education system does not provide children with proper intellectual and imaginative nourishment, both parents and the market can supply it. The results are frequently astonishing.

HAL G P COLEBATCH, NEDLANDS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Sir

David Oderberg is correct (SR Winter 2001) when he implies that delinquents have more rights now.

Last February a group of us out with the Cheshire Beagles were attacked by a group of thugs wearing balaclavas. Property was damaged, people injured requiring hospital treatment, but the police could not ask them to remove their balaclavas because it would be against their human rights.

Similarly in January this year, at a police meeting in Newcastle-under-Lyme, the Police Inspector said he could not ask misbehaving teenagers their names because that would be against their human rights.

What about the rights of the law-abiding majority?

DAVID NIXON, STOKE-ON-TRENT

Sir,

Several statements in Mr Pardoe's letter (SR Winter 2001) need to be challenged. One is hardly reassured by the statement that Elizabethan English was 'the lingua franca of Cranmer's day', when Cranmer produced his first Prayer Book some ten years before Elizabeth came to the throne. The language of the present Prayer Book is not that of the 17th century but almost entirely that of the 16th. His quotation from Dorothy L Sayers is taken out of context and hence misapplied. She is writing about Christian drama in contemporary language such as her own *The Man born to be King* and admonishes actors not to be 'churchy'. Her words are entirely about 'realistic' Gospel plays and have nothing to do directly with the language of worship. Mr. Pardoe says that he wants church services to be in the language that he uses daily. But the English of Cranmer's liturgies does not represent the ordinary vernacular of his time. As the great Cranmer expert, Diarmaid MacCulloch puts it: 'Cranmer deliberately intended the language of the Prayer Book to be sonorous and slightly archaic; he had no intention of letting his liturgy be sneered at for being modish or inferior to the old Latin.' Whether Cranmer would turn in his grave at the continued use of the Book of Common Prayer today, I do not know; but then, neither does Mr. Pardoe.

J. R. PORTER, LONDON N1

St George's Day 2002:

Our Annual St George's Day dinner will take place at St Columba's Pont St, SW1 on Wednesday April 24 at 7.30 pm. The Rev Dr Mullen will propose the toast of St George.

Peter Mullen contributes to *The Salisbury Review* and the *Spectator* and is a formidable defender of the traditional church.

Tickets
to include three courses and wine are
£17.

Please apply to the Managing Editor.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Working-Class Gentleman

Norman Dennis

The Intellectual Life of the British Working Classes,
Jonathan Rose, Yale University Press, 2001, £29.95

A celebrity who had recently changed her home from America to London because, she said, she so loved British culture, and wanted her children to have the benefit of it, was recently invited to present one of the greatest honours the country can award for artistic achievement. On making the presentation, the celebrity said that she did not believe in awards. There was no such thing as the best of anything; there were only opinions. The television company later apologised for the supportive language she had used in the course of that congratulatory speech, because gross obscenity is allowed on British television only after 9 in the evening.

The fact that today a high value is placed on such views, on such nonconformity and on such tolerance, is brought into strong relief by another American who is interested in British culture, Jonathan Rose. Rose has collected a set of working-class autobiographies, mainly from the period 1850 to 1950. People who write their autobiographies are a rare breed in any social class. They are extremely rare at any time among manual labourers or the children of manual labourers. The book, therefore, is about a tiny section of the working class. He looks at what that tiny section said about what they read, and at their own accounts of the social and personal ideals of conduct they derived from their reading.

His autobiographies or autobiographical materials cover a range from peers and privy councillors to Workers' Educational Association students who remained in their manual jobs in their own communities. Rose's other sources include biographies, survey material and direct comment and analysis by such writers as George Orwell ('Boys' Weeklies'), Richard Hoggart (*The Uses of Literacy*) and Robert Roberts (*The Classic Slum*). In the period Rose covers, manual workers and their children experienced physical and institutional conditions that would be regarded today as rendering study impossible. Until 1870 there were no schools directly run by the State. In Derbyshire in the 1850s children were refused enrolment by the rules of some parish schools if their fathers were coal miners. From 1870 the school-leaving age was at first 12, then for many years 14. There were few libraries, sparse provision of art galleries and museums, long hours of arduous work, and until well after the end of the second world war many cramped, crowded and poorly equipped homes. On the other hand, and crucially, Rose's autobiographers rarely report *social* conditions that were hostile to the person who spent his or her time in self-improvement through the study of books, either in their family, or among their neighbours and workmates. The fine pocket watches that were produced to mark the founding of the First International in the 1860s are inscribed with the message, 8 hours for work, 8 hours for repose, and 8 hours, not 'for leisure', but 'for our own instruction'.

The writers of these autobiographies, from Rose's account, almost without exception rejected large elements of the existing social system. But none of them was in the slightest degree a moral relativist. Before the 1950s very few working-class families could have survived even small doses of Bloomsbury bohemianism for long. Rose develops this point in his final chapter, using his autobiographies as evidence of working-class reactions to moral relativism when working people encountered it at close quarters.

The people in Rose's sample wanted innumerable things to be 'better'. There was plenty of scope for honest disagreement among people of equal good will who had worked equally hard and ably on the point of disagreement. One's opponents must be taken seriously, and differences of opinion tolerated. But there is no trace in Rose's autobiographies of the contention that there were no such things as better, worse or the lesser of two evils, nor is there any trace of the contention that one person's opinion on a point of conduct was just as good as anybody else's, no matter what effort one or the other had put into informing himself of the issues involved.

Different readers could extract very different messages from the same authors — the influence of Thomas Carlyle provides an obvious example. The writers of Rose's autobiographies extracted the ideals for domestic and civic life that have been variously described as

those of 'ethical socialism' and of the 'respectable' working class. The autobiographies appeal almost without exception to some aspect of idealised 'British values'. Early in the nineteenth century William Cobbett looked to the lost rights of the 'free-born Englishmen'. Later in the nineteenth century and far into the twentieth century, very many of them looked to the realisation in all classes and in both sexes of the ideals of the 'gentleman'. Writers admired by many of the late Victorian writers of working-class autobiography included John Stuart Mill, Arnold Toynbee and Alfred Marshall. All had considered the 'future of the working class' and all concluded that the working class was steadily becoming a class of gentlemen. (Toynbee remarks on the marked diminution in the use of 'foul language'). People espousing and embodying the ideals of the gentleman rose to highest positions in Britain's overwhelmingly most important working-class political party. According to Woodrow Wyatt, Attlee's acid comment to a Labour M.P. who had behaved badly was that 'it was not the behaviour of a gentleman'. Orwell showed from his own analysis of their favourite magazines how popular and pervasive the ideals of the gentleman were among even quite ordinary working-class boys in the 1930s.

In a chapter entitled 'A Conservative Canon' Rose shows how old-fashioned the reading tastes and ideals of his autobiographers were. When Lyell was destroying the scriptural version of creation, Thomas Burt's main reading matter as a young pitman (he started work in the mines at the age of 10) was the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* — two books frequently mentioned in similar terms by working-class autobiographers who were his contemporaries. (Burt was one of the first two working-class M.P.s. Later in his life he was described by a Governor General of Canada as 'the finest gentleman I have ever known').

When 'decadence' in art and literature was fashionable in fin de siècle London, the miners of South Wales were still building their Bethels, Bethesdas and Seions, and in a few years' time revivalism would for the last time sweep the valleys. 'Toleration' meant for them toleration of the Baptist, Presbyterian and Independent sects in the sense of the Toleration Act. Nonconformity was for them a direct reference to nonconformity with the Act of Uniformity. Neither word yet carried any of the modern connotations of the right of the individual to do as he likes with his life without being so much as criticised by anyone else, as long as he does no clear, positive and provable harm to other people.

When the 'revolt against reason' was in full spate among the continental intelligentsia in the 1890s and 1900s, the British writers of working-class autobiographies were recording their exhilaration at reading Arnold's instruction that they must turn a stream of fresh and free thought on stock notions and habits, and spread sweetness and light by making 'the best that has been known and thought in the world' current everywhere.

When pleasure became the watchword among the rich in the aftermath of the Great War, working-class autobiographies were recording their debt to William Morris. In the 1930s, when sections of the metropolitan intelligentsia were transferring their loyalties to other countries, the working-class biographies were twenty years behind with the early H.G. Wells — scandalous only in private, and subversive only by the standards of the 1870s.

Rose keeps to the self-imposed limits of his book — what people said they read, and what they said they learned, but the values to which the writers of the autobiographies subscribe were in fact attributed to the 'old' working class by people who studied their communities before they disintegrated. Coincident with the dominance of these values —there is no way now of saying one was cause and the other effect — crime rates in Britain dropped from the middle of the nineteenth century until 1911 and remained at very low levels compared with current levels until the mid-1950s. Drunkenness and the consumption of alcohol declined steadily during the same period. The use of what are now illicit drugs also declined in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century, and from the 1920s to the early 1960s the 'illicit drug problem' was insignificantly small.

Given the culture of mutual improvement through serious book-learning, the high standard of the achievements of Rose's unknown men and women and the quality of their communities is no mystery. Before the 1940s, when the grammar schools were opened to 'intelligent' working class boys and girls, and especially before the 1960s, when the modern expansion of the universities began, there were many manual labourers whose intellectual abilities and personal values under later conditions of educational opportunity would have made them at least run-of-the-mill professors, judges, government ministers, managing directors, peers, and so forth. As it was, they remained in their labouring jobs, and in the communities of their birth. Even today, it is easy to find older men who were once coal hewers, shipyard welders or merchant seamen from the pre-grammar school and pre-university era, and older women from such families, whose inquisitiveness, knowledge and immunity to silly arguments and destructive moral absurdities exceed by a wide margin those of many graduates.

Is Wimbledon Really Over?

Matthew O'Keeffe

The Death of Gentlemanly Capitalism: The Rise and Fall of London's Investment Banks, Philip Augar, Penguin Books, 2000, £9.99

In his recent history of the City, Philip Augar investigates what has become known as the Wimbledon theory. The author often writes nostalgically, he sometimes grinds a political axe, but at all times he writes beautifully. The story which concerns him is how London's gentleman merchant bankers and stockbrokers sold their institutions to foreign owners – and in particular to the Americans who in the last ten years have come to London with their big bucks and swept the board.

The Wimbledon theory is explained in the very first paragraph of the first chapter where the City is compared with the tennis championships: 'held in Britain, staffed by locals, dominated by foreigners but still generating bags of prestige and money for the UK'.

Augar is not a believer in the Wimbledon theory. Part Six ('The City Unplugged') is the most interesting in the book. In these last three chapters he considers why the locals sold out to the foreigners, why it matters (in his opinion), and what should have been (and could be) done about it.

It would be tempting to launch an argumentum ad hominem against Philip Augar. This is the man who believes London has been fatally weakened by the absence of a national investment banking champion; yet he is also the man who presided over the sale to Citigroup of Schroders ('the last chapter in British investment banking' as he once described it to me). This is also a man who describes the money paid to brokers as a social disgrace; yet he freely admits his own annual earnings as a broker 'often exceeded £1 million and sometimes £2 million'.

I think this would be an unfair line of attack. I first met Philip Augar in 1998; then a 27-year old casualty of the merger between UBS and SBC (described in the book). I was one of 3,000 newly-redundant City workers. Augar was the first to offer me the lifeline of another job; my impression then and now is of someone perhaps more thoughtful than the average broker.

Augar offers a number of theories as to why the British have not succeeded in building an investment banking champion of their own. The most interesting theory relates to the City's contempt for management. Most brokers in London view management, at best, as a distraction; the manager is viewed as a bore and as a burden on costs in contrast with the brave, revenue-generating chap on the front line (as the analysts, the salesmen and the dealers invariably see themselves).

The Americans, by contrast, and to a lesser extent the Continental Europeans have a much more reverential attitude towards management. Thus, while the British busily paddled their own boats, the better-organised marines from America and Europe were able to storm into London and wrest control from the disorganised British outfits.

All of this makes for uncomfortable reading. Augar very accurately captures the mood in London; I myself have always shared the cynical City view of senior management without seriously questioning it. And yet it is obvious that the British have done themselves no favours in thinking like this. Spend even a day inside the Goldman Sachs machine, for instance, and it is quickly apparently that an old British firm like Phillips and Drew could never have competed with a better-managed firm like Goldman on the world stage.

For what it's worth, the British firms were almost certainly more fun to work in. Philip Augar weakens his case here by going on to moan about the number of oddballs, addicts and various other characters he had to deal with in the difficult course of managing the broking firms he worked at. Mention of such characters reminded me why I have always enjoyed working in the City so much and it partly restored my suspicion of senior management.

Augar is on much weaker ground in his thinking about class. His contention here is that the public school boys running the merchant banks were unable to rise above class differences to form any sort of alliance with the grammar school boys running the high street banks; class barriers thereby prevented the formation of any serious British investment bank. This is cited as a particular factor in the failure by Martin Owen of NatWest to acquire Warburg – a deal that Augar believes could have built a force to be reckoned with: *'Owen is not a merchant banker ... he did not attend Oxbridge or a major public school. The Warburg people were classic gentlemanly capitalists and would not have been able to stomach reporting to him. At a crucial moment for investment banking in the UK, class got in the way. The gentlemanly capitalists turned to the Swiss...'*

We will probably never know whether Augar's guesswork as to the motivation of the Warburg people is correct. What we do know is that the City that he joined in 1978 is a world apart from the City in 2001. By his own reckoning, 75% of the Big Bang generation had been to public school which compares with only 33% of the current generation in the City. This is a monumental shift which goes almost without comment. If class was ever the potent factor on which Augar fixates then its influence must be much reduced now.

Augar's least interesting argument is also the most familiar; that both the Government and the Bank of

England stood aside, while the investment banks were sold, convinced of the benefits of free markets and convinced too that it was location that mattered not ownership: *'There are many occasions when the Government and the Bank intervene discreetly behind the scenes when national interest is at stake, and the slow death of a strategic industry should have been just such a case.'*

But this 'slow death' is debatable on both counts. The British financial services industry is in rude health; it has gone only from strength to strength since the foreigners arrived. It can therefore be regarded as dead only if this is defined in terms of ownership rather than location – but that is precisely the point in contention. Moreover, the transformation, however you regard it, has been anything other than slow; the speed of change in the City is something which Augar's book captures best.

It is hard also to imagine circumstances in which the government – having allowed the death of the mining, shipbuilding and steel industries – would have intervened on behalf of the over-paid cry-babies in the City. Moreover, the sale of the British investment banks continued after 1997 so the transformation cannot entirely be laid at the feet of the last government.

Augar also makes the familiar complaint that London investors did not have the long-term vision to support the British banks in their plans to build world-class investment banks. Yet these are the same investors who backed some of the biggest companies in our stock market to drill oil wells, develop new drugs and so on – all projects of huge long-term vision.

There is, moreover, something naïve about the idea of government as deus ex machina here; given the electoral cycle, our government has an average horizon of 2.5 years – 5 years at most – which makes it a less than perfect candidate for the protection of our 'strategic' industries.

And Augar almost certainly ignores an important part of the City's history here. There are many reasons for London's success as a financial centre: the language, the time zone, the relative attractions of London as a place to live. But surely one of the most important factors is the absence of a meddlesome Government or Bank of England behind the scenes.

Does it matter that foreigners now own most of the British investment banks?

Augar believes it significant that with the change in ownership the banks now have their head offices overseas: in the event of a prolonged market downturn, the foreigners are much more likely to cut back in London before they cut back at home he believes: *'...ask any London employee of Merrill Lynch or Goldman, or UBS or Deutsche Bank the nationality of the company they [sic] work for and you do not have long to wait for an answer. As we have seen in manufacturing industry, head office determines the strategy, the culture and the commitment.'*

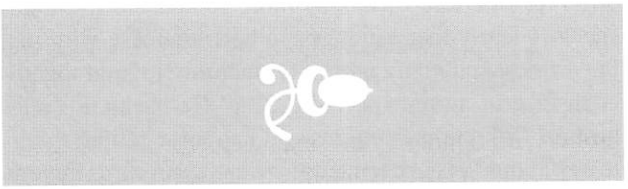
One is again tempted to remind Philip Augar that the City has moved on and that foreigners are no longer strangers here. Having worked for the Swiss, the British, the Americans and the Germans I – like many colleagues – have to remind myself whom I work for now. One also suspects that Augar's is the view from the board where endless communication with the owners – whether British or American – is inevitable. It is not so clear that the city workers on the front line are as concerned about where their pay cheques come from.

Some of the trends that are attacked in the book actually work against one another. Augar laments the amount investment bankers get paid. At his old firm, Schroders, employee salaries and bonuses rose from 42% of net revenues in 1994 to 52% of revenues in 1998. Presumably, though, this trend is in some respects a good thing – in so far as those bonuses get spent in London restaurants, car dealerships, estate agencies etc. rather than repatriated as profits to shareholders in America, Switzerland or Germany.

The politics of the author show through in places. He proudly remembers being the only labour voter on the dealing-room floor in 1979; and the very name of the book is of course a reference to a phrase invented by Will Hutton. His book on the City is a long but fascinating one where the author sometimes shows the bewilderment of a Cambridge don trying to understand how such a successful industry could have evolved without the helping hand of a benevolent economist or civil servant behind the scenes.

Of course, no model is perfect. However, it is interesting that Augar considers the faults of the Wimbledon model without ever considering the reverse. To paraphrase, let us call it the Hollywood model: held in the USA, staffed by the British, dominated by the British but generating bags of prestige and money for the USA. It is, perhaps, hard to imagine a world where the investment banks were all owned by the British but based in New York (or Frankfurt) but it is not hard to imagine how we would feel about this model – presumably, the same way as the Germans and Swiss who have lost their own investment banks to London. The Hollywood model would be catastrophically worse.

Ultimately Philip Augar is unable, on his own admission, to produce a single statistic showing the City is in decline. This makes his book an interesting conjecture at best. But Augar also believes that a good analyst looks to the future rather than the past and he is surely right here. Time will tell whether the great financial championship stays at home.



Victory!

Penelope Tremayne

Why The West Has Won. Carnage and Culture from Salamis to Vietnam,
Victor David Hanson, Faber & Faber, 2001, £20

The first thing to say about this book is that it is very good reading: crammed with facts but never boring, and so vividly descriptive that at times it is hard to put down.

Broadly, Professor Hanson tells us that although the West is often defeated in the short term, and sometimes apparently catastrophically, in the long term it always triumphs against non-westerners. By 'the West' he explains that he means those nations or peoples whose morals, ideas and view of life have been handed down direct from those of ancient Greece. That is to say, Europeans and Americans. It is Caucasian bloodlines that he sees as responsible for the winning streak: not just culture; which has often been more advanced in Asiatic states (and once in Egypt) than in Europe. He cannot go into such things, to do so would break the great taboos of political correctness, so he must offer other causes for the effects, good or bad, that he describes so clearly. This is a shame, for he is a refreshingly direct thinker and whether or not one ends by agreeing with his thesis, he makes it very interesting when he is not winding his way through the stakes of a verbal bending-race.

He argues that in war the definitive winning tactic is not the vast, prepared steam-roller advance but the short, sharp, shock: the use of maximum force with maximum speed, surprise and weight applied at one point, with immediate follow-up to achieve wholesale destruction. There must be no chance for the defeated to fight another day. This is a familiar line of thought and perhaps hardly needs re-stating. Less often heard is his contention that the tactic had never been tried before the Greeks first used it in the fifth century BC; and that while his Europeans have never ceased using it since then, often against overwhelming odds and generally to devastating effect, none of the Others has really succeeded in using it at all. Reasons for this are discussed. Have the Others (he never risks using the word 'race', however often he means it) more reluctance to bloodshed? (Clearly that cannot have been the case with say, the Aztecs, and many more.) Or inability to hold together in face of an unexpected defeat? He backs this suggestion with clear examples and has some telling things to say about Western tenacity: we are as prone as anyone to gross blunders, but can rally after being apparently shattered and deliver *a coup de grace* against an enemy which had seemed completely victorious. He dismisses the notion that the West has always won because it has always had superior weapons; pointing out that in some wars the Others have had the same weapons or better ones, and at least as much experience with them. And he is surely right in this, though he wisely does not go into the question *why* does the West so consistently have the better scientists, engineers etc.

What it really comes down to, he indicates without putting it too precisely, is clear thinking and morale. Westerners know what they are doing. and are more resolute both in slaughtering their enemies (intentionally, not just in the enthusiasm of the moment) and in standing to be slaughtered. This, on the very fairly balanced evidence he supplies from different fields, is hard to dispute. It is not to say that the Others have individually less courage than Westerners, anyone can see that that is not true; nor that they are less patriotic; but that they fight as a formation, all for one and one for all, only when victory is in view, and in defeat lose cohesion and revert to being as it were civilians. Not weaponry, then, but discipline, is the key that can unlock victory even from the gates of disaster.

In all this Professor Hanson does his best – and it is a pretty good best – to say nothing too conspicuously out-of-line. He takes a very stern view of Alexander the Great, seeing him not just as a murderously demented alcoholic but as a cheap fraud with no understanding of or sympathy with the Greek idea; a figure best compared, he suggests, with Hitler ('both were half-educated pop philosophers who sprinkled their orders of mass destruction with allusions to literature and poetry'). This may seem a little over the top; but from there he goes on to condense his own view of Why the West has Won: *'decisive battle, superior technology, capitalism and unmatched discipline give Western armies only ephemeral victories if they lack the corresponding foundation of Western freedom, individualism, civic audit, and constitutional government.'*

This is all the more interesting just now, with people who should know better talking of outsiders installing 'moderates' and 'democracy' in Afghanistan. Most Afghans are of basically Persian stock, and the Tajiks' language, Dari, is a variant of Persian. The democratic idea is not wholly new to them, however little practised, but the south and west of the country were particularly thoroughly overrun by the Tartars. Chingiz Khan, not a democratic figure, had a million men, women and children killed after the siege of Herat and later spent several years there. Some Pathan tribes, notably Ghilzai and Yusufzai, are proud to claim direct descent from his horde.

Victory in war depends, it seems, on first-class drill and the will to kill but also it grows out of democracy, an egalitarian society, and free elections. (Certainly Alexander cared for none of those things.) The modern

fighting man finds the needful determination and endurance to fight to the death from 'the idea that freemen enter a consensual contract with their military and thereby expect rights and accept responsibilities. In such an environment drill is not seen necessarily as oppressive... but as an obvious manifestation of egalitarianism....' But was that really in the minds of the USAF Devastator pilots at Midway, or the last-ditch Panzer regiments in Normandy? Maybe so; but it seems to me that the current of history tells us otherwise: that the lesson relative to war which we learned from the Greeks was not about egalitarianism but about love of country and refusal to lie down. Appropriately Professor Hanson uses a well-chosen quotation from Aristotle: 'a man should not be brave because he is forced to be, but because courage is itself a noble thing.'

The book is beautifully produced, as one would expect from Fabers, and with encouragingly few of the misprints and misspellings that sprinkle the pages of most books today. It is a pity, though, that there are not more, and much better, maps, for the text deserves them. Conventional diagrams of troop positions tell the common reader very little when none of the topography is shown.

Stalin's First Satellite

Alfred Sherman

Spain Betrayed:
The Soviet Union in the Spanish civil war,
Ed. Radosh, Habeck and Sevostianov, Yale, Annals of communism series. 2001, £27.50

Even after sixty odd years memories of the Spanish civil war bring a tinge of regret. So much hope and idealism went to waste. *Spain Betrayed* brings voices from the dead, documents released after the end of communism. It demonstrates relentlessly that whatever might have been the outcome of the 1936 military uprising, the main responsibility for the then Republic's defeat falls on Stalin personally. He imposed mutually contradictory expedients motivated by phobias in place of coherent policy. As a result, after three years of struggle in which the Republic proved its capacity to govern and fight, it collapsed under the weight of its own contradictions and gave way to nearly thirty years of sterile personal dictatorship.

When the uprising began, the Spanish Republican Government turned to France and Britain for arms, which it had the gold reserves to buy. The unforgivable pusillanimity which motivated Franco-British refusal to help had two inevitable results. First, it gave carte blanche to German-Italian intervention. Secondly, it brought the Soviet Union on to centre stage, and with it the then minuscule Spanish Communist party. *Spain Betrayed* traces lethal aspects of this process.

In the early months, the new association brought visible benefits, though at a price – first world war arms at several times world prices, and the beginning of political interference which was to end by a civil war within the civil war and surrender to Franco, *faute de mieux*. But the International Brigades, which brought rapid injections of skilled and motivated manpower in the early days of the war and saved Madrid, weighed heavily on the positive side. That was soon to change radically, as the documents show. Stalin ran a series of vendettas against broad sections of the Republican body politic, leaving far too narrow room for political manoeuvre. For him, vendetta came first. The vendetta against most kinds of socialists, anarchists and most bourgeois and large swathes of the residual armed forces flew in the face of elementary political geometry. Hence the final surrender came from inside the Republican army and government and was directed against the communists and their allies.

The study's documents show that from the outset, the Soviet commanders and commissars and their senior foreign deputies treated their Spanish subordinates as second class citizens. This irked increasingly as the Spaniards developed their military skills. As time went on, as Col. Cverchevski, a regular Red army officer of Polish plebeian origin pointed out, the quality of Spanish Republican soldiers and officers of all ranks improved while that of residual international brigadiers declined, thanks to losses, falling quality of replacements, lost battles and war weariness:
'Guadalajara in my opinion concludes the most brilliant and most dazzling pages of the International Brigades' combat history. After that there was a decline in their relative importance, a decline which coincides with the arrival into our units of Spanish members whom many of the international patriots tried to blame for their own weaknesses'...

It was precisely in the political sphere, where the communists were most deeply entrenched, and Stalin's writ ran, that the havoc was created. Franco exercised a dictatorship, whereas the Republic was from beginning to end a battleground of conflicting fiefdoms, whose main enemies were ostensible colleagues. There, *Spain Betrayed*'s story ends. The rest is on the record. Having helped bring the Republic to its knees in 1939, Stalin ceded his stake in it to Hitler as part of his ongoing negotiations for the Nazi-Soviet Pact, which had been the cornerstone of his policy for years, a super-Rapallo to which he adhered with absolute loyalty, till Hitler cast it aside in 1941. It should be noted that not till the Republic surrendered in the Spring of 1939 did negotiations for the Pact move to take-off speed.

As I said at the outset, even at this distance in time one cannot look back without regret for the wasted ideals

and struggle. It is difficult to eschew might-have-beens. Had the French Popular Front Government stuck to its principles and sold arms for cash to the Republican Government at the outset, sending them of course by land, Moscow and the Spanish communist Party, a minor party at the outset, would have had little purchase. Pressures for a compromise peace from within and without, which the communists had become strong enough to oppose in 1937 – 'el unico compromiso, aplastar el fascismo' – would have been all the stronger.

Spain Betrayed works from the Russian sources. As Cverchevski complained, the Soviet advisors never troubled to learn Spanish – I used to interpret for him into Spanish and English when he visited our battalion. They were mainly good soldiers, but not outstanding. Their tendency to arrogance, which Cverchevski, who never lost his Polish accent, identified and condemned, stored up resentment which tipped the balance in 1939. They lost a war which need not have been lost, and in most cases their lives, and the Spanish people paid the price for a generation.

By the time documents from Soviet archives were available, their authors were long since dead, purged or killed in battle. By now, the Anarchists, who terrified the Communists and bourgeois alike, have disappeared almost without trace. What Stalin could not tame, time has done. Likewise the Carlists, another specifically Spanish anachronism, have gone. The communists have shrunk back to their size before the Spanish civil war gave them their great and eventually lost opportunity. I am grateful to the authors and sponsors of *Spain Betrayed* for these vivid glimpses of self-defeating heroism, of a past which is well buried.

Civilised Warfare Now

Andrew Fear

The Clash of Civilisations and the Remaking of World Order.
Samuel Huntington, Simon & Schuster, 2001, £9.99.

Humane Warfare,
C Coker, Routledge, 2001, £15.99.

War has become a fashionable subject once again. Of these two books one attempts to look at potential causes of war, the other at how we ought to fight a war. Huntington's work has drawn a large amount of criticism which is unsurprising as it breaks every canon of the current liberal consensus. The approach of *The Clash of Civilisations* owes not a little to Spengler and Toynbee (though it is important to note that Spengler's and Huntington's uses of the term 'civilisation' are not the same) and presents us with an unfashionable macro-historical view of the world at a time when there is preference for intellectual trees rather than woods. Huntington sees the world as occupied by seven or potentially eight 'civilisations' (Sinic, Japanese, Hindu, Islamic, Orthodox, Western, Latin American and, perhaps, African) and predicts that future conflicts are likely to be clashes of culture along their edges, much as there is seismic activity at the edges of tectonic plates.

The book begins with a rather silly claim that 'for the first time in history, global politics has become "multipolar *and* multicivilisational".' This is frankly outrageous and could only have been written in the contemporary USA. The history of the world, before the rise to dominance of Western Europe in the mid-nineteenth century, has always been 'multipolar and multicivilisational'. Huntington is somewhat given to overstatement, but this one does not harm his thesis as for a contemporary audience what he says is true – the West no longer enjoys a monopoly of power, though this is not a novel state of affairs, merely history returning to its normal path.

Any attempt to categorise different cultures is open to challenge, and Huntington's selection is no exception. In particular, it seems odd to separate Japanese from Chinese culture. While differences there are, they seem of a much lower magnitude than the book's other divisions. Huntington recognises this problem, but then simply passes it by. Similarly the separation of Latin America from 'Western' culture seems strange and shows a lack of knowledge of the history of Southern Europe. The logic of such a divide would surely require Western European culture be separated from the USA, something which Huntington is at pains to avoid. Once again, though, while one may disagree with Huntington's specific choices, this does not detract from the value of his basic project. This is to bring culture back to the forefront of politics and dispel the liberal myth of the 'global village' where an undifferentiated humanity aspires, one and all, to wear jeans, drink Coca-cola, and listen to AOR music. For Huntington, it is a 'parochial conceit' to imagine that the civilisation of the West is now the universal culture of the world. In short, Huntington's view of history is a conservative one, following in the footsteps of, among others, de Maistre, which far from seeing humanity as one, asserts its fundamental and irreducible multiplicity. It is also an approach which runs up against another liberal shibboleth, that of group identity. Huntington is often accused of looking at groups and cultures as unchanging monoliths – he doesn't. The book is careful to note that civilisations do change and have changing components. Nevertheless it is simply true that humanity is composed of groups who have naturally closer internal affinities than those they have to mankind as a whole. This is a fact which liberalism has almost managed to

make taboo even to utter, and it says much about contemporary politics that Huntington's book must be welcomed for making such an obvious statement.

Having drawn a picture of a world of competing cultures, Huntington draws two sets of conclusions. One is a plea for what might be called juxtaculturalism – namely to accept that other civilisations have core values which are radically different to those of the West, and that it is no business of the West to change those values. Indeed, for Huntington to do so would be both 'immoral and dangerous' as such interference would be based on the false assumption that Western values are universal, and likely to spark off a war. The second is a plea for the West to defend its own culture on its own territory. Huntington sees the West in decline, but, unlike Spengler, does not think that this is irreversible. He warns in particular of the dangers of moral decline, cultural suicide, and political disunity. Many may agree with the diagnosis, but then be a little disappointed with the prescription. Huntington courageously speaks of the need to counteract the corrosive effects of 'multiculturalism' on culture and political stability. Nevertheless there will be need to be more to the solution than this. Huntington sees religion as the 'central defining characteristic' of a civilisation, but offers no solution as to how the West's moribund Christianity can be revived or what could replace it.

Equally dishearteningly he also appears to favour gigantism, seeing European Union as the West's 'primary entity in Europe' and cheerfully asserting that without a 'Western' USA, Western culture would decline to insignificance. He also believes that 'meaningful political integration' could help the West's plight, but fails to suggest what this term in fact means. Alas, much of this prescription would undermine the values of the 'West' just as effectively as the problems Huntington rightly highlights. The book is well worth reading for a realistic description of the state of the world, and for its eminently sane approach to foreign affairs, but Huntington needs to think a little more about his cure for the West.

While Huntington looks at the genesis of wars, Coker considers their practice. Here we are dealing with a paid-up member of the liberal establishment much concerned with the need to rid the world of 'incivility' – this appears to be a portmanteau term for attitudes which liberals dislike. Coker has no time for Huntington's caution and would be happy to launch a global crusade to right the world's wrongs. He is, however, worried about the West's capacity to do so. Coker sees modern soldiering as reverting, after a period in the nineteenth century when it exemplified the moral sense of a nation, to a marginal and despised activity much as it was in the eighteenth century. For Coker the West's passage into 'liberal irony', i.e. radical scepticism, has made such warfare impossible. We now have no need for heroes and indeed little use for courage or manliness – Coker welcomes with open arms the 'feminisation' of the armed forces. The West's concentration on the individual and the material – notions which Coker, begging the question, defines as 'rational' – rule out a consensus which would allow an 'irrational' war based on honour or nationalism. Furthermore, the West has become a 'risk' society deeply concerned with threats to its members' individual well-being which places a further restraint on action. Yet in this moral wasteland there is still an instinct to put an end to cruelty. This leads to a tendency to lash out and launch short-term 'humanitarian' wars which have no overall underpinning vision about their longer-term goals. After all, as there is no moral consensus or sense of history, there can be no concept of a longer term. The aftermath of such adventures is messy, unpleasant, and frequently brings no improvement – 'the armies of 300 years ago were not renowned for their humanity, but at least they had achievements to show for their efforts', Coker ruefully comments. There is perhaps a more serious point too. Most of humanity, as Coker notes, has no time at all for 'liberal irony'. This leads to misunderstandings and contempt on both sides of the conflict and, to Coker's terror, the possibility that in the West people will conceptually 'zone' the planet into areas of more or less humanity with the result that 'the universal nature of the human condition' could be called into question.

In other words, the true irony is that the modern ironic liberal warrior may prove to himself that liberalism is false. Coker could also reflect on the thought that in recent years when the 'rational' and the 'irrational' have fought, while the spectacular battles have gone to the rational, the ultimate victory has inevitably gone to the irrational. Finally, the risk factor has led to the growth of remotely-controlled and distant weapons. These too for Coker are potentially self-defeating. He points out that a 'risk-free' cause tends to be one which is little regarded (perhaps here we have an admission that the 'irrational' is not going to go away) and that the lack of risks may remove one modern constraint on going to war and generate a growing temptation to launch ever more 'humanitarian' adventures.

This is a curious book. Its overall analysis shows the bankruptcy of modern liberalism, but it refuses to give it up while offering no cure for its malaise. It is peppered with literary quotations and it may be fair to say that the issues it deals with are themselves covered in fiction by Francis Ford Coppola's film *Apocalypse Now* and Iain M. Bank's novel *The Player of Games* which may be more palatable to some readers.

Every Picture Tells a Story

David Gordon

The Western Dreaming: The Western World Is Dying for Want of a Story
John Carroll, HarperCollins, 2001, £11.99

John Carroll's remarkable book offers an original conception of the history of art. Historians of early modern Europe have usually distinguished two new worldviews, the Protestant Reformation and Humanism. Our author discovers a third: *'Concurrently, the Old Masters were rethinking the formative stories, and producing in their art an earthily tragic picture of the human condition. The visual image becomes the messenger of truth. This might be called the Third Reformation. The place is principally Italy. The time starts around 1440, with Donatello, and has ended by 1670, soon after the death of Poussin.'*

Carroll supports his view by an analysis of various artworks. In each case, he describes either the states of mind of the characters depicted in the paintings or the psychology of the artist himself. Often, his comments seem to me insightful; but even when they are, a problem arises. How are his claims to be verified? He tells us, that in the *Moses* of Michelangelo, the heavy folds of material on the 'titanic right leg' represent the heavy shawl conventionally used to cover the Madonna's head and shoulders. Hence, the *'leg then doubles as a ghostly maternal face – the sculptor is building in a psychobiography of himself turned to stone by the cold anti-Madonna mother.'*

I do not maintain that Carroll's comments, here and elsewhere, are mistaken. The difficulty lies in his failure to offer criteria by which his claims can be assessed. How would Carroll respond to someone who denied that Michelangelo here depicts the face of a mother? When he does attempt to support his assertions through arguments, these sometimes strike me as farfetched. He rejects the view that the horns on Moses' head represent rays of divine light because this, if true, would detract from Michelangelo's originality. The fact that a medieval tradition so considers them is thus for our author evidence *against* the contention. Far better to take the horns, without any evidence at all, as *'displaced testicles'*.

At least in the case of *Moses,* readers will be familiar with the work Carroll discusses and can judge his comments for themselves. But many of the paintings and sculptures are less well known, and the book includes no reproductions that help one to examine his observations. Although he includes a list of the works discussed in each chapter, he does not always inform us which of these is under discussion.

Despite these problems, Carroll is sometimes brilliant. His dissection of a self-portrait by Poussin, whom he calls 'the widest ranging and deepest of the modern West's philosophers', is especially impressive. He concentrates on a young woman in the picture: is she a real person or a symbol? Does Poussin control her or she him? Carroll shows how various aspects of the picture suggest each of these alternatives.

The Western Dreaming is not in essence a work of art history. Rather, Carroll uses artworks, and also literary classics such as the *Iliad,* to present stories or archetypes that are the key to finding meaning in life. Poussin's self-portrait is an instance of one of these, *'soul-mate love'*; other stories deal with the mother, vocation, and fate. (In all, Carroll describes nine archetypes.) By thinking about these stories, one can grasp the tragic vision that the artists of the Third Reformation created.

To say precisely what the tragic vision involves is no easy task. Indeed, in Carroll's view, the stories on which the vision is based have no clear meaning. *'Every detail remains obscure – open to question and doubt. All we are left with is the inner confidence that this story is important, that somehow and somewhere it bears a deep and central truth.'*

This much, though, I think one can say about the tragic vision as Carroll renders it. One must have a sense of vocation, which need not involve anything conventionally great: Carroll has some fine pages on a waitress who found meaning in her ordinary tasks. If one can add soul-mate love, so much the better. But here lies danger. One must not abandon oneself totally to work or love. Instead, like Jesus, one must be able to be detached from ordinary life. If this is done successfully, one can catch glimpses of spirit (*pneuma).* Doing this, in turn, helps one accept one's fate, however terrible. Repeating 'Courage, *I am.* Don't fear!' also helps.

Mention of Jesus and spirit may suggest that the author is headed toward Christianity, but this is by no means the case. Carroll has no use for the incarnation *'If Jesus were divine – in essence, superior to common humanity -- then the Crucifixion would be much ado about nothing. There is no cause for fuss if death is a freeing to return to the heavenly domain.'*

And whatever Jesus' nature, he definitely did not intend to found a Church. A famous remark to Peter may suggest the contrary, but this was a joke. *'Mark's Christ does not take Peter, who is such a dolt, seriously.'*

Carroll's theology suffers from the same weakness as his art criticism. He simply refuses to argue in detail for his views. A serious discussion of his objection to Jesus' divinity would involve engaging with what theologians have said about the two natures. Carroll passes by two millennia of discussion in silent contempt. When we have finished the book, we know what John Carroll believes, not why we should do so as well. But finding out what this imaginative thinker and vivid writer has to say is usually worth doing.

Paris

James M'Kenzie-Hall

Paris Between Empires,
1814-1852, Philip Mansel, John Murray, 2001, £25

It is not very often that a good book on Paris comes out. Philip Mansel's *Paris between Empires* is a well researched book taking the reader chronologically and thematically through a crucial 40 year period from the European Allies advance on Paris and Napoleon's abdication in 1814, the restoration of the Bourbons, the 100 days of Napoleon, the July 1830 Revolution which brought Louis-Philippe to power as the King of the French and finally the 1848 Revolution which saw the return of the Bonaparte dynasty under the future Napoleon III. These events were played out in Paris and the loss of Paris meant the loss of power as Tocqueville wrote 'he who reigns in Paris commands France'.

A constant theme throughout the book, which may surprise today's reader, is the notion of Europe. At the fall of Paris in 1814 the Tsar was already talking of 'a great European family of peoples and sovereigns'. Europe played a key part in French internal affairs and fear of what the European powers would do often dictated reactions in Paris. In 1830 Metternich said 'When Paris sneezes, Europe catches cold'. But by 1871 when a German Emperor was proclaimed in a French Palace (Versailles), Bismarck called Europe a fiction, and the idea of Europe was put in the wings for a further 80 years.

If the European powers took Paris in 1814 then Paris, as the second largest city in Europe (after London), had a huge effect on its conquerors. Paris was also the capital of pleasure and at its heart lay the Palais Royal, the focus of monarchy and revolution and 'the most celebrated concentration of shops, cafés, casinos and brothels in the world'. However, underlying the pleasures of Paris was a deep feeling of discontent among Frenchmen, firstly about the restored Bourbons, who had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing about the Revolution, and secondly about the loss of the Empire and loss of the frontiers. France saw her natural frontier as the Rhine but The Treaty of Paris in 1814 had seen her return to the frontiers of 1792. This led to feelings of outraged nationalism often equated with anti-royalism. There was little confidence in the future of monarchy.

The next 40 years were to see Paris torn apart by the rivalry of three dynastic families : Bourbon, Orléans and Bonaparte and, on the political level, by the conflicting creeds of autocracy, Catholicism, militarism, nationalism, parliamentarianism and revolution. These conflicts and tensions are brought out in some memorable quotes in the book, for example in 1815 after Waterloo, Louis XVIII was obliged to take back two of Napoleon's former ministers, the scheming Talleyrand and the chief of Police, Fouché. Chateaubriand was an eye-witness and in one of the most celebrated passages in French prose he recorded the scene: 'Suddenly a door is opened, vice leaning on the arm of crime silently enters, M de Talleyrand walking supported by M Fouché .....'

By extensive and judicious quotes from the diaries, memoirs, letters and writing of the period, Dr Mansel paints a wonderful portrait of Parisian life woven into a narrative which pushes along and shows what vast erudition has gone into this book. A glance at the extensive bibliography displays the huge amounts of information which have been carefully assimilated and absorbed into the narrative which can only come from a lifetime's study of the subject.

This was the Paris of the novels of Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo; the music of Chopin, Liszt and Rossini; the art of Baron Gerard, Isabey, Delacroix and Ingres ; and the writing of Georges Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Eugene Sue, Scribe and Lamartine. The freedom and brilliance of Paris social life flourished, whether royalist, Napoleonic, liberal, political, literary or musical, and contributed to its status as capital of Europe. Under Louis-Philippe, though published later, two great Parisian myths were created : Henry Murger's 'Scènes de la vie bohème' and Alexandre Dumas fils' 'La Dame aux Camélias'. A flood of memoirs appeared as the marshals and generals of Napoleon's generation grew old. It was the Napoleonic Marshal Marmont who said to Charles X in July 1830 'Sire, it is no longer a riot, it is a revolution!'.

Some of the greatest monuments in Paris were inaugurated during the July Monarchy including the Arc de Triomphe (1836), statues and columns in the Place de la Concorde (1838), the Bastille column (1840), buildings on the Champs Elysées (1834-1848), the Hotel de Ville (rebuilt 1837-41), the principal railway stations: Gare Saint-Lazare (1840-43), Gare de l'Est (1844-49), Gare du Nord (1845-46) and Gare de Lyon (1847-52); and the empty shell of Versailles was transformed into the Museum of the History of France. This fashion for buildings and commemorations culminated in the return of Napoleon's body on 14th December 1840 accompanied by a wave of nostalgia and nationalism. The result was the eventual overthrow of the July Monarchy. In 1830 it took a week to oust the Bourbons but in 1848 it only took 24 hours to eject Louis-Philippe. For the French Louis-Napoleon represented at once glory, monarchy and revolution. After the coup the theatres quickly opened and Alphonse Karr remarked laconically 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!'

Patent Victorianism

Robin Cave

Inventing the 19th Century: The Great Age of Victorian Inventions,
Stephen van Dulken, The British Library, 2001, £16.95

In this fascinating volume, Stephen van Dulken has selected one hundred inventions patented in the reign of Queen Victoria. The majority are significant – they made a difference in their day, and some continue to do so. Examples are the pneumatic tyre and the linotype machine. Others are odd or humorous. Each entry is a two-page spread, with one page giving a description of the invention, a short history of the inventor, and a good deal of information about the surrounding circumstances. The facing page has one or more of the figures, or, if there were none, a reproduction of the front page. The patents are GB or US. The entries are not arranged in any sort of classified order, nor chronologically, nor in alphabetical order of patentee, but in alphabetical order of title, thus producing a lucky dip, which is hard to open without finding something interesting or amusing.

Most of the one hundred inventions in this book correspond to the layman's idea of what an invention should be, ie machinery or an ingenious mechanical device. There are very few which are chemical or electrical. Having spent my career in chemistry, I would have liked a little more of it. One that does appear is Bayer's patent for acetylsalicylic acid, a big improvement on the salicylic acid from willow bark that had been known since antiquity. The compound was not actually novel, but the method of making it was. Bayer at this time (1898) had two big ideas for improving pain killers by acetylation, acetylsalicylic acid and acetylmorphine. The latter, they thought, was more useful, but it turned out to be heroin, with a very limited legitimate use. Another chemical invention was the vulcanisation of rubber, which had been used for waterproofing cloth for some years, but tended to become sticky and to oxidise. Charles Goodyear made it more stable by heating with sulphur (the rubber, which was cis-polyisoprene, was cross-linked). He was granted a US patent, but in Britain Thomas Hancock managed to get a British patent, 9952 of 1843, probably after working out what Goodyear was doing. Hancock had several earlier patents in rubber technology, and had worked with Charles Macintosh, eponymous inventor of the mac.

For those of us interested in How the West was Won, there is the Winchester rifle, with its rising breech block, and barbed wire. The Winchester rifle eventually starred in a film, *Winchester 73,* and may have appeared in *Annie Get Your Gun* (Annie Oakley sometimes used Winchester rifles, but apparently preferred a Marlin .22 for her more difficult tricks). Books that led to films are common, an extreme example being *Goodbye to Berlin* (Christopher Isherwood), which led to *I am a Camera* (John van Druten), a play and then a film, and to *Cabaret*, a musical and then a film. There must be very few patents that form the prior art of a film. Samuel Colt's revolver is not there, probably because the first of his several patents is US 138 of 1836, and van Dulken begins with 1837, the year of the accession of Queen Victoria. Barbed wire may have been as important as guns in the West, and a whole book, *Early United States Barbed Wire Patents*, was published by Jesse S James (in 1966, so not the same Jesse James). Barbed wire was used to fence in cattle or sheep. In Australia, wire netting was more important, and was used to keep rabbits out, making the fortune of Boulton & Paul of Norwich, who exported enormous quantities, made on a machine invented by William Barnard.

There are quite a few other books on patents and inventions. One recent general one is a *History of Great Inventions,* by James Dyson (of the cyclonic vacuum cleaner). Dates and inventor's names are given, but not patent numbers. Other books cover loony inventions – van Dulken has a few examples of these, including a self-raising hat. *British Theatrical Patents 1801-1900* by Terence Rees and David Wilmore, published by the Society for Theatre Research, 1996, has about 500 patents, presented as a paste-up of abridgements, so that most of them have drawings. They include Maskelyne's illusions, Pepper's ghost, and Kirby's flying ballet, the secret behind the Christmas *Peter Pan* at the Scala Theatre. Dr Pepper was not the man whose ghost it was, but a Professor of chemistry and Hon Director of the Polytechnic Institution (now known to some as the University of Westminster).

Stephen van Dulken has also written the equally interesting *Inventing the 20th Century,* British Library, 2000, a similar book covering the more recent period. It has a higher proportion of inventions that are still important in our daily lives.

Mad?

Vyvyan Howard

BSE: A Disaster of Biblical Proportions or a Disaster of British Science?
Janie Axelrad, Hampden Trust, 2000, £5

There is little doubt that there are far more unanswered questions with regard to the Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy (BSE) epidemic than there are answers. Within this book Janie Axelrad, a biologist who is working in the field of toxicology, manages to put the current state of knowledge into perspective and then draws some conclusions about the way we should reorganise funding and reviewing processes in science. Some will find her approach rather 'direct', particularly, one suspects, those whom she criticises. However if you feel confused by what you have been told about mad cow disease, then this book, which is aimed at the non-specialist and written in a very clear style, could be the answer. After reading it you will be well informed about what is 'fact', what is 'theory' and what is fiction.

Let me raise a few of the questions examined by Janie Axelrad. Are prions 'infectious'? Is BSE an 'infection'? This topic is dealt with in detail. The fact that the media have always presented, from the very beginning, the 'fact' that BSE is an 'infection' spread from 'infected' meat and bone meal in animal feed has not helped the public to understand the complexity of this matter. Janie Axelrad lays out the research findings, criticises much of it, and comes to the conclusion that there is rather little evidence to support the infection theory, which at best can only be regarded as a 'working hypothesis', to be considered alongside other contenders. What are the other possible causative mechanisms of BSE? Auto-immune disease, vaccine-mediated and toxicological causes are considered in some detail.

Can BSE cause Creutzefeldt Jakob Disease (CJD)? Is 'variant' CJD (vCJD) different from sporadic CJD? Once again the media have routinely reported from quite early on in the crisis that vCJD is 'the human form of mad cow disease'. Once again a closer look at the facts doesn't lend a lot of credence. Ms Axelrad explains how experiments of marginal relevance, combined with shoddy thinking, combined with unquestioning regulatory authorities, have led to the current position. In fact the evidence is very shaky. Furthermore the book examines the 'non-appearance' of the predicted epidemic of vCJD and the increasingly Procrustean attempts to paper over the cracks in what appears to be a failing theory.

What are the lessons to be learned? Should a small number of scientists be allowed to control substantial quantities of public funds and be both judge and jury over their allocation and use? Why is it that virtually no money has been allocated to investigate alternative hypotheses including toxicity from organo-phosphate pesticides or auto-immune effects from vaccines?

One obvious conclusion is that either of these aetiologies could result in enormous claims for compensation from a number of commercial concerns or the Government. The 'infected food' theory is much safer from the litigation point of view. It reminds one of the 'blame it on the victim' approach adopted in trying to explain the current inexorable rise in human cancer incidence – you smoke too much, you eat the wrong food, you chose the wrong parents etc. How much more convenient to blame farmers for using the wrong type of feed for their animals. And yet, as Axelrad explains, the other theories are not without merit and have a perfectly reasonable basis which should normally lead to further investigation. Only it hasn't. Axelrad considers whether this is cock up or conspiracy. Finally Janie Axelrad puts the findings of the BSE Inquiry into perspective and draws her final conclusions. The book is supported by some 79 references. Some will say that this is a somewhat heretical piece of writing and it certainly cuts across the mainstream, as presented to the majority of citizens. However there are some very important questions raised by the BSE epidemic about the interaction between politicians, the media and scientists, particularly when addressing matters of public health.

Janie Axelrad doesn't mince her words and I think she has performed a service by bringing a body of knowledge to the public forum in a format that all will be able to understand. If 10,000 members of the population or 100 MPs read this book the tenor of the debate on BSE will definitely change.

NOTES ON REVIEWERS

Robin Cave is an information scientist

David Gordon is Senior Fellow at the Ludwig von Mises Institute, Alabama

Andrew Fear is a Lecturer in Classics at the University of Keele

Vyvyan Howard is a toxico-pathologist at the University of Liverpool

James M'Kenzie Hall is an art historian

Matthew O'Keeffe works in the City

Sir Alfred Sherman joined the International Brigade in 1937 and served on the Aragon Front.

The Stuart Portrait: Status and Legacy,

exhibition at Southampton City Art Gallery, October-December, 2001, with illustrated catalogue by Edward Chaney et al.

Until the democratic Twentieth Century made things easier by lowering standards and expectations, no one generation of Englishmen ever seems to have excelled equally in all forms of art. Just as, in the later Hanoverian period, our home-grown talents were world-beaters, except that none of them happened to be able to compose music, so in the era of Milton and Dryden, Purcell and Christopher Wren there was a weakness in painting, including portrait-painting. Works included in this exhibition by John Hoskins, Robert Walker, Mary Beale (an early example of a topflight career woman who was dutifully assisted, rather than sponged off, by her husband) and John Michael Wright show that Stuart England furnished opportunities for native-born practitioners of ability; but even the portraits of Charles I's courtiers painted by William Dobson during the Civil War, which have a pathos that comes more from what we know of the destiny of the sitters than from the artist's intention, are resolutely inferior to the work of artists imported from the continent.

Of the painters from the Low Countries who worked in Stuart England, van Dyck probably owed his success as a portraitist (like Reynolds more than a century later) less to his insight into character than to his insight into his sitter's fantasies about themselves, and Ruben's portrait of the Earl of Arundel (not inappropriately reproduced twice in this catalogue) shows that, in portrait painting as in most other departments of their profession, van Dyck was somewhat the lesser man.

The word 'legacy' in the sub-title of the exhibition refers to the influence of the portrait painters of the Stuart period on their successors, and some eighteenth century works are included alongside the older paintings. William Hogarth's portrait of Inigo Jones, based on a seventeenth-century print after van Dyck, suggests that if the artist of Gin Lane had not reeled from grand style History painting to satire he could have been a greater portraitist than Thomas Lawrence. This exhibition has the two qualities required for any successful exhibition: it is good-looking and it is thought-provoking.

A D Harvey

Conspiracy Theories,

Robin Ramsay, Pocket Essentials, Dept CT, 18, Colewood Rd, Harpenden Herts, (cheques payable to Oldcastle Books), 2002, £3.99

This lively booklet by the editor of *Lobster*, despite his well-established 'left-wing' limitations, is probably the least unsatisfactory recent short introduction in Britain for newcomers to the 'conspiracy theory' phenomenon that has become, in some respects, a political equivalent of internet porn, often with 'cultic' offshoots. Both the actual content of such beliefs, particularly those concerned with the perceived emergence of a global élite management, and the social psychology that drives their proliferation, still await extensive scholarly analysis.

Although he tends to play down half a century of Soviet subversion and espionage serving 'a world revolutionary process', and questions the requisite western counteraction, the author contends that today smaller conspiracies actually exist – 'some of them competing, interlocking, overlapping' – which are not simply the product of 'paranoid imagination'. He has little time for 'grand explanations', like those which ascribe many modern miseries to the 'Bavarian Illuminati' – whose initiates or whose ideas, at any rate, have been supposedly at work in secret for over two centuries. According to the prolific Dr. Pat Robertson, for example, they intended by stealth gradually to abolish hereditary monarchy, traditional marriage and the family, national currencies, and sovereignties, and established Christianity. Fortunately nothing like that could ever happen in our United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, could it?

David Ashton

America's Social Revolution,

Melanie Phillips, Civitas in association with the *Sunday Times*, 39, York Rd, London SE1, 2001. £4

Melanie Phillips went to America to look at various pilot schemes tackling crime, family breakdown, welfare dependency and educational failure. These closely related problems are now debated honestly and openly. Here in Britain any tentative discussion is deemed judgmental, fatherless families continue to grow through the tax system, school standards continue to fall in spite of rhetoric

about computers, and the recent Home Office news of crime being at a twenty year low flies in the face of all the evidence.

In America rates of divorce, single parenthood, teenage pregnancy are falling thanks to reform acts which get single mothers off welfare and into work and schemes which help to discourage illegitimacy and promote marriage – essential in communities where role models don't exist. Probation officers help fathers find jobs and regain their families, but the most important feature of these programmes is an insistence on personal responsibility and a refusal to invoke outworn excuses of poverty, race or discrimination.

Recently crime figures have dropped throughout the country, in some areas dramatically, which cannot be explained entirely by the high American imprisonment rate. In many places the clergy 'have brought religion out of the pulpit and into the street'. A former armed robber now works for a black church project which tries to destroy the gang culture, helping to reduce the homicide rate in a small town from 150 to 37 in a decade. This trend has been helped by new, closer relationships between police, black clergymen and probation officers who no longer see themselves as the criminal's friend. In the Marva Collins school in Milwaukee, all of whose pupils are black and raised by single parents, four year olds get one and a half hours of solid phonics daily. By 11 they are reading Kipling and Shakespeare and benefiting from character education – the classroom walls are covered with appropriate homilies. This school and others are a result of the voucher movement, a response from urban black communities to the low educational standards from which the white middle class can escape.

As Phillips points out, such schemes could not work in Britain for the unitary structure of government prevents experimentation on the American model. Attitudes like those of the police or the church would also require radical change. However if America really succeeds in arresting social disintegration on a significant scale, let us hope that our politicians may notice and imitate.

Merrie Cave

A Policy for Agriculture

Richard Packer, Centre for Policy Studies, 57 Tufton Street, London, SW1P 3QL, 2001, £7.50

Sir Richard Packer ought to know about problems with agricultural policy. He was Permanent Secretary at MAFF from 1993 to 2000, a disastrous time for agriculture and food production in this country. He also took part in various negotiations, including the so-called CAP reforms of the eighties and nineties. Even he admits in his pamphlet that these did not add up to a great deal in practical terms but may lead to something in the future. (Apparently, he took part in establishing the common fisheries policy in 1980/83, not something most of us would be proud of even if it were true. Alas, the CFP was established in 1970. What Sir Richard negotiated was a soon-to-end derogation, the iniquitous quota system.)

The pamphlet is brisk and to the point with a clearly laid out arguments, as one would expect from a top civil servant. Everyone agrees that producer subsidisation is not a good idea; that export subsidies play havoc with the economy of other countries and land Britain in endless international disputes. Sir Richard is unexpectedly and admirably open on a usually hidden subject: agricultural policy comes from the EU and there is very little the British government can do about it apart from negotiating from a weak position. He does not mention the Single Market, the source of just as much trouble. It imposes the rules, which, translated into British legislation and ministerial regulation, place the heaviest burden on all food producers. Are British farmers particularly efficient? Do consumers want to buy better food, cheaper food, specialised food? The market is distorted and destroyed by the ridiculous regulatory burden imposed on all producers and retailers. No government has tackled this problem and the solution presented always involves more regulation. Sir Richard, who presided over the destruction of the small and medium-sized abattoirs, which led to serious problems in meat production, perhaps, prefers not to talk about this.

Helen Szamuely

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