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The 3rd Marquess of Salisbury, 1830-1903

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Christianity and Conservatism: Natural Allies

It would be unthinkable nowadays for a Tory leader to announce at Conference as the first of the party's main objectives 'To uphold the Christian religion and resist all attacks upon it', as Churchill did in 1946, but it is worth asking why such changes are now beyond the pale. Christianity is the cornerstone on which traditional conservatism rests. Where else do people get their 'family values' from? Modern politicians fight shy of talking about religion. They fear they will be accused of moralising, of being holier than thou, of setting themselves up for a fall. Many even argue that politics should be morally neutral, and political debate is the poorer for it. Christianity is part of our history and culture. All the world's great religions share moral values. Capitalism without a moral context deteriorates to the celebration of self-interest. Focusing on religion may be too much for some. Perhaps we should refer to our Christian Democrat tradition which softens our beliefs — for example, we are patriots and we want to preserve our country's sovereignty. But we are not nationalists — we don't despise other people's.

Our Christian Democrat nature gives us a particular interest in world poverty and social justice. However, we do not believe that socialism and wasteful use of the public's money solve these problems. As Conservatives we believe in the value of prison as a deterrent. As Christian Democrats we emphasise that prisons must be given a chance to reform not just to punish criminals. If we believe that religion and faith have a role in society we must say so. If we believe in traditional families where men and women commit themselves to each other then we must say so. Proclaiming our ideal does not prevent compassion for those who fall short of it. Critics say that Britain has changed, that we must modernise, but Judaeo-Christian values are not the product of an era, they are eternal.

Religion, indeed, with few exceptions, has always been a key element in Conservative thinking. Ever since Edmund Burke wrote *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, conservatism has largely been advanced on the basis of a Christian worldview. For Burke religion was 'the basis of civil society'. He called Christianity 'one great source of civilisation'. Disraeli also defended religion: 'A wise Government, allying itself with religion,' he thought, 'would as it were consecrate society, and sanctify the State'. In 1912 Lord Hugh Cecil argued in *Conservatism* that no discussion of politics can avoid dealing with morality. He contended that the latter could not be properly addressed without reference to religion:

'As long as Conservatism makes the fulfilment of its duties to religion the first of its purposes, it will be saved from the two principal dangers that… threaten it: the danger [either] of sinking into a mere factious variation of liberalism… propounding measures not distinguished by any pervading principle: or of standing only for the defence of those who are well off...'

So no one should doubt the centrality of Christianity in the tradition of Conservative thought. This of course entails a grave duty to help the poor. But few ecclesiastics — at least before the 1960s — identified this with uncritical support for the socialist welfare state as the ideal engine of charity. More authentically Christian is the principle of 'subsidiarity', as defined by Pope Pius XI in 1931 in his encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*:

'Just as it is gravely wrong to take from individuals what they can accomplish by their own initiative and industry and give it to the community, so also it is an injustice… to assign to a greater or higher association what lesser or subordinate organisations can do.' This is entirely at one with Burke's attachment to 'the little platoon we belong to in society' as 'the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love of our country, and to mankind'.

David Cameron's new Social Justice Policy Group, established to encourage initiatives by various local organisations, including charities and churches, both wrests back from the Left a hijacked concept and reflects that Conservative and Christian principle of subsidiarity — or 'localism'. As Margaret Thatcher said in a little-known speech in 1978: 'The role of the state in Christian society is to encourage virtue, not to usurp it.'

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The Salisbury Review

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Muslim aggressiveness in both Europe and the Middle East has forced many of our authors to consider at length the threat it poses to our society and way of life. Because of the row over the Danish cartoons of the Prophet, it has even become a major political issue in Scandinavia. As Knuth Fjordman shows there was already concern in Scandinavia about the marked rise in crime and in the demands made on the welfare state resulting from high levels of Muslim immigration. The Muslims had made a negative net contribution to society and to social cohesion alike. Now they are also facing enhanced restrictions on their freedom of speech caused by a combination of Muslim violence and Scandinavian political correctness. Muslims can freely threaten and abuse the indigenous people but the latter dare not criticize or offend the Muslims for fear of their own governments which both censor and fail to protect the ordinary non-Muslim.

Authoritarian Sweden, a country run by a closed and isolated political class, is, as usual, the worst offender. The same cowardly Sweden, known in Scandinavia as 'Transitania', that allowed the Nazis the use of its railways and failed to join NATO in the face of the Soviet threat is now appeasing the Muslims. Nazi trains, Soviet submarines and Muslim threats are all much the same to the Swedes.

We are in no position to feel smug. In Britain we have, as Paul Helm shows, made a fetish of 'offendedness'. Alfred Sherman notes, too, how we have imported the crises of the disorganized and over-populated Muslim world because of our own lack of a proper pride in what we are. Freedom of speech is denied to the wretched David Irving now spending three years in an Austrian prison, yet we seem willing to accept all manner of Holocaust denials and evasions from the Muslims.

We have been unable and unwilling to use and improve properly the resources of the security services to keep Muslim subversion under proper surveillance. It shows a loss of nerve that, as Philip Davies demonstrates, has also rendered us feeble in the face of terror from the advocates of 'animal rights'. The purpose of the security services is not that of prosecuting crimes that have already been committed — that is the task of the police — but of penetrating and watching over, well in advance of any violent action they may take, those groups who would undermine our free and democratic society and put our personal safety at risk.

Meanwhile, the menace of Iran has grown to the point where the West is faced, in Douglas Murray's words, with a choice 'between a bad option and a worse one'. Should unilateral action be taken against the extremist government of the Islamic Republic of Iran, already a trainer of terrorists and soon to have nuclear weapons?

But fear not, David Cameron is here to save us. Alexander Deane, a barrister with a fine political career in front of him, has written in his defence. Cameron is to promote a 'quasi-National Service style scheme', which is going to appeal to young voters. And we will be on the road to social justice, a guaranteed vote-winner social justice. Meanwhile in Zambia, Bruce Danckwerts's account shows how aid and debt relief followed by revaluation have led to luxuries for and squander by African politicians, the destruction of local agriculture and horticulture and the withdrawal of funding for local self-help projects by the Zambian government.

We have yet to see which side Cameron will take in the defence of the British countryside against both the modernisers' urban spread and the Luddite eco-windmills that threaten it. David Lovibond is surely right to see in our landscape the embodiment both of our highest aesthetic values and of our very national identity. What kind of green will you be?

British Democracy in a New Age of Subversion

Philip H J Davies

It is time to rehabilitate the idea of subversion as a threat to national security, and to revitalize the intelligence community's mandate to investigate and counter subversion. Subversion is an unfashionable idea in political and policy circles, but it captures precisely the growing threat from the latest generation of extremist militant doctrines, from violent animal rights activism to revolutionary Islamic jihadism. The most recent manifestation of extremism's ability to erode the safety and security of civil society has been the harassment and persecution of Huntingdon Life Sciences in Oxford by the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), its allies and associates. When world-leading scholars, their families and even the contractors working on building their laboratory are in danger, then there has been a failure of will to deal with an increasingly pervasive threat. This is not least because by the time ALF was a menace to the denizens of the dreaming spires it had already been a serious security issue in the rest of the country for the better part of two decades. And yet, until the intellectual cradles of Britain's political élites came under siege, this threat hardly appeared on the horizon of the chattering classes. Likewise, there was simply no willingness to deal with the corrosive effects of militant Islam in the UK until fifty people died in the worst ever single terrorist attack in the UK. When the Prime Minister announced after the 7 July 2005 bombings that the rules had changed, this served not so much as a warning but an indication of how out of touch the political class were with what the rules had been for a decade and half. The intelligence community, at least, were aware of the mounting threat from alumni of the Afghan *mujahedeen* and their financiers in the Gulf Arab states, but their consumers in Whitehall and Downing Street did not want to know. Likewise, the Security Service (aka MI5) and police Special Branches had been struggling with animal rights extremism, but with little sympathy or support in political circles or popular sentiment. In the meantime, a whole host of subversive threats against liberal society in this country was allowed to gain strength on university campuses, in Mosques and over the internet with little or no effective long term monitoring or efforts to attenuate or pre-empt their threat.

Extremist religious and secular militancy are a family of threats that needs to be dealt with in terms of their potential for sedition and subversion as well as violence. I say family of threats because fanatical Islamism and animal rights activism spring in many respects from a common source, which is a widespread disillusionment with the darker, more venal side of liberal democracy and its free market economics. Richard Barber has labelled the conflict one between jihad, broadly understood as any and all doctrinal fundamentalism regardless of creed, and a commodified and morally cheapened 'McWorld'. In many respects that is a wellspring Islamism and animal rights activism share with both Communism and Fascism from the previous century. In their search for a discourse of resistance against liberalism's foibles, its opponents consistently adopt illiberal doctrines that tend towards intolerance and totalitarianism. All of these doctrines are committed to undermining liberal democracy, and overthrowing it if the opportunity arises. While the toppling of Parliament is unlikely, such groups and organizations can go a long way towards destroying the security of civil society, disrupting civil order by setting sectarian communities against one another and against British society at large, and robbing government of its legitimacy by luring it into oppressive and mismanaged over-reactions. In these ways subversion is a genuine threat to the British polity, but the nation's leadership, and even its security institutions, have been unable or unwilling to deal with that threat as directly as it deserves.

The inability to deal with subversion is not new, but it has become more severe in recent decades. Indeed, notions or accusations of sedition or subversion have been less politically palatable in contemporary Britain than the activities to which they refer. Dissent is in many respects more comprehensively and robustly institutionalized than the system against which dissent is expressed. Long gone is the 19th century ameliorationist conviction that British society might be imperfect, and might never be totally perfectible, but one could try to mitigate those imperfections in the confidence that the system was otherwise sound and

defensible. Instead, the common conviction seems to be that the system is inherently unsound, indefensible and wrong, and any acceptance of the political order of the day is more an acknowledgement of force of circumstance than any genuine acceptance of that liberalism's legitimacy. Views like these have been propagated for more than a generation through an almost unchallenged Marxist orthodoxy that pervades the popular media and institutions of higher and further education. The real damage is only now becoming recognizable as Britain finds itself lacking the basic ideological consensus necessary to defend its own institutions and values against the growing threats to them.

As a result, the understandable discomfort in a liberal polity about the boundary between justifiable dissent and subversion has become amplified to the extent that any and all extremist political views can be classified as legitimate dissent. Genuine ideological threats to liberal

Dissent is in many respects more comprehensively and robustly institutionalized than the system against which dissent is expressed.

government disappear in a puff of logic, drowned out by a cacophonous chorus of supposedly marginalized special interests and minorities. With extremism safely packaged up as dissent and subversion therefore non-existent almost by definition, covert surveillance of extremist groups has become the action of last resort rather than the necessary first step.

The purpose of an intelligence service is to detect and monitor threats before they can reach a critical or criminal level. Both spy and terrorist must be *subverted* before they can perform either espionage or sabotage. As Lord Hurd (then Home Secretary) aptly put it during the Security Service Bill debate 'It is not sensible to define subversion only in terms of those who breach the criminal law. We must be able to know the plans and intentions of those who abuse the freedoms that we provide under the law to infiltrate our institutions and structures.' (*Hansard* 18 December 1988) The 1989 Act states that it is the role of the Security Service to investigate, amongst other things, 'actions intended to overthrow or undermine parliamentary democracy by political, industrial or violent means' (Security Service Act 1989 1(2)). The key word is *undermine*. One can undermine an order or community through various subtle and indirect forms of disruptive action, from deceptive action through forged documents and fraudulent allegations to fostering by either financial or practical contribution activities and agitation that set parts of the community against one another and their own government. It does not require a controlling foreign government for this to happen. In 1917, the Bolsheviks were no less menacing because they were not being directed by an alien power. It is wholly unreasonable to suggest that a society or a government should not be allowed to defend itself against disruptive action, even if that action is not in itself criminal under the law. One might not be able to prosecute that which is not specifically illegal, but one can certainly keep a steady eye upon it.

MI5's counter-subversion mandate during debate of the Security Service Act was consistently the hardest fought part of the legislation. Opposition was particularly keen amongst the more radical members of Parliament who wished, in the words of one Honourable Member, to convert Britain 'root and branch' to Socialism. Such opposition (and the fact that at least one of the voices in question was considered by the KGB to be one of its 'agents of influence') can only be read as indicating the worst of bad consciences. So politically difficult and unpopular was the counter-subversion brief that after the end of the Cold War western intelligence services fell all over themselves and each other to assure the public that they did not do that kind of work any more. During its charm offensive of the early 1990s, the Security Service was quick to assure readers in its first public relations booklet (*The Security Service*; London, HMSO, 1995, p.12) that it had reduced the investigation of subversion to 5 per cent of its operational effort. By the time the third edition was published in 1998 (no one I know ever having actually seen the second edition), subversion was wholly absent from the service's workload (*MI5: The Security Service* London: HMSO, 1998, p.9). Even as the overt and covert subversive efforts of animal rights and religious extremists were gaining the greatest part of their momentum, MI5 could not get shot of the subversion brief fast enough.

While the Act may have been passed and the Socialist opposition defeated, the Security Service itself has become increasingly immobilized by legalistic considerations. Straitjacketed by all sorts of imported European legislation and conventions, its every move dogged by a growing staff of Legal Advisers, the Security Service has become confined to investigating only those things liable to constitute offences against the law; mostly terrorism, some transnational organized crime and a little espionage. *Good intelligence* has become subordinate to *usable evidence*. Rarely, it seems, have politicians or even intelligence practitioners paused to consider the absurdity of this situation. The *police* already exist to investigate *crime*. A Security Service should exist to investigate that which cannot be prosecuted, but is not less threatening because it slips beneath or betwixt the words of the law.

The real issue with surveillance has never been whether or not one's privacy is intruded upon. It is, rather, what action those doing the surveillance take on the basis of their knowledge. The difference between democracy and police states is not whether one or the other violates rights to privacy, freedom of speech through surveillance. If that were the difference, then no historical liberal democracy would ever qualify as liberal or democratic. It is the presence of even this minimal security capability that critics on the left have used to claim that the English-speaking democracies are not properly democratic at all. Like the doctrine of human rights, such a judgement depends on taking absolute and unrealistic standards of political rectitude. But we must be realistic about democracy and security if either is to be achieved effectively and in the necessary balance. One might even invert Benjamin Franklin's dictum that those willing to sacrifice security to achieve liberty also deserve neither. The difference between tyranny and democracy is what the government does with surveillance information. A tyranny will blacklist, persecute or imprison one for muttering rude opinions about the head of state, or the current Party line. Liberal institutions exist precisely to forestall such a possibility, or at least rectify matters where errors and excesses due to human fallibility occur.

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In real terms, surveillance which is not acted upon is surveillance that might as well never have taken place. This is as true of the failure to maintain surveillance of the future July 2005 bombers as it is of CCTV footage of a town centre that is wiped after a fixed interval. And just as true of intercepted telephone calls or clandestine entry and inspection of premises on which no action is taken. People learn to ignore and forget about CCTV in the town centres and get into closing time brawls in plain video view anyway. Likewise, surveillance which is sufficiently clandestine does not impinge on any decisions or actions that the subject of surveillance might make, and has, therefore, no *real* impact on civil liberties. If one is observed, found to be no threat, and observation discontinued, no greater damage has been done to the subject of observation than the equivalent of accidentally being spotted picking one's nose. But if there is no surveillance there can be no detailed knowledge of attempts to undermine the British polity or the groups making those attempts.

Indeed, the recent fiasco of Britain's post-9/11 and post-7/7 legislation to address the terrorist threat embodies exactly what is wrong in trying to deal with threats to the state with criminal law. At one extreme, New Labour's attempts to legislate against religious hate crimes seek a non-aggression pact with religious fundamentalism while at the other proscribing something as ill-defined as 'glorifying terrorism' can only serve either to trample haphazardly freedom of speech or to discredit the law and legislators together because it cannot be enforced. The threat from new age forms of subversion is no less acute or long term than the Communist or Fascist threats of the past. Heavy-handed legislative over-reaction will not work. Instead it provides ammunition with which to make the seditious case. What is required is a willingness to acknowledge the reality of the threat from subversion and strategies more concerned with undermining than overthrowing democratic government. This must then be reinforced with a realistic attitude towards the role of effective, covert surveillance of subversive activities and organizations. Only then can British people, scientist and builder alike, sleep safe in their beds at night.

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The Problem of Iran

Douglas Murray

One of the truths so many people miss when it comes to international affairs is that leaders rarely get to choose between a good and a bad option. The choice generally lies between a bad option and a worse one. And when it comes to pre-emption — the distinguishing military necessity of our time — the choice is even tougher. In an age of nuclear proliferation, acting after the fact is not an option. A responsible leader must be willing to act early or be rendered unable to act at all.

With the European public still under the misapprehension that peace is the perpetual default

state of society, and with the anti-war movement still annexing what was once the moral high-ground, action today more than ever brings vilification to elected leaders. In Europe's 'post-historical' paradise the public see any alert defender as an aggressor, with the actual aggressor becoming a 'victim'. For democratic leaders this constitutes a terrible Scylla and Charybdis. Elected politicians obviously not only desire, but require, popularity — and nobody becomes popular by looking like a warmonger.

So the profoundest challenges to democracies arise in this situation, where a dictator takes advantage of peaceful intent and taunts the resolve of republics to act before it is too late. Machiavelli analysed the problem in his *Discourses,* describing how a weak republic may fall because 'their weakness never allows them to decide where there is any doubt'. As Colonel Gaddafi's arsenal should have reminded us, any hint of doubt in the nuclear realm is unacceptable. But for the public, the hint of doubt is a hint of hope, and the hint upon which they will always seize.

After Desert Storm Saddam Hussein demonstrated how a tyrant can try to stand up to democracies, judging them too weak-willed and ineffectual to act decisively. Hussein himself had been emboldened by previous moments in which he saw lack of resolve in his opponents: incidents like the US withdrawal after the bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut. That event gave Hussein hope throughout the nineties, just as Mogadishu gave Bin Laden succour. Through noting such incidents, even a minor despot can be emboldened to threaten and humiliate democratic powers. And such an individual will continue to show up democracies until a strong democracy gathers the resolve (often for unconnected reasons) to tackle the problem. Such a test currently faces us from Tehran, and at present we democrats are found wanting.

President Ahmadinejad has continued to purchase and develop missiles, torpedoes and anti-aircraft systems while keeping negotiations open with the EU three. He has pretended to deal with an emissary of the UN (the International Atomic Energy Agency) even while calling for the destruction of a UN member state. All this time he has been continuing his country's project to develop a nuclear device. The predictions for when he might gain this device range from some time in the next year to 2010. It is worth noting the latter date. Even taking the latest prediction of when the bomb might be ready, the time-line ends before any other factor in Iran can overtake it. The current efforts from Washington represented by Secretary Rice's additional $75 million for pro-democracy elements inside Iran are admirable, but unlikely to resolve the issue swiftly. Wonderful as it would be, Ahmadinejad is unlikely to be swept from office this term or next (to flatter the Iranian system for a moment with the vocabulary of democracy). By the time democratic forces might be able to boot him out of office, Iran will have the bomb anyway. And if, as many people say, Ahmadinejad is not the man in control in Iran, then who wants to have to deal with the hand of the mullah who might control or succeed him? Every way you look when studying Iran's current course, you are drawn back to the fact that Tehran is heading for a show-down.

Obviously, the worst-case scenario if Iran gets the bomb is that it will use it. This is not quite such an unlikely prospect. Even the press-designated 'moderate' Mr Rasfanjani has got excited about the possibilities of a first-strike on Israel. Granted that immediate annihilation of the Israeli state is the worst case scenario (and ignoring — for now — the ranks of people in the West for whom it is not), it is worth pointing out what the least-worst scenario would be. The least apocalyptic aspect of Tehran getting the bomb would be that the political landscape in the Middle East would degenerate beyond our control. Once Iran announced that it had 'gone hot' a nuclear scramble would begin in the region, with states like Saudi demanding the right to a 'protective' bomb of their own. Not only would this make a nonsense of international treaties, it would make a nonsense of decades of efforts on non-proliferation. Under any analysis such not-immediately radioactive fall-out is unacceptable. If nothing is done to stop Iran then it will have the bomb. Not for the first time, the immediate job is to explain to states who seem sanguine, that not acting is itself a course of action, a decision which will lead to Iran's nuclear ascendancy.

> ***At present, negotiations with Iran continue with the democratic side having voluntarily tied its strongest arm behind its back.***

Since the fall of Saddam Hussein's regime in Iraq, Iran has been the world's most significant financier, exporter and extoller of Islamic terror. Iran is responsible not only for the killing of Israeli and American citizens and servicemen, but for the deaths of British servicemen in the South of Iraq (via Iranian-imported IEDs). Furthermore, it is training terrorists to attack Russian forces in Chechnya. Even this select list ought to make one think: Israel, America, Britain and Russia are all suffering from the exported terror and continuing threat of Iran. Can four of the world's greatest powers really not deal with a problem which is not only unique but growing? For two decades the international community and its embassies have been lied to and tricked by Iran. Knowing what we now know about international efforts to support the Hussein

regime even when its days were over, there seems no reason to assume that a UN route will work any better in containing Iran than it did Iraq.

Unilateral action must be threatened and used. This must be done not only to protect our own security and that of our allies, but to give the signal again that democracies will not be held to ransom. Yet in Britain our Foreign Secretary has not only expressed opposition to the military option, he has said it is not being considered. Likewise our allies in the EU: referrals to the Security Council are a serious thing, but taking the military option off the table before even referring Iran make it a hollow threat. And despite the good noises from John Bolton and Dick Cheney at

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the AIPAC conference and elsewhere, the American administration remains largely unwilling to even discuss military action. Aware of the public's doubts about Washington's hawks, even this most determined of administrations is concerned at the PR implications of appearing too eager on Iran. At present, negotiations with Iran continue with the democratic side having voluntarily tied its strongest arm behind its back. Israel alone is left willing enough to carry out an attack in the not-too-distant future.

When it comes to pre-emption, only a society that is visibly and palpably threatened will feel anything other than distrustful that a defensive move may not in fact be an offensive punch. In the wake of a pre-emptive attack on Iran's facilities an unleashing of Iranian-sponsored terror is not only likely — it has been promised. With the benefits of successful pre-emption by their nature invisible, no elected leader wants to have to explain to their electorate that such a terror-wave is the lesser of two evils. Unless, like the Israelis, you already live in a society under daily attack from terrorist forces on every side. Only in a state so threatened will inaction stop being the reflex reaction of free people.

In his superb new book, *Preemption: A Knife That Cuts Both Ways*, Alan Dershowitz considers the ultimate fantasy of pre-emptionists: what would have happened had a confident Britain disabled Germany's military capacity before Poland? In such a situation one could confidently presume that Hitler would have proved less keen on riling neighbouring powers, or crossing other peoples' borders. Tens of millions of lives would have been saved. But how would the history books have judged such an act? Surely they would have related further British 'aggression' against a state which it had already 'humiliated' at Versailles, rubbing salt into Germany's wounds, adding insult to injury and so on. However significant the benefits, it would have been Britain that came out looking like the bad guy.

A more recent case would support that view. When the Israeli Air Force destroyed Hussein's Chirac-provided reactor at Osirak in June 1981, just before it went 'hot', the entire international community criticised the action. Margaret Thatcher's government said that 'Armed attack in such circumstances cannot be justified. It represents a grave breach of international law.' The American government, State Department and US ambassador to the UN lambasted Israel for its aggression. And the UN itself — naturally — passed Resolution 487, condemning 'military attacks by Israel in clear violation of the United Nations Charter and the norms of international law'. The Resolution also called on Israel to make 'appropriate redress' to Saddam Hussein's Iraq.

The architects of the Osirak raid lived to see their work vindicated. After 1991 the then Defense Secretary Dick Cheney privately thanked the Israelis for 'making our job easier in Desert Storm'. Which counts as a

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pretty good understatement. Had Israel not taken out the Osirak reactor, and Iraq been nuclear-armed in 1990, Saddam Hussein could probably have kept Kuwait, and anything else in the region he fancied. Or, to put it in terms which the First Avenue crowd would understand, the UN which condemned Israeli 'aggression' would have fewer members today if the Israeli Air Force had engaged in the same flight from reality as the international body.

An Israeli attack on Iran will be bloody and bring painful international repercussions. Necessary violation of Iraqi airspace will bring the charge of American collaboration, so it would be foolish for America not to join in anyway. And if America and Israel are willing once again to secure our safety and honour, then it would be ignominious for the EU countries once again to be revealed as stiff talkers but feeble actors. The lesson which Israel has often demonstrated, and which some of the older democracies could do with relearning, is that when it comes to an existential threat, there are worse things than being unpopular.

Douglas Murray is the author of Neo-conservatism: why we need it, *Social Affairs Unit*

When Danes Pay Danegeld

Islam and the end of the Scandinavian Model

Knuth Fjordman

One thousand years ago, Scandinavians were the barbarians of Europe, spreading fear and extracting 'Danegeld' from their more civilized neighbours. In the 21st century, Scandinavians are peaceful, and the roles seem to have been reversed with certain newly come immigrants. There are claims that immigration costs Sweden 40 — 50 billion Swedish kroner every year, or even several hundred billions, and has contributed to bringing the Swedish welfare state to the brink of bankruptcy. In Denmark, right-wing politicians are already debating the threat of immigrant 'welfare tourists', should the Swedish system collapse. In Norway, almost half of all children with a non-Western background need social security benefits. This rate is ten times that of the native population. A Danish commission concluded that Denmark could save 50 billion kroner every year by 2040 by shutting the door to third world immigration. At the same time, statistics indicate that Scandinavians will become a minority in their own countries within a couple of generations, if the current trends continue. While their political élites insist that immigration is 'good for the economy', Scandinavians are in reality funding their own colonization. Although the cost of welfare is significant, it pales in comparison to the price paid through rapidly declining social harmony and increasing insecurity caused by Muslim immigration. Some of the increase in insecurity is due to the rise of mafia groups and organized crime, but most is mainly due to terror threats and intimidation of critics of Islam and Muslim immigration.

It is true that the Scandinavian countries have much in common, but the differences should not be underestimated. It was no coincidence that the issue with the Muhammad cartoons started in Danish newspaper *Jyllands-Posten*, as Denmark is probably the Western nation where the debate about Muslim immigration is most open. PM Anders Fogh Rasmussen's centre-right government has imposed some of the toughest regulations in the EU on asylum seekers. Unfortunately, this does not mean that Denmark's problems are over. In 2005, attackers set fire to the immigration minister's car. A leftist group calling itself 'Beatte Without Borders' said it carried out the attack, condemning the government's 'racist immigration policies'. Muslim extremists have declared that the Danish PM and Defence Minister are legitimate terror targets because of Denmark's participation in Iraq. Members of Denmark's moderate Muslim community say they are reluctant to speak out with critical observations of their religion, fearing social isolation, threats and violence, and a Danish Jewish man was even attacked for reading from the Koran.

Imam Abu Laban was one of the prime movers behind making the cartoons a major international issue: 'We want to internationalize this issue so that the Danish government will realize that the cartoons were insulting, not only to Muslims in Denmark, but also to Muslims worldwide.' He had earlier tried to implement sharia practices in Denmark. In one prominent case, two men were killed in a row involving a group of second generation immigrants in Copenhagen. According to Imam Abu Laban, the thirst for revenge could be cooled if 200,000 kroner in 'blood money' were paid to the victims' families. The 200,000 Danish kroner is approximately the value of 100 camels, the stipulated sharia price for a Muslim man's life. Meanwhile, there is growing fear amongst politicians that the immigrant environment in the Nørrebro area in Copenhagen, which has been unofficially declared an 'Islamic state' by some of its residents, is developing into a parallel society where ancient traditions threaten Danish law.

Professor of Islamic studies Mehdi Mozaffari tells of how he and thousands of others have fled burkas, sharia, blood money, muftis and Islamism in the Middle East, only to witness the same beast rear its ugly head in Europe. And he warns of the consequences: 'Historical experience has shown that those people's fear will win, eventually. We saw this in Nazi Germany. There were too many Nazis, and people were scared. I fear that this is where we are heading, once more.' The most immediate victims of this climate of fear are Muslim women. A Pakistani man in Denmark recently murdered his sister in the street outside a train station because she had married a man against her family's orders. Meanwhile, Muslims in Denmark do not hesitate to exercise their right to free speech. A leading Danish mufti in 2004 said that Danish women not wearing the veil 'were asking for rape', a comment seemingly less offensive to the Muslim community than a few cartoons. The twelve Muhammad cartoonists now live

underground and with police protection.

In Norway, Bruce Bawer, the author of the recent book *While Europe Slept*, writes at his website of the capitulation of Velbjørn Selbekk, editor of the tiny Christian periodical *Magazinet*, the first publication to reprint the now-famous Mohammed cartoons. He had firmly resisted pressure by Muslim extremists (who made death threats) and by the Norwegian establishment. But then, Norway's Minister of Labour and Social Inclusion hastily called a press conference at a major government office building in Oslo. There, Selbekk issued an abject apology for reprinting the cartoons. At his side, accepting his act of contrition on behalf of 46 Muslim organizations and asking that all threats now be withdrawn, was Mohammed Hamdan, head of Norway's Islamic Council. In attendance were members of the Norwegian cabinet and the largest assemblage of imams in Norway's history. It was a picture right out of a sharia courtroom, with the Muslim leader declaring Selbekk to be henceforth under his protection.

Two representatives from the Islamic Council for Norway and a senior pastor representing Oslo's bishop then visited Qatar, where they were to meet top Muslim leader Dr Yusuf Al Qaradawi. The trip, partially funded by Norwegian authorities, was a public relations effort on the part of Norway, which suddenly found itself the target of Muslim outrage because the cartoons that originated in Denmark were reprinted in a Norwegian publication. Qaradawi has supported suicide bombings, and has publicly bragged about how 'Islam will conquer Europe'. The 'moderate' Sheikh Qaradawi was not satisfied with the apology from the Norwegian editor who printed the Muhammad cartoons. He wanted to dictate to Norway to adopt Islamic blasphemy laws. Qaradawi's website IslamOnline later claimed that Norway had agreed to do this, which was totally false. Local Muslims led by lawyer Abid Q Raja have, however, pushed for such an option. 'The point is not to restrict freedom of speech but to give it direction so that weak groups do not feel insulted or mocked. If we do nothing the differences within Norwegian society will increase in the future.'

Mullah Krekar, the former leader of Islamic terror group Ansar al-Islam, still lives in Norway, even though he has openly threatened the country with terror attacks and has called Osama bin Laden 'the jewel of Islam'. At the same time, Krekar denies he's a threat to the national security in Norway. 'I only know five streets in Oslo,' he said. 'How can I be a threat?' He has written a book about himself, which was published by William Nygaard, who was shot and almost killed in the early 90s for having published the Norwegian translation of Salman Rushdie's book *The Satanic Verses*. A Norwegian NGO called the Freedom of Expression Fund supports the translation and publication of bin Laden's speeches. Meanwhile, the Norwegian translation of Oriana Fallaci's latest book remains unpublished in Norway, even though her two previous books about Islam and the West sold in large numbers there. FOMI, a Norwegian anti-Islamic website, was recently charged with 'racism and spreading Islamophobia' for translating an article from *Frontpage Magazine*, with comments, about a Muslim rape wave in the West. The number of rape charges in Sweden has quadrupled in just above twenty years, parallel with Muslim immigration.

Stortinget, the Norwegian parliament, in 2005 passed a new Discrimination Act. The act says clearly that in cases of suspected direct or indirect discrimination because of religion or ethnicity, native Norwegians are guilty until proven otherwise. Immigration spokesman for the right-wing Progress Party, Per Sandberg, feared that the law would jeopardize the rights of ordinary, law-abiding Norwegian citizens. Reverse burden of proof is combined with liability to pay compensation, which means that innocent persons risk having to pay huge sums for things they didn't do. The Norwegian police in 2005 issued a mobile security alarm to Progress Party leader Carl Hagen who had criticized Islam, and could see no similarity with the concept of morality and justice found in Christianity. Hagen also said that if Israel loses in the Middle East, Europe will succumb to Islam next. He thinks that Christians should support Israel and oppose Islamic inroads into Europe. In an unprecedented step, a group of Muslim ambassadors to Norway blasted Carl Hagen in a letter to the *Aftenposten* newspaper, claiming he had offended 1.3 billion Muslims around the world. Other Norwegian politicians quickly caved in and condemned Hagen.

Unidentified assailants fired shots at an Oslo restaurant owned by the family of a Pakistani-born female comedienne who has achieved prominence for lampooning conservative Islam. The comedienne, Shabana Rehman, described the incident as 'an appalling act of terror' and said it would not deter her from continuing her work. Samira Munir, a Norwegian politician of Pakistani origins, was found dead in suspicious circumstances at a train station outside Oslo in November 2005. She had received death threats many times from the Pakistani community in Norway because of her courageous fight for the rights of Muslim immigrant women, and for banning hijab, in the Islamic veil. Leader of the Socialist Left party and now Norway's Minister of Finance, Kristin Halvorsen, praised all the 'blood, sweat and tears Pakistanis in Norway have spent on building the country' when she started the party's election campaign in the Pakistani

countryside in 2005.

If the reaction of Norwegian authorities to the cartoon case has been weak, that of the Swedish government has been disgraceful. The ruling Social Democratic party took the drastic step of closing down the website of a competing political party which featured a Muhammad cartoon online. Sweden, an extremely authoritarian country, has national elections this year. Probably no other Western nation has more problems with, yet less debate about Muslim immigration than Sweden, and the only thing the élites are doing is demonizing neighbouring Denmark for 'xenophobia'. The Swedish security services (Säpo), in collusion with Foreign Minister Leila Freivalds, forced the website SD-Kuriren offline for publishing the *Jyllands-Posten* cartoons. SD-Kuriren is the house organ of the hard-right Swedish Democrats. Freivalds said that 'it is terrible that a small group of extremists are exposing Swedes to danger [by reprinting the cartoons]'. The party's secretary, Björn Söder, says the site has been reopened by moving it to another server, although the pictures of Mohammad have been removed. The Swedish Democrats and SD-Kuriren have received threats following the publication of the pictures. Violent assaults and life threatening attacks against members of Swedish Democrats, by Muslims or 'anti-Fascists', have taken place many times, but are rarely mentioned in the media. No dissent is tolerated in Sweden.

Jonathan Friedman is a New York Jew, now living with his Swedish wife in Malmö where he teaches socio-anthropology. According to him, 'no debate about immigration polices is possible, the subject is simply avoided. Sweden has such a close connection between the various powerful groups, politicians, and journalists. The political class is closed, isolated.' Friedman thinks circumstances in Sweden are special because Sweden has a long tradition of maintaining a correct surface. Two Swedish girls were sent home from school for wearing sweaters showing a tiny Swedish flag. The headmaster was concerned that this might be deemed offensive to some immigrants. Helle Klein, political editor of newspaper *Aftonbladet*, boasts: 'If the debate is going to be about whether there are problems with immigrants, we don't want it.' Hans Bergström, former editor-in-chief of Swedish newspaper *Dagens Nyheter*, worries that Sweden has become 'a one-party state'.

Norwegian celebrity evangelist preacher Runar Søgaard, in a sermon at Filadelfia church in Stockholm in March 2005, repeated claims that Muhammad was 'a confused paedophile' since his wives included a girl aged nine years old. Søgaard came under protection by Swedish police after receiving death threats. The sermon triggered fears of a religious war in Sweden. Muslim radicals posted a very explicit threat to launch a wave of terrorist attacks against Sweden because of the 'insult'. In February 2005, a Swedish museum removed an erotic painting plastered with verses from the Koran from an exhibition about AIDS. Some vocal members of the Muslim community launched a letter-writing campaign that resulted in hundreds of e-mails, among them messages along the lines of 'remember what happened in Holland'. The museum, however, insisted that the 'threats' it received had nothing to do with the removal of the work. At the same time, Swedish historian of religion Matthias Gardell claims that Islamophobia is perhaps the greatest threat to democracy in the Western world today. Swedish writer and leftist intellectual Jan Guillou has stated that the rhetoric employed by the Nazis against Jews is now used to target Muslims. In Sweden, an anti-Semitic crime is reported to the police once every three days. The Jewish congregations in major cities Stockholm, Göteborg and Malmö are forced to spend up to 25 per cent of their membership fees on security and hired guards. Most of these hate crimes are perpetrated by Muslims.

Just as the country is in the midst of the worst crime wave in modern history, with a severely under funded police force, the Swedish Social Democrats announced that cheaper public dental care would be a major issue in this year's election campaigns. There could hardly be a better symbol of a Europe's love affair with the welfare state and 'social security' in an age where physical security is rapidly disappearing because of runaway Muslim immigration. 'Eurabia: You may get your teeth kicked in, but at least you have cheap dental care' could become the slogan for the entire continent.

Scandinavians were once involved in blood feuds and fanaticism, but we left the Viking age behind a thousand years ago, as Muslims should have done. We have no particular urge to return to a primitive tribal society. Yet too many of our 'new countrymen' seem to insist on bringing one into our living room. They may get their way. Perhaps, in reaction to the pressures from Muslims, native Scandinavians will 'rediscover their inner barbarian,' and history will go full circle: From tribalism to cappuccino and back again. Who knows, if Arnold Schwarzenegger fails to get re-elected as Governor of California, maybe a sequel to *Conan the Barbarian*. He could shoot it in Malmö, Sweden, which is set to become the first major Scandinavian city with a Muslim majority. He would be surprised how well he would fit in.

Knuth Fjordman writes about Scandinavian politics on the internet

Austria, Muslims and Denying the Holocaust

Christie Davies

The memory of the Holocaust haunts the minds of decent people everywhere. That the Holocaust should be denied is distressing, whether it is as farce by David Irving or as menace by Iran's Muslim leaders. The latter not only deny that it ever happened but are quite possibly preparing to repeat it, substituting nuclear weapons for gas. There are also slyer evasions and a stealthy whittling away of the meaning of the Holocaust by Muslim leaders in both Britain and Germany.

David Irving is a fool and a tragedy, a man who had the capacity to be a leading historian but whose obsessions led him to distort history and deny the Holocaust... Why have the inane Austrians put him in jail for three years for stupid statements he made seventeen years ago? It is a pointless, disproportionate and an affront to the principle of free speech, indeed a continuation of the ingrained tradition of censorship Austria knew even before Hitler under Engelbert Dolfuss and Kurt von Schuschnigg of the Fatherland Front. Irving was seized for reasons to do with internal political disputes within Austria which have nothing to do with him. The real denial of the Holocaust in Austria is the myth that the country and its people were victims of rather than enthusiasts for Hitler. The German army was cheered in the streets as it entered Vienna at the time of the Anschluss. After its arrival many hundreds of thousands of Austrians promptly joined the Nazi Party. The Austrian bishops issued a letter showing how compatible the Church's views were with National Socialism. Hitler had come home to the Vienna that had nurtured him, the city of Georg von Schonerer where he had learned his anti-Semitism. The Austrians often deny all of this under the cover of being a 'victim' of the Germans. That is why the Austrians have prosecuted far fewer war criminals than the Germans. How big a resistance movement did mountainous Austria have under the Nazis?

In 1983 I sought street directions from a Viennese caretaker in the suburbs of Lueger's city; he responded with an anti-Semitic insult... and I am not even Jewish. God told me to leave the city of the plain. I hired a sports car. I should add that in my entire life He has only ever spoken to me three times, each time with peaceable messages. I do not hear voices telling me to attack the infidel. The day before, since I had no suit with me, I had tried to buy a second hand suit to go to a reception given by the Mayor of Vienna for visiting criminologists the following week, since I had not brought a suit with me from England. My ability to speak German is limited. The good draper to whom I spoke was baffled. Finally he took me through the back of his shop to a hidden closet in a room tucked away at the back of his store at the back and smilingly offered me my choice from a large rack of Nazi uniforms both old and new.

Forgive me, then, if I laugh at the news of Irving's trial, but I can not take Austrian righteousness seriously. What is more to the point is that no Muslim will ever be arrested, tried and jailed for three years in Austria even for uttering the grossest and most threatening of anti-

The real denial of the Holocaust in Austria is the myth that the country and its people were victims of rather than enthusiasts for Hitler. The German army was cheered in the streets as it entered Vienna at the time of the Anschluss.

Semitic sentiments. He will be protected by political correctness reinforced by cowardice. That is the view of the Europe generally as we can see from the attempt to suppress the Technical University of Berlin's 2003 report which showed beyond doubt that attacks on Jews in Europe today are the work of Muslims rather than the oddballs who read Irving.

Most Muslims in Europe know that anti-Semitism and Holocaust denial are likely to upset their Christian and agnostic neighbours and that the matter must be approached with stealth. In Germany Muslim scholars have, quite sincerely, suggested that Muslims should take part in the commemoration of the tragedy, in part on the grounds that some of those murdered in the camps by the Nazis will have been Muslims. Why is it necessary to deploy such an argument? Leaving aside for a moment the obvious moral flaw that this question uncovers, it is doubtful whether the assertion merits much consideration. No doubt a few Muslims were killed by the Nazis, but it is hardly comparable with

the killing of six million Jews in a deliberate attempt to extinguish an entire people.

The argument being suggested by the German Muslims says that 200,000 Gypsies were killed by the Nazis and that some of these were Muslims. Therefore there were Muslim victims of the Holocaust. However, European gypsies, by ancestry Hindus, are today mainly Christians not Muslims. It is quite likely that a small part of those killed by the Nazis were Muslims but then rather more Muslims from Albania, Bosnia and the Caucasus, to say nothing of the Mufti of Jerusalem and Rashid Ali al Gillani, would have actually helped the perpetrators. Hitler is still a hero in Chechnya, much to the embarrassment of the Austrians.

The arguments even of the well-meaning German Muslims are absurd but that they should need to advance the argument at all tells us a great deal more about the perversity of Muslim thinking. I doubt if many Welsh people were killed by the Nazis but I can not see why that should in any way influence the sense of horror that I feel at the Holocaust. In the summer of 2000 after I had been a lecturer at a summer school in Bohemia, I went to visit a colleague in the suburbs of Prague. As I returned to the underground station I saw the small, black, well-kept building of a Protestant church in the distance. Filled with a sense of common ancestry and fellow feeling with the Hussites, I walked over to see it. As I got nearer, I realised that the inscription on the wall was not in Czech out of focus but in the Hebrew alphabet. It was a dead synagogue. My sense of expectation turned to desolation. Would a Muslim mistaken about a dome have felt the same?

The leaders of the British Muslims refuse to join other political and religious leaders in remembering the Holocaust on the day we have set aside, ostensibly because it does not embrace other examples of mass killing. What the British Muslim leaders really mean is that they are not willing to accord proper respect to the victims of mass murder who are not members of their faith. How mean-minded can you get? 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' Charity is the greatest because it renders faith a virtue. Without it faith is a vice, the worst of vices. Charity transforms the bigotry of a Torquemada or an Aurangzeb into the admirable faith of a John Wesley or a Mohandas K Gandhi.

Is it right for Muslims in Britain to live in a perpetual rage about Kashmir and Chechnya, Palestine and the Philippines, Afghanistan and Bosnia but not to care at all about outsiders, including the victims of Muslim aggression against those of other religions in Sudan, Nigeria, Iran, Pakistan and elsewhere? Muslims have much in common with radical bishops and Jewish radicals. Radical bishops and Jewish radicals denounce Jews and Christians alone, so do Muslims. It is this one-sided set of sympathies that lies behind the Muslim leaders refusal to acknowledge the tragedy of the Holocaust. And of course some of them secretly hate the Jews... Their turning their backs on the significance of the Holocaust also reveals to us that they have wilfully chosen not to be British because they are unwilling to share the sentiments and take part in the rituals of the people among whom they have chosen to settle.

There are further points to be made about Muslim leaders and the Holocaust. One lies in their unwillingness to deal with the anti-Semites in their own ranks. I have found copies of *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* in Muslim bookshops on sale from London to Bradford, not a scholarly edition with notes that make it clear that it is a Russian forgery, but a book whose cover shows a snake with a 'Jewish' face encircling the globe. It was the forgery that led to much of the Judeophobia that led to the Holocaust. Muslims have the right to buy or sell it just as we have an inviolable right to enjoy *The Satanic Verses* or the Danish cartoons but that is beside the point. Decent Muslims seeing these books stacked next to the till for easy sale, in Bradford even in a grocer's shop, do not and dare not make their disapproval known.

One of the less well-known aspects of the Holocaust is the fierce loyalty of the German Jews to their own

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country in the years before the Nazis came to power. The members of the group whom the Nazis hated with such fury had not only made a greater than average contribution to their society through their industriousness and learning but had been unshakeably loyal to Germany in the face of rejection and exclusion in the years preceding the First World War. German strength in war had depended on the financier Bleichröder and on the invention of blockade-beating artificial nitrates by Fritz Haber, both of them Jewish patriots. Far from being the source of a stab in the back during World War I, the Jews served Germany loyally and some such as Haber or the poet and propagandist Lissauer, were, if anything, too patriotic. When in 1933 Jews were excluded from the German Civil service, Hindenberg tried to exempt the many Jews who had earlier been badly wounded and disabled while fighting

for Germany. Even during the Second World War, Jews who had been wounded in the First World War wrote to Hitler, pleading that they should be allowed to serve once more in the German army. It is doubtful whether there has even been so patriotic a group, as the 'Germans of the Mosaic persuasion', one fiercely loyal to the very culture and society that disdained them. You can add to the very long list of Hitler's sins that of ingratitude. He persecuted Germany's best.

Likewise, we in Britain should shudder at the memory of our own, if milder, displays of anti-Semitism against a section of the population to whom we owe so much and whose leaders' loyalty cannot be questioned. We can see this in the commitment of Sir Herbert Samuel to British standards of impartiality when Lloyd George put him in charge of the mandate over Palestine in 1920. In the 1974 election Sir Keith Joseph was asked at a public meeting in Leeds why he as a Jew had voted for a government measure harmful to Israel that Labour had opposed. He replied 'Because it was in Britain's interest'. The heavily Jewish constituency of Leeds N.E. returned him to Parliament.

By any standards the Jews have been to Britain a loyal minority, whose members have contributed disproportionately highly to our society and our economic and cultural life, a minority that retained its distinct identity but assimilated when and where it was needed, notably in public life. Why can not the Muslims see why their hostility towards a minority that we regard with pride and gratitude, tinged with a guilty sense of our own past hostility, angers us so much?

By contrast, the Muslims in Britain have behaved at best churlishly and uncooperatively towards a country that has given them equal rights as citizens and treated them as a collectivity rather better than they deserve. Some might go so far as to argue that Muslims, in Britain as in other countries, make a bad minority, one whose main loyalty lies elsewhere, one whose members on average take from society far more than they contribute. Yet all that the Muslims in Britain have suffered is a degree of unpopularity when the violent and unreasonable actions of some of their members have goaded and provoked the ordinary people of Britain. There have been no pogroms, no Kristallnacht, no systematic attacks or boycotts driving out entire communities as happened to the Jews in Tredegar and Limerick. At worst there have been individual fights, insults and acts of vandalism in which British Muslims in Britain may well have handed out more, particularly to other minorities from South Asia and to the Jews, than they have suffered. Yet even now Britain's Muslims can not understand how lucky they are to live in one of the few nations whose solidarity has toleration as one of its components, which is one reason why its citizens respect the memory of the Holocaust.

Christie Davies is the author of The Strange Death of Moral Britain, *New Brunswick NJ, Transaction 2004.*

The Cartoon War

Alfred Sherman

The Danish cartoons affair, and the wholesale assault on Western institutions sparked by it, pose questions about the basis of relations between 'the home of Islam' and 'the home of war', as the Moslems call the non-Moslem world. A few months ago, an obscure low-circulation Danish periodical, protesting about the difficulty of illustrating a commentary on Moslem affairs, published a series of satirical or hostile cartoons, which included one of 'the envoy Mohammed' in an unfavourable light. A few months later, mass protests erupted over half the world. Consulates and other public buildings were looted and destroyed, men were killed, worse was threatened; statesmen, Western clergy and publications vicariously apologized for the affront to Moslem feelings. Few of the apologists and none of the mobs had actually seen the offending cartoons; yet the latter were mobilized to protest, demonstrate and burn; some kind of controlling hand was in evidence. It provides a *point d'appui* for a reappraisal of Moslem society and our relations with it.

The mob as a feature of Moslem society and politics has been remarked on for some time. Marx noted it. At any given time there seems to be a reservoir of people handy for rioting, to be sloganised into violent activity; large numbers with nothing better to do than riot, and ready to be incited. One is reminded of the Parisian mob which stormed the empty Bastille in 1789 or the Gordon 'no popery' Rioters of the 1770's portrayed by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*, who burned and looted half

of London. The mob takes it for granted that Christians, Jews, Hindus are plotting to oppress and destroy Islam and need repelling by all means to hand. The chance to loot does not come amiss. The mob then goes on to destroy public services to its subsequent detriment; trams, buses, shops are sacrificed. Moslem theology sanctifies this aggression with its underlying belief that all men are born Moslems and then were distracted from Islam by evil-doers and need to be turned to the path of righteousness by any means to hand. We remember Savonarola because he was exceptional; in the world of Islam, Savonarolas are the rule.

We have been given cause to realize, however reluctantly, that mass immigration of Moslems into Western civilization has brought the mob with it. This is just one of the many considerations raised by the riots. Bush, and his foreign echoes, have focused attention almost exclusively on terrorism as the expression of strained relations between Islam and the West but it is one facet of a wider syndrome, and not necessarily the most vexed. Mass Moslem immigration is in many ways a much greater threat than terrorism, which may well have peaked. In any case, using Mao's allusion, immigrant communities are the water in which the fish, the terrorists, swim. Riots and suicide bombers are the present face of Islam which we ignore at our peril. This is because the Moslem world is in crisis; it cannot continue as it is but lacks clear exits from its dichotomies.

Rapid population growth has destroyed social and generational as well as economic balance. Moslem society in general lacks stability for the gainfully employed are too low a proportion of the total. A high proportion of those employed depend on the State, often without productive purpose, depending on favouritism. The low status of women and ingrained gynophobia undermine family discipline. Life and social order are perceived mainly in religious terms. Under some circumstances, this could be a source of strength, as many historical exemplars testify. But where religion is compulsively unreformed, looking back to a golden age, religious domination tends towards reaction and fanaticism, while sectarian conflict burgeons; the struggle to control the short-lived Caliphate thirteen centuries ago continues unabated, and still costs lives.

Few Moslem societies are at ease with themselves. Morocco's lack of economic dynamism to match its demographic growth, coexists with a repressive hereditary monarchy: 'after us the flood!'. Algeria is in a state of continuous civil-religious war: a strong military has temporarily quelled the Islamist uprising, which cost hundreds of thousands of lives, several times more than the war against the French. It controls the income from natural gas which is exported the Europe. But the Islamists remain un-reconciled, and there is no arbiter in sight but armed force. Egypt remains under military rule, which seems to be the only effective alternative to Islamism which would be explosive; there seems no room there for political discourse. Over the past century and a half, its population has risen from a million and a half to fifty million, without corresponding growth in resources, apart from discovery of oil in the Sinai. Central Asia and the Caucusus are given over to dictatorship. Military dictatorship under Gen. Musharraf has brought about relaxations in tensions with India, but Islamist tendencies have not disappeared, and his grip is not certain. Much the same goes for the rest of Moslem Asia.

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a higher proportion of the old world's. It is idle to believe that we in 'The West' have the ability or moral right to aspire to change the Moslem world, which will have to work out its own salvation. Most Moslems are believers and see the world including their own chances in this world and the next in religious terms. We have to coexist with Islam as best we can. This requires stamina, patience and balance. While opposing jihad, we should not exaggerate its dangers and effectiveness on a world scale. A couple of million Moslems in Britain would be containable if only we cut off the flow and leave them to find their own level. If we invite militancy by appeasement, we shall get more of it, while if we confront them on the basis of their interests and well being as residents and citizens and economic men, a *modus vivendi* is possible.

Much of what appears to be a Moslem problem is in fact a Christian problem, the masochism and self-hatred which has infected British and Western society in general since the early years of the last century, which has invited mass Moslem immigration and the problems it has created. The time has come to ask what 'British' means in the twenty first century, and how we can manage a polity where several million of its inhabitants are oriented elsewhere. The cartoons war could serve as a wake-up call.

Alfred Sherman's book The Thatcher Interlude *(Imprint Academic) was published last year*

Offendedness

Paul Helm

There was a time when it was boldly affirmed that religion was giving way to the forces of secularity. Sociologists such as Peter Berger and Bryan Wilson predicted the withering away of religion in the face of technology and affluence. And some prophesied that religion itself would become a style of secular living. Those with long enough memories will remember the catchphrase 'religionless Christianity', taken from the martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and such bestsellers as *The Secular City*, by Harvey Cox and *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel*, by Paul Van Buren. The 'secularisation' of religion allegedly carried with it the idea that what was left of religion would be an essentially private matter. For those still hankering after religion the pat phrase was the 'privatisation of religion' though it was not altogether clear what the phrase meant, whether it was the abandonment of state sponsorship, or establishment of a *denomination*, or that, in a secular world, religion can no longer provide political arguments.

Since 'secularisation' was occurring at a time of growing scepticism and indifference to religion in Western Europe (though not, rather inconveniently for the secularist thesis, in the US) the idea was that religion would become a matter for the individual person, the cultivation of his feelings and of other interior states, or of voluntary groups, affirming in their culture some fast-fading religious identity. It was argued that all religions were likely to share the fate of the Shakers, disappearing while leaving a residue of fine literature and art, like the Shakers have left us their furniture. Religion would thus become purely a matter of the heart or of the imagination, the constructing of sacred canopies, the devising of myths and stories to live by, of 'narratives' as we have all learned to call them.

It soon became clear that however clever sociologists were at devising models and collecting data they were no great shakes at prophecy. No sooner had the word gone forth from their mouths than it returned void. In America, the fundamentalists championed the State of Israel on the basis of a different set of prophecies, the dispensationalist prophecies of J N Darby and his erstwhile follower C I Schofield and in their turn, dozens of look-alike TV evangelists. In the Middle East, militant, Talibanesque Islam arose. Its prophecy was short and sharp: 'Watch Out! And wherever you are watching we predict that it'll be the wrong place.' And so the Twin Towers.

In the face of international terrorism, what were the western democracies to do? Resist it, and try to export democracy. But what about religion? Export religion, too? How can supposedly multireligious societies export religion? And how can one export sets of feelings and the religious imagination? What, in particular, are those sovereign states which found themselves with largish Islamic populations to do? The rather strange answer is: to offer succour and support to such groups by devising the 'offendedness' card and then by playing it for all that it was worth. Such offendedness — the state or condition of being offended — crucially depends on the secularist idea that religion is essentially about feelings. It takes for granted that religiously-minded people seek above all things a calm interior, kept inviolate in a naughty secular world. In this way it is hoped that Islamic and other disaffected groups would be placated and — eventually — become part of this secularist picture in which a person's religion was inviolate, and nobody's business but his own. But when we play the offendedness card, what a tangled web we weave!

Historically, being offended has been a very serious matter. To be offended is to be caused to stumble so as to fall, to fail, to apostatize, to be brought down, to be crushed. This is clear from the language of the Authorised Version of the Bible. Jesus says to his disciples, 'And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast in to hell'. (Matt 5 29) He goes on to pronounce a woe on those who offend his 'little ones', those who believe in him. 'But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea' (Matt 18 6). And more alarmingly still, we are all bidden to strive to avoid the fate of those whom Christ himself causes to stumble, to whom he is a 'rock of offence' (Rom 9 33).

So to 'offend' in this robust sense is to be an agent of destruction. And to be offended is to be placed in desperate straits. To be offended in business is to be on the receiving end of swindlers or cheats or unfair practices which act in such a way as to undermine the business.

It is a worthy social end for the state to legislate

in order that various voluntary and social groups within it are not offended in this sense. There ought to be laws to prevent physical intimidation — threats, book burnings, the desecration of graves and the destruction of gathering-places. A government has no responsibility to make sure that such groups flourish but government certainly has a responsibility in a free society to administer and patrol the spaces in which such groups *may* flourish. And if in the current febrile climate there is serious reason to think that Moslems or Jews or Christians or Jehovah's Witnesses are offended in this way, then legislation should be enacted, if it is not already covered by existing public order legislation.

Increasingly people use the word 'offence', in a sense quite different apart from this robust sense. It has been bequeathed to us by the 'secularist' view of religion and is another instance of the paradox of modern government that it often harnesses worn out and discredited ideas to drive forward the latest social fads. It is ironic that when it is clear that the secularist view of religion is utterly discredited, the offendedness card offered to placate Islam treats it as if it were a secularist religion in the 1970's mould. But Islam, Judaism (and Christianity, let it not be forgotten) are not individualistic religions of quiet, interior feeling, but religions of public confession and exhibition.

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What is this currently fashionable view of offendedness? The idea, which informs both legislation and attempts to mould public attitudes, is that one is offended when the words and actions of another produce a feeling of hurt, or shame, or humiliation on account of what is said of oneself about one's deepest attachments. The infamous Danish cartoons depicting the Prophet Mohammed in various guises 'offended' the Islamic populace here and throughout the Middle East and beyond. The Board of Deputies of British Jews alleged that the London Mayor had been 'unnecessarily insensitive and offensive' when, in an offhand remark, he compared a Jewish reporter to a Nazi SS guard and refused to apologise. Does anyone think that Mayor Ken's insensitivity endangers the Jewish cause? Or that cartoons could bring down Islam? We see here the offendedness card being played for what it's worth.

People have always been upset by insensitivity and negligence, but the profile of offendedness, understood in this modern sense, is being immeasurably heightened. The right never to be offended, never to suffer feelings of hurt or shame, is being touted and promoted both by the media and by the government and interest in it is being continuously excited. As a result offendedness is coming to enjoy social and legal recognition of the sort that it has never before enjoyed in British social history. Claims to be, or be in danger of, being offended are now multiplying faster than bird 'flu. In the burgeoning list of rights, the weight of which is becoming intolerable, is the right not to feel hurt or shame or to be otherwise put out, by anything anyone says about one's religion or race, or about anything else that could conceivably hurt or shame. Claims to be hurt or shamed are noticed. They are likely to be rewarded. (The arguments for the recognition of such rights are somewhat uneven, it must be noted. It is said that I am entitled not to have you make jokes about my club foot or the size of my nose, because I have not chosen these features: they have been thrust upon me by fate or by the will of God. But similarly I am entitled not to have jokes made about my religion because I *have* chosen to give allegiance to this faith which is for me a matter of deep personal concern.)

The social value of offendedness is increasing, and so the supply will obligingly rise to meet the demand. The incidence or claimed incidence naturally enough increases. 'Claimed incidence' is of course crucially relevant here. We can all tell whether there is a case of the robust, old-fashioned kind of offendedness. In the case of the interior, sentimental kind of offendedness, society relies utterly on the say-so of the apparently offended party. If I say that I am offended, then I am offended. There is no test of what is likely or reasonable here. If I am offended, then I jolly well am offended, and who are you.....?

What's wrong with being sensitive to others' beliefs and feelings? Who wants to live in a society marked by bad taste and boorish language? There's always a place for restraint. But to suppose that this could be the whole story reveals a rather naive view of human nature. Ever more shrill expressions of offendedness will extract bigger and better political prizes. So we might expect something like the following to happen.

In the burgeoning list of rights, the weight of which is becoming intolerable, is the right not to feel hurt or shame or to be otherwise put out, by anything anyone says about one's religion or race

At present who notices when people say 'bloody' this or 'bloody' that, or when at every turn the words 'Oh Christ!' are uttered? Who even thinks that there might is a connection between 'bloody' and what Christians believe to be the precious blood of Christ, or to 'Jesus Christ' and the one whom Christians believe to be God the saviour of sinners? And who cares about *The*

Life of Brian? One can easily imagine long-quiescent Christians re-sensitising themselves over the question of others' thoughtless speech in order to get their share of the recognition of offendedness that is going.

In the interests of peace and quiet we habitually bite our tongues in the face of expletives and other inanities.

> ***Does not the glue of civic peace rest on such intangibles as the ability to laugh at oneself, to take a joke about even the deepest things?***

We all hear things we don't like said about people and causes that we are fond of but in the changed social atmosphere we are being encouraged to give public notice that such language offends us. I am now being repeatedly told that I am entitled not to be offended. So — from now on — not offended is what I intend to be. Does this heightening of sensitivity make for social cohesion? Does not such cohesion depend rather on enduring what we don't like, and doing so in an adult way? Does not the glue of civic peace rest on such intangibles as the ability to laugh at oneself, to take a joke about even the deepest things? And is it not a measure of the strength of a person's religion that they tolerate the unpleasant conversation of others? Isn't playing the offendedness card going to result in an enfeebling of the culture, the development of oversensitive and precious members of the 'caring society'? Whatever happened to toleration?

Here we have another example of the working of the Law of Unintended Consequences, indeed it is an extreme example of that Law, the Law of Opposite Consequences. The changed public atmosphere, engineered to promote social harmony, provides for the exact opposite, oversensitivity and abrasiveness, as people parade their offendedness and seek reward in its social recognition and the stifling of free speech.

Paul Helm's latest book is John Calvin's Ideas, *OUP, 2004*

Turtles All the Way Down

Myles Harris

The debate over evolution versus intelligent design is about how we tell the difference between a natural object and a designed one. This may not be as easy as it first appears. It was obvious to a 20th century European that an aeroplane was man-made, but to a New Guinea native in 1939 it was equally obvious it was a bird, a natural object. Villagers often used to try and feed them after they landed.

We think we could never fall for such a trap but at the end of the 20th century with the coming of genetically engineered animals — for example Dolly the Sheep was partly evolved and partly designed — the distinction between artificial and natural had begun to fade. If in two thousand years time you were to dig up the fossil remains of Dolly, how would you know she was partly engineered? Moreover by 2050 we will be able to create self-reproducing animals which, while appearing natural, are totally designed. At this stage we will be in the same bind as the New Guinean villager.

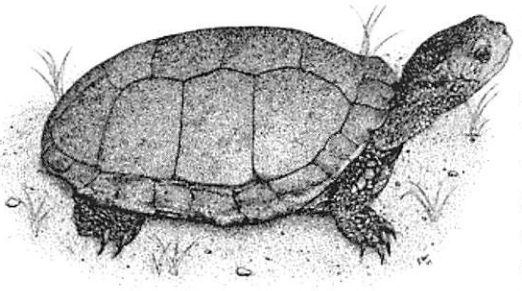
But you say, objects like a watches, cars or computers are obviously designed. They look like machines. Surprisingly, so does DNA and the cells that spring from it. If you were able to get inside a cell, it looks frighteningly designed, a type of engine that a complex intelligence could have built out of natural chemicals. Indeed if you compare a cell with a computer, the computer, being so much simpler, looks the more likely of the two to have arisen by a process of blind trial and error.....

On a planet where computers have yet to be been invented and electricity is unknown, an earthquake fissures a great rift in the earth. At the bottom of the fissure, hundreds of feet below the surface, a strange box made of an unknown, shiny metal is found. When the box is opened its discoverers find an arrangement of what look like keys, with each key having a different mark. On the inside of the hinged lid, opposite the keys, is a square piece of glass of greenish colour which is slightly soft to the touch. If you look hard at its surface you can dimly see your face. There are four screws on one side of the box. When they are removed a panel comes away revealing a network of tiny green boards covered in gold, copper and silver wires. In one corner is a small, delicate wheel.

Although this is a society without electricity, computers or a knowledge of chemistry, it is philosophically very advanced. Evolution, the motion of the stars and gravity are understood. What there is of the fossil record is well known, and philosophers understand how various layers of the earth indicate its age. As a result evolution underpins the basis of peoples' understanding of who they are and how they

should live. Since they learnt they arose by the blind workings of natural selection men and women have given up believing in a creator and understand there is no higher hand. Nevertheless what surprises everybody about the box is the depth at which it was found. Far deeper than any fossils.

The symbols on the keys cannot be understood — although the court code breakers will eventually solve their meaning — but it does not take long for the royal mathematician to realise that the marks on the upper row of keys are numbers. When this is understood more numbers are recognised on the outer casing. The royal astronomer, called in to give his opinion on the box, is astonished to see a set of numbers inside the open case which refer to a position in the sky. The planet we are on has simple telescopes and when the Astronomer Royal points his at the spot in the sky indicated by the numbers a small, circular, shining object is observed in the near heavens.



A storm of controversy ensues. Is the box the work of an intelligent race who once lived on the planet, or is it a natural object, one of a species that has evolved using quite different materials to those that make up animal and plant life, perhaps a species that lived on the planet long ago and is now extinct ?

Most people are immediately convinced that this object is the product of an advanced civilisation. How could it be otherwise? It is clearly a machine of some description and proof of an intelligence greater than ours. This is confirmed by recent observations of the object in the sky. Astronomers have seen sunlight flashing on its surface and they believe it is made of the same substance as the box's outer casing. How could two separate and widely spaced artefacts arrive where they are by chance? And why should one have information written on it about where the other was?

This view does not please the evolutionists who for many years have held an important place in society, with many holding well funded academic chairs, chairmanships of important committees, and retaining a major voice in public affairs. They have fought off all sorts of silly theories about the origin of life, including one by people called 'intelligent designers' who say that living things are far too complicated to be the result of chance. But by dint of careful scholarship they have educated the public to see how misconceived such an idea is, and ultimately philosophically flawed. If the box is designed, who designed the designer, for the designer must be far more complicated than his box. And who designed the designer of the designer of the box? They remind people of the 'turtle' joke.

A famous astronomer having just finished a lecture on gravity was stopped by a little old lady at the exit.

'I enjoyed your lecture.' She said. 'But you haven't got it right.'

'What haven't I got right?' Asked the astronomer.

'The world is not held up by gravity.'

'What holds it up?'

'A huge turtle.'

'Aha!' said the astronomer triumphantly, 'And what is the turtle standing on?'

The old lady glanced around, leant forward and whispered hoarsely in his ear.

'It's turtles all the way down.'

The box, evolutionists say, is yet another example of evolution. It was found at a level in the earth so deep it was long before intelligent life existed on the planet. The common people should not, just because the box is so complex, be misled into thinking it is anything other than a sophisticated natural object. If they do they will be falling for the 'watch heresy'. Many years ago a noted theologian suggested that if you came across a pocket watch in a forest you would be correct in thinking it was designed by an intelligent hand. Because this object was a million times more complicated did not mean it was designed. Evolution was perfectly capable of creating objects even more complicated than the metal box. And the chances of it being somehow linked to the object in the sky are, when written down on paper, no greater than the chance combinations needed to create the human eye. Nor does its unusual material mean it is artificial. By some rare evolutionary chance this particular combination of metals has come together to create this object. And what, after all, is 'artificial'? The human hand, which is many times more complicated than the box, looks artificial — the perfection of its movements, the subtlety of its design, the way it so perfectly fits our needs, cries 'design!' at every movement — yet everybody knows the hand is a natural object. It arose blindly. It had no designer. So with the box.

At this stage the debate is deadlocked. A case is fought in the courts as to whether intelligent design should now be taught as science in schools, but is thrown out. Scientists however become more and more worried that the discovery of the box is fuelling superstition. There is a growth of fundamentalism. Huge crowds gather on the anniversary of the finding of the box, praying and dancing. There is talk of a revolution with the

replacement of the king by a panel of 'God's chosen' and the raising a great temple to the box.

But far away from the royal palace, on an obscure island off the mainland, an inventor has discovered how to mix certain salts in water to create a strange form of lightning which he calls 'wire juice'. Conducted from the jars through wires, he uses it to light his hut at night. He calls it 'wire juice' because if you touch the wires it gives you a nasty shock. Mocked by his simple neighbours, and in fear of being burnt as a witch, he takes his invention to the capital in the hope he might sell it. After showing it in the streets for a few days to the great wonderment of the crowds, news of this invention reaches the palace. He is summoned to appear before the King. Now the King, being an enlightened monarch, holds a monthly audience to which inventors are invited to show their work. There are not many discoveries, and the king, to tell the truth, is a little tired of being shown perpetual motion machines, crucibles for turning lead into gold, cures for toothache and magic hats for seeing the future. None of them work. Nor can anybody tell him the meaning of the magic silver box which sits in the middle of the room, silent yet dominating.

But our inventor's magic jars work superbly, lighting up the dark winter's afternoon. The King, entranced, begs him to show him the secret. The inventor explains there is something in the jars that runs along the wires, and if his highness would be so kind as to hold on to their bare ends he will feel it. The king grasps the wires and our inventor throws a switch.

Now custom has it that each day the King wears a different robe. On Monday it is Ermine, on Tuesday the finest bear's fur, on Wednesday it is gilded with cameos, on Thursday buttons of lapis lazuli, but on Friday, the day of the exhibition, the king wears a robe embroidered with the finest filigree silver. As soon as the switch is thrown, the king receives a shock which causes him to stagger backwards so that the sleeve of his silver garment touches the casing of the magic box. Immediately the green mirror under the lid of the box begins to glow, a bell is heard, strange figures course across the screen, and a picture of the object in the sky the Royal Astronomer has seen through his telescope appears.

The large crowd that has assembled is terrified. Save for a few sobs, and a few people praying, a tense silence fills the room. Then the picture of the object in the sky vanishes and some writing appears on the screen. The court code breakers, who have long ago worked out the alphabet of the keys, are hastily summoned. Quickly, because the glow on the screen is starting to fade, they scribble down the mysterious shapes. As the screen fades to darkness one of them waves his paper and shouts.

'I have translated it.'

'For the sake of God and the Holy Agros tell us!' shouts the King.

'Your Majesty, it says, "It's turtles all the way down."'

Myles Harris is a practising doctor. This article first appeared on the Social Affairs Unit website

Letter from Zambia

Aid will be the Death of Africa

Bruce Danckwerts

Since the announcement by the G8 of their intention to cancel Zambia's debt the Zambian currency (the Kwacha) had slowly revalued from about K4700/$ (Kwacha per US Dollar) in April 2005 to K4400/$ in August 2005. This was certainly helped by the very high copper prices being enjoyed by our mining industry. When our government failed to intervene in the market to return the Exchange Rate to the K4700 level it caught the attention of foreign speculators who bought enough of our government's Treasury Bills (still offering 17 per cent yield on an appreciating currency) to bounce the exchange rate to K3200/$. Our government took this as a positive development and backed the revaluation, bragging that it was market driven and proof of Zambia's economic recovery.

Repeated attempts to explain that a 30 per cent revaluation of the currency will be devastating for almost all economic activity has fallen on deaf ears. The fact that the government's own revenue from import duties will fall by 30 per cent is ignored. Revenue from Income Tax will fall even more (as most producers will report losses for the current financial year). 2006 is an election year and the ruling party of Levy Mwanawasa is obviously pinning its hopes on cheaper prices of consumer goods (imported from

South Africa) to fool the electorate into voting for them. If the government and the country run up another few billion dollars in debt, past performance would indicate that they will also, one day, be written off.

What effect does this have on economic activity? I have invested my shirt on developing irrigation for my farm which has seen the average annual rainfall drop from around 750 mm per year to less than 500 mm. To make the project viable I had planned to grow wheat (which in the tropics is best grown during the winter, under irrigation). But Zambia does not produce enough wheat and so millers know the cost of imported wheat with some precision. They will not pay Zambian farmers more than the import parity cost — which has suddenly become 30 per cent cheaper. What is true for wheat is true for all other crops and indeed all other economic activity. If a tourist wants a holiday, it is now cheaper to fly to Mauritius from Lusaka than it is to fly to Zambia's own Luangwa Valley. This choice will be made by Zambian and foreign tourists alike. The end result will be that many (and it will almost all be the poorest) Zambians will lose their jobs. Those beneficiaries of Debt Relief have not understood that one cannot eliminate poverty by simply raising wages; neither by revaluing the currency, nor by raising the minimum wage. If it were that easy, poverty would have ended millennia ago. One part that Jeffrey Sachs did get right in his book *The End of Poverty* is when he was describing the social benefits of employment in a sweat shop in Bangladesh. Low though those wages were by western standards, they were high enough to make all of the women he interviewed feel much better off with their jobs than without. It also meant that they avoided pregnancy, thus helping to slow the population growth — another of Africa's serious problems. As the recent Bra Wars so clearly demonstrated, we cannot all make garments for western consumers. Zambia has made some progress towards creating employment in those sectors where we can compete, agriculture, horticulture, and tourism. This revaluation has just torn the heart out of all those industries.

Until the G8 take steps to make certain that Debt Relief is not used by governments to play football with the economic goal-posts, they should not have agreed to cancel the debt. The Donor Community is also complicit in this, as are the commercial banks operating in Zambia. Since December, a number of concerned individuals have been running a campaign to make the International Community aware of the plight now facing Zambia's poor. A friend has delivered a letter to a U.K. Member of Parliament with personal connections to the U.K. Minister for Overseas Development. The result? Silence. Another friend has given me the e-mail address of a director of Barclays Bank plc — a major player in the Zambian banking sector. The response? Nil. (Two responses from my bank in Zambia illustrate the depth of ignorance. One response is that 'instead of discussing the revaluation of the Kwacha at the next meeting of the Bankers Association, we should discuss opportunities for selling hedging funds' and another was 'why don't you cost your wheat in kwacha?') Small scale farmers will not have access to hedging funds and their tobacco, cotton, coffee, vegetables are all brought on the World Market. World buyers will look at their kwacha prices, look at the exchange rate and go and buy our products elsewhere. Once we lose these export markets, we may lose them for good. Brazil replaced the Zimbabwean tobacco industry in just two seasons. It could replace Zambia's without really trying. Our government (and their kin) are too busy buying luxury goods with the stronger currency to listen to the pleas of mere producers.

As a little notice in a government office explains: AIDS. African Income Deposited in Switzerland. Aid to Africa is more insidious than the current revaluation crisis in Zambia would suggest. For four decades now, it has allowed African governments to get away with spectacular incompetence (and incompetence is as devastating to a country as the more publicised corruption). Consider that the GDP of Zambia has stayed at roughly $3bn for the last three decades; that in 1965 the per Capita Income of South Korea was three quarters of Zambia's and now it is twenty times higher. Why? Firstly, because of the incompetence and indifference of African governments but secondly, because every shipment of Aid to Africa undermines the efforts of anybody trying to produce anything in Africa.

A graph showing shipment of Food Aid to Africa and African Domestic Food Production indicates that as the former has increased, so the second has decreased. Apologists for Food Aid will argue that these shipments of food are only responding to fill the gap left by falling local production. They would be interpreting the figures in the same way as some famous data suggested that rabbits were eating the Canadian Lynx! Being dependent on the weather, there will be years when agricultural production will fall; prices will rise and there will be some hardship. African governments have learned to cry help and donors have responded by sending Food Aid. This has suppressed the prices of agricultural commodities. Historically, rising commodity prices have helped to (partly) offset the lower yields experienced in difficult years. With Food Aid, there is no such firming of prices and farmers are forced to cut back on their production in the following season. They also lack the incentive to work — why toil for six months to produce a crop of maize, against

the uncertainty of weather, pests and prices if you can queue for a free hand-out of food?

Less damaging are the Aid Projects such as one run by the British Government for several years in Zambia. The project identifies rural schools in need of up-grading; they talk with the local communities and arrange for them to make bricks and to collect sand and stone — the only input required being the labour of the local community. The project then arranges a local contractor to build the classrooms and houses for teachers and provides the correct amount of building materials — cement, roofing, window and door frames. There is no theft, and, because the local community put some effort into the project there is a better chance that the buildings will be maintained. So what is the problem? It allowed the Minister of Education to announce, sometime in August 2005, that the government could no longer afford to provide housing for teachers in the rural parts of Zambia. Remember that this was about five months after the G8 had announced that Zambia would be eligible for Debt Relief. In other words, this project (and others like it) allows governments to divert money from areas of their responsibility and to squander it elsewhere, knowing that, when conditions get bad enough a donor will take care of the problem.

Aid Donors set such a bad example. There seems to be a competition between the UN and Oxfam as to who drives the most modern Land Cruiser with the biggest long-wave aerial on the front.

Doctors working in Africa: surely that is a humanitarian example of Aid that can only be doing good? Again, it allows the governments to duck their responsibilities. It allows them to keep doctors' salaries low, safe in the knowledge that if there are areas in their country without doctors some donor or charity will provide them.

Aid Donors set such a bad example. There seems to be a competition between the UN and Oxfam as to who drives the most modern Land Cruiser with the biggest long-wave aerial on the front. If mere Aid workers are driving the top of the range Land Cruisers then of course African Ministers have to drive something better. This rot percolates throughout the government and the previous Member of Parliament for my local town (population perhaps 10,000 of mostly very poor people) drove a Landrover Discovery with the number plate CHOMA 1. The Mayor (who owes money all around town) drives a large sedan with the number CHA 1.

Foreign news reports do little to expose the defects of this Aid. Helping Africa is such a balm to one's conscience that reporters fly in with their pre-conceptions, look for examples to support their story and fly out again. A recent (February 2006) report from the BBC described a school in Zambia where class sizes had gone down and the benefits of Debt Relief were apparent. Had the reporter travelled further afield, he might have found, as we have in Choma, schools where a teacher teaches 53 Primary 1 children in the morning; 50 Primary 3 children in the afternoon and helps with the Grade 6 and Grade 8 classes during her lunch hour. As often as not she does not receive her salary on time. (There was no mention, in this BBC report, of the August announcement by the Minister of Education that the government would no longer provide houses for rural teachers.) Another recent report interviewed a woman growing maize near Mazabuka, also south of Lusaka. The report told how she had to toil on her own as her husband suffered from tuberculosis and how she felt the government was not doing enough to help the rural poor. She was probably not aware that, thanks to the revaluation, she would probably only get K400/kg for her maize in 2006 compared to the K570 she probably earned in 2005. The foreign reporter did not know enough even to ask her the question. My favourite report from the BBC was in July 2004, when 'our special correspondent' ran a piece on Zambia entitled 'Why they don't play cricket any more'. The story centred around the Ndola Cricket Club and featured a number of old members who just used the club as a meeting place. One was in the process of closing down his clothing business because he could not face international competition, 'forced on Zambia by the IMF's open market policy'. That very weekend, Zambia was hosting the ICC competition to decide which two (of the non-test playing nations) in Africa, could go through to the World Cup. At three venues in Lusaka, several countries were playing for a place. And it was not so much the IMF's open market policy that put Zambia's clothing industry out of business, as — you've guessed it — shipments of cheap second hand clothing. Known locally as salaula it arrives by the ton. It is possible to buy serviceable clothes for as little as $5 for a Ralph Lauren shirt or $8 for a sports jacket. No factory in Zambia could compete with those prices.

One of my favourite jokes is: What is the difference between ignorance and apathy? Answer: I don't know and I don't care. If you have read this far, at least you cannot now claim not to know. Whether you care is a different matter.

Bruce Danckwerts has lived and farmed in Zambia for over thirty years

In Defence of Cameron

Alexander Deane

> History presents unambiguous alternatives only in the rarest of circumstances. Most of the time, statesmen must strike a balance between their values and their necessities or, to put it another way, they are obliged to approach their goals not in one leap but in stages, each by definition imperfect by absolute standards. It is always possible to invoke that imperfection as an excuse to recoil before responsibilities...
>
> Henry Kissinger

The Conservative Party is a few percentage points away from power. That is reality, and I am glad of it. Whatever gripes any of us on the ideological right might have, it is folly for us to think that another party offers a better path, or that we can or should hold ourselves apart and bide our time until the modernising agenda 'goes away'. We must devote ourselves to the twin tasks of helping this great old party return to government, and of moving it towards our own thinking.

David Cameron is the reason that we are in that position. He has revitalised the Conservative Party. Some of us don't like it and would rather remain in opposition, ideologically pure and eternally without power. I think that this is irresponsible, not least because the country would be better off under the Conservatives, imperfect though we may be, than under the Labour Party. Some point to those giving Cameron advice and decry the path they think the party is taking. If you do not like that advice then give some of your own. His consultation is an open process, and one from which the cadre of conservatives that read the

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Salisbury Review cannot afford to stand apart. We have a responsibility to ensure that our voice is heard in the current state of flux. We must not think of ourselves as being outside the process of party politics. We can have an effect on the political environment. We are not just political observers, but political participants.

Some think his policies are wishy-washy. Cameron's passion for social enterprise, for charities and for the voluntary sector, is deeply Conservative. It recognises that truth known to Reagan and to Thatcher: that there is little which the state can do, that passionate groups and individuals cannot do better for themselves and for their communities. Keith Joseph said that 'when you take responsibility away from individuals, you make them irresponsible'. Cameron offers a genuine remedy to the state-centric concentration of power in post-war Britain; he asks individuals to seek out that which they can offer their communities, and asks communities to seek solutions to their concerns themselves instead of passing the buck on to the state. In the Cameron model, responsibility trickles down from the politic to the voluntary group to the individual; each is healthier for it.

His much-ridiculed concern for the environment is a quintessentially conservative (and Conservative) position. He promised to take us out of the EPP, a concrete step that did more for our Eurosceptic credentials than anything offered by any other leadership candidate. His support for real standards in education is sound, and the promotion of academies and

> ***He promised to take us out of the EPP, a concrete step that did more for our Eurosceptic credentials than anything offered by any other leadership candidate.***

apprenticeships during his time as shadow Education Secretary was precisely what most Conservatives believe should be done next. His reluctance to embark on real change in the NHS is no more or less than the position taken by any other frontline Conservative since we left government. His promotion of a quasi-National Service style scheme for young people shows he has an understanding of, and policies to counteract, the collapse of national identity and Britishness that so troubles conservative thinkers.

Some say that Cameron is all about image but they do not understand quite what an image problem the Conservative Party has. It is difficult to understate the extent to which our party is disliked amongst the 20- and 30-somethings. Cameron can turn this around, and is already doing so. Already, being a Conservative is no longer something to hide amongst young people. In William Hague, Iain Duncan-Smith and Michael Howard, we found three men to lead us whose public persona never went past the idea that there was something a bit strange about them. Not so Cameron. A man this charismatic can win elections.

Some say that we should not moderate our position to the mores of the day. They say that there is no centre ground but that which is made by leading politicians; that we should not chase the centre, but rather move the centre to us by force of leadership, courage and conviction. This is a strong position. It is the logic of Goldwater, whose bold stance made possible the crucial conservative advance in the Republican Party and American politics more widely. But one shouldn't be *too* revisionist: Goldwater was beaten, badly. If we can have the Conservative agenda advanced by Goldwater figures without actually suffering the losses their leadership would entail, so much the better. Certainly, Goldwater was necessary but so was Eisenhower, who had no such ideological core, but with his pragmatic approach, advanced the cause of those that did; he conveyed a personal popularity and charm that boosted his party's image, and a centrism that made it seem reasonable.

So it is with Cameron. Will a Cameron government give us all that we want? Emphatically no, just as a Blair government has not given to the real left all that it wants. But it will move the country in a broadly rightwards direction.

True Blues, True Greens

David Lovibond

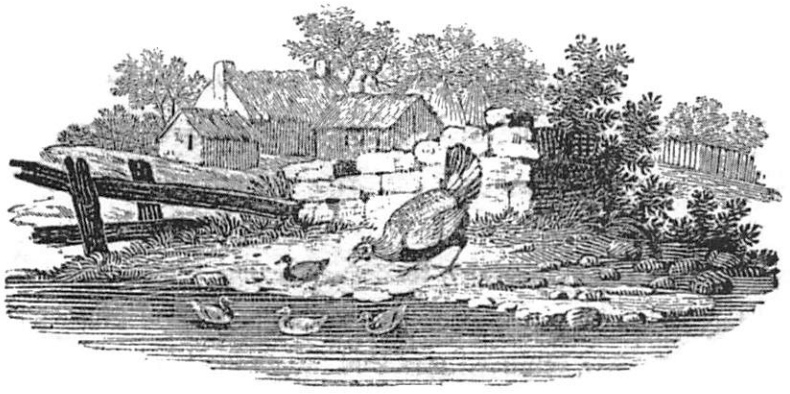
In his new enthusiasm for the environment and the company of Zac Goldsmith, David Cameron is suspected of indulging in un-Tory practices. Is assuming the mantle of the Greens further proof of official abandonment of core Conservative allegiances to business enterprise and economic free-for-all in the forced march to the centre ground ?

Writing in the *Daily Telegraph,* the head of research at the right-wing think tank Policy Exchange argued for more houses in the countryside, despite the twenty-year high of 160,000 new-builds in England last year, and lamented our phobia about building on green land. His views are those of the Tory Benthamites (*The Archers*, Brian Aldridge and Matt Crawford are perfect exemplars) who remain unconvinced that the well-being of rural England is anything other than a peripheral issue to a serious contender for government. In this bleak light the countryside and its attendant disciplines, archaeology and nature conservation, may have policies allotted to them in the same disengaged way that sport or space travel are dealt with. Of course there are Conservative voters for whom the English countryside has no particular meaning, and who regard Conservatism as principally an economic philosophy, a prescription for accumulating private wealth and security. But this brutalist counting-house Toryism is unlikely to have much appeal for the soft Liberal vote Mr Cameron needs to recapture. More to the point, the Benthamite attitude is at odds with the essential identity of the Conservatives as the natural party of conservation.

Ironically, before the discovery of the 'environment' back in the 60s the protection of the countryside was a synonym for good Tory estate management. English rural life and the preservation of all that was familiar and distinctive in the landscape were not only the enthusiasms of Tory squires, they were part of the informing philosophy of Conservatism. In the ensuing decades rural conservation has become subsumed into the dreary blether of global eco-speak, and taken to be a preoccupation of the left. As the row over the proposed giant wind farm in Cumbria demonstrates, the conservationist lobby includes some very uncomfortable bedfellows. Showing neither affinity or affection for the their own countryside, the eco-globalists of Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace have declared themselves appalled by the ministerial decision against the 27 foot turbines and in favour of local rural campaigners. The latter have understood what the former do not deign to: if we cannot appreciate and be effective guardians of irreplaceable landscapes at home then what business have we taking on the world? But to the Benthamites, Tories who protest at proposed bypasses or housing developments are held to be either selfish Nimbys worried about property values or else not really Tories at all. A Populus poll quoted disapprovingly by Policy Exchange found that three fifths of respondents did not favour building houses on greenfield sites. To traditional Conservatives the impulse to protect cherished landscapes has as little to do with commercial calculation as it has with disinterested environmentalism. This ferocious instinct to preserve springs from a profoundly understood connection between people and place; the dangerous alchemy of land and nation. These feelings are not incidental to the politics of blood and bone Tories;

they are the inspiration and the substance of their Conservatism. It is the romance of an old country which is at the heart of this, a politics deeper than words.

And this is where the Brian Aldridge Tories and the leftward-bound Cameroons can share a frisson of doubt over the loyalty of rural Conservatives. Worrying about global warming or what to do with the wine bottles may be politically neutral, or at least nothing to do with being a Tory. But fighting to stop a developer building on a Civil War battlefield or an agri-businessman ripping up an Anglo-Saxon hedgerow, are passionate affairs involving an outraged sense of attachment and local belonging; the truly patriotic sentiments of the old right. They may be the Tories who have not spoken yet, but as witnesses on the ground (so to speak) to the inherent absurdities of multi-culturalism they will be disquieted by the leadership's metropolitan outlook, its inclusive agenda, and plainly offended by the Benthamites' implicit support for John Prescott and his determination to let the house-builders rip. These Tory joiners of the National Trust and the Campaign to Protect Rural England know that the countryside is more than a reservoir of building land, but more too than a mere absence of houses. A remorselessly contemporary landscape from which every hedge and spinney, every impediment to the plough, has been erased is no less lost to the countryside then if it had been covered in concrete. The beguiling power of rural England is in the dwindling tracts of traditional countryside: places of memory, redolent of stored-up centuries and long association, and the struggle to protect them is part of the larger fight for the survival of a recognisable England.



At this time of challenge, when the ordinary presumptions an Englishman has about the ownership of his country are routinely challenged and stolen away, the countryside is consolation and last redoubt. And it is in the threatened particularity of old landscapes that the rootedness of the English is revealed: the beech clump on a Wiltshire skyline, the field shapes fading on a hillside, the meadow full of shadows at twilight, a manor house glimpsed through trees, the music of names in a country churchyard. These are the fragile embodiments of identity, reminders that we are after all a national people on home ground. To contemplate such places, to stand on Pilsdon Pen in Dorset and look across Marshwood Vale to the sea, is to experience a heart-breaking longing for England that no amount of weasel words on the benefits of diversity or the need for affordable homes can assuage. The disappearance of countryside like this is an infinitely more personal impoverishment than the melting of ice caps or the loss of a nice view. The conservation of what remains of rural England is the assertion of cultural references and national definition. What more important task can there be for a Conservative Party?

The view may be different from Notting Hill of course. Perhaps Mr Cameron and the Benthamites of Policy Exchange have concluded that the rural English (or simply the English) are little more than a residual community in an England that is become mere nomenclature. If the countryside is stripped of the intimacy and character that, according to the Countryside Agency, made it too stubbornly English, so much the better to accommodate the citizens of Dave's Britain as it really is. Or is the loss of historic landscapes and the assault on the aesthetics of village England simply not hip enough for the Tory modernisers, who would rather rap with Friends of the Earth than take tea with the Friends of the Lake District? Could it be that it isn't Tory romantics like me, dreaming of an English arcadia, who have forgotten their Conservatism? As England becomes memorialised in the diminishing countryside are the die-hard Jacobites who defend it being set up as the longed-for Clause 4 patsies? Goaded by the indifference of a leader on the make into a useful confrontation, a doomed Pilgrimage of Grace, are we to be told at some seaside conference that the Conservatives are now the party of the house-builders and the global environmentalists? No one else needs apply. In pursuit of a new rainbow electorate, Mr Cameron would show Britain he is not going to be held back by the old gang of patriotic sentimentalists banging on about rural England. The future isn't Blue, it is Green. Shame really.

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Let's Hear It for the Pub

Hadrian Wise

Conservative, but what to conserve? The answer depends on where you are, but in 21st Century Britain it must include the Church of England, the House of Lords, marriage, and the countryside — all venerable institutions integral to any national life worth having and all in decline. But how do you defend a declining institution? It cannot decline without eventually getting rotten, and once the rot sets in, it is hard to separate the good bits from the rotten. How do you defend the Church of England without endorsing its notorious woolliness about doctrine? By the time you have made the necessary qualifications, the audience has moved on.

This is why conservatives need the pub, an institution so integral to national life we hardly think about it. More than three-quarters of adults go to pubs and more than a third are 'regulars', visiting one particular pub at least once a week. The pub is thriving and popular; you are not going to make many enemies sticking up for it. But the pub needs defending, because it is in the early stages of decline. Degenerate specimens are replacing healthy ones, particularly in towns and cities. Oxford, where I live, boasts some wonderful old pubs like The Turf and The Bear, but even here, George Street, where half the county's youth seem to do their socialising, is now a wilderness of Yates's Wine Lodges and All Bar Ones. All over the country, soulless bars and chain pubs are proliferating, and although they are not all bad in every way — Wetherspoon's is to be commended for its range of beers and refusal to play blaring music — they do essentially miss the point: a pub is a public *house*, and a house should reflect the individual character of its individual owner or occupier rather than expressing a corporate brand dreamt up by marketing men. Even proper pubs are changing for the worse. The beer is too often heavy and cloying when it should be crisp and clean, but unfortunately keeping draught beer in good condition is hard work and many landlords cannot be bothered, particularly when their customers prefer lager and low-grade, mass-produced lager at that. Slot machines, televisions, and jukeboxes are here to stay, while smoking, an indispensable part of the experience for many pub-goers, is on the way out.

The good news is that the rot has not gone too far. Any sentient member of the employable classes over twenty-one can tell a proper pub from an All Bar One. Chain bars still comprise fewer than a tenth of Britain's drinking outlets, so there are still plenty of proper pubs serving good beer. It is easier to defend the pub than, say, the House of Lords. It is still *there* in its characteristic uncorrupted form and you can actually point to it; people are still using and enjoying it. Defending it will work.

'So what?' I hear you say. The pub is at best unimportant from a conservative point of view and we have bigger, if tougher, battles to fight. This is wrong, for the pub is *just* the sort of thing we should be defending. It is, if anything, *more* important than the pound or Oxbridge or Parliament. A conservative should want a living traditional culture. The more people who 'live' a tradition by actively participating in it, the more alive it is. Most people are uninterested in politics, have never been to Oxbridge and do not go to Church more than a few times a year, but most people *do* go to the pub. And without even thinking about it, they behave in a traditional, distinctively English way that is often baffling to foreigners. They form an invisible queue at the bar, indicating their wish to buy a drink without speaking or obvious gesticulation. They talk to strangers at the bar while leaving the far tables in peace. They buy in rounds. They tip the barmaid with a drink, not money. As the place where the characteristically socially ill-at-ease English do most of their socialising, where the nicest accommodations with the English character must be made, the pub is *the* quintessentially English institution as Kate Fox has observed in her delightful account *Watching the English*.

It is also a bulwark against the creeping uniformity of our high streets and towns. Wherever amid the chain stores and supermarkets, the inevitable dreary Boots,

W.H. Smith, Barclays, Tesco, and Clinton Cards, you see the sign of a real genuine pub, you know there is one place in the identi-kit street where you have a chance of encountering something different and human. Pubs have character, conditioned by history

> ***Most people are uninterested in politics, have never been to Oxbridge and do not go to Church more than a few times a year, but most people do go to the pub.***

and locale and refined by their landlords' personalities. My own local pub, The Waterman's Arms on Osney Island, reflects its Victorian waterside origins on its walls and the landlord Henry Dean's quiet good taste in its restrained décor and simple but excellent food and beer. The Waterman's is free from the tyranny of the corporate brand which is one of the biggest threats to tradition and freedom in this country. It is essentially anti-local. Now even the Conservative Party is realising that the richness of national life comes from local variation and character. What could be more local than your local? There is no better place for local people of all social classes to enjoy each other's company, no better way to foster a sense of community, and there are few more illuminating clues to an area's history than the name of its pub. If conservatives cannot defend the pub, what on earth are they for?

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Submerged by Verbiage

Theodore Dalrymple

A judge recently told me an interesting and, I think, an emblematic story. He objected to a notice that had been posted in the law courts that was badly written and full of spelling errors. Someone — in the Kafkaesque sense of the word 'someone' — must have reported him, because a little while later he was taken to task by a superior for his élitist attitude. The only criterion by which a public notice should be judged, he was told, was whether it could be understood by the public. All else was completely irrelevant. Here with a vengeance was the philosophy of the lowest common denominator in action. A few days later, I noticed a small item in *The Times*, with the headline 'Overseas students better than Britons at English'. A geneticist at Imperial College had tested the spelling of British and foreign students for whom English was a second language. While more than half the British students wrote 'seperate' for separate, none of the foreign students did so. And three times as many British students as foreign ones — three quarters instead of a quarter — put an apostrophe in the possessive pronoun its. British students were unable to distinguish correctly between 'effect' and 'affect'. The geneticist's findings didn't really surprise me. If you want to hear beautiful spoken English these days, you have to go to India.

The day before the article appeared in *The Times*, I had been leafing through the house journal of British government apparatchiks, which is to say the Society supplement of *The Guardian* that appears every Wednesday (though I hasten to add that *The Guardian* is easily the best newspaper in Britain). I love the feeling of righteous indignation that reading the job advertisements always provokes. Impotent rage acts as a tonic to the system, and wakes me up. Occupying about three-eighths of a page was an advertisement for Governing Council Members ('Up to seven posts') of the National College for School Leadership. This is an exciting opportunity, said the advertisement, to work with a high profile public sector organisation that is in the forefront of delivering the Government's objectives for building a world-class teaching profession. I could not but think of my own teachers, excellent and devoted men and women, whose high qualities I did not recognise or appreciate sufficiently at the time, and from whom I did not learn as much as I might have done because of my own adolescent arrogance and propensity to mock. They did not need to be 'built' into a profession by the government; they did their duty, and far more than their duty, from a justified sense of pride and an awareness of the importance of the job. As for being world-class, they would have laughed at the very idea, which is that of people indissolubly wedded to mediocrity and whose thoughts cannot rise above banality.

What does the National College for School Leadership do exactly? One never penetrates the successive onion

layers of connotation without denotation. The ability endlessly to generate and combine buzzwords without concrete meaning is to the modern age what theology was to the Middle Ages, that is to say the Queen of the Sciences. The NCSL, we are told, was created in 2000 to provide a single national focus for school leadership training, development and research. But what is school leadership training? Reading on, nothing becomes clearer. For the Government, Kafka is not a nightmare or a warning, but a blueprint. 'It [the NCSL] is the Government's main delivery agent for equipping current and aspiring school leaders with the support, challenge and inspiration they need to achieve transformation in their schools.'

In case things are not quite clear yet, the advertisement explains further: 'The College's aim is to provide a driving force for excellence in school leadership through training and development opportunities and disseminating good practice. It also plays a key role in shaping educational thinking and policy nationally, and works in partnership with a wide range of stakeholders. We learn that the college has four new ambitious goals (what were the old ones, one wonders?). They are: to transform children's achievement and well-being through excellent school leadership; develop leadership within and beyond school; identify and grow tomorrow's leaders; and create a fit for purpose, national College. A metaphor taken from the construction industry — the building of a profession — seems here to have given way to a horticultural one: leaders are to be grown, like tomatoes or carrots. And one of the ambitious goals of the college is to create a college that is fit for its purpose, which is to create a college that is fit for its purpose... There is clearly scope here for an infinite regress of meetings. To Kafka, the designs of M C Escher are now added. What will the responsibilities of the seven Governing Council Members be? They will be 'advising and supporting the College in its strategic development;' 'ensuring that the College's programmes meet the needs of its customers and reflect current best practice in leadership development;' 'acting as a champion of the College and its work;' and 'Advising, supporting and supervising the Chief Executive in the discharge of his professional and managerial duties and responsibilities'.

One's heart sinks, one's head spins. What kind of people is the college looking for? 'The applicants should have a strong track record of leadership, a good understanding of and commitment to the College's aims for transforming leadership in schools, good knowledge of leadership development strategies and delivery and good knowledge of and experience of managing change'. My guess is that the kind of person required is an unscrupulous and ambitious careerist, with a good ability to obscure his private goals with high-sounding but meaningless phrases, and who is prepared to do anything he is told. It probably will not surprise you that the advertisement states, in bold print, that applications from women, members of minority ethnic groups and disabled people are particularly welcome — which is to say that the British government is committed to racial and other forms of discrimination.

In the light of this advertisement, it is hardly surprising that public notices in court buildings are badly written and British children cannot spell, even those who reach élite institutions of tertiary education. They are the products of a looking glass world in which excellent means second-rate or worse, co-ordination means the production and maintenance of permanent chaos, facilitation means bureaucratic obstruction, leadership means slavish conformism and obedience to the instructions of superiors, however idiotic, passionate concern and commitment means careerist opportunism, exciting means dull and routine, stakeholders and customers mean those who must accept what they are given, best practice means the unquestioning application of the latest gimcrack ideas, profession means a corps of demoralised time-servers, and fit for purpose means lacking any purpose whatever except the provision of moderately large salaries with generous pensions for the otherwise unemployable.

The underlying problem is the vast and unnecessary, indeed profoundly noxious, expansion of tertiary education, beyond the capacity of the economy to absorb graduates into the kind of positions they expected, virtually as of right. In Latin America, the expansion of tertiary education led to guerrilla movements; in Britain, it has led to a monstrous regiment of co-ordinators, facilitators and strategic developers, and to the increasing domination of society by ambitious but talentless apparatchiks. Bloated administrations are incapable of performing properly even the most elementary of their tasks. Their real task is to justify their existence by appearing busy: for them, there is no distinction to be made between activity and work. And once a critical mass of bureaucratic clientelism has been reached, it is very difficult to reverse it, at least without horrible social upheaval. This is why Mr Cameron sounds more like Messrs Blair and Brown than Messrs Blair and Brown themselves.

Of course, the whole sordid, impoverishing business can be kept going for a time, but eventually, just as even the best juggler eventually drops a ball, a crisis arrives. In Argentina it has lasted fifty years. The British likewise can look forward to a pretty torrid future, and will have no one to blame but themselves.

Theodore Dalrymple is a retired inner-city doctor

Parents Under Siege

Norman Wells

Parents are under siege. They are held responsible for their children's behaviour at school and in the community, yet kept in the dark if their children do not want them to know about their underage sexual activity or their quest for contraceptives and abortions. 'The rights of the child are paramount' is a slogan trotted out when any one of a growing army of government agencies wants to elbow parents out of the way in order to gain exclusive access to the lives of children. The UK's four children's commissioners are relative newcomers to the scene, but they have lost no time in launching their own assault on parents under the guise of championing the 'rights' of children. Their joint statement on the physical punishment of children is utterly devoid of the measured, professional and objective language one would expect to find from holders of a statutory office. With its insistence on using the emotive word 'hit', its dismissal of the reasonable chastisement defence as 'ancient', its assertion that a ban on smacking is 'inevitable', and its unsubstantiated claim that any form of physical correction is incompatible with 'human dignity and physical integrity' or 'respect for children as people', the commissioners' impassioned plea for smacking to be made a criminal offence is as flawed as it is predictable.

The commissioners claim an outright ban on smacking is required by the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child (UNCRC). Not so. Notwithstanding repeated criticisms from the ideologically-driven United Nations Committee on the Rights of the Child, Article 19 of the UNCRC goes no further than to require that states must protect children from *'all forms of physical or mental violence, injury or abuse, neglect or negligent treatment, maltreatment or exploitation'* — something the law already does throughout the UK.

According to the children's commissioners, research shows that smacking has negative effects. Again, not so. Studies that have differentiated between harsh and abusive treatment on the one hand and mild physical correction on the other, have found positive outcomes for smacking when it is used within a supportive parent-child relationship. A meta-analysis of studies comparing moderate physical correction with other methods of discipline found that it was associated with much better outcomes for dealing with defiance or antisocial behaviour than most other tactics. The commissioners further assert that the principle of 'equality under the law' demands that the police and the courts should treat a parental smack in exactly the same way that they treat a violent assault between two adults. Common sense dictates otherwise. There are all kinds of things that caring parents do to and for their children that it would be inappropriate or illegal for them to do to another adult. In playing the equality card, the commissioners are ignoring the fact that parents have a unique relationship with their children, bearing unique responsibilities which go hand in hand with unique powers. They are failing to recognise that parents

Studies that have differentiated between harsh and abusive treatment on the one hand and mild physical correction on the other, have found positive outcomes for smacking when it is used within supportive parent-child relationship.

are authority figures in the lives of their children and that an occasional disciplinary smack is by no means incompatible with a warm family life where children are loved and cherished. If you grant the principle of 'equality' as espoused by the commissioners, not only do you rule out smacking, but just about every form of non-physical correction as well. In legal terms, to remove a possession from another adult against his or her will is theft; and to send another adult to his or her room is tantamount to forced imprisonment.

We are assured that the intention of such intrusive legislation would not be to punish parents, and so in the second part of their statement, the commissioners insist that legal reform must be accompanied by substantial government investment in 'positive parenting' programmes to offer parents 'support'. What could possibly be wrong with that? Surely anything 'positive' is worthy of universal acclaim. Yet despite the frequency with which the term is used, it is far from clear what 'positive parenting' involves. According to the NSPCC, it involves showing love and affection for our children and praising them when they behave well. But what do you do when your child is rude, defiant, or untruthful? According to the NSPCC, you must 'ignore behaviour you don't want repeated as much as possible'. Such advice is a recipe for disaster. Bad behaviour that is ignored and left uncorrected

is likely to persist and worsen, resulting in unhappy children, miserable homes, unmanageable schools and chaotic communities. Some advocates of 'positive parenting' do allow for 'reasonable consequences' to follow more serious misbehaviour. The NSPCC, for example, cite withdrawing privileges, cutting pocket money and 'grounding' as possible sanctions, but they have no answer to the problem of what you do with a 'grounded' child who refuses to stay in his room, or the child who helps himself to the forbidden pocket money from his mother's purse. Smacking is utterly out of the question. And yet, a moderate but firm smack is a kinder and more positive response to a child's disobedience than the approach favoured by the advocates of 'positive parenting'. Imagine your child misbehaves on Monday. If you decide to deprive him of a treat he was looking forward to the following weekend, it will hang over him all week and foster bitterness and resentment. On the other hand, if you decide to draw a line under his misbehaviour there and then with a smack, accompanied by a word of rebuke and explanation and followed by a warm embrace, you can begin again straightaway. In many situations, the latter approach will be a far kinder way of responding to the situation and will promote a more positive parent-child relationship.

Flawed as it is, the commissioners' joint statement comes as no surprise. Children's commissioners would be bound to serve as vehicles to advance a radical children's rights agenda that treats children as autonomous individuals rather than as members of a family. It was not children themselves who were clamouring for the establishment of such a statutory office, but adults presenting themselves as children's advocates. The vast majority of children already have two champions, more commonly known as Mum and Dad, who are far better able to meet their needs and represent their interests than any impersonal, state-funded office. All four UK children's commissioners are members of the European Network of Children's Ombudspersons (ENOC), which has Peter Newell as its advisor. Newell was active in the Society of Teachers Opposed to Physical Punishment (STOPP) in the 1980s. Having successfully campaigned against physical punishment in state schools, he turned his attention to the family and formed End Physical Punishment of Children (EPOCH). He currently serves as co-ordinator of the Children are Unbeatable alliance and of the Global Initiative to End All Corporal Punishment of Children and advised the Council of Europe on a draft recommendation for a Europe-wide ban on corporal punishment of children.

With Peter Newell holding such a key position, it was always on the cards that ENOC would make a priority of 'advocating for legislative change to ban corporal punishment' throughout Europe. This has never been a priority for children but has been set by adults who wish to undermine parental authority and impose their own style of parenting by law. Nevertheless, the commissioners are emboldened in their pursuit of a totalitarian utopia by the example of other European states that have already legislated against parental smacking. They make the dubious claim that as many as a third of Council of Europe member states have explicitly prohibited all corporal punishment, with others committed to doing so soon. In some of these countries, the law is worded ambiguously and has yet to be tested in the courts. In others, it is more a case of those with an ideological axe to grind choosing to interpret any new legislation against 'violence' or 'maltreatment' in terms of a total prohibition of corporal discipline. Given the differences that exist between legal systems in the various European states, these laws do not have an equal impact in each country and information is sparse about how precisely the prosecuting authorities and the courts are interpreting and enforcing the legislation. In Sweden, the first country in the world to legislate against smacking in 1979, the picture is far from rosy. Official statistics show that there was a 489 per cent increase in physical child abuse cases classified as criminal assaults from 1981-1994, and a fivefold increase in child-on-child criminal assaults between 1984 and 1994.

For many years, the anti-smacking lobby has claimed that child maltreatment deaths have fallen to zero or thereabouts since physical punishment was prohibited. However, Unicef figures reveal that during a five-year period in the 1990s, deaths from maltreatment occurred at an annual rate of 0.5 or 0.6 children per 100,000 aged under 15 in Sweden, compared with 0.4 or 0.9 in the United Kingdom, depending on whether or not unconfirmed cases were included. Having consulted both the Swedish Bureau of Statistics and Unicef, a BBC investigation in June 2004 concluded that the rate of child mortality at the hands of parents or carers in Sweden is at a comparable level with the UK. Interestingly, none of the four countries with the lowest child maltreatment death rates (Spain, Greece, Italy and Ireland) has a ban on smacking. In spite of the culture of fear that has been generated by anti-smacking campaigners and the way in which smacking has been stigmatised like no other parenting practice, loading parents with false feelings of guilt, opinion polls consistently show that 85-90 per cent of the general public continues to support the use of smacking as a method of discipline. As the Prime Minister noted during a recent interview on *Newsnight*, there is a clear distinction to be drawn between smacking and

child abuse. And it is vitally important to maintain that distinction in law.

The assumption of the children's commissioners that parents can be persuaded not to smack by means of education programmes backed up by the threat of criminal sanction betrays a patronising attitude that fails to recognise the strength of academic research in support of moderate parental smacking. It does not appear to have occurred to the commissioners that many parents may have thought long and hard about this issue. They may have carefully weighed up the evidence, reflected on their own experience as children and as parents, observed other families, and reached the thoughtful conclusion that smacking does have a place in the discipline of their children. Such parents are not likely to be persuaded otherwise by a short series of parenting classes. But much as they exalt the powers of reason and stand implacably opposed to the use of force against children, the commissioners have no qualms about the application of force against parents who cannot be persuaded to toe the politically correct parenting line. A legal ban on the physical correction of children would inevitably lead to unnecessary police and social service investigations in loving families where children are not at the slightest risk of harm. As well as the traumatic effect this would have on those families, it would vastly increase the caseload of social workers which could, in turn, lead to insufficient attention being given to children suffering genuine abuse.

Children need protection from abuse, and we have laws in place that do that, but they and their parents also need protection from meddling children's commissioners who, if they had their way, would expose families to unnecessary and potentially damaging state intervention.

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The Glory of the Local

John Papworth

I was reared in the 20s and 30s in an orphanage. It was built in the 1880s by *The Board of Guardians* of the *Parish of St Leonard's* in Shoreditch and the names of these bodies had their own significance. The parish was in one of the poorest parts of London and it had a problem with hundreds of homeless children. The members of the emphatically working-class *Board of Guardians* proceeded to purchase several hundred acres of open farmland in Essex. They commissioned an architect to build 'cottage homes', each of the dozen or more cottages housed thirty boys in the care of a married couple or thirty girls in the care of a single woman. The cottages, now 'listed' buildings, were set in lawns and flowerbeds either side of a broad, winding gravel drive and at a central point there was, on one side, a school, a gymnasium, and a chapel, whilst on the other side was a yard surrounded by offices and workshops offering training prospects to 14 year old school-leavers in carpentry, engineering, shoemaking, painting, bread baking, tailoring and gardening. There was also a heated indoor swimming pool. Each cottage had a large playground surrounded by garden plots in which the children, if they wished, could grow flowers and vegetables. All this was accomplished by a group of ordinary working people in a poor London parish. They solved it in an exemplary and commendable fashion, with no suggestion of any interference by an almighty ministry of this or that and, like hundreds of children who passed through it, I have always been profoundly grateful that I was so well cared for.

By modern standards the place might be regarded as seriously deficient; there was no central heating and in winter a grate piled high with mostly coal dust might yield little warmth. If we were judged to have stepped out of line the superintendent had a cane which was seldom far from some bare backside, and I was about six before somebody thought to inform me that there was a girl in another cottage who had the same name and who might be, as she was, my sister. No doubt the finer points of childcare might have been little regarded as seen through modern eyes, but had the place not been shut down in the 60s, those responsible would no doubt have kept pace with the times and made changes accordingly. But 'those responsible' are no longer there. *'The Board of Guardians'* has vanished, as has the *'Parish of St Leonard's'* as a local government unit. So too has the Borough of Shoreditch.

What has been achieved by this otiose abolition of

small, local, citizen-controlled bodies which so well met the needs of this orphanage community, or by the creation of units of 'local' government, which are about as local as a moon rocket and as responsive to citizen needs as a dead dinosaur? This is not just a matter of 'politics' or efficient administration, but of whether the quality of life is being enhanced or degraded. Each of us possesses a need to create as a basic element in our endless quest for fulfilment, a need expressed not simply in great art, in poetry, literature, painting, sculpture, music or architecture, but in a multitude of mundane forms once known by every tradesman who once served our daily needs. It was that democracy of creativity throughout society which was the seedbed of all the cultural achievements of the past. In our day, that vital seedbed has been nearly abolished by commercial greed and mass production in ever larger units in which technological efficiency is judged more important than individual craftsmanship. Is it any wonder that high art forms have become increasingly sterile, discordant and uninspiring.

The damage the boardroom brigands have done to work is reflected in what the politicians have done to our social structures. Local government once involved the energies, dedication, and altruistic spirit of service to the community of many local people. Today a kind of Fabian fascism has brushed all this aside as being of no account. Instead of members of a local community hospital or welfare committee being involved in the day-to-day running of local institutions, organising fetes and celebrations to raise funds and keeping the show on the road, doing it in ways which gave their lives meaning, status and fulfilment, they are now relegated to the role of voting fodder in the mass political charade.

We now have 'national' schemes and ministries for health, education, welfare and other essentially local matters. The evidence shows that these bodies are increasingly wasteful and inefficient, where they are not indeed riddled with the maggot of corruption; and not least of course they operate on organisational parameters which make a mockery of the democratic principle. Somehow the illusion has been fostered, that people who have devoted their lives to clambering to the top of the greasy pole are better qualified to ordain how children should be educated than are the parents and their local communities. So our public prints are loaded with otiose speculation about 'national' examination standards and results, and about the content of 'national' educational curriculum, while, in rural areas, large numbers of children are bussed to giant 'comprehensive' schools where they learn about computers and nothing about how to grow food.

Local government, instead of being a power in its own right but working in tandem, where necessary, with regional or national government, is now the pawn of the latter, which is making a mess of the whole works. The health service which now has more administrators than hospital beds, is plagued with lengthening waiting lists and financial constraints, our schools have become a byword for producing a generation of drug-addicted hooligans. It is surely time to cry halt to the assault on freedom involved in all this over-centralisation; time to restore the power and the spirit of local power, responsibility and commitment of genuine local government as a precondition of a healthy democratic way of life.

John Papworth is Editor of Fourth World Review

Conservative Classic – 22

The English, A History of Politics and Society to 1760, Norman Cantor

Paul Gottfried

It might seem strange to include here among conservative classics a textbook on British history penned by a Canadian Jewish author in the mid-sixties. Cantor's assessments are never what one expects to find, particularly in an academic historian of Eastern European Jewish parentage. He can be as hard in assessing Jewish behaviour as that of their Christian hosts and gives absolutely no evidence of the PC biases that have triumphed in recent decades. He never writes prescribed history and if he were starting his career now, he assuredly would not be obtaining contracts as steadily from top commercial presses as he did forty years ago. His good fortune was to have lived and written before multiculturalism replaced pop Marxism as the regnant American academic dogma.

In *The English: A History of Politics and Society to*

1760, Cantor provides not only a richly informative study of British history from the time of Julius Caesar onward but so much more that it mystifies me that he can put so much of value between two covers. His portraits of Cromwell, Henry I, John Lackland, Edward IV and other historical celebrities are done with concision and unfailing insight; and every section interweaves into the historical material discussions of the main interpretive literature for the period and figures presented. R. H. Tawney, Christopher Hill, Lewis Namier, George M. Trevelyan, and H. R. Trevor-Roper all get their days in court, and Cantor treats even those he disagrees with, like Hill and Tawney, with gentlemanly respect. What Cantor wishes to underline is that the past is not necessarily fixed in stone, and historians can and should be contentious in their explorations of their chosen subjects, providing they have the evidence to substantiate their assertions. He also observes that some world-historical figures are so conflicted in the way they relate to their times that they leave legacies that are hard to assign to any one satisfactory category. He notes that this is especially true of Cromwell, who was a religious and ecclesiological radical but relatively conservative in his social opinions. Each time Cromwell gave in to the

The author has no patience with talk about democratic ideals emerging from the distant past or with showcasing presentist enthusiasms, and the only moral lesson that can be drawn from his book is the need for responsible authority.

Protestant Left, such as the Levellers, because of his theological leanings, he felt impelled to push back in the other direction, because of his belief in a society based on degrees. And his support of the execution of the king propelled him farther to the left than he might have wanted to go, especially when faced by the daunting task of ruling his war-torn country.

Cantor's view of British history, in the long time span in which he looks at it, leaves no room for wide-eyed progressives. The author has no patience with talk about democratic ideals emerging from the distant past or with showcasing presentist enthusiasms, and the only moral lesson that can be drawn from his book is the need for responsible authority. My favourite section is where he goes after the progressive Whig historians of the nineteenth century, Macaulay and Trevelyan, for claiming the Glorious Revolution had been about the ancestors of the liberal Whigs of the nineteenth century: 'the only real difference between them was a greater awareness on the part of the nineteenth-century Whigs of the common people of England, although even the seventeenth-century Whigs were more responsive to the needs of the "people" than their Tory and Stuart opponents.' Cantor deems this to be 'a grand interpretation but one too jovial and smooth for most tastes today. In the cold light of the twentieth century, the men who made the Revolution of 1689 do not appear especially glorious. Compared with Coke, Pym, Cromwell — and even Laud — they are narrow in vision and interest.' 'Though its horizons would be extended through the eighteenth century, the world of the Whig aristocrats was very limited.' 'Along with their land, houses, and horses, politics was an intrinsic part of their style of life, part of an attitude of life of a rich, self-conscious, aggressive, and tough aristocracy. The emphasis must be on the toughness, which was often sheer grossness. Nor were they all devout. The term "deist" is accurate enough as a label, but it cannot convey their lack of involvement with all things spiritual.'

This string of derogatory remarks about the Whig Ascendancy after 1689, which goes on for several paragraphs, actually serves to introduce a glowing defence of the same class, for turning England 'into an important centre of European civilization'. Cantor also criticizes Namier, though he seems to be more at home with him than Trevelyan, for 'enmeshing himself in the mechanics of politics', while assigning to culture no real interpretative importance. We are told that the Whig élite presided over and sometimes promoted two memorable revolutions: an intellectual one that was contemporaneous with Locke, Newton, Boyle, and several outstanding literary figures and an assortment of economic and political thinkers; and an economic transformation that saw the development of credit and then of stock-holding ventures. By the end of this Whig Ascendancy, England was entering the second stage of an economically transforming process, in which Newtonian mechanics would be applied to industrial production.

While Cantor does not credit Whig aristocrats with all of these achievements, he argues that it was on their watch and often with their patronage and sometimes investment capital that they occurred. Landowners rushed to apply new scientific methods of increasing crop production, which contributed to the Agricultural Revolution in eighteenth century England. Above all, the Whig aristocrats and their parliamentary allies brought 'tranquillity' to the 'political nation'. They created, or reproduced in a more fashionable way, the 'old court and treasury party' from the reign of Charles I, but this time the court favourites managed to put together a responsible cabinet government by the end of the eighteenth century, with a firm parliamentary basis.

In contrast to E P Thompson and other Marxists of his ilk, Cantor never claims to be describing the

past from the bottom up. In fact he puts into view the workings of élites, warts and all, and suggests that these ruling classes are a vital part of human history. His discussion of the church settlement after the Glorious Revolution is marked by an unwillingness to go overboard in criticizing the moral decay of authorized English Christianity. The Toleration Act of 1689, which granted religious freedom but not full political rights

His discussion of the church settlement after the Glorious Revolution is marked by an unwillingness to go overboard in criticizing the moral decay of authorized English Christianity.

to Protestant dissenters, is held up as an advance over earlier attempts to accommodate doctrinal differences. In view of England's earlier problems with religious minorities trying to impose their teachings, sometimes by force, this act is seen to have been relatively generous. Cantor makes extended comments about the intellectual flabbiness of eighteenth-century Anglicanism, often travelling under the catchall of 'latitudinarianism' and he relates those expanding patronage uses to which the Church of England lent itself. He also observes in a manner in which I could not imagine most contemporary academics speaking: 'The absorption of the church into the social structure was not intrinsically bad. The same happened to Parliament, yet the achievements of Walpole and Newcastle, though shot through with jobbery and corruption, led England to greatness.' Although Cantor believes that the eighteenth-century C of E failed 'by this pragmatic test', he is objecting less to an establishment than he is to the defects of this particular one. Nowhere does he argue for equality but only for the fair treatment of the rest of society by those in charge. And he praises the vitality of an evolving English nation, which by the end of his work is entering upon an age of European political and economic supremacy.

Reputations — 13

Terence Rattigan: Master Writer of Psychological Characters and Drama

Scott A McConnell

Sir Terence Rattigan was the most successful English playwright of the twentieth century, and by one standard — success in his own time — the most commercially successful British playwright of all time. During his career from 1936 to his death in 1977, Rattigan had 23 of his plays (and 22 screen plays) produced. Many of these plays were smash hits, and he is the only playwright to have two plays run for more than 1,000 performances in London's West End. In the fifties a new crop of playwrights and critics, often left-leaning, turned on Rattigan and he was dethroned from critical favour. Rattigan's elegant, well-made dramas and witty comedies were replaced by the Kitchen Sink and Angry Young Men brigade and their emphasis on working class shouting and raw emotion. As Harold Hobson has observed, Rattigan was for some years a broken man because of the savagery with which he was attacked by the English Stage Company and its followers. Rattigan continued to write and produced some of his best work but he never really returned to his previous acclaim.

One important reason Rattigan was so successful was his mastery at creating dramatic characters in intense psychological conflict. This is evident in one of his best and most dramaturgically revealing plays, *The Winslow Boy*, set in London a few years before World War I. Although it is one of Rattigan's most philosophical plays, it is also concerned with justice and individual rights, but to see such issues as the core of the play or of Rattigan's literary method is to fundamentally misunderstand Rattigan as a dramatist. As critic Holly Hill has observed, *The Winslow Boy* is not primarily a defence of individual rights (though this is the catalyst for all the play's action) but a character study of specific people in relation to the principles of rights and justice. 'The theme of the play,' Hill writes, 'is a demonstration of the kind of human spirit (or psychology) which makes it possible for any righteous ideals to triumph in the world.' As a playwright, Rattigan was not primarily concerned with intellectual issues or large-scale action but with exploring the 'emotional corners' of a person's soul.

Psychological stories are those that emphasize the internal life and psychological actions of their characters. Rattigan's works focus on his characters'

values, and conflicts, and not on their worldly goals. These qualities are found in abundance in *The Winslow Boy*. After Ronnie is expelled, he returns home to deliver the news to his family and their intimates. The way these people's souls react to the injustice done to Ronnie is the real focus of the play. The play's three lead characters support Ronnie for different reasons. His father, Arthur Winslow, tells us, 'I shall continue to fight this monstrous injustice with every weapon and every means at my disposal.' Mr. Winslow's closest ally in this two-year struggle is his daughter Catherine, a 30-year-old suffragette and socialist who acts on her belief that, 'All I care about is that people know a government despotism has ignored a fundamental human right [a fair trial and legal representation] and that it should be forced to acknowledge it.' Their ally is Sir Robert Morton, the best legal advocate in the country, who wants 'to do right' to fight for 'individual liberty'.

The play's central conflict demonstrates two forces and two types of motivation set against each other. These are not the ideological forces of the government defending its case intellectually against the Winslows' demand for their rights. In fact, all the clashes between the Winslows and the government occur off stage and are merely reported to the family. On stage, there is no great debate over rights or justice, and the play's climax is not in court but in the Winslow family home and focuses on the characters' reactions to the court's decision. What we see on stage is how the conflict with the government influences and affects the characters. The play's story is about two types of souls: those who are committed to principles, and those who only hold shallow beliefs.

Rattigan's approach to plot progression can be seen in one of his best but lesser known plays, the historical-biographical drama *Ross* about Lawrence of Arabia. First performed in 1960 it demonstrates the hallmarks of the Rattigan psychological approach: 'I long for people to look down upon me and despise me'. How could one of the greatest heroes of the age come to such a low level of self-esteem? The answer to that psychological question is what the play is about. While the answer may evoke pity, the play is so elegantly drawn and intelligently written that the reader is absorbed in a great drama set in a universe of giant conflicts and giant men.

The Deep Blue Sea was supposed to have been inspired by the suicide of a young male actor with whom Rattigan had previously had a relationship. The play is undoubtedly animated by his homosexuality and his experience of hidden 'anti-social passion' but he wrote a very strong part for a woman. The first Hester Collyer, Peggy Ashcroft, claimed to hate the part: 'I feel I'm walking round the stage naked'. The doctor who rescued her from her suicide attempt was struck off for performing abortions. These two social outcasts find a curious kinship.

Rattigan is often charged with writing naturalistic characters such as would be found only in English middle-class drawing rooms, but he shows us that Romantic art can have varied dramatic forms and arenas. Although he often sets his characters in ordinary settings (and at times some of their secondary relationships are commonplace), if one looks below the appearance or backgrounds of his characters, one can see that more often he presents the unusual and the abstract in 'ordinary' people. At the core of a Rattigan character is always an important and universal abstraction related to the character's motivation that is potentially applicable to everyone, regardless of the culture or period in which he or she lives. Rattigan is a Romantic Realist because he dramatizes abstract issues and values directly important to people's lives.

The same technique of characterization can be observed in *Separate Tables,* which takes place in a private hotel in Bournemouth mostly inhabited by elderly, lonely people. *Separate Tables* is actually two one-act plays, *Table by the Window* and *Table Number Seven*, with each title referring to the private table in the hotel's dining room for the protagonist of each of these plays. The *Separate Tables* title itself is symbolic of the play's theme of how separation and intolerance cause loneliness.

Seated at his 'table by the window' is John Malcolm, a man with a hidden past. A former dock worker who rose to become a Junior Minister in a Labour government before scandal destroyed his career, John is a man of fierce sexuality and desperate loneliness, which he hides in the bottle and in articles he writes for a leftist newspaper. He is especially hiding from Anne, his former wife, whom he still loves. The main conflict of the play explodes when she arrives at the hotel, desperate to win John back. At 'table number seven' sits the Major, a retired military man who endlessly spins tales exaggerating his past, especially to Sibyl, his only friend. The main conflict blows up when it is revealed that the Major has been convicted for touching a woman in a cinema — a revelation that repulses the prudish Sibyl. The rest of the tables are populated by a range of lonely people (except two young lovers) who through their relationships with John or the Major are forced to confront their own loneliness, sexual fears or needs, and prejudices. Worst amongst them is Mrs Railton-Bell, a malicious gossip who enjoys 'queening' it over the other weaker and poorer guests and dominating her daughter, Sibyl.

Although on the surface the characters in *Separate*

Tables might appear to be unsympathetic, Rattigan convincingly depicts them (with the exception of the villainous Mrs Railton-Bell) as good people striving to understand and overcome their problems. In each case in *Separate Tables*, Rattigan brings the character's often negative dominant trait into conflict with another, often positive value of the character that will lessen that character's loneliness. The Major might be afraid of life and sex, which pushes him to touch women inappropriately, but he is not afraid of Sybil, whom he loves and struggles to be closer to. In Rattigan's works, these internal conflicts are brilliantly created and intensely dramatic because they are often hard — almost impossible — to resolve.

The most striking Romantic quality in Rattigan's characters is how their free will is expressed in their *self-honesty*. In *Separate Tables*, each of the characters ultimately confesses the truth of his or her soul. And these confessions are not whining, buck-passing evasions, but an honest facing of facts. When Sibyl learns the Major is a 'molester' of women, she breaks down into hysterical disgust and fear but after hearing his honest confession about his weakness, she fights her own fears so that she can forgive and understand him and her own sexual problems. Doing so, she forges her only chance of friendship and love. When John Malcolm says to Anne, 'I never was very good at lying to myself,' he could be speaking for nearly every Rattigan character.

Rattigan is a quiet Romantic, focused on the negative, not on the grandeur and great possibilities of life like Hugo, Rostand or Ibsen. Rattigan's characters are always struggling with internal conflicts but also for some value, and they all make some progress to attain it. While they may often be neurotics, in the end they almost always choose what is right. They may be troubled people in need of compassion, but they are also decent men and women, honest and unbowed to circumstance or internal weakness, and so deserve our applause for the choices they make. A Rattigan character or play may not inspire the viewer to charge ahead with life, but it does increase his self-knowledge.

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Eternal Life

We Are All Guilty

The Archbishop of Canterbury led the Church's 'act of penitence' for its part in the slave trade. No matter that this trade ended two centuries ago and so all the Anglicans involved in it are long safely dead — we are all to blame. This represents an interesting development in the doctrine of accountability: we are it seems now to be held responsible for the deeds of our forefathers as surely as if we had committed these deeds with our own hands. Where does the chain of culpability end, if it ends at all?

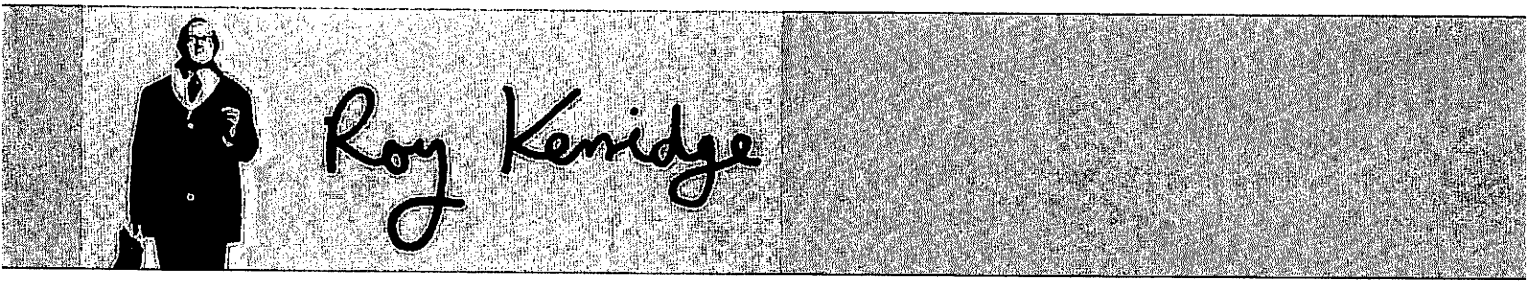
Am I bound as a 21st century Yorkshireman to apologise for Yorkshire's doings in the 15th century Wars of the Roses; do Italian ice cream sellers apologise for the Roman Empire? Should all British people living today apologise for their grandfathers' bombing of Nazi Germany? This eternal chain of corporate responsibility sits oddly with what the Archbishop has to say about other crimes. On his recent tour of Pakistan he was anxious to declare that atrocities perpetrated against Christians in that country are not the fault of all Muslims but the work of a very few 'extremists'. The Archbishop and everybody you have ever heard of in the church and in the government say the same about suicide bombings — that they are the perverted actions of misguided fanatics and criminal psychopaths. No one should lay the blame at the door of Islam.

So these ecclesiastical and political leaders have introduced us to double standards in the realm of guilt and responsibility: anything any Christian does wrong anywhere and at anytime is the fault of all Christians everywhere and always; but crimes by Muslims are the responsibility of a deluded and depraved few. And the Archbishop asks us to take him seriously as a Christian moral theologian! Let me give him a bit of help in suggesting other crimes and misdemeanours for which the church should say sorry. All those misguided Anglican pacifists and appeasers who declared that we should not make war on Hitler must apologise at once for their craven and morally indefensible point of view. If we had not fought Hitler, the civilised world would have suffered the domination of a tyranny so evil that it perpetrated the Holocaust. Would those Anglican pacifists have liked to have a Holocaust of British men, women and children on their conscience?

We do not have to go back as far as World War II in the penitence stakes. Will the Archbishop and the hierarchy generally please now apologise for signing

up to the programme of 'sexual liberation' in the 1960s which has resulted in the moral and social chaos we now inhabit? It is the church's teaching of that time — sloganised as 'All you need is love' — that has led directly to the evil of 200,000 abortions every year, the weakening of the family and the demoralisation of sexual ethics, but we hear no repentance of these crimes from either the Archbishop or the General Synod. The World Council of Churches supported the Southern African Guerrillas and Archbishop Michael Ramsey proposed an attack on Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith. Why stop there? The hierarchy should apologise for its fellow-travelling support for the communist system and their frequently expressed admiration for the USSR. Significantly, no apology has ever been forthcoming for these things no matter the colossal suffering they entailed. Repentance? It's a two way street, Archbishop.

Peter Mullen



When I was at comprehensive school in the 'fifties, Religious Instruction or RI confined itself to the state religion, Christianity of an insincere kind. All the RI teachers were odd. Many could not keep order. As fast as they left, new ones would arrive. I remember one dandified Varsity type in horn-rimmed glasses and bow tie who told us we must never say 'Jehovah'.

'The Bible's been translated wrong' he told us, 'the proper name for God is Yahweh. Whenever you see "Jehovah" in the Bible, read "Yahweh".' This tickled the boys as Yahweh sounded like 'Ya-boo'!

In 1978 I found a comprehensive school scripture exercise book on a bus. RI was now called RE, or Religious Education. Instead of Bible verses, the 1978 school child had to learn and copy out verses of Beatle songs. A clumsy drawing of a glass of wine had the caption: 'the rich enjoy themselves at the expense of the poor'.

Today, in 2006, children learn comparative religion — not beliefs but outward observances. That might do for state secondary schools, but in primary schools religion ought to be taught by believers. In London and Birmingham, where many pupils are coloured, West Indian pastors could be brought into address schools. Imams could teach 'their' children separately, and so could Hindu priests. Such separate lessons (for Catholics and Jews) took place at my secondary school. Children would be surprised to see their Pastors, Priests or Imams welcomed to school and treated with respect by Head and teachers alike. The English born child of immigrants often despises his parents' religion sensing that teachers and high-up people might look on it as superstition.

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When I was at primary school in the forties, the other children in my class felt puzzled that God spoke to people in the Bible but not to people in Sudbury. Pupils imagined that God's voice had once boomed down from the sky, audible to everyone. As a tiny communist, I inwardly scoffed at the whole idea of God. But now that I attend West Indian Pentecostal churches, I begin to understand how Jehovah spoke. When an inspired (or hysterical) church member is speaking in tongues, more sober brethren often say 'What a shame no one here can interpret or write down what is being said today.'

God did not speak directly to all the Children of Israel, but to the prophets, or holy men, who then came down from the mountain or out of the wilderness and told people what He had said. Such prophets, like fervent Pentecostalists, had fasted, prayed and perhaps danced for long periods of time, until the barrier between this world and the next had broken. God could then speak to the holy men.

Out of all the thousands of tribes of the world who listened to the holy outpourings of their shamans, only one tribe, the Tribe of Judah, was a People of the Book. Chosen indeed, these inspired people wrote down the words of the Prophets, and so Holy Scripture was born.

LETTERS

Sir,

I'm responding to Anthony Daniels' review of my book *Stakes and Kidneys: Why markets in human body parts are morally imperative* (Ashgate Press, 2005; *SR* Winter 2005).

Daniels' initial set of criticisms of *Stakes and Kidneys* concern my focus on respect for individual autonomy. His first concern here is that 'it is not entirely easy' to see how the 'two main philosophical legs' of my argument, 'respect for human autonomy and utilitarianism' can be reconciled. But these two legs of my argument can be reconciled easily: We should value autonomy instrumentally. That is, we should value human autonomy primarily for its value in enabling persons to secure their own well-being through living their lives as they see fit. People sometimes will certainly exercise their autonomy in such a way as to bring misery rather than happiness to themselves and others, but if we hold autonomy to be instrumentally valuable, respect for autonomy and utilitarianism are readily reconciled.

This response to Daniels' first concern shows why it is that we should take autonomy seriously: That, if we do, people are more likely to live lives that they enjoy than if we tried to direct their lives for them, out of some misguided desire to act 'in their best interests'. Of course, that we respect autonomy is this way does not mean that we should accede to every autonomously-made request. To borrow Daniels' example, that a patient asks a surgeon to amputate his leg does not mean that the surgeon has to do so. However, respect for autonomy does mean that we refrain from preventing rational adults from engaging in voluntary transactions between themselves (such as the buying and selling of kidneys), no matter how risky or ill-advised we might think those transactions to be.

Daniels' third autonomy-based objection concerns my argument in favour of regulating markets in human transplant kidneys purchased from live vendors. Daniels notes that such regulations would *seem* (my emphasis) to fail to respect the autonomy of those they are designed to protect. However, for reasons that I outline extensively in Chapter 5 of *Stakes and Kidneys*, this isn't so. If increasing the price given to a kidney vendor would have a significant effect on his ability to exercise his autonomy, and only a minor effect on the ability of the (wealthier) purchaser to do so, then for the purchaser not to increase his payment in this way would, from the point of view of one who values autonomy highly, evince an under-evaluation of the vendor's autonomy. From a defender of autonomy, then, such an attitude would be morally inappropriate. Thus, out of respect for autonomy, price controls can be imposed.

Daniels' final objection to *Stakes and Kidneys* is that even if we accept that a person owns something, this does not allow him to do with it as he wishes. One cannot, as Daniels notes, burn down one's own house, even if no-one else is affected. Daniels is certainly correct here—not surprisingly, since *no* sophisticated defender of property rights, from John Locke to Robert Nozick, has ever defended the view that a person can do what he wishes with his property. My knife might be my knife, but that doesn't mean that I can use it to threaten you to give up yours — or stick it into your chest when you refuse. But that property rights are invariably limited does not show, as Daniels implies, that we therefore cannot have markets in human organs. Indeed, if this limitation did have this implication then we wouldn't be able to have markets in *anything*.

Finally, I must thank Daniels for his thoughtful and considered review. I hope that it spurs people to think more about these issues!

James Stacey Taylor
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Fighting Talk

Derek Turner

Neoconservatism: Why We Need It, Douglas Murray, Social Affairs Unit, 2005, £20.

To a British audience, even a conservative one, the term 'neoconservatism' conveys many displeasing images — a malapropistic and seemingly out-of-his-depth US president, crass 'televangelists', oil companies and security contractors looking for the main chance. Abu Ghraib and gallant GIs and Tommy Atkinses are going home to Minnesota or the Cotswolds in body bags. Even allowing for the media's undoubted 'fanciful clichés and grotesque simplifications' (Douglas Murray's words), there is sufficient truth in this caricature for it to seem strange that a British author would want to co-opt such a loaded term.

Yet Murray (biographer of 'Bosie', columnist, playwright, bassoonist, reviewer and number four in the *Scotsman's* 2003 list of 'most eligible men') is not the only person eager to import a variant neoconservatism into the country whose non-conformist seed first gave it shape. Many other considerable thinkers are also looking eagerly across the Atlantic, in the hope that Bush's relative political success may be able to spark off a British imitator. Tired of seemingly interminable national decline, tired of their party losing three general elections in a row (and possibly even secretly enjoying the spectacle of British troops shooting foreigners), more and more Conservatives are looking to Bush, Cheney and the Kristols for ideological salvation. Some are even looking to Tony Blair for salvation. In a recent issue of *Commentary*, Daniel Johnson mentioned a Conservative politician who said of Blair 'He's so conservative! Blair is our real lost leader.'

One of the unpleasant aspects of neoconservatism is the way it can lead otherwise decent conservatives into a slightly unhealthy admiration of one of the worst prime ministers the UK has ever endured. For people like Daniel Johnson's anonymous MP friend, and for Murray (who refers to Blair's 'closet conservatism'), Blair's support for America over Iraq outweighs his domestic agenda of more powers and money to the EU, the facilitation of Turkish entry into the EU, massive immigration, soaring violent crime, plummeting educational standards, further limitations on free speech, more political correctness and steady tax rises to pay for ever worse public services. So emotionally fixated on Iraq have these thinkers become (surely not a vital domestic issue by any objective standard) that they are willing to transmogrify the cheesy double-glazing salesman into a latter-day Churchill. Even those — like the present writer — who admire many aspects of America, who supported American attacks on the Taliban, who despise Jacques Chirac *et al*, and who on balance prefer Israelis to Arabs, find it very difficult to take either Blair or Bush seriously as worthy leaders (let alone as strategists).

Neoconservatism American-style and conservatism British-style were always likely to make even odder bedfellows than are to be found within Liberal Democrat ranks. As Daniel Johnson reminds us in the same *Commentary* article, 'The Anglo-American principles that the United States inherited and that neoconservatives so energetically promote — republican self-government, liberty under the law, bourgeois rectitude and industry — are associated, historically, not with the reactionary Tories but with their more liberal opponents, the Whigs.' Neoconservatism, like Whiggism, is derived largely from a slightly shrill low-church religious sensibility, the focus of which has changed from 'cities on the hill' to equally insubstantial (and far less attractive) notions such as the 'end of history'. Those who do not share this temperament, or who hold a pessimistic view of human nature, will not warm to the windy effusions of the world's Robert Kagans.

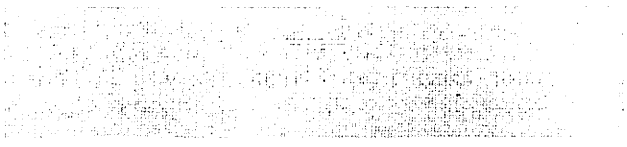
What makes neoconservatism indigestible is its sentimentality, moral certitude and naivety. Neoconservatives seem to ignore the experiences of history, the differences of culture, and what Rose Macaulay called 'the irremediable barbarism coming out of the earth' that will always undercut all attempts at seeing a golden age. There never will be an 'end to history', and countries' foreign policies must always be a constant adjustment to constantly changing realities. Britain, goes the cliché, has no permanent friends, just permanent interests. Even the US/UK 'special relationship', which is essentially a blood tie, cannot be taken for granted in perpetuity now that both countries are subjecting themselves to unsustainable and unassimilable immigration.

Although a gyrfalcon amongst hawks, Murray must nonetheless be absolved of many of these faults. His neoconservatism is a transforming ideology which

would not only remove some evils, but which is really a kind of *realpolitik*, because liberal democracies are less likely to act aggressively towards Britain than dictatorships. (Like Cameron adviser Michael Gove, he harks back to Canningite and Churchillian precedents for pre-emptive war.) He does not seem to accept that the removal of Husseins often means the advent of Khomeinis; nor does he stop to wonder what comes in the aftermath of the emotional spasm, once the admitted evil is removed. A country conquered, even for the best of motives, is a responsibility assumed, and the removal of autocrats too often precedes a general dissolution, in which the mediators suffer most. Britain, or even America, can't police the whole world; and why should we even want them to? Murray doesn't stop to consider such details. 'With confidence in our power, and knowledge of a just cause, the myth of inevitable decline can be banished, the British people can regain ambition and hope, and the conservative revolution can truly begin.'

His 'conservative revolution' (another borrowed foreign term with connotations he may not have fully considered) is one most *Salisbury Review* readers would agree with — tax cuts, less welfare, less immigration, zero tolerance of Islamism and multiculturalism, better education (more teaching of history, and money for Christian and Jewish state schools), and withdrawal from the European Convention on Human Rights. He decries gangsta rap, as 'a cesspit of degradation, violence and nihilism'. He is unusually alert to the disaster-in-waiting that is Turkey's possible admission into the EU, about which he says plainly 'Offence will have to be given'. More disappointingly, he fails to distinguish between individual German do-badders, and Germany the self-hating nation. Occasionally, he also lets slip terms like 'social justice', as if they had an objective meaning. But there are barbs of humour. He attacks those who 'may not know anything about the past, but they don't like what they don't know'. Elsewhere, "When Osama bin-Laden rails of the 'tragedy of Andalusia', he is talking of a deed carried out in 1492, some time before even Giscard d'Estaing first rose to power."

There are few signs that Cameron's Tories are going to adopt a domestic programme like Murray's. But he should nonetheless be thanked for having outlined such an audacious and inspiring manifesto, and it is tantalizing to consider that such policies could even yet be introduced to Birmingham by way of Basra.



Carey's Chickens

David Martin

Plato's Children: The State We Are In, Anthony O'Hear, Gibson Square Books, 2005, £14.99.

The problem with reviewing this book lies in the reasoned wisdom packed into each section, so that every random turning of the page seems to open onto a paragraph that conveys its essence. The section on 'Shopping' turns on the sentences: 'We think and act as if the human world is far more plastic and malleable than it in fact is. We behave without reverence or piety to those conditions of our world which are not of our choosing.' Another paragraph opens with the sentence: 'Any partnership which is predicated on the love of a Tristan for an Isolde is bound to fail ... which is why in that case both preferred death to life.' At the beginning of his chapter on cultural icons and charisma he comments that with regard to the substantial figures of the past 'we recognised their images but did not recognise them for their images'.

I am now tempted to say, in spite of my initial comments, that the core of the book lies in what he has to say about Princess Diana as a virtuoso of inclusiveness and non-judgementalism, and about Andy Warhol as one who made art universal by showing how anything could be an art work, sans talent, sans effort, sans 'observable and distinct properties'.

Perhaps the key word is 'non-judgementalism' because it includes the relativism that underpins the cult of celebrity as such, and the rejection of all qualitative judgements as 'élitism'. I would add here the word 'authentic' which does, of course, convey a kind of judgement, but elevates the raw, or sincere, or purely personal against all objective standards of culture, civilization and civility.

O'Hear follows the theme of celebrity as an art pursued for its own sake with a case of *trahison des clercs* exemplified in the puzzling person of John Carey. Carey is a 'ubiquitous highbrow critic' who regards his criticism as no more than a subjective opinion and makes no distinction between high art and low art. John Carey is exemplary because he embodies the contradiction which emerges when relativists talk as though some kinds of judgement were better than others. He presumably believes in his right to judge work in literary criticism and thinks people might gain in understanding by reading Carey on Donne, otherwise how could he accept the pay and status of an Oxford Professor? So far as Anthony O'Hear is concerned, if there is no such thing as informed

discrimination Carey is simply using the power of his role and ensconced authority to put down the equally valid opinions of his students. And that, Carey would presumably agree, must be wrong.

Many students actually arrive at university as unthinking relativists and have to be weaned off it if they are to learn anything and develop judgements worth listening to. Yet how can John Carey try to improve their minds and distinguish good work from sloppy work? O'Hear asks whether he would consider Hummel on a par with Beethoven. After all, even in popular music its myriad followers distinguish between degrees of talent. All issues of quality are matters of judgement not popularity and O'Hear is starkly clear that most people are unwilling to undergo the serious discipline required to understand the complex languages of music and art, and many are incapable of it.

O'Hear writes shrewdly on politics, shame, self-expression and self-esteem, and access. He also has important things to say about nature and what is 'natural', another area where abuse of language is rife. His concluding sections include sport and work, indeed the two together, because even in a world dominated by fantasy, sports 'personalities' have to work hard and need to win. The reality of winning and losing kicks in, and no-one demands all shall win and all shall have prizes. Why then should there be such concern to discount work, achievement and merit in other activities?

The Rise of Secularism

A W Purdue

Earthly Powers: Religion and Politics in Europe from the French Revolution to the Great War, Michael Burleigh, Harper Collins, 2005, £25.

With the Enlightenment came the great attempt to replace superstition, faith and tradition with reason. Yet, from the start, reason was qualified by the faith that was placed in it. A rational approach to humanity, its history and its institutions might well have concluded that fallibility and imperfection were constants and judged, as Edmund Burke did, that the best that could be done was to use reason to make modest improvements in the light of past experience. Instead, the apostles of reason were driven by the urge to disconnect the future from the past and by the irrational belief that it was possible to create a new man and a new perfect society. Michael Burleigh charts the development of this crusade and of the messianic urge that it borrowed from religion. Unable to escape from the template of religion, secular zealots espoused the concept of paradise upon earth and, where religions had persecuted the unbelievers and the unorthodox, at least ostensibly to secure them a place in heaven and to save them from hell, standard bearers of secular bliss persecuted those who stood in the way of heaven upon earth and all too often managed to create hell.

It would, of course, be crass to blame the Enlightenment for the woes which followed its bright heyday and Burleigh does not do so. He follows Eric Voegelin in seeing 'political religions', not as the product of eighteenth or even nineteenth century thought, but as the secular inheritors of 'world-immanent religions'. As opposed to 'world transcendent religions', world-immanent religions sought a religious basis for earthly power or, in more extreme examples, the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth. Most stable societies have, historically, been based upon a balance or compromise between the two, the hope for life eternal and, as with the consecration of monarchs, a religious basis for secular power. When, in the modern period, the divine basis of secular power was gradually superseded and church and state became separated, the impulse for world-immanent religions was not lost but was transferred to the secular domain. The secular was sacralised.

The tragedy of the Enlightenment was the way in which one of its principal elements, scepticism, became a torch directed only upon the traditional. Enlightened thinkers were all too aware of the horrors of superstition, of the wars of religion and of the Inquisition, but suspended their scepticism when it came to a future to be made by supposedly reasonable men. Yet, sceptics don't usually pursue utopias or persecute those who disagree with them and Michael Burleigh might have said this more loudly. Most of the thinkers we associate with the Enlightenment can be accused of being too optimistic about the potential of men without religion but it was Romanticism and the reaction against cold reason which led to the pursuit of earthly utopias. Rousseau was not an enlightened thinker.

It was not the Enlightenment itself which led to the horrors of the French Revolution but the same urge for perfection and certain truth, which, in mingled hope and fear, had led to religious intolerance. That religious intolerance had waned during the eighteenth century made the rise of political religions with their certainties and desire to enforce a common will that only a secular priesthood could determine, all the more ironic. Burleigh describes how, in a macabre parody, almost every aspect of the religion that the Revolution trampled upon was, save for the hope of

life eternal, transferred to a *zeitgeist* which proclaimed the progress to the earthly utopia: the idea of rebirth, the struggle between good and evil and successive messiahs. Burleigh quotes Raymond Aron's definition of political religions: 'the doctrines that in the souls of contemporaries take the place of a vanished faith, and that locate humanity's salvation in this world, in the distant future, in the form of a social order that has to be created'.

Earthly Powers is a magnificent achievement but caveats may be entered. One is that insufficient attention is paid to the relative demise of the sceptical element in Enlightenment thought or to English exceptionalism. We have only to contrast the whiggish-conservatism of Burke with the arid certainties of Bonald and de Maistre, to see that conservatism can be sceptical; consider the cautious reforms of Whig politicians to see that reformers can be pragmatic; evaluate Lord Salisbury to see that High Tories can, and perhaps should, eschew enthusiasm; or view the careers of leaders of the British Labour Party to see that, as with Ramsay Macdonald or Arthur Henderson, egalitarian nostrums can be leavened by conservatism. Another comes from our present position. Although we can see the ghastly anachronism of North Korea as a parody of a political religion, our present potential nemesis is not a political religion but the real thing, fundamentalist Islam. Perhaps also, Michael Burleigh pays too little attention to technology. It was the printing revolution in partnership with increased literacy that enabled the 'imagined communities' that Benedict Anderson has seen as formative of nationalism, while Josef Stalin has been called, with some justice, 'Ivan the Terrible with electricity'.

Michael Burleigh has, nevertheless, confirmed his position as one of our most intelligent historians, one who is not afraid to write books which cut across narrow specialisms and who asserts and demonstrates that historians can interpret centuries and not just decades.

Look, Listen and Learn from your Enemy

Mark Baillie

Knowing The Enemy (Jihadist Ideology and the War on Terror), Mary Habeck, Yale University Press, 2006, £16.95.

The exhortation to know your enemy is the most basic principle of any conflict, from war to sport to marketing. In reality, however, the basic requirement of most wars is wilful ignorance, distorting information, intelligence and common sense in order to justify great ambitions: the story of the War on Terror and the Iraq War is uncannily similar to the chapter on Vietnam in Barbara Tuchman's magnificent study of bad decisions, *The March of Folly*. Unfortunately for us, the Jihadis attacking us with bombs and the Islamists attacking our institutions do know their enemy: Mary Habeck's *Knowing The Enemy* attempts to redress the balance. There is no hope that our deluded top decision-makers will take any notice but we can still hope to educate second-ranking policemen, soldiers and civil servants, along with up-and-coming politicians. It will be a long haul but this is going to be a long war and there are no easy remedies.

This book describes what the enemy thinks and says and why, a very important counter-weight to what our political masters say they think he is thinking, through their own limited understanding and experiences. There is no secret here: the Jihadis have made their views very well known and they are easy to grasp. We must understand the Islamists' and Jihadis' (Habeck explains the difference) view of history as an uninterrupted Christian and Jewish onslaught against Islam, from the early battles of Mohammed to the Crusades to the creation of Israel and the economic and cultural expansionism that undermine the laws and society of Islam. We must understand that the Koran, unlike the Bible, is not a collection of stories and parables but almost a guidebook or manual for a godly life. We must understand the fear, paranoia and resentment that can so easily be exploited throughout the Muslim world, that constant simmering anger which so recently boiled over in the Danish cartoons affair. We who had blasphemy laws until a few decades ago in the UK and who have laws banning atheists from office in the USA must understand the power of religious conviction.

Knowing the Enemy does have a couple of flaws (such as the belief that elections equal democracy and that either can create stability) but the useful and accurate parts make it an indispensable (and fairly short) guide to the enemy's cause. Two small editorial mistakes are the references to Hizb ut-Tahrir (not Hizb al-Tahrir), the Party of Liberation political movement, and Salah ud-Din (not Salah al-Din), known to us as Saladin, the leader who fought the Crusaders. Habeck's explanation of the roots and theology of anti-Western and Jihadi Islamic thought is remarkably clear with the necessary amount of well-sourced detail. Where it lacks coherence is in its description of the supposed alternative of 'moderate' Islam, lacking sources and explanation for what is a very diffuse and complicated notion. Although Habeck's descriptions show that the Jihadis are part of a strong Muslim tradition, she is at

pains to claim that they are outside the Muslim tradition and some kind of fringe movement: whereas she gives plenty of sources for Jihadi history, she gives none that support the second view.

As part of this confusing message about moderation, the author fails to distinguish between political moderates who are Muslims and theological moderates, two different matters. Many (nominal) Muslims who go along with democracy tolerance are nationalists or socialists or liberals: their tolerance is not Islamic but political. On the other hand, there are some schools of theological thought and tradition that say different religions should be able to live together and that some separation between politics and religion is acceptable: these, however, repose on refined and complicated interpretations of the Koran and the Hadith (canon law traditions), notions that are neither widely agreed nor easily defined.

The baddies, however, have a very clear and simple theological justification: the immutable Word of God, as delivered in the Koran. The relatively tolerant verses of the Koran describing the People of the Book, Jews and Christians, that are cited by apologists like Tony Blair and Iqbal Sacranie, must be seen in the light of all the verses condemning these religions by name and the verse that says they can be tolerated only when they have shown willing submission and pay the Jizya, the infidels' tax (Sura 9:29). To say that tolerant verses 'abrogate' (supersede) other verses or to say that some verses reflect different campaigns, fights and alliances by the Prophet can easily be dismissed by fundamentalists (and many other scholars too): the Koran is not the story of Mohammed's life but the Word of God for all time. The detailed beliefs arising from this attractively simple view are well summarised by Habeck and she describes their similarity to Marxism, both in style and in revolutionary detail: we must remember how widespread and attractive extremism is in the world; how many of our Cabinet ministers started their political lives as Marxist subversives; how Western Europe produced the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Red Brigades and the IRA; how tens of thousands of sympathisers made those extremist campaigns possible and, occasionally, successful.

Although the scale of Islamist terrorism is new, the impulses and the methods are not; this means that many of those past terrorist and political campaigns have a lot to teach us about dealing with this one. Marxism is one lesson of history that helps understand revolutionary Jihadism while another, not touched on here, is the Reformation. Confused Western politicians often lament that Islam does not speak with one voice (having no hierarchical clergy) and claim that it is time for a religious reformation to bring it up to date: they should look at the Christian Reformation, its rejection of corrupt religious and secular leaders, its rejection of interpretation, its return to the unsullied purity of the Gospels and its century of uninterrupted bloodshed, and ask themselves whether, in fact, we are watching the Muslim Reformation now.

Alas, readers need hardly reminding that the lesson of history is that nobody learns the lessons of history: reading and recommending this book, however, is one way you can try to change that.

The Rise (and Decline?) of the Neo-Cons

Mark Coalter

Leo Strauss and the Politics of American Empire, Anne Norton, Yale, 2005, $25.

The Supreme Court's controversial ruling in Bush v Gore, which upheld Florida's contentious Presidential result, has undoubtedly precipitated a new era of Republican dominance. Less obvious, in 2000, was the emergence of the neo-conservatives and their transformation into a powerful political force. Who are they and where did they come from? What is their ideological creed and who are their high priests? Anne Norton attempts to answer these points in *Leo Strauss and the Politics of American Empire.*

Leo Strauss (1899-1973), one of the founding fathers of neo-conservatism, was a German-Jewish intellectual, who, fleeing tyranny in the 1930s, emigrated to America and became a political philosopher at the University of Chicago. As a philosopher, he drew inspiration from the ancients, in particular, the Greeks, urging students to study the original texts of Plato, Aristotle et al. Modernity and mass culture were certainly not for Strauss. Instead, he was an élitist, wary of democracy and patriotism. As a teacher, he inspired devotion amongst his students — from some, near fanaticism — the most fortunate having the 'honour' of collecting his dry-cleaning and being referred to as his 'puppies'. Strauss' time at Chicago coincided with a renaissance in conservative intellectual thought. His contribution to this movement was not just philosophical but also practical, in the sense that some of those he influenced went on to attain positions of prominence within academia and government. Foremost amongst Strauss' followers, or 'Straussians' as they are better known, are Francis Fukuyama, William Kristol, and Paul Wolfowitz.

The Straussian ideological outlook was forged by

the events of the late 1960s. Budding Straussians were appalled by the 'permissive society' and civil unrest that erupted on American campuses over Vietnam and civil rights. An articulation of these sentiments and an attack on the laissez-faire legacy of the 1960s manifested itself in Allan Bloom's 1987 work, *The Closing of the American Mind*, with its endorsement of family values and assault on political correctness. Bloom's nostalgic tract dominated the bestseller lists and the author even appeared on Oprah. Whilst academic Straussians sniffed at Bloom's success, no doubt motivated by a combination of commercial envy and élitism, another group of ideological fellow travellers were delighted: to quote Norton, 'the philosophic might continue their patronizing, but the political Straussians would have the power'.

Anne Norton's book is very uneven. It is, in parts, incoherent, with the narrative focusing either on the abstract or distracted by the idiosyncrasies and gossip of the American 'academy'. Her student recollections of academic life in 1960s Chicago certainly seem idealised — 'a place where intellectual passions ran unchecked'; where fast food could be delivered to the library where students ate, slept and 'had sex in the stacks'; where Straussian 'truth squads' ('bands of intellectual vigilantes') would interrupt classes to question and harangue ideologically unsound academics. We learn of the misogyny and sexual peccadilloes of prominent Straussians, such as Bloom, and the alleged prevalence of homosexuality within these circles. On the other hand, this book does contain a number of fascinating conclusions, and illustrate how the followers are parting company with their master.

Norton explores whether or not Straussians are conservative. Strauss certainly was, however, his offspring appear to be more ambivalent. Straussians are generally Republicans, but as both parties in America contain liberals and conservatives, this alignment is inconclusive. Whilst traditional conservatives are usually Burkean in temperament, with a respect for custom and wisdom; sometimes Disraelian in advocating a paternalistic approach to providing for the less fortunate; or Reaganite in their desire for a free market and small government; neo-conservatives appear to be diverging from these paths. Norton examines the conservative 'embrace of big government with a vengeance' through the creation of the Department of Homeland Security and extension of the powers of the Federal Government. She cites Irving Kristol's view that neo-conservatives are not preservers but revolutionaries; observes that neo-conservatives desire a strong state and 'see in war and the preparation for war the restoration of private virtue and public spirit'; and argues that the impetus for abandoning traditional Anglo-American conservatism is either a desire for power or, more intriguingly, 'the allure of empire'. Indeed, the author speculates that, 'these are the questions on the ground in Baghdad'.

There is an examination of the Straussian flirtation with authoritarianism through their choice of preferred statesmen, General Musharraf of Pakistan and Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore. Churchill and Lincoln are also favoured, Winston primarily for his inspirational oratory, opposition to Fascist and Communist totalitarianism, and apparent resemblance to 'Frodo, standing valiantly against the Dark Lord, holding fast to an England of green fields, small farms, and country pleasures'. Straussian attitudes towards Israel are considered, suggesting that American support for the Jewish state is based on distinguishing itself from the anti-Semitism of 'the old world' (echoes of Rumsfeld?), and Norton discusses how elements within the religious right proclaim 'the common destiny' of both nations and vicariously share Israel's sense of siege.

With the current debacle in Iraq and unresolved business in Afghanistan, the influence of the neo-cons may be on the wane and their stint at the helm of American foreign and defence policy but a brief sojourn. While this story has yet to unfold are we better informed after Norton's book? Only slightly. Despite its topicality and many interesting conclusions, the author fails to chart the development of neo-conservatism adequately or place it in its proper historical context, as a consequence failing to do her subject any real justice.

Scraping the Dustbin

Christie Davies

The Strange Death of Marxism: The European in the New Millenium, Paul Gottfried, University of Missouri Press, 2005, $34.95.

Marxism in Western Europe has died in the sense that there are no longer massive Communist parties with a large working class vote, hoping to galvanise the protelariat into revolutionary action. Only two unpleasant remnants of the threat remain, both ably identified and analysed by Paul Gottfried.

The first is the deceitful unwillingness of the post-Marxist, ghost-Marxist Left to admit the faults and crimes of their truly Marxist left predecessors. They still deny that tens of millions of innocent people were murdered by the Soviet and other Communist governments, a crime as vile and as damnable as

the Holocaust. Whenever it is proposed to prosecute those who perpetrated these crimes against humanity or those who betrayed their own Western countries on behalf of the Soviet Union or East Germany, those seeking justice are denounced as 'fascists'. Justice is fascism. Truth is lies. There never was a Gulag or a Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Facts are not evidence. As Gottfried shrewdly points out they will never come to terms with the horrors of their own past. Indeed much of European left-wing ideology is about capturing the past, about destroying, forgetting and denouncing that of the nations that make up Europe, while keeping in being a mendacious history of a heroic time of the left and protecting it from any kind of scientific or objective inquiry. They have lost the economy but they want to take hold of, control and distort the myths by which people live.

The other related remnant is 'cultural Marxism', which, as Gottfried shows in detail and with considerable insight, has very little in common with the original ideas of Karl Marx. The rabble coalition of feminists, gay activists, greenists, multi-culturalists, asylum seekers that constitutes the European Left in the 21st century has little in common with Marx's Marxism rooted in conflicts between economic classes. The new leftism remains solidly anti-bourgeois but it also scorns ordinary working people. They have no right to the label Marxist?

Gottfried traces this process of decay through the neo-Marxism of the Frankfurters both in their American exile and after their return to Europe to the more recent 'Cultural Trotskyism..., a vision of perpetual cultural change and bureaucratically contrived social engineering'. Ironically many of their current ideas, notably political correctness and positive discrimination on behalf of backward minorities, have come from the United States. In Europe they have taken on more extreme forms such as the criminalization of insensitive opinions. The leftists may no longer be Marxist but their mind set is still totalitarian, they still want to suppress liberty in order to create an egalitarian community.

Curiously their ideas have something in common with those of the wackier end of American neo-conservativism. They both have a Manichean vision of the world in which the struggle of good and evil takes precedence over *realpolitik*. They both want universal coerced uplift and the destruction of the particular, of particular loyalties and particular senses of territory and the boundaries that go with this. What really drives the European post-Marxists is as I see it *selbsthass*, for Gottfried shows how central to them is their hatred of their own European ancestors and of the Western culture, national identity and Christian tradition that defined them. That is why they actively encourage Third World immigration into Europe as a means of destroying their own heritage. Every group has a right to its own culture and its preservation except their own.

Gottfried is right about the wretched European Left in this excellent book. I wish, though, to take his argument one stage further, using Vilfredo Pareto's concept of residues and derivations. The contemptible leftists who were and are 'passionately committed to equality' and want to be 'liberated from all social convention' clearly only used the working class as a means to an end, as a convenience. Marxism was the ideology that justified this form of manipulative exploitation. Now the working class has been discarded and the immigrant lumpen has taken its place. Multi-culturalism has replaced Marxism but the essence remains the same. Just as the proletariat was the ultimate historically progressive class so too the fanatical Muslim immigrant is to become the instrument for the destruction of bourgeois society and the nation state and the creation of a secular, feminist, queer-friendly, non-judgemental, ultra-sensitive utopia.

Regional Rubbish

Lee Rotherham

Disappearing Britain: The EU and the Death of Local Government, Lindsay Jenkins, Orange State Press, 2005, £14.99.

The Four Shire Stone in the Cotswolds is a remarkable marker. But it is not merely a boundary in the geography of local democracy. It is a boundary between democracy and the new order of government that is upon us, but as you stand by the stone looking a few yards north, you can view Four Shire House, lying as it does in the West Midlands. To the south, Four Shire Stone Farm, and the South West Region. And now to your left, Heath Farm straddles the northern border of the South East Region. In ancient days of liths and menhirs, merry folk might dance around such a marker. These days, to do so would take you in a few paces across the bounds of massive fake fiefs. South West stretches from these hills down to the Scillies; South East and you are one in government with Dover. A pace North and it is the Welsh Marches. This is the vanishing point where common sense fades, and the governments of Guildford, Bristol and Birmingham meet. This is the reality behind Lindsay Jenkins' timely new study.

I felt a twinge of *mal de mer* at the prospect of perusing this book, for two reasons. In the first place, the EU role in regionalism is a case subject which

has suffered for some years now from a weight of grassroots criticism seemingly bereft of decent academic study, and one always fears more of the same, like beetroot soup. And in the second, I had a flashback to an awkward moment during the hearings of the European Reform Group some months back which looked into this very subject. Bernard Jenkin, the Alec Baldwin of the Conservative Party, was rummaging around like Sir Richard Burton in a treaty jungle enquiring exactly where the integrationists found their treaty source, or rather inspiration, in this very field. But if the response at the time provided by Lindsay Jenkins appeared less than fully enlightening, a perusal of *Disappearing Britain* now reveals the psychological complexity behind the partial answer. The actual treaty base has historically been rather shaky, more of a concept than a construct, and given increasingly solid form in scattered wisps rather than as some momentarily summoned Mephistopheles. In other words, how can you get into an integrationist's head when he is out of his own?

These literary reservations proved unfounded. The book is detailed but accessible, and readily digestible in a handful of sittings. There are perhaps one or two slight hairline cracks in the early chapters, where it is not altogether clear if regionalism and Euro-regionalism are developing in parallel or in tandem, though these are the Dark Ages of the policy and obscure of vision. Maltese readers also might feel temporally transported to learn that they are today a British dependency. Real follow-on questions should be raised, and hopefully will be in successor research, not least on the real function and role of the European Investment Bank, and on the real pedigree of the Fabian-linked lobby groups and pro-integration apologists. The comments on the explosion in 'diplomatic delegations' by local government I can vouch for, having personally attended the sumptuous (though privately sponsored) launch of London House in Brussels: I think I still have my free dinky toy double decker bus in a cupboard somewhere. The critique of the way that bishops have been sucked into the process also resonates, recalling something of the modus operandi of COMECE (Commission of the Bishops' Conferences of the European Community) and other (I must add, multi-denominational) ecumenical front men. And I am also delighted to read some pages of support for the courageous and professional work done by whistleblower Robert McCoy.

Some of the contentious elements may get fireside debates warmed up. The issue of the politics of language support carries truth, though I am more sympathetic to maintaining the gene pool, in which broader reaches poets and literary types may occasionally paddle. I also think that the Council of Europe may be more a victim than a cause of some of the woes of regionalism with which it's charged. However, anyone who doubts the genuineness of the threat from Sudeten recidivists would blanch at some of the correspondence I have seen cross MEP desks from lobby groups representing German expulsees. These people do exist; they lobby; and they do get Polish and Czech politicians in a real lather.

This book is crucially relevant to today's Britain. We live in a political environment where Scottish Parliament ministers can represent the whole of the UK in a council meeting in Brussels. Regionalism has arrived. It is, as the book amply demonstrates, a threat to democracy, as it thieves powers from the democratically elected and bestows them on the quangocrats. In some ways, the book's title is deceptive. The motor may often be Brussels, but the fuel is national, and the exhaust waste is dumped locally. It is a tale as much of Prescottism as of any higher misplaced idealism. The agenda in Westminster is shifting just as the ability to change the agenda is being lost. Localism versus Regionalism: the fight is on.

My Native Land!

David Conway

England and the Need for Nations, Roger Scruton, Second Edition, Civitas, 2006, £8.50.

Roger Scruton argues the need for the continuance, or, perhaps more accurately, the rejuvenation, of sovereign nation-states in face of threats he rightly claims they face from supra-national agencies, such as the EU and WTO. Nation-states provide their citizens with a sense of common identity that, in turn, they are rightly claimed to need for two vital purposes. The first is to enable them to hold their political classes to account. The second is to enable them to be willing to make personal sacrifices on behalf of fellow citizens who are strangers, in times of national hardship and crisis.

Supranational forms of governance undermine national loyalty and thereby the necessary conditions for political accountability and civilised political community. Un-elected, and therefore unaccountable, bureaucracies impose directives upon formerly sovereign nations, thereby alienating their members and weakening their sense of responsibility towards those who govern them and strangers, such as 'asylum-seekers', who they might be called on to support but with whom they lack a shared loyalty.

Scruton blames those western political élites who have fallen victim to a malady he mischievously

terms 'oikophobia' and whose chief symptom is repudiation of inheritance and home. Aside from observing that some European political élites desire to erase from their memories consciousness of their less than glorious national pasts, Scruton refrains from accounting for this form of political pathology. Another group, who Scruton calls 'spivs' because of their unbounded enthusiasm for international free-trade, are held principally responsible for undermining national sovereignties elsewhere on the globe. The predictable outcome of these trans-national trends has been anarchy. Laws become ever more capricious and ever less respected by being increasingly enacted by unaccountable bodies lacking any shared national loyalty with those called upon to obey them. Scruton's proposed remedy is that nations re-assert their sovereignty in face of these forms of supra-national governance.

One can agree with Scruton that liberal democracies need to resist all tendencies that would undermine their status as sovereign nation-states without agreeing with his reasons. He is surely right that 'people need to identify themselves through a first-person plural if they are to accept the sacrifices required by society'. But it is questionable whether the reason they do is because 'the first person plural of nationhood, unlike that of tribe or religion, is intrinsically tolerant of difference.' This latter claim seems contestable on two counts. First, some first person plurals, most notably that espoused by German nationalists after the First World War, were anything but intrinsically tolerant of difference. Second, other first person plurals, most notably that espoused by the ancient Israelities, have been tribal and religious, yet intrinsically tolerant of difference.

Scruton is right that the EU is profoundly undemocratic in spirit, but his explanation why — that its various constituent populaces lack any bonds of common nationality — is questionable. National loyalties can be multiple and nest within each other. Therefore, just as the Scots, Welsh and English can all share a common British nationality, the mere fact Italians, Germans, and French form different nations does not preclude their being able to share a common European nationality. They don't at the moment, but neither did the Scots and English at the time of the Act of Union.

If Britain is wary about further political integration within Europe, it is surely not because a common European nationality is impossible, but that the political traditions of the EU's principal architects and key-players, Germany and France, have not been nearly as liberal and democratic as ours. Were liberal-democratic traditions as well-entrenched in these countries, Britain would have much less to fear from becoming embroiled in an ever-closer political union.

It is unlikely Europe could become welded into a single nation without one of its nations acquiring as much hegemony there as the English have traditionally enjoyed in the United Kingdom. Several European nationalities stand in the way of Europe becoming led by so liberal a nation as Britain. Since nations can be illiberal and uncivilised, whether a United States of Europe ever becomes as liberal as the USA depends on which of its constituent nations one day acquires hegemony. Unless Britain does, Europe's chances of overcoming its current democratic deficit seem remote. Even more questionable is Scruton's claim that unrestricted free-trade threatens to deprive third world nations of their chance of a civilised life. He writes 'The protests by peasant farmers against the WTO... are gesture of deep patriotism, against a presumptuous force that roams the world like a tempest vandalising everything in its path.' Their protests against the WTO, however, are as little motivated by patriotism, as against perceived threats to their traditional livelihoods and ways of life, as the attack on the Trade Towers was motivated by concerns on the part of its perpetrators with third world poverty, rather than deep and virulent anti-Americanism. Farmers historically have been notoriously protectionist for reasons other than patriotism.

Despite these caveats, Scruton has convincingly and eloquently explained why a shared sense of nationality is needed for viable liberal democracy. He is right that Britain needs to resist further political integration within Europe. It is a pity he cannot see a truly global world economy is as much needed for the universal realisation of liberal democratic ideals.

Children Reading History

Helen Szamuely

Our Island Story, Henrietta Marshall, Civitas and Galore Park, 2005, £25.

One of the saddest aspects of the destruction of our educational system is children not learning any history at school and not reading a great deal of it at home. Quite apart from the need to know the history of one's country (and of other countries as well), history is one of the most exciting subjects for young minds. After all, it is about people and what people did and what sort of adventures they had in the past. Just like most people, I remember playing historical games, re-enacting various events, representing heroes and (in my case) heroines.

I asked a younger colleague recently whether she had liked history at school. So dull, she said. We did the suffragettes, industrial development and ... what else? ... development of social policy. No wonder she found it dull. No wonder history lessons, even if they exist, are the bane of every child's life.

It is quite clear that the answer is more narrative history that starts at a certain point and continues to the present day or near enough. 'Doing' the Romans, the Tudors and the Second World War, all very inadequately, is not going to give any idea of the exciting adventure of history.

So, one can applaud Civitas and Galore Park Publishing for republishing the long lost *Our Island Story* by Henrietta Marshall. Many of us have the fondest memory of that book with its delightful illustrations and wonderful stories.

Little is known about Henrietta Marshall (most people, including myself, had not realized that H E Marshall was a woman) except that she wrote a whole series of history books for boys and girls.

So how do I feel about it after all these years? Allowing for the fact that I am not a child any more, I still find the book very enjoyable. Who can resist chapter headings like: *Henry IV — The Story of the Battle of Shrewsbury* or *James VI of Scotland, James I of England — The Story of the Guy Fawkes Plot.* They are all stories. How can any child resist that?

The mock-mediaeval illustrations, even when they depict later events, are a delight and I cannot imagine any child not becoming fascinated by the picture of William of Normandy riding alone to defy the English army or by the Princes in the Tower or by Judge Gascoigne sending Prince Hal to prison.

Above all, the book gives a coherent view of British history. Its starting point is England, as Henrietta Marshall wrote a history book about Scotland for children as well, (there is a treasure waiting to be published), but it becomes British history in the true sense of the word.

Nor does it incline in any political way, except to the influence of the Whig theory of history, and the sort of Whig history-writing many of us still experienced at school which was beautifully lampooned by Sellars and Yeatman in *1066 And All That* is there. Nothing wrong with that, one might say.

However, I do have some complaints. The first is the format of the book. Books for children should have cardboard covers and cheap paper — a book to read in bed, or outside on a bench, or lying on the floor. The new edition is far too beautiful — heavy with thick, glossy paper. How many young children could actually lift it up and how many of the older ones would bother? The book is meant for school libraries and Civitas has made a great effort to get it into as many primary schools as possible. I wonder how many of the volumes were borrowed by pupils. Would they have been scared off by the sheer quality of the production?

The second criticism is more substantial and needs to be addressed by the history-writing community as a whole. Henrietta Marshall's prose is wonderful but, inevitably, dated. It can strike many children (and adults) as being unbearably coy. Her habit of relying on Shakespeare and other poets for historical verification is questionable, though undoubtedly that makes for more interesting reading at times.

The truth is that we need a new Henrietta Marshall: someone who will write a history book for children but will do so seriously. The continuing volumes of deliberately funny and full of knowing winks and nudges of the very bloody history of this, that and the other, are no substitute. History and its readers, particularly if they are children, need to be treated with respect.

Standing Orders

We have changed our bank account. It is now at the Nat West Bank, Angel, Islington, London N1. I have written to those subscribers who have standing orders. If you have not received a letter, please let me know. If you would like a standing order for the new bank please ask me for one.

Merrie Cave, Managing Editor

Renaissance Man

Violet by Roger Scruton

Douglas Murray

Over two nights last winter, students at the Guildhall School of Music in London gave the first performances of a new opera by the former editor of this magazine. Readers of the *Salisbury Review* need hardly be reminded of Roger Scruton's superlative array of achievements in most areas of our cultural life. But some may be unaware of his work as not only a critic, but also a composer, of music.

Scruton has previously written a one-act opera (*The Minister*) and various smaller-scale opuses. But by any measure, *Violet* is an ambitious work — carefully composed and two hours long. Fortunately, on the evidence of the wonderful London performances, the composition of this opera is an ambition that has superbly paid-off. The piece is dramatically gripping and musically thrilling.

The story, to a libretto by the composer, is of the hostess and harpsichordist Violet Gordon-Woodhouse. From this tranquil-sounding kernel, what we actually witness is a society — in the years around the Great War — being altered beyond recognition. The central achievement of the opera, however, is that it speaks not only of what was lost, but — like the *Four Quartets* — of what can be rediscovered and recovered from the ashes.

Violet's extraordinary household arrangements spur on much of the action, while her musical achievements not just permit, but necessitate fascinating musical diversions. Snatches of familiar tunes and styles pierce through Scruton's ravishing and powerful original music and orchestration. The success of this open-door policy on musical quotation cannot be taken for granted. The business of musical quotation is notoriously fraught. Hugh Wood's 1969 work for Cello and orchestra commits concerto suicide when it suddenly quotes Elgar's concerto towards its end. 'Why didn't I just listen to that again', the listener thinks. But in Scruton's hands, references are naturally and skilfully interwoven into the rest of the music, so that using music Violet knew and played does much to create the opera's extraordinary atmosphere of intellectual curiosity and heart-rent sadness.

Allusions to Mozart, Bach and Wagner arise, and there even seemed to me an allusion in the orchestration at one point to the contemporaneous 'Symphony of Psalms.' Folk songs were of course enjoying an English revival in Violet's day, and two particularly feature here (including the haunting 'God Made a Trance'), their appearance again vindicating Eliot's point on cultural revival in 'East Coker':

> There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
> And found and lost again and again.

Violet the opera is not only entertaining, musically beautiful and theatrically moving, it is also a reminder that we must return to our roots to secure our present and know our past if we are to have a future.

The prospects for staging new operas today are not good. Between tired revivals and the hooligan crassness of most new productions, even repertoire operas suffer. But this opera deserves to be heard again. Something of its intimacy might, I think, be lost in some of the larger opera houses. But the work's natural home, where it might in every way be appreciated best, would be Garsington or the like. *Violet* deserves to be heard anywhere, but it might be served best by being presented in one of those little pockets of England which Violet's world sometimes seems to have carried with it, but which if you search hard you can still find.

Art Books

Andrew Lambirth

The art book business is in a lamentable condition. There are plenty of new titles, many of them about architecture and design, the audience for which seems to have grown used to paying large sums in cover prices. Some art publishers augment their turnover by producing books about motorbikes, others dabble in travel books. Photography sells well. Exhibition catalogues (for exhibitions often have sponsors) are a lucrative sideline. Museums are even setting up their own publishing imprints to get a slice of the profits. Aside from the writers of these tomes, who are usually paid a pittance, the only person really to suffer is the artist who might want a monograph about his work. Pity the poor artist who, after half-a-century's unremitting toil, might like to see a book devoted to his life's achievement. If thought sufficiently 'popular' and well-known, a publisher might deign to consider the possibility of a book, if the production costs could somehow be 'shared'. 'Sharing' means that the artist must be prepared to find between £15,000 and £50,000 to pay to the publisher. The extent of this financial underwriting is determined by the size and lavishness of the intended production, and the reputation and standing of the publisher. The more reputable the publisher, the more cash is required. The figure bears no relation to the cost of producing a book, which, depending on where it is printed (Italy, the Far East and Slovenia are current favourites), can nowadays be done quite cheaply.

Couples by George Kennethson

The artist, having made the work in the first place, is now paying for the privilege of having a book about it. Even relatively famous artists are asked to stump up the cash. It used to be called vanity publishing, and it would still be called that if by stealth it hadn't become the norm in the art world. Quite often these books involve a measure of scholarship if the writer is any good. In the cut and thrust of the art market, a book is an invaluable promotional tool and the gallery which represents an artist often sees the cost of such a book as a sound investment. Sometimes artists have rich backers who, out of the goodness of their hearts or perhaps to stop the taxman seizing their surplus, are prepared to sponsor such ventures. But the days of a publisher actually taking a risk on publishing a book on an artist seem to be over and art publishing is suffering because of it.

Some of the more interesting books are being produced by smaller publishers who have lower overheads. Seren, the book imprint of Poetry Wales Press, has a monograph on the painter Peter Prendergast (born 1946). Entitled *The Painter's Quarry*, it consists of six essays by different authors focusing on various aspects of Prendergast's work, illustrated with some 60 colour reproductions, and priced at £25. A note at the front of the book informs us that the publisher 'works with the financial assistance of the Welsh Books Council'. Among the authors are Lynda Morris, the curator of Norwich Art Gallery, and David Alston, Arts Director of the Arts Council of Wales. I particularly enjoyed Morris' fascinatingly discursive autobiographical essay, prompted by a visit to Prendergast in Wales, while Alston's thoughts about Prendergast's sea paintings deserve time and close attention. The Arts Council of Wales is fortunate to have found an Arts Director who cares about and understands painting.

Prendergast is a landscape painter of expressionist temper, a passionate draughtsman and a robust colourist. He works convincingly in acrylic as well as oil, and makes surprisingly full-blooded watercolours. The illustrations in this book do not serve him well. The self-portrait of 1970 which has been reproduced nearly full-page is shockingly out of focus, and others suffer a similar plight. This is inexcusable in an art book, and smacks of careless editing, especially when these poorly reproduced images are compared with such glories as *Tryfan, Snowdonia* (1993) and *Winter Sea, near South Stack* (2004). Prendergast deserves better treatment than this.

Making Waves: Artists in Southwold is a very different kettle of type. Profusely illustrated, this is published by Norwich-based Black Dog Books at £30. Written and researched by Ian Collins, it is really a history of the town told through pictures, filled with

anecdotes rather than art history, and delightfully gossipy. The distinguished Suffolk author Ronald Blythe contributes a generous introduction, which pays handsome tribute to the writer and to his subject, a place of 'flat commons, tall skies and a huge wall of sea'. The artists of Southwold are not a group, like the St Ives abstractionists, but a gathering of individuals, both residents and visitors, who lived and worked in the area from the 1880s to the present day. The book is something of a gazetteer: a roll-call of the great and good together with the obscure and mediocre. The wealth of illustrations — sometimes as many as five a page — makes for a very busy effect, compounded by a page design over-reliant on yellow boxes and different typefaces intended to distinguish text. But there's a mass of excellent stuff here, from the drawings of Charles Keene (whom Sickert called 'the first of the moderns') to the paintings of wartime beach defences by Prunella Clough, via Steer, Joseph Southall and the unfairly neglected Arnesby Brown. Collins deftly juggles a couple of hundred artists into his rollicking account, and reproduces such glories as the beautiful watercolour of Southwold Beach by Thomas Churchyard (1798-1865) and Margaret Mellis' tough near-abstract *Estuary Trees*, from the 1950s.

A weighty tome arrived by special delivery with *Kingerlee* printed forcefully in red across the bottom of the cover. It's the first monograph on an artist whose work I had previously not known, John Kingerlee (born 1936). The book has been handsomely produced by Larry Powell Management which has lately taken over the promotion of Kingerlee's work. You can obtain a copy for £35 through the website www.kingerlee.com which is where you can see examples of the artist's paintings. Jonathan Benington, the director of the Victoria Art Gallery in Bath, has written a lucid and enthusiastic text to accompany 200 pages of lavish colour reproductions. Kingerlee, who lives in the Beara peninsula in west Cork, makes a variety of painterly and textured images, of which the least figurative, the grid paintings, seem to me to be the most effective.

What's the difference then between a management company and a well-known publisher producing an art book? Very little, apart from distribution. Established publishers are supposed to be able to get their books into shops and get them reviewed, though this is not always the case. A management company might find distribution more problematic, although now we have the internet the structures of marketing are changing. Certainly the Kingerlee book looks professional enough, although the printing of the author's name across the top of every left-hand page is a bit of a bloomer. This is a convention which applies to fiction, not art books. If any name should appear in this way, it ought to be Kingerlee's.

The final item in my sample is an attractive volume devoted to the sculpture of George Kennethson (1910-94). A stone carver in the tradition of Frank Dobson and Henry Moore, Kennethson was a 'truth to materials' disciple, allowing the type of stone to lead the choice of subject and treatment. Kennethson is little-known today, and the dealership which handles his estate, Wilson Stephens, has decided to do a little subtle advertising. Hence this book by Simon Hucker, entitled *George Kennethson: A Modernist Rediscovered*, published by Merrell at £19.95. Hucker has provided a clear and economically written text, to accompany 34 colour plates. Most of the reproduced works are in the artist's estate, so therefore available to buy. I hope the venture pays off and Kennethson deservedly becomes better known. At least the cost of the book may not be too excessive. The vested interests are allied: dealer is married to publisher...

The Renaissance of English Music

Em Marshall

'These people have no ear, either for rhythm or music, and their unnatural passion for piano playing and singing is thus all the more repulsive. Nothing on earth is more terrible than English music...!' So wrote Heinrich Heine, while Carl Engel announced that 'Englishmen are the only people without their own music'. These quotations indicate how other countries traditionally despise Britain for her 'lack of musicality'. Perhaps in this cosmopolitan atmosphere, Britain, instead of treasuring and rediscovering her gems, has blindly followed the short-sighted opinions of other countries — with the critic Colin Wilson, for example, proclaiming 'much English music has the insipid flavour of the BBC variety orchestra playing an arrangement of a nursery rhyme'.

Yet English music doesn't lack for champions. Yehudi Menhuin defended it: 'English composers

will not slavishly follow some arbitrary theory or construction, whether political or musical. They have kept their Englishness intact, whilst the mercantilistic world has gone all-American', ending with the wish 'May the island spirit still be led by its composers!' Anyone who is familiar with Vaughan Williams' atmospheric *Oxford Elegy*, Finzi's *Intimations of Immortality,* Britten's haunting *Serenade*, or the orchestral brilliance of Holst's *Planets* will recognise that, far from having a dearth of good composers here, their genius is unrecognized. Refusing to follow sheepishly the trends that hold other countries in their thrall, British composers have gone their own way.

In the baroque period, we produced composers of renown, like Purcell, Byrd, Arne, Tallis and Blow, and although the period between Arne and Parry has been called a 'musical Ice-Age', we can point to Stainer, Wesley, Sterndale Bennett, and Crotch — composers who were the equals of their foreign contemporaries, if perhaps not progressive enough to warrant international attention. In 1769 Englishman Philip Hayes, who built Oxford's Holywell Music Room, composed the world's first piano concerto. Meanwhile some extraordinary British talents were cut short. Edward Bache, composer of some exquisite chamber works, died aged 25, and Thomas Linley, who died aged 22 in a boating accident in 1777, produced wonderful anthems, odes and oratorios. The twentieth century witnessed a renaissance of music in Britain, when many composers produced works of innovation and power. Stanford and Parry used a Brahmsian style to create English music that was the equal of Brahms, whilst Elgar continued this creation of an English style through the marriage of the two Teutonic schools of Brahms and Wagner. Interestingly enough, Richard Strauss called Elgar 'the first Progressivist in English Music', and Hans Richter told his orchestra that Elgar's first Symphony was the greatest of modern times. Other composers continued to look abroad and incorporate the sounds they heard into something quintessentially 'English' — Delius turned to the continent and to Negro spirituals to evolve a unique sound with rich harmonies, whilst Holst turned to a divinity within and to Eastern cultures for an idiosyncratic and mystical voice. Vaughan Williams returned to English roots — both folk and Tudor — to resurrect an English music, rebelling against the Teutonic schools and against the recent attempts at an English voice. English solo song became, from its parlour song and folk roots, a high-art form, while, at the other end of the scale, England had answers to Wagner in the form of Bantock and Holbrooke (known as 'the Cockney Wagner'), composers of long, romantic music pieces — great operas to rival Wagner's *Ring*, and epic orchestral works. In a letter about Holbrooke's *The Raven*, the Irish composer Hamilton Harty said 'there is beautiful and impressive music in that work, and, as I told the orchestra, it is so infinitely superior to the foreign muck with which we are deluged nowadays'. Other composers of this period include Bridge, Finzi, Bainton, Dyson, Bax, Bliss, Ireland, Lambert, Rawsthorne, Rubbra, Hadley and Howells. These, and many more, are known by a small corpus of recorded works which show remarkable individuality and forward-looking orchestral panache.

These composers have their own voices, but they are all recognizably 'English'. What constitutes this English sound-world? Britain is a nation whose music and literature are drawn from the landscape; seascapes are equally important. For centuries artists, poets and composers have been inspired by the subtle hues and shades in our countryside, the change of seasons or shifting weather or by the sweeping drama of the dales and lakes that so entranced Wordsworth. Menuhin puts this well: 'I am drawn to English music because I love the way it reflects the climate and the vegetation which know no sharp edges, no definitive demarcation, where different hues of green melt into each other and where the line between sea and land is always joined and changing, sometimes gradually, sometimes dramatically. The music ... is a very human music, not given to shattering utterances, to pronouncements of right or wrong, not to abstract intellectual processes, to human emotion in the abstract, but to a single man's experience of today as related to a particular place...' Melancholy, nostalgia, wistfulness, an occasional spark of dry (or sometimes quite earthy) humour, and spirituality run through the veins of this music. In a society where music has, perhaps inevitably, become nationalised — not just in orchestral logistics but also in sounds, repertoires and performers — this uniqueness should be preserved.

Yet despite this heritage, much of this glorious music is overlooked. 'English Music' festivals tend either to fail at the outset (usually due to lack of funds) or gradually become internationalised — the Cheltenham Festival was originally founded as 'The Cheltenham Festival of British Music', and became 'international' a little later. Even the Three Choirs seems to be moving slowly away from the lesser-known English works — this used to be *the* place where one could find those rare pieces unplayed elsewhere. Holst wrote incidental music to Masefield's mystery play *The Coming of Christ*, which has never been recorded, and Cliffe's first symphony (acclaimed an undeniable masterpiece) has not had a professional public performance for over 90 years. His second symphony — by all accounts an even better one — has never been published; none of the symphonies by Walford Davies, Coleridge Taylor

and Somervell are available, nor is Bowen's first symphony which was so popular at the time that *The Times* devoted a whole column to analysing it, and Delius' opera *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, considered by many the first great modern English opera, has not been performed at either the Royal Opera House or English National Opera for over half a century.

Why is this music neglected? The fact that identical repertoires are being performed by the same artists worldwide means that a small nucleus of works has developed that is recognised as 'acceptable'. Consequently, concert managers are not willing to take risks and programme anything other than contemporary dustbin lids (for which they can get government funding) or popular classics — no promoter would be in trouble if a programme of Brahms, Tchaikovsky or Verdi did not sell, but his job would be on the line if he had attempted Moeran, Gibbs and Farrar. British composers have no place in this clique of 'classics', and English music is simply not fashionable. Worse still, it is seen as politically incorrect. Whether this is a result of the ever-increasing tide of multiculturalism, and that anything 'English' suffers, one can only speculate. Certainly there is a hesitation to promote anything English, as if antagonistic to other cultures — we are terrified of being seen as imperialistic or jingoistic by celebrating our own culture (look at the stigma attached to the glorious ending of Elgar's *Caractacus* because it looks forward to a great British Empire), and so English music suffers even greater injustices because few managers wish to incur the sneers of authorities flailing within the mires of political correctness.

Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst

Furthermore, English music has a most serious image problem. British composers of the early twentieth century are scoffed at, perceived as the 'English pastoral composers' — lesser musicians whose 'cow-pat' works are second rate to the great Germanic, forward-looking Russian, or the underrated Scandinavian school. As Neville Cardus said: 'If a German or an Austrian, a Czech or a Bashibazouk, had composed *Gerontius*, the whole world by now would have admitted its qualities.

British composers have often turned to folk for inspiration — they are then criticised as being rustic. Vaughan Williams tried to dispel this unjustified image of folk music as being inferior: '... I am not telling you of something clownish and boorish, not even something inchoate, not of the half forgotten reminiscences of fashionable music mouthed by toothless old men and women, not of something archaic, not of mere 'museum pieces', but of an art which grows straight out of the needs of a people and for which a fitting and perfect form, albeit on a small scale, has been found by those people; an art which is indigenous and owes nothing to anything outside itself, and above all an art which to us today has something to say — a true art which has beauty and vitality now in the twentieth century.' While some composers, often of the modernist school, disagreed — Constant Lambert said rather amusingly that 'the whole trouble with a folk song is that once you have played it through there is nothing much you can do except play it over again and play it rather louder,' many endorsed Vaughan Williams' opinions.

Dispelling this myth of 'toothless old men' and of a crude, unrefined folk music is important — though when one considers that not just Holst, Harty, Moeran, Bax, Delius, Butterworth and Bridge but daring Britten — the darling of the notoriously anti-tonal music establishment — arranged folk songs, folk begins to lose its anachronistic image. Just because a composer uses a folk melody does not mean that he is 'pastoral' or old-fashioned. If Stravinsky or Bartok quotes a folk tune, people rave about it, whereas if an English composer does the same, the piece is dismissed as rustic or primitive. Folk, it seems, is fine. It's just English folk that's the problem. Whereas many works *have* been inspired by the countryside, like the striking power of Vaughan Williams' *Pastoral Symphony*, Holst's *Egdon Heath*, Moeran's *In the Fen Country*, they are in no way reminiscent of cows looking placidly over gates into fields of corn. One wonders whether

those who dismiss English music as 'pastoral' have ever heard a symphony by Moeran, Boughton, or Vaughan Williams or indeed any English music apart from those few accepted classics, the done-to-death lip-service pieces.

When the Amsterdam Concertgebouw opened in the 1880s, the symphony chosen to open the first night was not one by Beethoven, Brahms, or Dvorak but Stanford's Third Symphony. Following this great success, Berlin's Philharmonic Hall made sure that it secured the premiere performance of Stanford's Fourth. Now this composer's music is relegated to the occasional enterprising amateur choral society concert. Sullivan's cantata *The Golden Legend* was so popular that it was the second most frequently performed choral work in England after Handel's *Messiah*, and Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha* received performances at the Royal Albert Hall every year without fail for 15 years.

Yet despite its neglect, there is still a huge demand for it, shown by rocketing CD sales and high chart-listings (there are always some interesting and unusual British works in the BBC Music Magazine's *Top 20*, for example), and the overwhelming interest that has been shown in the English Music Festival that is to hold its inaugural year at Dorchester-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, this October. The good news is that it is on the up — the BBC is again taking a renewed interest in this music, programming a gratifying amount of it at the Proms last year when almost every single concert of English music sold out. So, spread the word, and dig out your forgotten score of Vaughan William's *Mass in G minor*. English music is back on the map.

Em Marshall is Managing and Artistic Director of The English Music Festival *(www.englishmusicfestival.org.uk)*

On the Box

The 1966 General Election, BBC Parliament

Harry Phibbs

One of my favourite programmes on television must have among the lowest viewing figures. Periodically the BBC's Parliament Channel, unavailable on terrestrial television, decides to fill in time when parliament isn't sitting by showing results programmes of General Elections. It's a filler, taking up perhaps 12 hours of programming as a break from Welsh assembly committee hearings.

But what a welcome break it is. There is usually some effort made to match them up with anniversaries and so for the 40th anniversary we have recently had a rerun of the 1966 General Election night coverage chronicling Harold Wilson's Labour Government's return with a substantial majority. This was not a classic of the genre for the predictability of the result and an election two years earlier sapped the enthusiasm. But it still makes for a fascinating viewing. Nostalgia in the raw rather than just tiny spoon fed morsels. It's relevant not just politically but over 12 hours extends to what life in general was like: how people spoke and dressed, how television worked, how people related to each other, for instance to women or to those from another social class.

Alan Whicker was touring Trafalgar Square for reaction. 'We had 6,000 people in the Square last time for the 1964 election and this time were expecting to exceed that,' he declared. Something of a self-fulfilling prophecy as a giant TV screen was erected by the BBC to enable people to watch. I'm not sure when or why people stopped gathering in Trafalgar Square on election night. The next morning Whicker is striding across Waterloo Bridge microphone in hand accosting commuters on their thoughts. Courageously the vox pops in those days were genuinely spontaneous. Often the passers by stride on refusing to say anything. These days the 'real people' would be carefully selected, and quizzed by researchers, and lined up in a neat row before the cameras were finally allowed to roll. People seemed more relaxed about talking on the television in those days. Among those interviewed is a policeman in Scotland and a man delivering telegrams to Downing Street. They are quite happy to chat away about hanging or nationalisation or whatever topical issue occurs to them as important.

Ron Pollard, a bookie, pops in and out of a telephone box in Smith Square to advise on the latest odds. Then off we go to regional studios with Michael Aspel in one and Michael Barrett in another.

Among the early results was Enoch Powell getting back in as the Tory MP for Wolverhampton South West, in amongst such Labour lefties as Stan Orme in Salford West and Frank Allaun in Salford East. In the studio, achingly anxious to balance speed with accuracy and erudition with intelligibility sit Cliff Michelmore,

David Butler and Ian Trethowan. These days we have David Dimbleby (or his brother Jonathan on ITV) who give the impression of being calm to the point of being unconcerned. For a change of pace we switch to a youngish Robin Day interviewing politicians. 'Well, percentages and polls and swings, even the votes themselves are not all that matters in politics.' Day tells us. 'There's romance, drama, courage, suspense and the making of history.' Among those commenting on the results is Nigel Lawson, *Spectator* editor, who says the elections campaign was 'about topics rather than issues'.

Politically one of the most striking things is the extent to which we were a two Party system in those days. Routinely the Liberals would not even field a candidate. When they did it was regarded as a kind of distortion which confused comparisons and was referred to as a 'Liberal intervention'. Here is Enoch Powell commenting on his result when asked about a fall in his majority: 'Yes, but my share of the poll went up. This is, of course, comparing 1964 when there was a liberal intervention with 1966 when there was not. One might express the result by saying that the Tory share of the vote was maintained but that the Liberal share went in much greater proportion to the Socialist than to the Conservative candidate. I'm not saying that's scientific, but I think it's a not unreasonable way of putting the outcome.' Day then asked Powell if he had been an embarrassment to the Conservative campaign. 'I don't think that evidence of aggressive thinking in a Party is a disadvantage to a Party,' he replied. Day concluded: 'We shall be hearing more of you.' Powell replied: 'You shall.'

Labour's first gain came with young Gwyneth Dunwoody in Exeter. ('Yes, there's absolute pandemonium at the Civic centre here in Exeter,' said the reporter on the spot.) Dunwoody was wearing a hat. Most women did. Then men usually wore suits with very thin lapels of the sort that we usually see these days when archive footage of The Beatles crops up. Robin Day immediately asked Dunwoody how arrangements would be made given that her husband was also about to become an MP. 'How will you manage two MPs in the same household? Who will wear the trousers?' 'The boss will wear the trousers but I will lead from the rear,' she replied offering an early version of the third way. Much is very similar. Robert Mackenzie's swingometer did the same job as the expensive, high tech computer graphics offered by Peter Snow. There would also be the anecdotes, the little asides to alleviate the tension: 'A rather unfortunate mix up in Tottenham where the local paper printed the Conservative manifesto under the heading Labour and vice versa. Let's see if it affects the result.' It didn't.

A Century of the English Hymnal

Andrew Earis

> The English Hymnal is a collection of the best hymns of the English language, and is offered as a humble companion to the Book of Common Prayer. It is...an attempt to combine in one volume the worthiest expressions of all that lies within the Christian Creed, from those 'ancient Fathers' who were the earliest hymn-writers down to contemporary exponents of modern aspirations and ideals.

This quotation, from the preface to the first edition of the *English Hymnal*, describes in an uncompromising manner the aims and aspirations of the now famous hymn book which celebrates its one hundredth anniversary this year.

The origins of the *English Hymnal* can be traced to the Church of St. Mary, Primrose Hill, and their Vicar Percy Dearmer. Dearmer was against all that was sentimental and banal in worship. In his obituary in the *Musical Times* in July 1936, Martin Shaw wrote *'He early set his face against stiffness and sentimentality in Church music, particularly in hymns...He ran full tilt against all that was gloomy, perfunctory, or stodgy in public worship'*. Dearmer was unimpressed with *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, both in its original edition in 1861 and the revised version of 1904. Described in the *Daily Telegraph* as *'a lamentable book — bad taste, bad poetry, bad theology'* it was a particular disappointment to those in the Anglo-Catholic tradition.

In order to attempt to 'remedy' the perceived excesses of the Victorian era, Dearmer and a number of like-minded colleagues set about compiling a new hymn book, for which he sought the young composer Ralph Vaughan Williams as musical editor. As Vaughan Williams later wrote,

> It must have been in 1904 that I was sitting in

> my study in Barton Street, Westminster, when a cab drove up to the door and 'Mr Dearmer' was announced. I just knew his name vaguely as a parson who invited tramps to sleep in his drawing room... He went straight to the point and asked me to edit the music of a hymn book. I protested that I knew very little about hymns... the final clench was given when I understood that if I did not do the job it would be offered to a well-known Church musician with whose musical ideas I was much out of sympathy... He told me that these eight founders had put down five pounds each for expenses, and that my part of the work would probably take about two months.
>
> I thought it over for 24 hours and then decided to accept, but I found the work occupied me two years and that my bill for clerical expenses alone came to about two hundred and fifty pounds. The truth is that I determined to do the work thoroughly, and that, besides being a compendium of all the tunes of worth that were already in use, the book should, in addition, be a thesaurus of all the finest hymn tunes in the world — at all events all such as were compatible with the metres of the words for which I had to find tunes....

On publication in 1906, the new hymn book did not meet with complete approval. Central to the *English Hymnal* was the celebration of the Eucharist — a Catholic model which was much out of keeping with the then common pattern of services in the Church of England. More specifically, opposition was focussed on the hymnal's repeated Commemoration of the Saints. The *English Hymnal* was also criticised musically. In the *Musical Times* in October 1906, Henry Frowde wrote *Immense pains have been taken in the preparation of the book, but is it altogether practical? ... there are many English 'traditional' melodies whose origin is doubtful, but in the choice of tunes no less than the selection of words the compilers have spread a wide net in order to catch all they can.* However, despite these initial reservations, the book has stood the test of time to become one of the most widely used hymn books today.

So what were the major contributions of the English Hymnal? Perhaps most important was the use of a large number of traditional English folk songs, often with harmonisations by Vaughan Williams himself. Examples include *Monk's Gate* ('He who would true valour see'), *Kingsfold* ('I heard the voice of Jesus say') and *King's Lynn* ('O God of earth and altar'). Vaughan Williams also composed new tunes, many of which are still in common use today, including *Down Ampney* ('Come down, O love divine') and *Sine Nomine* ('For all the Saints'). Other contributions were made by his colleagues, most notably Gustav Holst in his setting of Rosetti's poem 'In the bleak midwinter' to the tune *Cranmer*.

In the first fifty years, the *English Hymnal* sold over five million copies. A second edition appeared in 1933. The *New English Hymnal* was published in 1986 and a supplement, *New English Praise*, has recently been launched to mark the centenary.

> From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
> Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
> Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluya!

IN SHORT

Slovenia 1945 — Memories of Death and Survival after World War II, John Corsellis and Marcus Ferrar, I B Tauris, 2005, £24.50.

The overriding ethos of this book is not only reconciliation, but also resilience and resurrection. More and more information is emerging about the civil war in the former Yugoslavia from 1941 to 1945. The cold war put a damper on criticism of Tito and the Partisans because the West felt obliged to keep the country detached from the Soviet Union. The glorification of the partisans by the communist leadership meant the information about the violence perpetrated on non-communists was suppressed. The British army made a bad mistake in sending Catholic soldiers against their will back to their slaughter and burial in mass graves in Slovenia. And both these authors with varied experience of Eastern Europe understand the reasons for British ambivalence towards these events. They deal with the complexities of the wartime situation and confront the problem of collaboration by the anti-communists with the occupiers. It is difficult for the British to understand that collaboration was a way of life for Slovenes for centuries. They had to collaborate with many rulers to preserve their identity: Austrians, Italians, Hungarians or Serbs and different political systems like monarchy or communism.

The testimonies of the survivors are of great value for historians. Marxist-Leninist tactics aimed to win

a civil war which would wipe out the élite and create a revolution. This ruthlessness was rightly feared by the Catholic nationalists who above all wanted a free Slovenia. The description of the struggle to establish new lives in Argentina, Canada, the USA and Britain is very uplifting and a testimony to the Slovene character which values industriousness, education and a strong Catholic faith; it is also almost a guide book to refugees on how to make a new life in a new country. Slovenes will recognise the difficulties set out in the later chapters in coming to terms with the reality of the massacres and the divisions in society that still exist today. The authors do not avoid the difficult questions that must be put to both sides of the ideological divide. The interviews with leading personalities such as the communist Ex-President Kucan, Archbishop Rode and others are revealing.

One cannot help feeling that the dilemmas, contradictions, pressures and moral tests of the Second World War were heaped upon this small nation and, at the moment that a section of the nation needed help, they were failed by part of the British establishment.

Keith Miles

Family Policy, Family Changes. Sweden, Italy and Britain Compared, Patricia Morgan, Civitas, 2006. £14.

Margaret Hodge, the child care expert, insists that 'it is not a question of whether we should intrude in family life, but how and when'. Not only is childhood being nationalized but it is now even interfered with internationally as Norman Wells shows in his article in this issue. Many books and pamphlets have explained how the family flourishes according to the amount of government interference it receives. Most people in the street recognise this truth so you would think by now policy makers would be taking notice but in Britain, European directives and New Labour thinking pressure us to copy the Swedish model.

In this new study Patricia Morgan compares family policies in Sweden, Italy and Britain. Her findings are sometimes surprising. In Italy the traditional family is still the rule with low out-of-wedlock pregnancies and low divorce rates. The memory of fascism and catholic attitudes have prevented state intervention but a dramatically falling birth rate now demands measures to produce more Italians. In spite of the extreme social engineering policies so admired by our rulers, single parents in Sweden suffer from poverty and ill health like everywhere else; Sweden has the highest suicide rate in the EU after Finland as well. Most surprisingly women are not doing as well at work as in comparable countries like the UK or Germany. The female workforce there has been described as a 'Potemkin workforce because on any day 20 per cent are off on some kind of paid leave'. In Britain we score the best on the worst things: living alone, high divorce, highest teenage pregnancy in the EU and many others. Spiteful policies which undermine marriage to benefit the single parent instead show New Labour's programme of control over our private lives. Maternity and paternity leave are good for expanding bureaucracies but bad for businesses, particularly small businesses. In any case women do not think work is the most important thing in their lives. 'Most people have jobs not careers ... professional élites want to recast the world in their own image; one where every woman is a Patricia Hewitt doppelganger'.

Merrie Cave

The Bad Bet, Economic Failure of the European Union, John Redwood, Research Centre for a Free Europe, 2006, £2, info@ukve.ee.

Sleepwalking into an EU legal system, How the Charter of Fundamental Rights is being incorporated into British law, Lord Blackwell, Centre for Policy Studies, 2006, £5.

These two timely publications cover different grounds but come to the same conclusion: that the European Union as a whole, and Britain's membership of it, are a disaster.

Lord Blackwell, who has seen the light on the subject since he has ceased to be a highly placed political adviser, argues that, despite the fact that the Constitution for Europe has stalled (well, no, since you ask, it is not dead in the water) one of its crucial parts, the Charter of Fundamental Rights is being incorporated, if somewhat stealthily, into British law. It is coming in through various EU legislation, which, as we know, the British Parliament cannot reject.

Of course, the EU is not actually supposed to incorporate the Charter until the Constitution has gone through, but little problems have never bothered that institution.

John Redwood treads over familiar ground: the economic ineptitude of the European project and its inability to compete either with the existing giant, America, or the rising giants of Asia. It is, he correctly points out, ludicrous for the EU to strut around pretending to a global role it cannot back with economic performance. (Actually, it cannot back that role with military performance either.)

The two authors, having diagnosed the problem,

come to somewhat different conclusions and that can be attributed to the fact that Redwood is still a working politician.

John Redwood gives various advice on how to reform the European Union, how to ensure that it does less and legislates less. It seems not to occur to him or, if it does, he shows no sign of it, that to reform the EU economically one needs to reform it politically, since all those economic aspects he dislikes so much are part and parcel of the political structure. Can that be done? One doubts it, somehow.

Lord Blackwell seems to have grasped that the EU cannot be reformed. He thinks that the Charter and the proposed Constitution are disasters of such magnitude and will be so destructive of the British legal system (what's left of it after the united assault by the EU and the Labour government) that this is the right time for the British government to 'take the initiative to negotiate a new relationship with other members of the European Union'.

Let us hope somebody is listening. Of course, as he does not say, the only other relationship we can seriously negotiate is a restoration of our independence and a series of treaties, either bilateral or multilateral, that do not interfere with our legislation.

Helen Szamuely

Demonstrable Failures

In the Sudan 1.5 million people have lost their lives in the past twenty one years in a war over oil and religion. The Arab Muslim government of the north attempted forcibly to convert the Christian and Animist population of the south to Sharia law and at the same time seize its huge oil deposits. A peace treaty of sorts was signed in 2005, but in the province of Darfur in the west fighting has continued. Here the war is not about religion or oil, but race. An Arab militia supported by the Sudanese government is trying to drive the majority African population off the small amount of fertile land available. Tens of thousands have been killed and two million people driven from their homes. The government, which lends help to the Arab militia by bombing the African population in advance of attacks, does so because of the black population's support for the Christian south during the recent civil war.

Attempts to stop the genocide have been futile and weak and media commentary in the West mealy mouthed. There have been marches and demonstrations, but certainly not on the scale the problem deserves, and they soon petered out. It is as if having discovered Belsen and Buchenwald, there were some demonstrations then the matter was dropped from the news.

This is in contrast to the furore provoked in 1998 when the US attacked a pharmaceutical factory in Sudan, killing a single night watchman. The world was outraged and media coverage immense. This follows the principle of 'my enemy's enemy is my friend'. For liberals the enemy is the United States and its rise a version of the Garden of Eden and the Fall. America is an Adam who, tempted by the serpent of capital, has taken a bite of the apple of wealth and as a result, instead of seeing poverty all around, bites off more and more. If there is an Eve to America's Adam, it is Britain. Therefore anybody who opposes the United States, however repellent their views, should be supported or given the benefit of silence. Thus liberals treat fundamentalist Muslims sympathetically even though the latter are totally opposed to many hard fought for western liberties such as equal rights for women or the legalisation of homosexuality. Such repressive views are glossed over on the grounds that it is better to bring the House of the West down, walls and all, than to worry about the welfare of its inhabitants or its furniture.

This explains the silence over the twenty-one year war between the north and the south of Sudan which set the stage for the present killings in Darfur. The reason is that the perpetrators are fundamentalist Muslims whom liberals instinctively hesitate to condemn, (while predictably never ceasing to accuse the Americans of invading Iraq for oil and imposing their culture on the Middle East). Perhaps it is because the Muslim crusaders' opponents in the south are Christians, a word that sticks in the craw of western liberals. Christianity is the mother of western society, and although now in an ideological old people's home and demented, is still hated for its success in bringing about the ordered, law abiding world we live in. Thus by a shifty silence the impoverished natives of a far away country we know nothing of will continue to die.

Myles Harris

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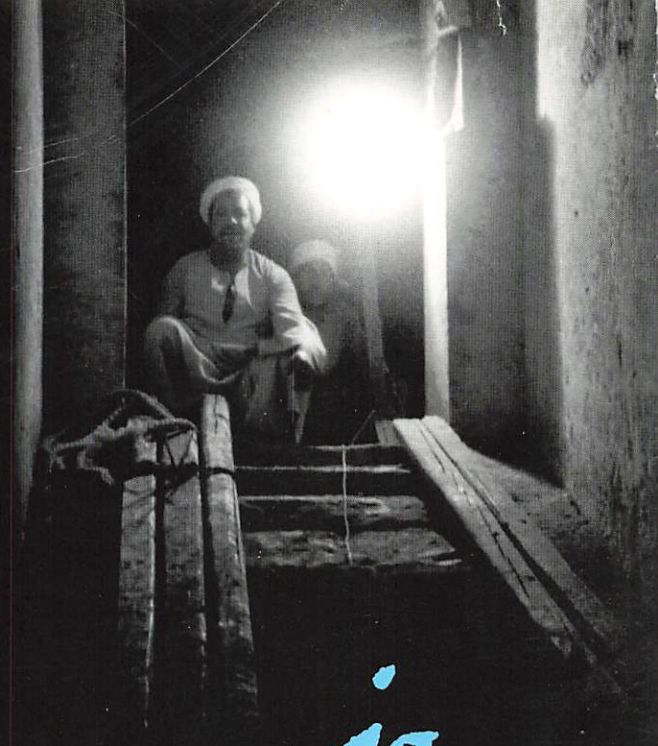
Jonathan Tokeley

Rescuing the Past

The Cultural Heritage Crusade

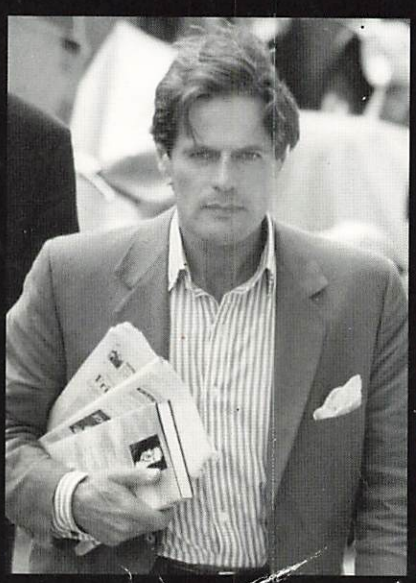


"a challenge to all those who believe that the treasures of Egypt are safe in the hands of officialdom" **Roger Scruton**

Jonathan Tokeley, *Rescuing the Past: The Cultural Heritage Crusade*
374 pp., April 2006, 1-84540-019-4 (cloth), ~~£25.00 / $49.90~~. **£20.00**

The author was contentiously convicted of 'smuggling' Egyptian antiquities in a landmark trial — one of a series which had devastating consequences for the antiquities market. The court verdict endorsed the claims of the *Cultural Heritage Crusade* that 'source countries' have an indefeasible right to ancient artefacts found in their soil. And past acquisitions, like the Elgin Marbles, should be returned. Archaeologists widely accept this, and also the need for government 'prohibitions' to prevent the looting of the sites.

But this makes Antiquity a plaything of the modern humbug — of national vanity, of anti-western dogma, of political correctness, and the academic's disdain for the very idea of profit. None of which will prevent the looting. The *Cultural Heritage Crusade*, in short, is not an answer to the problem. It may actually *be* the problem. This book is both a philosophical analysis and a demonstration — in one country, Egypt — of its horrific consequences.



Jonathan Tokeley read biology and then philosophy at Sidney Sussex, Cambridge. He worked on his PhD (in philosophical ethics) at UCL, and then trained himself as a restorer of antiquities. He is currently writing a book about art forgery.

"Jonathan Tokeley writes with verve and conviction, deploying philosophical analysis, historical knowledge, and personal experience. I doubt that anyone reading this book would not have their minds changed. . . " **Professor John Haldane FRSE**, Director, Centre for Ethics, Philosophy and Public Affairs, University of St Andrews

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