Summer 2007
Vol. 25 No. 4

The Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought

The 3rd Marquess of Salisbury, 1830-1903

Scotland and England
Vivian Linacre

The Future of Japan
Christie Davies

Alexis de Tocqueville
Kenneth Minogue

Death of a Dissident
Boris Volodarsky

Eurabian Nights
Srdja Trifkovic

Cyprus
Penelope Tremayne

£4.99 ISSN 0265-4881
0 2 6 5 4 8 8 1

CONTENTS

Articles

4 **How to Kill a Dissident**
Boris Volodarsky
6 **Continuing 'An Auld Sang'**
Vivian Linacre
8 **The Case of Politics v Law**
Richard Packer
10 **Understanding China's Ambitions**
David Webb
12 **The Future of Japan**
Christie Davies
14 **Recognising De Facto Sovereignty**
Chad Nagle
17 **Evolution, God and Hayek**
Patricia Lança
20 **Eurabian Nights**
Srdja Trifkovic
23 **Thailand's Latest Coup**
Mervyn Matthews
25 **The Bartered Bride**
Penelope Tremayne
27 **Dickens and Orwell**
Helen Szamuely
29 **Never Had it so Good?**
Hadrian Wise
31 **Conservative Classic — 26**
The Political History of England
32 **Reputations — 17**
Pierre Dugua de Mons
34 **Eternal Life**
Peter Mullen
34 **Roy Kerridge**
36 **LETTERS**

Book Reviews

37 **Ken Minogue**
on de Tocqueville
39 **Christie Davies**
on Race and Evolution
41 **John Jolliffe**
on the Napoleonic Wars
42 **Jeremy Worman**
on Robert Southey
43 **Frank Ellis**
on Iraq
45 **A W Purdue**
on The Trevelyans
47 **David Edelsten**
on Thomas Bewick
48 **John Michell**
on Utopias
49 **Angela Ellis-Jones**
on the Idea of Law
50 **Maxwell Goss**
on American Conservatives
51 **Alexander Story**
on Andrew Roberts
52 **Martin Dewhirst**
on Russian Terror
54 **Marc Sidwell**
on the *Last King of Scotland*
55 **Drawing**
Andrew Lambirth
57 **IN SHORT**
59 **Demonstrable Failures**
Myles Harris

The Good Old Days?

I read Patricia Morgan's article 'Ethnic Cleansing in East London' with great interest and sadness, not least because her reportage reflects what is really happening on the ground. There is, however, some danger that we might look back on pre-'multicultural' Britain as a golden age of harmony and even well-being. It was nothing of the sort.

I am old enough to remember the last years of the thirties, and the early forties, when I lived in two 'respectable' working-class districts in Swansea. As a boy I never saw a Negro or a turbaned Indian, and the only Chinese man in sight ran a small laundry. His son, of oriental mien, was affectionately known as 'Chinky'. Families lived close to one another, and society was all-white, European, and very cohesive, but there were many less agreeable aspects of life: At home we had one water tap with lead piping in the back yard, and hot water could be obtained only by boiling kettles on the kitchen fire. Our zinc bath took up no room because it hung on a nail outside. A bathroom was way beyond anyone's wildest dreams. My father, who loaded coal on to ships, came home black, washed in the zinc bath, and had one week's respite a year.

Some houses like our own still had no electricity, and the kitchen/living room was lit by a gas mantle. I remember the hiss and slightly wavery light it exuded. There was a penny gas meter in the parlour. On most mornings throughout the year a coal fire had to be lit in the grate, amid wreaths of smoke, and fed every hour. So you were always carrying coal. Damp in the walls did not matter, because there was nothing you could do about it; draughts abounded and double glazing was unknown. No one in the street had a telephone, a television set, or a fridge. Our gramophone, which played 78 rpm records, was mechanical and wound by hand. No one could dream of having a car or holidays abroad. There was no plastic, only wood, metal, rubber, or 'bakelite'. Steam haulage was much in evidence, and a few steam lorries still puffed along the roads, with a stoker and a driver in the cab.

Where there was no electricity, wirelesses were powered by glass accumulators which had to be recharged periodically. The lavatory was at the bottom of the garden, and approached at night with a torch or candle. Being 'respectable', we always had enough to eat, but much of our food was highly seasonal. The arrival of 'new' potatoes was eagerly awaited. Rigid class distinctions were usual: it was definitely 'them' and 'us'. In 1947 I was the first boy in the entire street, let alone in my family, to go to a university. I got my Highers (A-levels) and was awarded a local council grant which was a consequence of Labour Party policy. Working class boys knew they had no hope of a commission in the services because they spoke with an unacceptable Welsh accent.

I am not complaining because the British working class was (in comparison with people in the third world) quite well off. Despite the grievous damage inflicted on our society by successive governments, not least the Blair crew; despite the regrettable social dependency now fostered, and the tensions with Moslems and the coloureds; despite the numbing taxation and loss of personal freedom (in London now you cannot even trim your own tree without council permission) — despite all of this, I would prefer the Britain of 2007 to that of 1937.

Mervyn Matthews

The Salisbury Review

Managing Editor Merrie Cave
Consulting Editors Roger Scruton
Lord Charles Cecil
Sir Richard Body
Myles Harris
Literary Editor Ian Crowther

33 Canonbury Park South, London N1 2JW
Tel: 020 7226 7791 Fax: 020 7354 0383
E-mail: info@salisburyreview.co.uk

Web site: http://www.salisburyreview.co.uk

Conservatism is rooted in the love of one's own culture, traditions and inherited way of life. Conservatives have little wish to impose 'universal' secular values and ideals, such as democracy or rights, on others using military force. They accept, within very broad limits, the wish of countries that do not threaten us to stay as they are and to take a proper pride in their own achievements. Both David Webb's *Understanding China's Ambitions* and Christie Davies' *An Open Letter to the Japanese People* are an expression of this conservative tolerance. Our concern is to defend our own, and to retain what we value, if necessary fiercely and in disdain of any objections from hand-wringing liberals. Srdja Trifkovic's warning of the cultural and demographic threat posed to Europe by unchecked Muslim immigration coupled with the Muslims' arrogant unwillingness to integrate and Boris Volodarsky's account of the murders carried out on British territory by Russian agents indicate why we need to be resolute and unyielding in the face of alien penetration. There can be no room for liberal doubts, guilt and feebleness when our national and cultural integrity is at stake.

Wisdom consists in knowing accurately when we are threatened and equally when we are not. Frank Ellis' review of *FIASCO,* in which he speaks of Tony Blair's 'disgraceful disregard for British interests, intellectual incompetence and moral cowardice' in taking Britain into the Iraq war, demonstrates how important this wisdom is. In the future pre-emption may well be necessary to defend our country, indeed to defend the West, against a real military or terrorist threat, whether Socialist or Islamic, but the grotesque failure in Iraq means that it will be less easy to carry it out.

It is in this mood that we should look at the articles by Chad Nagle on ethnic tensions and secessions in the former Soviet Union, by Mervyn Matthews on Thailand and Penelope Tremayne on Cyprus. They leave us much better informed. Conservatives are by temperament and conviction disinclined to rush in, to protest or to splutter in the name of 'justice' when faced with foreign problems; this instinct is reinforced by the enhanced understanding these authors have given us of current complexities and their historical origins. The same may be said of J F Bosher's article on *Pierre Dugua de Mons* and the true but concealed role of this Huguenot's founding of the first French settlements in North America and Vivian Linacre's *Continuing 'An Auld Sang'* on the origins of the Union between England and Scotland. They underline the point that present day tensions and rumblings can only be understood if the historical dimension is taken into account.

Rather, we should be paying more attention to the threats from within, as Richard Packer has shrewdly pointed out, from the way in which the Human Rights Act has allowed judges to make decisions which are properly the prerogative of politicians. In a democracy politicians are answerable to the people and it is intolerable that the people's wishes on matters such as terrorism, crime and immigration should be overridden by unaccountable judges, whose decisions, however outrageous, can no longer be amended by the later enacting of new legislation. It is time not only to scrap those parts of the British Act that most frustrate us but also to derogate from the corresponding clauses in the original Convention. The European Convention on Human Rights as interpreted in Strasburg has mutated into something far more meddlesome than we expected or should now be willing to tolerate. It is time to say no. Our fear of the law should be reinforced by Angela Ellis-Jones' review of Shirley Letwin's *The History of Law*, indicating that the courts were, anyway, moving away from an approach to law that upheld traditional morality to one that aggressively promoted and enforced 'equality'. Yet, even if power were handed back to the politicians, they too would only use it forcibly to equalise citizen and alien, the loyal and the disloyal, the criminal and the blameless, the industrious and the feckless.

How to Kill a Dissident — Part II

Boris Volodarsky

(Boris Volodarsky is a former Soviet intelligence officer and an expert on special operations. As he explains: 'I have described the [Litvinenko] operation based on my personal experience as a former special operations officer of Soviet military intelligence and an academic whose topic of study is the history of Soviet foreign intelligence. The story below is based on the operational logic but not on the actual files.' This is a continuation of Mr Volodarsky's article published in the last issue of the Salisbury Review. Ed.)

By the time Alexander Litvinenko met Mario Scaramella at Itsu, part three of the operation had already been put into action. Actually, part three is a cover-up plan that includes several activities.

The sensational declaration of the London University College Hospital representative, just hours before Litvinenko's death, that no poison was found in his body and therefore the doctors could not speak about any deliberate poisoning in this case reminded me of a perfectly staged campaign in Vienna when future Ukrainian president Victor Yushchenko had been poisoned by dioxin. Dr Lothar Wicke (a pensioner and a former X-ray specialist, who had nothing to do with Mr Yushchenko's treatment), representing the Rudolfinerhaus private hospital, also did his best to spread the version that no poisoning had ever taken place in the Ukrainian patient's case. It might be interesting to compare the scripts of the texts that the two doctors were reading out. At least one of them was carefully compiled by the Euro RSCG advertising agency in Paris.

Though it is almost certain that the Pine Bar of the Millennium Hotel had been selected as the scene for Plan B (an auxiliary operation in a slightly different location and with a somewhat different group of participants should Plan A go wrong), the place could be only a second choice venue. First of all, there is a big CCTV camera in the upper left-hand corner of the hotel lobby focused on the entrance. In addition, there are two cameras in the bar itself that are switched on all the time. All this was well known to those who worked on the operational plan.

The Metropolitan Police was already investigating the Millennium Hotel and its surroundings on 16th November while Alexander Litvinenko was still alive and could be interviewed. It is interesting that on this very day officers learned that the CCTV footage of some cameras outside the building had, as usual, been kept for only two weeks and was then deleted, so no information about the events of November 1 — that is, strangers going in and out of the hotel's front and service doors — could be obtained. If a hard-working, thorough officer of the SVR London station were involved in the planning, of which there can be little doubt, he would also have found out such an important detail.

When Litvinenko appeared in the Pine Bar at 16:30, one-and-a-half hours after his meeting with Scaramella, Lugovoy and Kovtun were already celebrating. Their bill showed that several gin-and-tonics and some other alcohol had been consumed. Later Sasha remembered that there was a cup of green tea already on the table when he arrived. To me, that also indicates that the operation was prepared but abandoned, so the useless cold tea was just left on the table unattended. By the way, Litvinenko drank some of it, too.

The whole meeting, which in itself made little sense, took about 25 minutes. Then Litvinenko started to leave. The CCTV cameras should have recorded him greeting Sokolenko, Lugovoy's wife and their 8-year-old son before his departure. Most likely, he went down South Audley Street in the direction of Piccadilly, stopping at No 7, Down Street, the familiar Mayfair office of Boris Berezovsky. From here he called Akhmed Zakaev and asked him for a lift, as they were neighbours.

According to the initial plan, the whole company of 'football fans' went to the Arsenal Emirates stadium to watch the game, again leaving multiple radioactive traces on their seats. By this time the murderer would have left England on a new set of identity papers. The standard practice would be to take a ferry from Harwich to Esbjerg, Denmark, and from there to Sweden, Finland and Russia. On the last part of the journey he could have used Russian or Finnish papers. As Finland is considered to be friendly territory well penetrated by Russian agents who are controlled by an impressive group of at least 65 intelligence officers, he could even have used a plane to fly to Moscow.

The well thought out and well prepared programme of active diversion and cover-up started as soon as Alexander Litvinenko's death was officially announced on November 24. On that day Yegor Gaidar, former

acting Russian prime minister, was poisoned during his visit to Dublin.

'Doctors don't see a natural reason for the poisoning and they have not been able to detect any natural substance known to them in Mr Gaidar's body', said his spokesman. 'So obviously we're talking about poisoning, [and] it was not natural poisoning.'

There is little doubt that Gaidar was used as a pawn just to divert initial attention from Litvinenko. Obviously, no one was going to kill him, but I well remember the *Evening Standard*'s huge headline on the front page: 'New Russian Poison Victim', which brought additional mystery to the case. This did not last long, as the former PM was not poisoned to die, as Anna Politkovskaya was almost certainly not poisoned to die in 2004.

The parallel between the two most recent poisonings — that of the Ukrainian presidential candidate Yushchenko in September 2004 in Kiev and of the British citizen Litvinenko in November 2006 in London may help us to realise that the PR campaign developed according to 'instructions from the Centre'. During the year 2005 two Austrian MPs (Nationalrat, SPÖ) attacked Mr Yushchenko's personal doctor in Vienna, asking 'on what basis a former Ukrainian physician like Mr Korpan was given Austrian citizenship and who authorized his title?' In November 2006 the atmosphere in the Commons in London was fortunately quite different, in spite of the fact that Conservative MP Mark Field wanted to know 'on what basis a former senior KGB officer' like Mr Litvinenko 'was given asylum in this country' and asked: 'Should we not now give serious consideration to ensuring that people who come to this country and intend to become political agitators against other sovereign states are not allowed to stay?'

During those days leading British papers came out with the title 'Moscow points blame at billionaire exile Boris Berezovsky'. That was another predictable development, which demonstrated that the Kremlin had been fully briefed about the London poisoning in advance. Now President Putin's staunch public spokesman and a reserve SVR officer, Dmitry Peskov, was personally taking part in the cover-up operation. He would remain actively engaged for a long time.

As the Berezovsky story was so obviously absurd, the accusations could not have gone on for long. The Russian procurator general now proclaimed another enemy of Moscow, also living in exile, Leonid Nevzlin, to be the culprit. Russian officials asserted that 'in a day or two' they would produce documentary proof that Nevzlin personally had given orders to kill Litvinenko. As no such proof had ever existed and to forge it would have been too dangerous, the topic was soon dropped.

The longest post-operational campaign was the Russian threat to send investigators to London and the demand to let them interrogate more than 100 exiles living there. I believe it was not planned in advance and only came up when it became clear that both Lugovoy and Kovtun were rather seriously contaminated. They had been leaving high-grade traces of polonium-210 since October 16 — two weeks before Litvinenko's poisoning, which was rather difficult to explain. So the SVR strategists came up with the idea that perhaps 'two Russian business associates of Litvinenko' had become victims of the poisoning attempt themselves. Even the BBC Panorama programme, broadcast on January 22, 2007, for which I was the chief consultant, was hurriedly and radically changed during the last post-production week to suggest that perhaps there had been several assassination attempts starting on October 16. One could only guess who advised the BBC producers not to include filmed interviews with such important witnesses as Walter Litvinenko, Maxim Litvinenko, Akhmed Zakaev, Alex Goldfarb, David Kudykov, as well as Oleg Gordievsky, Vladimir Bukovsky, Oleg Kalugin, Nikolai Khokhlov and Martin Dewhirst, but instead to allow the Kremlin's voice, Peskov, appear on camera for as long as he wished, accusing Litvinenko's widow of being a liar in a most disgusting way. Some time later, an FSB collaborator and new Russian propaganda celebrity, Nikita Chekulin, who for two years had pretended to be the Litvinenkos' friend, cynically accused Marina Litvinenko of killing her own husband.

The British team that visited Moscow before Christmas consisted of experienced officers of the new SO15 unit made up of representatives of the Anti-Terrorist Squad and Scotland Yard's Special Branch. And in spite of the many obstacles they had to face, they managed to interview many key witnesses like Lugovoy and Kovtun at length in their sick beds. They also had time to interview Sokolenko and Lugovoy's wife for several hours. One should not doubt the high professionalism of those who went to Russia to investigate this top priority case. They knew very well where to look for the killer.

Located in the south Moscow suburb of Yasenevo just off the Ring Road, there is an impressive complex of the 'Scientific Centre of Strategic Studies', better known to specialists as the SVR (Foreign Intelligence Service) of Russia. Those who work there call it 'the Forest'. Directorate S that handles 'illegals' occupies several floors of the main twenty-two-storey building. A tour of the nineteenth floor would reveal many interesting things, but especially Department 8, whose officers do nothing but train themselves for carrying out assassinations, terror attacks, acts of sabotage

and subversion using all kinds of weapons, including toxic, radioactive and biological agents outside Russian territory, but especially in the United States and other members of NATO. I am pretty sure that the officer who returned from London after the successful 'liquidation' of Alexander Litvinenko occupies one of the offices of Department 8. He has almost certainly secretly received the Hero of Russia golden medal for this operation.

He is a man without a name. To interview him will never be possible.

Boris Volodarsky is a former Soviet Military Intelligence Officer

Continuing 'An Auld Sang'

Vivian Linacre

By the Treaty of Union (1 May 1707) Scotland became attached to England — or, as many would insist, was annexed by her. For it was an 'incorporating' rather than a federal union. Scotland lost her unicameral Edinburgh parliament of 247 members — embracing nobility, shires and burghs — in return for the right to send a total of 61 representatives to Westminster. Yet this was still a semi-autonomous compromise, for Scotland retained her own legal, educational and local government systems as well as her Kirk and ministers in the new government of Great Britain. The two nations were joined but not integrated, combined but not merged, bound but not blended. Perhaps that is why they are now apparently coming unstuck.

Scotland could hardly complain, being allocated one tenth of the seats in the Commons whereas England would contribute 35 times as much revenue to the new Treasury, and while one pound sterling was worth twelve pounds Scots. Indeed, it was a one-sided negotiation, since Scotland was the poorest independent country in Europe, her people starving in many parts after the 'seven ill years' of 1697 to 1703, the economy shattered by the Darien disaster of 1698, her export trade with the Continent and with the English colonies in America throttled by the Royal Navy's enforcement of the Navigation Acts, the country facing renewed violence in consequence of the Revolutionary Settlement of 1688 and the Highlands restless following the Glencoe massacre of 1692.

Scotland had become disillusioned with William of Orange, realizing that his motive in accepting the invitation to usurp James VII and II was to exploit both England's and Scotland's economic resources, and especially Scotland's military man-power, in order to pursue his financially ruinous war (1689-97) against Louis XIV. Even worse, 1701 saw the start of the 'War of the Spanish Succession', once again between the Grand Alliance and France, inflicting yet more damage to commerce. In that same year King James died, whereupon Louis promptly recognized his 13 years-old son as King James VIII and III, and England urgently passed the Act of Settlement (before William died in 1702), overruling all hereditary rights of the House of Stuart. Both England and Scotland desperately needed stability and security.

England's priorities were to protect the Protestant supremacy and to destroy the 'Auld Alliance' between France and Scotland — in face of the danger that an impoverished Scotland might be vulnerable to bribery by the French to accept their candidate for the British succession — in order to concentrate on expansion of trade and colonies overseas. Scotland's preoccupations were peace and prosperity and protection of the Kirk. But the death of William and succession by Queen Anne — last of the protestant Stuarts — plunged both countries into even deeper crisis.

As a pre-emptive strike, Scotland passed an Act of Security in 1703, reasserting the right to choose her own monarchs, but thereby raising the spectre of a separate Scottish settlement of the crown upon the Stuart line at Anne's death. England retaliated with an Aliens Act in February 1705, suspending Scottish exports to England of cattle, linen and coal and providing for expulsion of all non-naturalized Scots from England unless negotiations for a Treaty of Union were under way by Christmas Day. This provoked such outrage that in November the new Whig government softened its terms. But the momentum of union was by now irresistible. Commissioners were appointed by each side to hammer out an agreement, but all were chosen by the Queen's advisers which saved a great deal of time and trouble.

It also helped that almost £400,000 (multiply by say 80 in today's money) was offered to compensate Scotland for taking on a proportion of England's National Debt. It helped even more that promises of favours, sinecures, preferments, pensions and straightforward cash bribes

were allegedly made in return for Scottish support, although the extent of corruption remains fiercely controversial, as does the purpose of sums given to the three chief Scottish pro-Union campaigners: £12,000 to John Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry (the Queen's Commissioner), £1,200 to Lord Marchmont (Scots Lord Chancellor) and a life pension of £1,200 to the Earl of Glasgow. Compensation to many victims of the Darien catastrophe in a special Article must have helped to clinch the deal. The loudest complaints of graft came from those who claimed to have been made promises that were not kept!

The English negotiators presented the case as an issue of free trade, to bait the hook — leaving the question of Scotland's sacrifice of sovereignty until the final stages. (Shades of Edward Heath!) 'It's the economy, stupid!' might have been the Scottish maxim. Besides, as James Johnstone, Lord Justice Clerk, pointed out: 'As for giving up the legislative power, we had none to give up... For the true state of the matter was, whether Scotland should subject to an English ministry without [the privilege of trade] or be subject to an English Parliament with trade.' He had also confessed to his friend, the philosopher John Locke, his lack of money, 'which I need more than I thought I should do [or else] my house should fall'; while Daniel Defoe, a government spy, reported to Lord Harley, one of the Queen's Ministers: 'In short, money will do anything here.'

From England's point of view, it was always virtually *fait accompli*. On 6 March 1707 the Act of Union was merely one of eight statutes to receive Royal Assent. The English simply wanted it done and got out of the way. As the Queen declared from the throne: 'I consider this Union as a matter of the greatest importance to the wealth, strength and safety of the whole island and at the same time a work of so much difficulty and nicety in its own nature that till now all attempts... towards it in the course of above a hundred years have proved ineffectual.' But in Scotland, riots broke out and parliamentary debates raged for over two months on each of the twenty-five Articles.

The conflict between constitutional and commercial considerations is reflected in the debates on Article I — the simple proposition of a political union — which was carried by only 32 votes, and Article IV, dealing with free trade and navigation, which sailed through by 156 votes to 19. By the time the key issue arose of abolishing themselves as a Scottish parliament under Article XXII (withheld until the anteprepenultimate), they were near exhaustion. It was eventually passed by just forty votes. Then the Bill as a whole was finally approved by a similar margin, 110 to 69, but only thanks to magnificent advocacy by John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Secretary of State — he who had been chiefly responsible for the Glencoe Massacre — who went home after this oratorical triumph and died that night in bed. His champions proclaimed, 'The Union shall perpetuate his name as long as there's an ear or mouth in fame!' — but his enemies' epitaph was 'Stay, passenger, but shed no tear / A Pontius Pilate lieth here'.

When the Treaty came into force, John Erskine, Earl of Mar, who had succeeded Stair as Secretary of State (but received no patronage and, snubbed by King George, took revenge by leading the 1715 Jacobite Rebellion in support of James the 'Old Pretender', with whom thereafter he had to flee to France), quoted a friend: 'The tune of our musick bells this day / Why should I be sad on my wedding day?'

The Kirk's General Assembly had been persuaded that, if the treaty of Union failed then, upon the death of Anne, Scotland could be saddled with a Catholic King, which was a very strong possibility — witness the 1715 and 1745 Jacobite Risings, even despite the Union and despite the Hanoverian succession — whereas acceptance of an Episcopalian monarch in London would ensure preservation of the Kirk's control over doctrine and discipline. This was a plausible compromise. But the swift imposition of Anglican liturgy and abolition of the Scottish Privy Council caused deep disillusionment. Dean Swift called the Union 'a ship of state with a double-bottomed hull', but it might still founder.

The Union undoubtedly paid handsome early dividends. Marlborough's victories, aided by peace at home, brought the war to a successful end with the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, guaranteeing international recognition for the Hanoverian regime. Scottish society and the economy adjusted (painfully at first) to the enormous dual benefit conferred by a strong state that conferred security with an efficient administration yet nevertheless largely ignored the Northern junior partner, leaving it free to develop a rapidly booming private sector based on *laissez-faire* as well as cultivate intellectual and scientific interests.

The Scottish Enlightenment, which could never have arisen under the former, parochial, repressive establishment, created the modern world. This ferment pioneered the study of philosophy (David Hume and Thomas Reid), moral philosophy and sociology (Lord Kames and Frances Hutcheson), astronomy (James Ferguson), geology (James Hutton), chemistry (Joseph Black) and economics (Adam Smith). As David Hume himself remarked in 1757: 'Is it not strange that at a time when we have lost our Princes, our Parliaments, our independent government... we should really be the people most distinguished for Literature in Europe?'

Not really strange, for they had at last got government off their backs. And Dugald Stewart referred to 'the sudden burst of genius, which to a foreigner must seem have sprung up in this country by a sort of enchantment, soon after the Rebellion of 1745'.

A week after the Act of Union, a Glasgow-owned ship made its maiden voyage of seven weeks to the tobacco landings on Chesapeake Bay. By 1758 — the year after Robert Clive conquered India and the year before James Wolfe captured Quebec — over 1,000 tons of tobacco was unloaded annually at Port Glasgow. By 1771 almost half of all American tobacco was in Scottish hands. By then, too, Glasgow boasted fourteen booksellers, in a city with a population of less than 40,000. By 1790 more than half of all students enrolled at Glasgow University were sons of 'industry and commerce', compared with less than 10 percent at Cambridge.

All this was achieved in a climate of minimal government — far away in London — and a climate free from chauvinism. The great inventors, thinkers and writers of the Enlightenment, the merchants and adventurers who expanded and pervaded the Empire, and so many of those who forged the agricultural and industrial revolutions, had two things in common: they were proud Scotsmen, certainly, and they had no truck with domestic politics.

What an extreme contrast with Scotland today, ground down by endless EU regulations, bloated bureaucracy at every level, repression of liberties, state control of universities and an ever-expanding political class whose sole concern is the acquisition of power and public money! Under these crippling conditions, neither a Second Enlightenment nor Scottish independence is feasible. Which is a tragic irony, because the mood of the country and the abysmal quality of domestic politics should present the SNP with a unique opportunity.

'Is it not strange that at a time when we have lost our Princes, our Parliaments, our independent government... we should really be the people most distinguished for Literature in Europe?' Not really strange, for they had at last got government off their backs.

When the Act of Union was signed, Lord Seafield sighed: 'Now there's an end of an auld sang.' He was mistaken. The England and Scotland 'brands' were retained throughout. 'Britishness' never really took hold: Gordon Brown has discovered it just as it reaches its 'sell-by' date. To the extent of any residual collective identity, we are UKish rather than British. The song of Scottish freedom was stifled or subdued for two centuries but never silenced, and has burst out loud again. Yet what difference would it make now if Westminster is eliminated from the chain of command? The traffic between Edinburgh and Brussels would soar, as would the Holyrood establishment and the public sector's share of GDP, while democracy and the economy slumped. Where is MacThatcher?

Vivian Linacre is a chartered surveyor

The Case of Politics v Law

Richard Packer

Why is the use of the Human Rights Act in the Courts giving rise to so much criticism? What are the lessons to be learnt? Is it, as some claim, that the vague phrasing of the Act has allowed the judiciary to reveal their own distinctive views for the first time? Is there a more fundamental problem?

While the personal inclinations of a section of the judiciary may have contributed to a few of the odd judgements which have attracted attention there is a more fundamental difficulty. This is that placing the Act on the statute book — and possibly continued UK adhesion to the relevant international Convention — has had the effect of replacing what ought properly to be political decisions by legal ones. What ought to be decided by the elected is being decided by the unelected. As one consequence the unpopularity of some decisions is being held against the latter while in reality the former are responsible — after all they put the Act on the statute book.

The Act places within UK law an international convention of the same name to which the UK has subscribed. The Convention was drawn up at the end of World War II in the knowledge that millions had recently been murdered on the authority of European governments. It is hardly surprising that it favours the rights of individuals at the expense of those of majorities. Unfortunately the vital problems of the present day are not those addressed by the Convention.

Hardly a week goes by without some new oddity emerging. One of the latest concerns is that photographs of escaped prisoners or persons wanted for questioning in crime investigations cannot be published because to do so would breach the 'human rights' of the persons involved. Another long-standing effect is that even terrorists and convicted violent criminals cannot be deported to their countries of origin if they might run the risk of torture there. Indeed many, probably most, of the present government's attempts to introduce measures to control immigration and asylum and to protect the public from terrorism have run into difficulty in the courts on human rights grounds. As decisions emerge from the courts which defy what most people regard as common sense, more try to leap on the bandwagon. In a current case a prisoner is suing about the refusal of the prison authorities to allow him use of artificial fertilisation techniques.

the Act is an example of the fashionable but false belief that the problems of life and politics can be reduced to simple propositions and that if these are satisfied everything will be wonderful.

These examples of matters where the outcome has depended on legal interpretations of the Act (and hence of the Convention) are matters on which all of us have views. Moreover the issues are not ones of expertise but of political preference. You do not need a legal degree, or indeed any degree, or special training to understand the issues. There is, therefore, no reason why policy on these matters cannot be decided in the normal way. When seeking election politicians should tell us which policies they would adopt if elected. We can then cast our vote accordingly. There is no benefit in approaching the matter indirectly via the interpretation of a general text. That only serves to confuse matters. Nor is there an advantage in involving lawyers eminent or otherwise. Eminent lawyers have no more right to decide government policy than the rest of us.

By way of illustration, persons standing for Parliament could be asked about the deportation of foreign offenders to countries which might practice torture. Some might favour an absolute prohibition on any deportations. Others would insist that the rights of the majority to be protected should be paramount and deportation should be the norm in cases where the person had been convicted of serious crimes and/ or posed a terrorist threat. There could be a healthy discussion and eventually a government would be elected which had a policy on the matter and vitally, about which they could be held to account.

There is a simple answer to the objection sometimes made that on some of the issues where the application of the Act is significant, action is constrained by international agreements. The correct approach is to establish the majority view of the public so that their government can negotiate in the light of those views.

Such a system would also have the advantage of honesty. All too often Ministers including the Prime Minister seek to distance themselves from unpopular judicial decisions based on an interpretation of the Act, but without doing anything to reverse them. Making Ministers properly accountable would be much healthier politically.

Of course the difficulties stemming from the use of the Act also reveal wider problems. One is the increasing importance (and self-importance) of lawyers who appear to believe that the greater their say in how society is organised the better. For them the adoption of the Act may seem to be an example of progress but most of us continue to believe that we would rather make our own decisions and would prefer to decline the kind offer of others to think for us.

Finally I suggest that the Act is an example of the fashionable but false belief that the problems of life and politics can be reduced to simple propositions and that if these are satisfied everything will be wonderful. In this way it is implicitly claimed the problems of judgement and balance which constitute a central element of politics — indeed of life itself — can be avoided. The obsession with targets is the most obvious manifestation of this tendency. The good health of neither individuals nor populations can be completely reduced to targets. New problems constantly arise which will not be covered by existing targets and it is impossible to avoid giving perverse incentives as recent experience of NHS targets demonstrates. Similarly, it is impossible to define for all time what is a reasonable defence against terrorism. This is because what is reasonable when the terrorist threat is negligible is different from what is reasonable when many plots are known to be active. Elected politicians must make such judgements and account for them to the electorate.

The effect of the Act has been to transfer responsibility for important matters from elected politicians to unelected lawyers. It has constrained the country's ability to react to emerging needs. All this was unwise and has served to alienate the public. The Act offers few if any offsetting benefits. The direction of the changes needed is obvious. The Act or at least those parts of it which make most difficulty should be repealed.

Sir Richard Packer is a company director

Understanding China's Ambitions

David Webb

China has one-fifth of the world's population. It can be daunting to try to analyse such a large country, and most Western comment on China merely scratches the surface — or worse, reflects the assumptions of the writer. Is China rapidly changing socially and politically as well as economically? Or is it fundamentally a conservative country? Does China have irredentist ambitions that threaten its neighbours and potentially other international partners? Or will the logic of economic interdependence see to it that the rise of China is good for both China and her trade partners? All of these arguments can be made reasonably intelligently. Interestingly, Chinese people regularly assume that foreign comment on China is of little value. Yet, it is most important that the outside world understands Chinese culture and makes assumptions about the likely economic and political future of the country.

Perhaps a Western conservative could make more sense of China than a Western liberal. Liberal analysis starts from the usual hobbyhorses of 'human rights' and 'democracy'. China is, quite obviously, not a democracy, and so one should explore popular attitudes towards the ruling Communist Party and try to 'predict' if, when or how the future democratic transition will take place. Certainly the public sphere in China has broadened remarkably in comparison with the Cultural Revolution decades. The state-owned press comprises many thousands of newspapers, which nowadays carry lively and sensationalist articles on modern China, albeit within certain broad parameters laid down by the government. In the more prosperous cities of the eastern seaboard, a good proportion of the population speaks English — all university students in China are required to take English along with their major subjects — and has reasonable access to information about the outside world. Alongside signs of more openness, there are reports of greater public willingness to protest in China, particularly in rural areas, where economic reform allows local party bosses to become rich by requisitioning peasants' land for commercial developments and embezzling the proceeds. Looked at in this way, the story seems to be whether or how fast China is edging towards political reform.

While many Chinese intellectuals do have a vague interest in democratic reform, the idealism of 1989 dissipated a long time ago. What other conclusion could you reach when Chinese citizens tell foreign pollsters — and Chinese people are nowadays free to say whatever they like to strangers standing in the street — that they regard China as a democratic country already? Most Chinese people are open about their dislike for the government — but this should not be over-interpreted either. Most governments are unpopular around the world, and China's president, Hu Jintao, is a national leader with a considerably greater sense of dignity and patriotism than our Tony Blair. If we are looking for democratic revolution, then we are looking for the wrong thing. Political reform is likely over the next couple of decades. But, as a conservative, it seems to me that the real story lies in the strong sense of patriotism — nationalism, even — that has characterized every Chinese person I have ever met. While Chinese people do not necessarily like the Communist Party, they do leap to their government's defence when criticized. Chinese people have an extraordinary sense of their country's culture and its place in the world that transcends mere politics, and puts our Western nations to shame.

What Chinese people resent is corruption and nepotism: but these are features of Chinese society. In ancient China, scholar-officials who claimed to govern by dint of their moral virtue faced the same pressures to accept gifts, give bribes and promote protégés. All Chinese people survive by depending on networks of friends and relatives and a complex system of mutual favours. In Chinese culture, resentment of officials amounts to nothing more than jealousy of those better placed to give and obtain favours. Ordinary people in China do not dream of a corruption-free society; rather they dream of getting the break that places themselves closer to the trough. There is no evidence whatsoever that democracy would bring this millennia-old feature of Chinese culture to a swift close: after all, democracy in the Philippines or Russia does not preclude nepotism or networks of influence either. However, Chinese officials, from the president down to county officials, are doing all the things that help China to become what the Chinese call a *fùqiáng guójiā*, 'a rich and powerful country'. Whereas British government officials have handed sovereignty over our country to international organizations, and are following policies to reduce the British people to a minority in their own country, Chinese officials are all patriots. Democracy or no democracy, this is not going to change.

The father of the Chinese nation, Sun Yat-sen, once described the Chinese people as a 'heap of loose sand', the raw material with which he aimed to forge a modern nation-state. Announcing the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949, Mao Tse-tung declared that 'the Chinese people had stood up', that a nation-state was being formed. Despite his cruel policies, the vast majority of the Chinese people revere Mao for successfully forging a nation-state, in much the same way that the cruel acts of the First Emperor, Qin Shihuang, in the third century BC are mitigated by reference to his role in uniting China. The Chinese middle class that Western liberals think will achieve the democratic transition has overwhelmingly accepted the version of history promoted by the Communist Party. There is a handful of intellectuals, noted in the West for their interest in democracy, but almost all university students in China are prepared to mouth the slogans of the ruling party. If there is any real pressure on the government, exerted by intellectuals and students in Internet forums, it is to be seen to be standing up for China even more than is currently the case.

Despite his cruel policies, the vast majority of the Chinese people revere Mao for successfully forging a nation-state, in much the same way that the cruel acts of the First Emperor, Qin Shihuang, in the third century BC are mitigated by reference to his role in uniting China.

Nearly all Chinese people claim to hate the Japanese with an extraordinary intensity. Japan is, despite recent years of stagnation, a stable and prosperous country that is rightly the envy of the Orient. It has always struck me as inappropriate to be told by everyone in China — from illiterate peasants to university students — how much they hate the former Japanese prime minister, Junichiro Koizumi. In 2005 Chinese students seemed to be let off the leash to go on the rampage in Chinese cities, protesting against Japan and destroying Japanese property. The issue constantly raised is a few Japanese history textbooks that attempt to obscure Japan's role in the Nanking massacre, when up to 300,000 people were killed. Few people in China seem aware that these textbooks are used by very few schools in Japan, or that Japan is a country where free discussion of history and politics is permitted. Given that China's achievements in the modern period are so much more threadbare than those of Japan, this is a display of impudence.

China's own misdeeds are obscured in every textbook and every television programme produced on the Chinese mainland. The number of people killed in China in the Mao period makes the Nanking massacre seem like a tea-party by comparison. These same students who are angry that some Japanese nationalists wish to gloss over the history of the 1930s fly into a rage if any parallel is drawn with China's behaviour in Tibet and other ethnic-minority regions. Although they must be aware that the Communist Party controls discussion of 'sensitive' topics within China, they appear convinced that Western reports of atrocities in Tibet are just Western propaganda by foreigners who do not really understand China. Clearly, China has a much greater problem with the discussion of history than Japan, and as it is China and not Japan that is the rising power in East Asia, other countries wonder what China's internal monolithic nationalistic discourse means for them. Interestingly, in China nationalism is not confined to the less educated. Unlike in countries like the UK, where pious indignation is directed towards 'cab-drivers' as the archeotypical ignorant patriots, the more educated Chinese are more likely to be vociferous nationalists. Fortunately, China's undemocratic political system keeps a lid on the nationalist temperature, which can always be stirred up by incidents such as the US bombing of the Chinese embassy in Belgrade.

In comparison with the Chinese, we have forgotten how to see history, culture and international politics from our own point of view, but instead our history has been mind-numbingly reduced to the themes of slavery and racism. Our Chinese counterparts refer to their own country as the 'Middle Kingdom' and are eager to overstate their contribution to the world. Chinese people, ironically reputed to be among the high-IQ races of the world, can be more than a little obtuse when confronted with facts of history that refute their official version. Is the fact that a Tang-dynasty emperor married a Tibetan princess really proof, as all Chinese appear to believe, that Tibet has always been part of China? Logically, is it not proof of the opposite? What about the Great Wall of China? Is it not proof that large parts of modern-day China north of the wall have only comparatively recently been incorporated into China? Yet the Chinese usually deny that there has ever been a single second in history when the Mongolians north of the wall were not Chinese. Surely educated Chinese are aware that Taiwan first came under Chinese control in the 1680s? These claims that the island has 'always' or 'for thousands of years' been part of China are strictly for the birds. Confronted with the truth about how Chinese extremists murdered Western children during the 1900 Boxer Rebellion, the Chinese generally deny that that happened and insist that the Boxer Rebellion was a fantastic patriotic movement. If we were a little bit more obtuse ourselves, we would never have permitted socialists to construct an unpatriotic discourse that harped on our misdeeds (taken out of context); but our

culture has been influenced by the Enlightenment, and we could never be ourselves by pretending to be idiots faced with unpalatable historical facts.

> ***While Chinese people do not necessarily like the Communist Party, they do leap to their government's defence when criticized. Chinese people have an extraordinary sense of their country's culture and its place in the world that transcends mere politics, and puts our Western nations to shame.***

China is in many ways a disgruntled power with little or nothing to be disgruntled about, its chief gripe being US and Japanese support for Taiwan. What about China's current economic reforms? Would they have been so successful had Hong Kong never been subject to British imperialism and Taiwan never been subject to the Japanese Empire? Without Hong Kong and Taiwanese investment, the reforms would have been much less successful. China is unique among the developing nations of the world in that since 1997 it has exercised sovereignty over a city that is one of the world's key financial centres. But Chinese people cannot bring themselves to admit that Japanese and British imperialism have played a positive role in China's development. Similarly, Chinese people seem unable to notice the favourable treatment that is extended to China by the Western powers under the pretext that China is likely to be the next superpower. Why should US spy planes be flying over China, they ask? They forget that Chinese spies managed to steal US nuclear secrets during Clinton's administration. China is unique among the developing countries in wielding a veto in the UN Security Council that is hardly commensurate with the country's military power, and China has also rather extraordinarily managed to enforce as a precondition for diplomatic relations with foreign countries recognition by those countries of Chinese sovereignty over Taiwan. China is in fact treated with kid gloves by the great powers. China has since the 1970s rejoined the world very much on its own terms — a function of our absurd obsession at the time with the Cold War against the Soviet Union — but to attempt to discuss any of these subjects with the mainland Chinese is like talking to a brick wall.

The Chinese government, by promoting a sense of the glory of Chinese culture, and by striving to develop the economy and attain great-power status, is doing the best that it can for the Chinese people. It would be inconceivable for Chinese people to face legal sanctions for expressing nationalist sentiments as in the West. The poor of the Third World are not invited to come to settle in prosperous Shanghai. Chineseness simply pervades China and unites government and people. Harping on the negative side of China is not seen as helpful. We are foolish enough to regard expressions of patriotism as the sort of thing that would spoil a family dinner. We have convinced ourselves that the exercise of geopolitical power for the sake of our own societies and economies is immoral; we apparently seek nothing more than the spread of democracy and prosperity throughout the developing world. The Chinese do not give a damn about democracy in the Sudan or women's rights in Mauritania. The Chinese care about China — and that is why they deserve to become world leaders and we deserve our current decline.

David Webb is living and working in China

An open letter to the Japanese people about the future of Japan

Most Japanese are by now aware that Japan is one of the very few countries in the world with a declining population because the death rate in Japan is higher than the birth rate. Many will rightly feel anxious that should this trend continue the unique Japanese people might one day disappear or at the very least be reduced to a negligible number. As an admirer of the distinctive Japanese artistic culture and of Japanese achievements, I share your concerns. At some point it will be necessary to take measures to boost the Japanese birth rate back to replacement level and to stabilise the size of the population.

There is not at this stage any reason for serious concern and it is particularly important to avoid the disastrous mistakes being made in other countries with a very low birth rate, notably in Europe.

A declining population is not, in and of itself, necessarily a source of difficulties and it can produce many benefits. It is only a problem if the decline is rapid and unchecked. The present decline in numbers

is partly the result of Japanese success. The Japanese have a high death rate because the country has one of the longest life expectancies in the world at about 82 years. A 65 year old Japanese woman can expect to live to be 88. One result of this is that the population has aged, so that Japan also has a relatively elderly population. In this respect Japan is merely ahead of the rest of the world. In time the population in all countries will age, as a result of better nutrition and improved health care, and the entire world will be elderly. To try to combat this by having a high birth rate, to increase the proportion of young people in the population is futile, since the world's resources are finite, particularly the area of its surface. The world's population will grow old and that it is how it is going to be. Japan has simply got there first, because it is the world's most advanced country.

A declining population may help to resolve what has always been the Japanese paradox: is an extremely rich and productive country but where the standard of living and quality of life of the ordinary citizen is less than one would expect from the incredible productivity of the Japanese economy. Japan is rich in goods, but poor in space. The bulk of the Japanese population is crammed into the narrow coastal corridor between Tokyo and Hiroshima, an even more extreme case than the south-east of England. It is not possible to disperse the population into the rest of Japan because of the mountains and the harsh climate of the far north. Most Japanese have to live in very small and over-crowded apartments; this is one reason for the dramatic fall in the birth rate; an extra child would mean intolerable over-crowding for the family. In backward countries with a fatalistic population and little command over modern contraception, people are willing to put up with over-crowding, even to the point where everyday life becomes sordid and oppressive. The Japanese by contrast have chosen to reduce their birth rate. The over-crowding in Japan is equally unpleasant when it comes to commuting, or gaining access to unspoiled countryside. Although you Japanese have evolved social mechanisms for dealing with crowded situations this does not mean that they cease to be unpleasing or that the quality of Japan would not be improved if there were fewer people.

A decline in the total size of the population might reduce the gross national product of Japan, but a better measure of a country's standard of living is its gross national product per capita and this would continue to rise. It is difficult to see what benefit the Japanese people gain by having a larger population and in consequence greater aggregate wealth. It might be an advantage to an aggressive power to have a large, young and growing population because this would provide cannon fodder for a war against a neighbouring people. This has no relevance to a country now as remarkably peace loving as Japan. Japan is one of the very few countries in the world to have renounced war. As an island state, Japan's defence relies upon sophisticated weaponry and on a network of alliances with other powers. It does not depend upon the ability to raise a large conscript army for foreign military adventures.

In other parts of the world, notably in Europe, fears of declining population have led to two disastrous policies: 'the way of immigration' and 'the way of the bastards'. Many European countries now have substantial immigrant populations, the cost of whose presence exceeds any possible benefits. Indeed we have recently seen the development of social tensions which could lead to serious violence. Yet at least in Europe a substantial part, though by no means all, of the immigrants will in time assimilate. They will become an invisible part of the country that they have joined, loyal to the state, speaking the same language and accepted by their neighbours. Such a possibility is not easily open to Japan. It is not easy to become a Japanese. Some few individuals manage it, but Japan has a single unitary culture in which individuals are woven together by bonds of mutual interdependence and owingness, by *giri*. Multiculturalism is impossible in the Japanese context. There is an inner contradiction in the very idea of multiculturalism. On a world scale multiculturalism is inevitable and valuable, but as part of this there has to remain a distinct and unique cultural entity called Japan. Were Japan to become multicultural the world would become less so.

The Japanese, along with other East Asian peoples, are more intelligent than the rest of the world, with an average IQ of 105 to 110 compared with Britain's 100, and much higher than that of the inhabitants of poor countries with very high birth rates, who are the ones who would try to emigrate to Japan. However much their children and grandchildren were given good opportunities to prosper, many of them would end up in a discontented lower class, disproportionately employed in menial jobs. Their men folk would turn to crime or to political radicalism. At present Japan has a very low crime rate because it is a homogenous law-abiding society; crime rates are lower than they were in the 1940's. No one gets mugged in Tokyo, raped in Osaka or burgled in Nagoya the way they are in London, the least safe city in Europe. You will want to keep it that way. Likewise you will not want the growth of left-wing parties in Japan that seek the immigrant vote by promising to dismantle Japanese tradition or to impose an oppressive equality on the Japanese, threatening that there will be violent conflicts if these are not introduced. Would Japanese democracy survive such tensions?

As even the great English radical individualist Herbert Spencer acknowledged that Japan's strength

lies in its people's strong sense of a collective identity. I have always been struck on my visits to Japan or working closely with Japanese colleagues how unself-consciously and expressively they will speak of 'we Japanese'. Sometimes when we are speaking of whales or Nanking or the half a million local Koreans, I wish you were less emphatic, more willing to back down, but then I remember how feeble, always apologising the spokesmen of my own people have become. Even we are unable to cope with our Muslim population, a sizeable minority of whom put their loyalty to the *ummah*, the transnational world of Islam, above their over-riding duty to the British, whose land they live in and whose citizenship they hold. How could Japan cope with a treason like that that?

In many Western countries a large proportion of children born are illegitimate. Japan is one of the very few advanced industrial countries where illegitimacy is less than it was sixty years ago. Given that the present low birth rate in Japan is connected with the tightly structured nature of the Japanese family system, many will be tempted to argue that Japanese women should be encouraged to have children out of wedlock especially if they are unable to marry at a young age. We can see from the experience of other countries that the consequences would be horrendous. High rates of illegitimacy in western countries have led to social breakdown and high rates of both violent and property crime. Once again Japan is the exception. Japan alone has safe cities. This is a vital part of the quality of life in Japan that must not be lost. In Japan more than in most countries both welfare and social control are family matters. It should stay that way.

There is one traditional and honourable Japanese institution that should be revived, that of the concubine, whereby a Japanese man of high rank or considerable wealth can have a secondary permanent female partner, who does not have the same standing or position as his wife, but whose children are a recognised part of the wider family unit. Unlike bastards these children reinforce rather than disrupt the hierarchical chains of family identity that are the core of Japanese social organisation. Men who could afford more children would have them, the pool of unaffiliated Japanese women in urban Japan would be diminished and the problem of prosperous childless couples circumvented. In this way too the ancestors would be properly honoured.

The present situation, where on average Japanese couples have only 1.25 children, could lead to disaster. It can only be remedied by a degree of return to Japanese ways and a concomitant withdrawal from the new imported hedonism and sexual equality. These weaknesses have irrevocably undermined European society as well as demography; they must not be allowed to destroy Japan in the same way. There must be a revival of the kinds of abstract obligations associated with *on*; whatever their own immediate inclinations, couples should marry, marry younger and have more children as a repayment of the incalculable debt they owe to their parents, ancestors and people for their very existence. Perhaps the Imperial family to whom this debt is also owed, even in these democratic times, should formally and officially recall young Japanese to their duty to reproduce for the greater good of Japan.

Christie Davies is the co-author of Esuniku Joku, *Tokyo, Kodansha, 2003*

Recognizing De Facto Sovereignty: a Two-Edged Sword

Chad Nagle

'If someone believes that Kosovo should be granted full independence as a state, then why should we deny it to the Abkhaz and the South Ossetians?' asked Russian President Vladimir Putin in September 2006. 'We know that Turkey, for instance, has recognized the Republic of Northern Cyprus. I don't want to say that Russia will immediately recognize Abkhazia or South Ossetia as independent, sovereign states, but such precedents do exist in international practice.'

Mr Putin's remarks address an issue that poses difficult questions about national sovereignty in the post-Cold War era, and that is the legal status of four *de facto* independent, internationally unrecognized republics in the former Soviet Union. The crisis may not be earth-shattering enough to precipitate another Treaty of Westphalia (East Timor achieved nation-statehood under international law and receded from the headlines quickly). But the status of the four ex-Soviet statelets — Nagorno-Karabakh (Azerbaijan), Transnistria (Moldova), Abkhazia and South Ossetia (Georgia) — is important to the fate of the region because, among other reasons, their continued

existence hampers plans of the European Union and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) to induct more countries once ruled from Moscow.

Predictably, the formal issue at stake in each case is local self-determination. Armenians fought Azeris in the late 1980s and early 1990s for control of the Armenian-populated autonomous district of Nagorno-Karabakh in western Azerbaijan, and conquered large swathes of territory around the district itself. After casualty estimates ranging into the tens of thousands, the regime in Baku claimed a million refugees from western Azerbaijan had settled on Azerbaijan's southern border with Iran as a result of the war. In Georgia, the first of two secessionist wars carved a tiny state called South Ossetia out of north-central Georgia on the border with Russia, after ethnic Ossetes demanded unification with North Ossetia (*ie* annexation by the Russian Federation). The second war in Georgia, over the western coastal province of Abkhazia, drove hundreds of thousands of refugees into Georgia proper, to live in Soviet-era hotels and makeshift housing. In Moldova, a sliver of territory east of the Dnestr River broke away from the new pro-Romanian state with help from the Russian 14th Army based there. The new state called itself the Pridnestrovian Moldavian Republic (PMR), and received the name 'Transnistria' from the West.

The Nagorno-Karabakh (NKR) regime's declaration of an independent republic was widely assumed to be a disguised first step toward the ultimate goal of unification with Armenia. As such, Baku has never entertained the slightest notion of recognition, and roughly twenty percent of its territory, as it appears in an atlas, remains controlled by Armenian forces. NKR has received economic benefits from the border its militarized buffer zone shares with both Armenia and Iran, and also from the affluent Armenian Diaspora, significant portions of which extend not only to Russia and France but also to America. Although no other state, including Armenia, has extended formal recognition to NKR as sovereign, Armenia has hosted a kind of diplomatic 'legation' in its capital, Yerevan. In the 1990s, foreign visitors to the statelet had to obtain a 'visa' there before proceeding on the six-hour road journey to Stepanakert, NKR's capital. The sticker for this republic of less than two hundred thousand people took up an entire passport page.

Post-Soviet Georgian governments have periodically tried to retake South Ossetia by force. The area had been a Soviet 'autonomous district' before 1991, when the new Georgian nationalist regime cancelled its autonomy in response to calls for unification with North Ossetia. In November 2006, without the participation of its Georgian-populated enclaves, South Ossetia's locally-staged referendum on independence from Georgia produced a result of 99 per cent in favor. In Abkhazia, the regime has called for an international legal status of 'free association' with Russia, similar to what the Pacific island chain of the Northern Marianas enjoys vis-à-vis the United States. The palm trees lining boulevards in Sukhumi and Saipan are probably the only other commonality between the two states, but Abkhazia's historical claim to nation-statehood is no weaker than that of, for example, the ex-Soviet Central Asian republics. In 1922, as a signatory to the treaty creating the USSR, Abkhazia was on an equal legal footing with all the other SSRs. Only in 1936, following the machinations of Stalin and Beria, was Abkhazia subordinated to Georgia, as an 'autonomous republic' within the Georgian SSR.

Transnistria is the legatee of an artificial construct set up by the Soviet régime in 1924, the Moldavian Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic (MASSR), inside Soviet Ukraine. The MASSR, much larger than today's Transnistria, was designed to foment pro-Soviet sentiment in Bessarabia (Moldova minus Transnistria) prior to its accession to the USSR under the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939. Unlike the other three unrecognized states, Transnistria has modeled itself along the lines of Soviet-style multi-ethnicity and pitted itself ideologically against Romanian-nationalist Moldova. Only forty per cent of Transnistria's inhabitants are ethnically Romanian, with another thirty per cent Russian and the remainder mostly Ukrainian. By contrast, the population of the Republic of Moldova, greatly reduced in the post-Soviet era after wide-scale impoverishment caused by the divided state, is mostly Romanian. Russian has been retained as the official language in Transnistria, and the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church remains the top cleric, while Moldova in the post-Soviet era has declared itself to be under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Romanian Patriarch.

The four unrecognized states owe their current status to Russia. Although the Kremlin has consistently refused to acknowledge them publicly as anything but illegitimate geopolitical entities, Russia has guaranteed their independence through the deployment of troops, either on the border or nearby. With the exception of Nagorno-Karabakh, these mini-rogue states rely principally on Russian largesse for survival. At different times, this has meant either extreme privation or a minimally-dignified subsistence level for the local populace, leading many to dismiss the statelets as corrupt, crime-ridden backwaters. Yet, while each could fairly be characterized this way, it is also true that corruption and crime have been the norm among recognized and unrecognized ex-Soviet states alike.

Furthermore, over the past decade and a half, each of these 'grey zone' republics has consolidated its own institutions of state and government. Each has a hosted a parliament, supreme judicial body and presidential apparatus, and each has enacted its own laws and reforms and staged its own polls. They are internally functioning states, remarkably peaceful and orderly by the standards of the region however absurd they may externally appear. The question remains, then, what will be the fate of these pockets of would-be statehood at the hands of the vaulted international community?

Talk of Kosovar independence has gained volume in the West since the beginning of 2006, generating a raft of formal legal issues for examination by international law experts. However, Kosovo appears to be a unilaterally American-driven concern (the tiny Serbian province is economically dominated by a large US military base), and so far it has not developed into much. Kosovo is not *de facto* governed from Belgrade as matters stand, but the art of legitimization after *de facto* reality is a formalism that requires *a priori* commonality of interests between all concerned parties (*eg* East Timor). Credible arguments for *de jure* independence for Abkhazia and company have fallen on deaf ears around the world even more than for Kosovo because the Russian government has not gone to bat for its illegitimate allies in any meaningful way. Why? Around the time Mr Putin made his comments, Russian economist Mikhail Delyagin, director of the Moscow-based Globalization Institute, was quoted in *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* as saying that recognition of breakaway regions would 'launch a real, not fictitious, reintegration of the post-Soviet space,' that the 'disintegration of the USSR turned us into a divided nation,' and that 'we should recognize ourselves as divided people moving toward reunion.' Delyagin speaks for a substantial popular constituency in the ex-USSR, undoubtedly, so why does the Russian government not push hard for international recognition of these pro-Russian statelets at the UN, with embassies and consulates for all?

In reality, the unrecognized states serve a practical purpose, one so glaringly obvious from Russia's perspective that it looks as if, in the late Gorbachev era, 'principled' figures in Moscow's security establishment had the foresight to predict the current state of affairs. NATO and the EU cannot induct Moldova or the Caucasus states as long as their borders are unsettled by universal agreement. The oil and gas pipelines may still deliver energy from Central Asia through Azerbaijan and Georgia to Western markets, but as long as Georgia and Azerbaijan are not members of a military-economic bloc juxtaposed to Russian military-economic power, Moscow cannot be cut out of any energy deals. Furthermore, for the Russian government, the unrecognized states are a two-edged sword. On the one hand, one would think Russia should receive ambassadors from these states because, after all, every country can use more allies, and a reconstituted Union would naturally be dominated by Russia. On the other hand, there is the question of precedent, as referred to by Mr Putin. Recognition would set a benchmark that could incite constituents of the vast federation to seek greater autonomy. Russia has already spent disproportionate manpower and resources bringing Chechnya back into the fold. Its timidity in standing up for PMR and its co-secessionists can be explained partly out of fear of a separatist Karelia.

The intractability of the ex-USSR's 'frozen conflicts' illustrates the Washingtonian maxim about the dangers of entangling alliances. It would probably help the economies of America and Britain if the Caucasus were wrenched out of the Russian orbit and it makes sense that both countries should have this as a foreign policy goal. But, fortunately, the survival of neither country depends on mutual defence pacts with Georgia, Azerbaijan and Moldova. The tragic mess surrounding these unresolved disputes also gives weight to the Jeffersonian adage about the People getting the government they deserve. Among the former Soviet Union's constituent republics, common legal systems, political cultures and history should have produced a harmonious union in the aftermath of the USSR. Instead, the Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS) has been characterized by mutual antipathy, as expressed between the government of Russia and 'revolutionary' regimes in Georgia and Ukraine. Corruption and pilfering from crooked privatization have been ubiquitous in the ex-USSR, and ex-Soviet politicians — Russian and non-Russian alike — have shown a tendency to drink tea together in the morning and accuse each other of murder in the afternoon. Americans and Britons trying to make sense of problems such as the unrecognized states may not possess sufficient cynicism for the task, but fortunately, in our case, common political and legal cultures have produced a 'special relationship'. Periodically reaffirmed by our leaders, this alliance is far more important than NATO or the EU. Whatever the fate of the West's supranational institutions in their push to move eastward, the alliance between countries governed by the English Common Law — with all the sensible precedents it contains — remains as critical today as it was in the days when Moscow was the capital of a global superpower.

Chad Nagle is an American lawyer who lives in Istanbul

Evolution, Hayek and Scientific Progress

Patricia Lança

Many liberals of all stripes persist even today in seeking justification for their beliefs in the concept of so-called Natural Law. As Friedrich Von Hayek pointed out it is a fruitless search and to understand how society really works requires looking in other directions. What he himself favoured was an evolutionary approach both to epistemology and cultural history. A firm opponent of scientism, he wrote an entire book, *The Counterrevolution of Science,* criticizing the mechanical use of scientific methods in the social sciences. Hayek was nevertheless a lifelong defender of the scientific method along the lines proposed by his friend Karl Popper. Hayek described the conclusions of a lifetime's study in his last great work *Law, Legislation and Liberty.*

Progress in science is often blocked by the absence of appropriate instruments. Think of astronomy without the telescope; navigation without sextant or compass; medicine without the microscope. In their turn the social sciences are handicapped by gaps in information from the natural sciences. If this is absent or faulty they, too, are blocked.

Rousseau was convinced when he wrote his *Discours sur l'origine de l'inégalité* in 1755 that he was producing a scientific work in the field of anthropology. Hobbes before him, while reaching different conclusions, was similarly convinced he was writing scientifically about man in the state of nature. Since classical antiquity philosophers, later followed by theologians, looked to 'Natural Law' for a guide to jurisprudence, ethics and politics. In the eighteenth century Rousseau and some of his contemporaries popularised the idea of the rights of man as being 'natural rights'. Through no fault of their own they were basing themselves on false premises regarding the origin of man and the age of the earth.

Even in the time of the Encyclopedists anyone brought up as a Christian accepted the Old Testament narrative while the Greeks and Asiatic civilizations had their own mythical explanations. So despite fleeting consideration by Augustine and then Aquinas of incipient evolutionary ideas, we had to wait for Wallace and Darwin in the nineteenth century for the door to be opened to a scientific explanation. It was only in the twentieth century, with new technology, that more soundly based knowledge was attained about the age of the earth and its various forms of life. The discovery of radioactive decay in organic matter and the invention of instruments for its measurement (radio-carbon dating) revealed astounding facts which illuminated and advanced palaeontology. With these tools research into the Pleistocene period provided solid indications that the human race, *Homo sapiens,* is immensely older than had been thought: that people physiologically like us roamed the earth as long as 150,000 to 250,000 years ago. Pre-history began to give up its secrets. Remains left by time, fossils and geological strata, could now be observed and dated with modern technology. In the last fifty years we have at last been able to pursue scientifically based revision of a whole swathe of assumptions. In consequence most of these have crumbled along with their philosophic extrapolations.

As always resistance to the new knowledge has proved stubborn. In recent years there has been a revival of hostility to Darwinism, perhaps related to the growing political strength of the Christian Right in the United States and the strident opposition to it of leading Left 'Liberals'. Recent polls in the USA show that half the population still believes the earth to be no more than 6,000 years old and the theory of evolution to be a wicked heresy. These beliefs are especially characteristic of members of protestant fundamentalist sects, some of whom even own and run universities and have members in federal and state government. The media report renewed disputes reaching the courts over how biology should be taught in schools, reminding us of the infamous Scopes trial of 1925 when a school-teacher was tried in court for teaching Darwinism in his biology classes.

Considering that some eminent researchers in palaeontology and genetics are themselves priests; it is perhaps not surprising to find that the Catholic Church has a very different approach. When school authorities in Italy recently recommended that a form of creationism be taught in biology lessons, the Vatican intervened rapidly. It advised against the recommendation pointing out that the Bible and

science belong to different categories and should not be confused: the Divine does not belong to the area of science nor does the latter to that of the Divine. Recent Popes have given their views on Darwinism and these are in marked contrast to those of the protestant fundamentalists.

Pope Pius XII in the encyclical *Humani Generis* (1959) admitted the fact of human evolution. In 1981 Pope John Paul II addressed the Pontifical Academy of Sciences to point out the distinction between, on the one hand, the Bible as a religious text which conforms to the cosmology of its time and, on the other, a scientific treatise.

> ***Remains left by time, fossils and geological strata, could now be observed and dated with modern technology. In the last fifty years we have at last been able to pursue scientifically based revision of a whole swathe of assumptions. In consequence most of these have crumbled along with their philosophic extrapolations.***

The present pope, Benedict XVI who is particularly interested in following the controversy in America, accepts as scientific the discoveries concerning the Pleistocene and also insists on the separation of the scientific and the divine. There is, however, no basis for reports in the American Press that the Vatican agrees with the American school of thought known as 'intelligent design', and in fact it is criticized for presenting itself as part of science. Vatican documents in English on these questions may be consulted on the internet site: *www.chiesa.espressonline.it*

So notwithstanding what evolutionary biologist Richard Dawkins has to say in his strident campaign against God, it is clear that taking the theory of evolution seriously does not necessarily imply being an atheist or reneging on religion.

In the light of these developments it is now evident that some aspects of political science, jurisprudence and ethics require new approaches. All these areas were developed on the basis of pre-scientific notions regarding the age of the earth and of human society and the time has come to dispose for good of myths about the noble savage, the superiority of tribal society or any kind of 'golden age' before the 'unfortunate' advent of civilization. The corollary follows that the concept of Natural Law and the related doctrine of natural rights are now archaic and constitute legal fictions which may have been of use in their time but have now been definitively overtaken.

It is clear that Hayek was on the right track when he developed his evolutionary approach to the interpretation of culture, social institutions, politics and ethics, whose roots should not be sought in what amount to legal fictions, but in a scientific analysis of human cultural evolution. In any event, the traditional approach was always problematical and frequently led directly to relativism so as to conciliate the inherent contradictions in the concept of some sort of natural law that would be applicable to all humanity. It was always only too painfully obvious that this could not be done.

An analysis of the implications of the new paradigm offers a wealth of hints for a more convincing interpretation of social and political phenomena. The possibility is opened in the field of ethics for a genuine universalism susceptible of general acceptance and the clarification of the concepts of good and evil.

Paul Rubin, in his book *Darwinian Politics: The Evolutionary Origin of Freedom* (Rutgers University Press, 2002) offers a valuable contribution to the discussion of the repercussions of the new scientific disciplines. The author is professor of Economics and Law at Rutgers University in the US and a self-confessed former libertarian whose mind was changed by studying evolutionary sciences. He shows impressive familiarity with them and a list of his chapter titles indicates the scope of the book and its relevance for liberals:

Evolution and Politics;
Membership and Conflict;
Altruism, Cooperation and Sharing;
Envy;
Political power;
Religion and the Regulation of Behaviour;
How Humans Make Political Decisions;
Relevance of the Pleistocene for Today.

Rubin describes what specialists in evolutionary psychology call the Environment of Evolutionary Adaptedness or EEA, the name given to the last 150,000 to 200,000 years of the Pleistocene. During this period humans lived in bands of 50-150 individuals and made their living as hunter-gatherers. The conjecture is that in the course of this immense stretch of time humans experienced genetic changes which became to some extent 'hard-wired'. In other words, characteristics favourable to the survival of our ancestors (the others would obviously not leave descendants) would tend to be perpetuated and become inbuilt dispositions (not qualities) which, depending upon the environment in which they developed, would result in behavioural manifestations some of which persist to this day. Needless to say what might have promoted survival in groups of 50-150 are likely to be unsuitable for life in communities of millions.

A fortiori, adaptiveness at the cultural level

favourable to survival of the group would follow the same type of pattern. Habits and institutions that were successful in promoting group survival would persist and become traditional without anybody decreeing this should be so. This was of course the point of view of Hayek whose insistence on spontaneous rather than deliberately managed order and the development of culture according to implicit rules of adaptability did not please some members of the extremist school of libertarians. He especially provoked the wrath of the father of anarcho-capitalism, Murray Rothbard, who was an adept of Aristotelian and Thomist interpretations of Natural Law. Rothbard proposed a deductive system based on the tautological principle of self-ownership as the philosophical basis for his brand of libertarian philosophy. Inevitably he became a ferocious critic of Hayek.

> ***The origin of envy may lie in an innate tendency which might have been useful for inspiring the indolent or less talented towards greater effort in hunting or productive activity. ... our persistent tendency towards altruism and sharing may explain the lasting fascination, against all the evidence, with the idea of socialism.***

The latter considered Rothbard to be guilty of what he called 'constructive rationalism': the construction of a deductive system on the basis of *a priori* principles. It was a collision between a sophisticated version of British empiricism and a primary form of French Cartesianism. Hayek held that constructive rationalism, as opposed to his own critical rationalism, had always been the enemy of freedom. Rothbard, a stubborn believer in Natural Law and an outworn epistemological framework, considered Hayek to be an irrationalist. In a written review in 1958 of the manuscript of Hayek's *The Constitution of Liberty,* he classified it as being: 'surprisingly and distressingly, an extremely bad, and I would even say evil, book'.

Ruben, however, is clearly in tune with Hayek. The intention in his book is to show readers how much we have to learn from the new evolutionary disciplines. We can find profound roots in pre-history for much behaviour of contemporary humans and hence better understand how to cope with them. Similarly many social phenomena now become understandable as vestiges of stratagems developed over the millennia to protect society and life in common.

For example, there is no indication that pre-historic man lived in a state of primitive communism or matriarchy as claimed by Marxists and radical feminists. What there is in reality is confirmation that the scarcity of resources imposed some rules of sharing and a kind of equality in consumption that would prevent death from starvation and ensure group survival. Other examples of the evolution of customs tending to favour the survival of societies are the replacement in successful societies of the natural polygamy of primates by a regime of monogamous marriage. Polygamy may occasionally have been a favourable cultural practice for the solution of the demographic problem in the case of war or disease decimating the male population. Nevertheless every polygamous society tends to be unstable because part of the young male population is deprived of the possibility of marriage. Ruben suggests that this may account for the fact that polygamous societies are generally governed by dictatorships, because strong authoritarian rule is the only way to manage large masses of rebellious and unhappy young men. One might add that here may be a clue to the attraction of terrorism in certain types of society.

The origin of envy may lie in an innate tendency which might have been useful for inspiring the indolent or less talented towards greater effort in hunting or productive activity. Rubin suggests that it is here perhaps that we may find the roots of class conflict which the Communist Manifesto considered to be a permanent feature of History. On the other hand our persistent tendency towards altruism and sharing may explain the lasting fascination, against all the evidence, with the idea of socialism.

The absence of the State during the Pleistocene until the beginnings of agriculture and sedentarism, implies that the human race spent the overwhelmingly greater part of its existence in conditions of relative freedom in the wilderness, conditioned only by those rules evolved to promote the survival of the group. Hence, according to Rubin, our preference for the absence of coercion and our love of liberty.

He provides many more examples and the reader can probably tentatively add still more. It is, of course, clear that these are untested conjectures but they are highly suggestive and indicate paths for both genetic research and sociological theorizing. If they prove fruitful they could be decisive for a new advance of the classical liberalism that should be the inspiration of conservatives instead of its name being hijacked by the Left. They should also inspire a widened recognition of the work of Hayek and deepened appreciation of his extraordinary foresight.

Patricia Lança is a writer and was a deputy in the Portuguese parliament

Eurabian Nights

Srdja Trifkovic

Thousands of young Muslims, armed with clubs and sticks and shouting, *'Allahu akbar!'* riot and force the police to retreat. Windows are smashed; stores are looted; cars are torched. Europeans unlucky or careless enough to be trapped by the mob are viciously attacked, and some are killed. The scene could be Mogadishu in the aftermath of Pope Benedict's Regensburg address; or Tripoli during the Danish cartoons fury; or Karachi, Kabul, Gaza, and countless other cities in *Dar al-Islam's* heartland, on any number of occasions. Yet a year ago, such scenes were unfolding, for weeks on end, in places with such names as Clichy-sous-Bois, Argenteuil, and La Courneuve. The trouble in the *banlieus* finally ended, as various Muslim 'community leaders' had claimed, only when various levels of French officialdom quietly accepted that there were *de facto* no-go areas within the country, mini-Islamistans run by the dominant local majority. *'Mon Clichy á moi, c'est ça!'* just about sums it up, on the official website of Clichy-sous-Bois, whose population is 80 per cent Muslim. In practice, this means that local groceries refrain from selling wine, and young Muslim men feel emboldened to use violence against 'sluts' — women who do not follow Islamic ways. Many more French-born Arab girls wear the *hijab* today than did so a year ago. It is their protection against mutilation and gang rape. Failing to do so makes them fair game for both. A knife slash across the scarfless girl's cheek from the lip to the ear is especially common and known as a 'smile'.

The demand for communal self-rule is not new, and it will be made with increasing frequency in the future. Most of the 25 million Muslims in Western Europe already consider themselves autonomous, a community justifiably opposed to the decadent host society of infidels. This demand is but the first step: It will lead to the clamouring for the adoption of *sharia* within segregated Muslim communities and, finally, for the imposition of *sharia* on the society as a whole. Europe's élite class is prepared for this challenge. Dutch Justice Minister Piet Hein Donner — a Christian Democrat — sees the demand as perfectly legitimate and argues that *sharia* could be introduced 'by democratic means'. Muslims have a right to follow the commands of their religion, even if that included some 'dissenting rules of behaviour'. 'It is a sure certainty for me: if two thirds of all Netherlanders tomorrow would want to introduce Sharia, then this possibility must exist. Could you block this legally? It would also be a scandal to say "this isn't allowed!" The majority counts. That is the essence of democracy.' The same 'essence' was reiterated in similar terms last July by Jens Orback, the Swedish Integration [*sic*] Minister, who declared in a radio debate, 'We must be open and tolerant towards Islam and Muslims because when we become a minority, they will be so towards us.' Yes, *when we become a minority;* the fact that, four months later, both Orback and his Social Democratic government remain in power aptly illustrates Sweden's political and cultural scene.

Until a generation ago, Sweden was one of the safest and most law-abiding countries in the world. Today, in the southern city of Malmö, the authorities are no longer able to deal with crime among Muslim immigrants, 90 per cent of whom are on welfare. They make up one third of the city's 300,000 people; at the city's Rosengrad School, of 1,000 students, only 2 were Swedes last year. 'If we park our car it will be smashed — so we often have to go in two vehicles, one just to protect the other', says policeman Rolf Landgren. Both vehicles are needed to escort Swedish ambulance drivers into certain neighbourhoods. Robberies of all sorts increased by 50 per cent in 2004 alone, with gangs of young Muslims specializing in mugging old people visiting the graves of relatives. Thomas Anderberg, head of statistics for the Malmö police, reported a doubling of 'rapes by ambush' in 2004. Nearly all of the increase is caused by Muslim men raping Swedish women. Next door in Norway and Denmark, two thirds of all men arrested for rape are 'of non-western ethnic origin' — the preferred euphemism for Middle Eastern and North African Muslims — although they account for under five per cent of their residents. The number of rapes in Oslo in the summer of 2006 was twice that of the previous summer. All 'gang rapes' in Denmark in 2004 were committed by immigrants and refugees.

Swedish courts are adapting by introducing *sharia* principles into civil cases. An Iranian man divorcing his Iranian wife was ordered by the high court in the city of Halmestad to pay *Mahr,* Islamic dowry ordained by the Koran as part of the Islamic marriage contract. In the judicial sphere, Britain has gone even further, legitimizing *sharia* compliance even in criminal cases. A key tenet *of sharia* is that non-Muslims cannot try

Muslims, or even testify against them; and this has been upheld by Peter Beaumont, QC, senior circuit judge at London's Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey. Before the trial of Abdullah el-Faisal, a preacher accused of soliciting the murder of 'unbelievers', Judge Beaumont announced that, '[f]or obvious reasons, members of the jury of the Jewish or Hindu faith should reveal themselves, even if they are married to Jewish or Hindu women, because they are not fit to arbitrate in this case.' (One can only speculate what would be the reaction if equally 'obvious reasons' were invoked in an attempt to exclude Muslims from the trial of BNP Chairman Nick Griffin for 'Islamophobia'.)

The legitimization of *sharia* has also penetrated culture — both high and popular. In the Autumn of 2005, British audiences enjoyed a widely acclaimed production *of Tamburlaine the Great,* Christopher Marlowe's 16th-century classic. Few noticed, however, that several irreverent references to Muhammad had been deleted. An essential scene in the play, in which

> ***Until a generation ago, Sweden was one of the safest and most law-abiding countries in the world. Today, in the southern city of Malmö, the authorities are no longer able to deal with crime among Muslim immigrants***

the Koran is burned, became the destruction of 'a load of books' relating to any culture or religion. Director David Farr and Simon Reade, the Old Vic's artistic director, said that, if they had not altered the original, it 'would have unnecessarily raised the hackles of a significant proportion of one of the world's great religions'. Both agreed that the censored version, produced partly with public funds, was better than the original, making the play more powerful and relevant.

The British Council sacked one of its press officers, Harry Cummins, for publishing four articles in *The Sunday Telegraph.* British Muslims took exception to his observation that Muslims had rights to practice their religion in the United Kingdom that were not enjoyed by Christians in the Islamic world, 'even though these Christians are the original inhabitants and rightful owners of almost every Muslim land'. His cardinal sin was to note that 'it is the black heart of Islam, not its black face, to which millions object'. Abdul Bari, deputy secretary-general of the Muslim Council of Britain, welcomed Cummins' firing but expressed 'dismay' that the publishing company had not taken action against the editor of *The Sunday Telegraph* as well.

Public funds were also used to build state-of-the-art senior housing in London's East End. This housing is to be reserved strictly for Muslim 'elders' — English and other white pensioners need not apply. Sirajul Islam, in charge of social services at the local borough of Tower Hamlets, responded to the journalists' questions about racial and religious equality by stating that a 'one size fits all' approach to public services was no longer acceptable in 21st-century Britain: 'Tower Hamlets is fortunate to have a diverse mix of communities, and the council strives to ensure that its services are responsive to the differing and changing needs of its residents.'

That these and other misfortunes are befalling Britain under 'New Labour' is perhaps to be expected, but the revamped Tory Party hardly offers an alternative. David Cameron's colleague, Francis Maude, claims that immigration has been 'fantastically good' for the United Kingdom. Such inanities are light years away from Churchill's warning, over a century ago, that 'no stronger retrograde force exists in the world' than Islam:

> Far from being moribund, Mohammedanism is a militant and proselytizing faith. It has already spread throughout Central Africa, raising fearless warriors at every step; and were it not that Christianity is sheltered in the strong arms of science — the science against which it had vainly struggled — the civilization of modern Europe might fall, as fell the civilization of ancient Rome.

In Germany, Muslim immigrants already account for about one quarter of all teenagers and ten percent of the population as a whole. But mention 'integration' to Evelyn Rahle, a teacher in Wedding, a predominantly Turkish suburb of Berlin, and she will murmur, 'disintegration, more likely,' with a sad smile. Her students' Muslim parents routinely demand the separation of girls and boys in sports and take their children out of biology classes. Most students speak poorer German than immigrant children did 20 years ago. Their extracurricular activities are limited to attending Koran classes, and many speak only Turkish or Arabic at home.

The growth of digital television has made a host of Turkish and Arabic-language channels available, intensifying language problems and nurturing identities that are informed more by the situation in Lebanon, Gaza, or Iraq than by the events in Paris, Berlin, or London. Millions of Muslim youths all over Europe live in a parallel universe that has very little to do with the host country, toward which they have a disdainful and hostile attitude.

The élite class responds to hostility with ever-greater inclusiveness. Giuseppe Pisanu, Italy's former minister of the interior, who is responsible for controlling the country's borders, declared three years ago that the high fatality rate of North African illegals on the high seas *en route* to Sicily was 'a dreadful tragedy that

weighs on the conscience of Europe'. His reaction was paradigmatic of the utopian liberal mind-set. If 'Europe' should feel guilty that people who have no right to come to its shores are risking their lives while trying to do so illegally, then only the establishment of a free passenger ferry service between Africa and Southern Europe — with no passport or customs formalities required upon arrival, and a free shuttle to Rome or Milan — would offer some relief to that burdened conscience. Now that Sr Pisanu and his boss, Silvio Berlusconi, have been replaced by a leftist government even more deeply committed to tolerance and diversity, this solution may finally become a reality.

The 'liberal tolerance' and the accompanying 'societal obligation' that Tariq Ramadan invokes are key. 'No other race subscribes to these moral principles', ... 'because they are weapons of self-annihilation. They need to be understood and discarded.' The upholders of those principles must be removed from all positions of power and influence if Europe is to survive.

The tangible results in Italy are as devastating as the moral and spiritual ones. In Venice, the invaders have taken over the Piazza San Marco. In Genoa, the marvellous *palazzi* that Rubens so admired have been seized by them 'and are now perishing like beautiful women who have been raped'. In the late Oriana Fallaci's native Florence, a huge tent was erected next to the cathedral to pressure the Italian government to give immigrants 'the papers necessary to rove about Europe', and to 'let them bring the hordes of their relatives' to Italy. As Fallaci described it:

> A tent situated next to the beautiful palazzo of the Archbishop on whose sidewalk they kept the shoes or sandals that are lined up outside the mosques in their countries. And along with the shoes or sandals, the empty bottles of water they'd used to wash their feet before praying. A tent placed in front of the cathedral with Brunelleschi's cupola and by the side of the Baptistery with Ghiberti's golden doors ... Thanks to a tape player, the uncouth wailing of a muezzin punctually exhorted the faithful, deafened the infidels, and smothered the sound of the church bells ... And along with the yellow streaks of urine, the stench of the excrement that blocked the door of San Salvatore al Vescovo: that exquisite Romanesque church (year 1000) that stands at the rear of the Piazza del Duomo and that the sons of Allah transformed into a shithouse.

Europe is increasingly populated by aliens who physically live there but spiritually belong to the *umma*. They do not want to 'adapt' to Florence or any other new abode they conquer; offended and intimidated by beauty and order, they instinctively want to remake it in the image of Anatolia, Punjab, or the Maghreb. Their influx, made possible by the Pisanu malaise, is making the transformation irreversible.

A century ago, Pisanu's class shared social commonalities that could be observed in Monte Carlo, Carlsbad, or Paris, depending on the season. Their *lingua franca* was French. Englishmen, Russians, and Austrians shared the same outlook and sense of propriety, but they nevertheless remained rooted in their national traditions, the only permanent vessels in which *Weltanschauung* could be translated into *Kultur*. Today's 'United Europe', by contrast, does not create social and civilizational commonalities — except on the basis of wholesale denial of old mores, inherited values, and 'traditional' culture. It creates a cultural similarity that has morphed into the dreary sameness of antidiscriminationism. The Continent is ruled by a secular theocracy focused on the task of reforming and reshaping the individual consciences of its subjects.

The fruits are greeted with haughty arrogance by Tariq Ramadan, professor of Islamic studies at the University of Fribourg in Switzerland, and a grandson of Hasan al-Banna, founder of the Muslim Brotherhood. Ramadan insists that Muslims in the West should conduct themselves not as hyphenated citizens seeking to live by 'common values' but a though they were already living in a Muslim-majority society and were exempt on that account from having to make concessions to the faith of others. Muslims in non-Muslim countries should feel entitled to live on their own terms, Ramadan says while, 'under the terms of Western liberal tolerance', society as a whole should be obliged to respect that choice. If such respect continues to be extended, by the end of this century, there will be no 'Europeans' who are members of ethnic groups that share the same language, culture, history, and ancestors and inhabit lands associated with their names. The shrinking populations will be indoctrinated into believing — or else simply forced into accepting — that the demographic shift in favour of Muslim aliens is actually a blessing that enriches their culturally deprived and morally unsustainable societies.

The 'liberal tolerance' and the accompanying 'societal obligation' that Tariq Ramadan invokes are key. 'No other race subscribes to these moral principles', Jean Raspail wrote a generation ago, 'because they are weapons of self-annihilation'. They need to be understood and discarded. The upholders of those principles must be removed from all positions of power and influence if Europe is to survive.

Srdja Trifkovic is Foreign-affairs editor of Chronicles, *and the author, most recently, of* Defeating Jihad

Thailand's Latest Coup

Mervyn Matthews

The coup which removed the Thai Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra from power on the 19th September 2006 was among the least alarming of the seventeen or so since Thailand had its first constitution in 1932. There was no fighting, and in the capital the tank-borne soldiers were greeted with smiles and flowers. Thaksin was out of the way, giving a speech at the United Nations in New York.

Instead of returning to the Thai capital — and an uncertain welcome — the former Prime Minister retired to an apartment in Kensington. Western media decried the coup as a blow against democracy, but few leader-writers understood the failure of Thaksin's five-year rule which had provoked military intervention. As the richest man in the country, Thaksin had gained massive support among the rural population and the urban poor by populist policies, while attracting big business support through a breath-taking tolerance of corruption and questionable awards of state contracts. A 30 baht health scheme brought medical assistance to the poor, and a one-million baht subsidy each for thousands of villages favoured treatment for areas that voted TRT, along with the gift of a million cows. Electoral support was bolstered in some regions by handing out baht notes to voters before they went to the polls. As a result Thaksin's own party, the TRT ('Thai Loves Thai') gained a massive majority in the House of Representatives in the 2005 election.

Subsequently, however, critical voices were heard. The existing (1997) constitution had set up a number of 'watchdog' bodies to ensure honesty in public life: the Constitutional Court, the Election Commission and the National Counter-Corruption Commission (NCCC). (The monarchy was as before considered above politics and was greatly revered.) Thaksin gradually inserted his TRT associates into positions of influence in these bodies. The same happened in the military and the police. Thaksin had been a police lieutenant colonel before starting his political career. The national TV stations were brought under government control, though local radio and the press (including the English-language *The Nation* and *The Bangkok Post*) retained a degree of independence. 'In the five years since Thaksin came to power (wrote *The Nation*) interference in constitutionally mandated, independent watchdog agencies by politicians has become ... regular and predictable ...' In 2006 there were said to be 11,439 corruption cases outstanding before the NCCC.

Thaksin's leadership hit the rocks in the spring of 2006, because of his family's dubious financial dealings. As Prime Minister he was not entitled to own more than 5 per cent of any company, including the vast Shin Corps media empire which he had built up. Some time before the February, 2005 election, Thaksin set up an off-shore investment company called Ample Rich, and used it to transfer the family's controlling share of Shin Corps to his son Pantongtae and one of his daughters, all for a nominal sum of 1 baht per share. The finance movements were not noised abroad, but they attracted massive public indignation at the end of January, 2006 when the two children re-sold the stocks to a foreign company, Temasek Holdings in Singapore, at 49 baht apiece. The deal involved at least three actual or potential breaches of Thai law: real control of Shin Corps had probably remained in Thaksin's hands, illegal though this might have been, the huge profit which his son and daughter made was not, on the pretext of the off-shore status of Ample Rich, properly taxed, and the electronics and media character of the company meant it was of strategic importance to the state, and should not have been sold abroad anyway.

An alliance of opposition groups, led by Thaksin's political opponent Sondhi Limthongkul, another media giant, took to the streets. Mass anti-Thaksin demonstrations, attended by thousands of demonstrators, were held at weekly intervals at Sanam Luang, the open park in the capital. Pictures were kept off Thaksin-controlled TV, but shown in newspapers. Many an expatriate from middle England must have felt a pang of envy at the political liberty the Thais enjoyed; it would not have been tolerated by the Blair regime in Whitehall. Thaksin now decided that the danger of bloodshed was great, and that a snap election would re-establish his authority. The government resigned, and an election was fixed for the 2nd April: in the meantime, Thaksin was to be a 'caretaker' Prime Minister.

The main opposition groups — the Democrats and two other small parties — boycotted the election, and as a result the TRT got some 460 of the 500 seats in the House of Representatives, on the basis of some 16 million votes. The boycott was effective in so far as it undermined the validity of the voting: and the Electoral Commission (or three of the five members who had not fled the mess) declared that a second election would have to be held. Then the Constitutional

Court, in a rare show of independence, declared that the Electoral Commission members were at fault for not ensuring fair elections in the first place, and jailed them. It was against this confused background that General Sonthi Boonyaratglin, a well-regarded military figure, organised the peaceful military coup of the 19th September. The key reasons, he said, were the increasing social division and the danger of violence, Thaksin's abuse of political appointments, and his apparent slights to the monarchy. Unique in Thai royal history, the King, Bhumibol Adulyadej, discreetely indicated his support for the take-over, thereby inhibiting any potential return to power by the former Prime Minister. Sonthi's Military Council was re-named the Council for National Security, and a National Legislative Assembly with 242 members was nominated to run the country temporarily. Its membership was said to be overwhelmingly military in character. The new Prime Minister was General Surayud Chulanont, widely regarded as an honest and dependable man. A Drafting Commission was established to write a new constitution, a process expected to take until October, 2007, with the promise of a referendum and national elections.

Thai politics are (April 2007) in a state of suspended animation. The Surayud government is still formulating its policies, and has, according to many observers, failed to act decisively enough. Most people favoured the coup, but public disappointment has become more evident. Many small anti-coup groups have emerged — some with support from TRT coffers — and many small anti-Sonthi demonstrations have been organised. There has been talk of a state of emergency to control the situation, if it gets threatening, though elections have now been promised for December. The martial law which was introduced in September is still in force in some areas of the country, and normal party-political activity is still prohibited. The future of the two main parties (TRT and the Democrats) is under question, and disbandment for electoral fraud is not excluded. There are fears that Sonthi will extend the military dictatorship to quell potential opposition, and nominate, rather than elect, the next Prime Minister. On-going control of the media continues, though the dangers of political intervention are also openly discussed. The economy has suffered from all the political uncertainty; average growth over the last ten years was calculated at 5 per cent, but current estimates for 2007 are 4 per cent or less.

Many of Thaksin's populist policies have been attacked, not least because of their enormous potential cost. The gap between rich and poor has not been narrowed, and Thaksin's peasant loans schemes only encouraged peasant indebtedness. The education system is still unsatisfactory, and the novel 30-baht medical scheme is putting immense burdens on the state budget and on the doctors. Thaksin's 2003 nation-wide drive against drug dealers has also been criticised — human rights activists now claim that many of the 2,500 people killed in the course of it were innocent, and had been victimised by the police.

The civil war in the predominantly Moslem provinces of Yala, Pattani and Narathiwat in the south drags on. General Boonyaratglin is said to be the most prominent Thai-Moslem commander in the country and people hoped that that would help. Thaksin's policy towards the south was always centralist and repressive. The official figure for deaths since the uprising began in January 2004 is 'over 2,000'. The main perpetrators have been fundamental Moslems who complained of Buddhist and official repression, Malay-speaking irredentists seeking independence from Thailand, and Thai police and troops who were authorised to make punitive incursions into the so-called 'red zones' (pro-Moslem villages). Repressive government policies included economic sanctions against the red zones and a refusal to recognise Malayu as a working language. Thai officials, non-Moslem schools, school-teachers, and innocent Buddhists have been the main targets for attack and assassination.

In this area the new government started well: there was a fulsome official apology for inept military intervention, and for two cases of mass killings of Moslem demonstrators in 2004. The Southern Border Provinces Administration Centre (closed by Thaksin) was re-opened, and the royal family made itself more visible by local visits. Although these conciliatory policies raised hopes for peace, the gap between the Moslem and Buddhist communities remained, while the assassinations and bombings have intensified. The government has been unwilling to commit extra troops to ensure public safety, and by the spring of this year commentators were forecasting further trouble.

A start has been made in bringing Thaksin's close associates to justice. At the end of March, 2007 his wife, Pojaman, her brother Bhanapot and a secretary were brought to trial, and released on bail, for massive tax evasion and illegal land purchase. The case is likely to run for years, but could lead to jail sentences of up to 14 years, with tax repayments and fines of a billion baht. This seems unlikely, if only because the Bank of Thailand has now given Pojaman permission to export 400 million baht (some 6 million pounds) to buy a comfortable family home in London. One wonders where the Shinawatras will end up. But none, or few, of the Thaksin family assets — the core of the corruption charges against him — have been recovered. Thaksin is still in exile in South Ken, but has not given up the struggle, and is reported to have hired an American publicity firm to protect his political image.

Mervyn Matthews spends part of the year in Thailand

The Bartered Bride

Penelope Tremayne

In 1960 after four years of declared 'National Struggle' the independent federated Republic of Cyprus was ushered onto the stage as a member of that great theatrical company the United Nations. Britain had just spent five years painfully disentangling herself from Cyprus without sacrificing the Sovereign Bases and was relieved to be shot of the problem. Greece had already been offered the island and had declined it, knowing she could not handle it and never having felt motherly towards the Cypriots anyway. Turkey had pledged herself never to repossess the island under the Treaty of Lausanne (1923).

A structure was installed with all the stability of a card house, under a President who had nursed a sector of a political movement into a terrorist organisation, approved many murders, sworn to give its supporters their declared goal (Enosis, union with Greece) and on the last lap betrayed them for personal power. In the next fourteen years no kind of national life or loyalty was even attempted and much was done to keep hostility alive. An international myth was resorted to that Turkish Cypriots were in danger of genocide at the hands of Greek Cypriots. Indeed school books in both languages were stuffed with flagrant irredentist distortions of fact.

In 1963, after repeated clashes, the Turkish Cypriot leaders repudiated the President's authority, resigned their official and parliamentary seats and unilaterally declared areas of the island to be Turkish Cypriot enclaves. Soon a 'Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus' was declared: administratively part of the southern Turkish district of Mersin. Turkey accepted this territorial accretion without blinking. In the Greek Cypriot part of the Republic Makarios had attained the status almost of a demi-god but had betrayed many of his original supporters. In 1974 during the inglorious reign of the Colonels in Greece, an attempt to kidnap Makarios failed. He escaped, Turkey declared that Enosis with Greece was about to take place and launched a preventive invasion, and Cyprus was forcibly repartitioned. Turkey had torn up two international treaties and acquired an *off-shore* province. Greece (where no-one had moved) had rid herself of a failing, almost universally condemned government (the 'Colonels' were instantly imprisoned) but massively lost face. Britain was shown as a defaulter. The UN, sterling as its work during the crisis had been, was shown once more to be incapable of preventing war — the purpose for which it was set up. International good faith over all had suffered a heavy blow, but international affairs had not otherwise been much affected.

Thirty-four years on, a truncated Greek Cypriot state exists, trades with other states, and has membership of international bodies. Alongside it is an internationally unacknowledged but existing offshore province of Turkey in Cyprus. Cyprus is a desirable morsel, but has no military capability of its own and would be difficult and expensive for outsiders to defend. Northern Cyprus, administered from Turkey, has had imposed on it a change of nationality, rigid border controls and an occupation force of (estimates vary) between 20,000 and 40,000 Turkish troops.

Whatever this operation may have brought to Turks, it has brought little or nothing to most Turkish Cypriots; not even the security it was claimed to bring. They see houses and lands going not to themselves but to Turkish immigrants; and they see that south of the Green Line people are living better than themselves. There is not the slightest risk, and never has been, of a Greek or Greek Cypriot attack: Turkey, a very large country with a huge army at the ready, is 25 miles away, and Greece — small, with a very small army — is 500 miles away. The Green Line is there not to protect the Turkish Cypriots but to define the cease-fire line, along which Turkey has *pro tem* stayed her advance.

No-one in his senses would wish to restore the 1960 republic. The choice is between starting again with something different or doing nothing, in hopes that the ground will settle. No road appears to be open, so 'do nothing' appears the one most likely be the chosen. And it will probably lead in due course to Turkish occupation of the rest of the island because that is the natural consequence of what has already happened, unless something diverts it. The meal may be eaten in several mouthfuls, or one, always in order to 'protect' Turkish Cypriots. The excuse will be accepted, once the action has been taken. *Faits accomplis* are generally left alone because they are so difficult to undo. Such a conspicuous act of war would stir up an ants' nest of international criticism, but Turkish plans might not be much affected by ants, especially if a time (not difficult to find) were chosen when the major powers were enmeshed in some more widely threatening crisis.

There would be noises from the Security Council, and resolutions passed in the General Assembly. Many such have been passed, and ignored.

What alternatives are there to doing nothing? Northern Cyprus is under foreign occupation and Turks from the mainland now occupy historically Greek Cypriot territory. This situation is probably now irreversible. If Northern Cyprus ceases to be a part (as legally it still is), of a Cyprus Republic, it will have no real choice but to remain part of a Turkish administrative district, for it will not be viable or sustainable on its own.

Cyprus south of the Green Line is in effect already a viable mini-state, and a majority, especially among the business and administrative classes, probably have no great wish to be anything else. Already many Turkish Cypriots work in the south, and a few Greek Cypriots visit in the north; there seems to be little friction and a good deal of willingness to amalgamate in one way or another. But the sensation that a limb has been cut off would be real and would last for a long time.

EOKA was never a liberation struggle: it was a struggle to be married to Greece, the missing bridegroom. The coup of 1974 was not an attempt by Greece to seize Cyprus but an attempt by Greek Cypriots to rid themselves of Archbishop Makarios.

It seems to me that the only rational step forward, for both sides, must lie in the founding of a genuinely unitary national state giving total equality in law to all its citizenry with no exceptions of any kind. No fixed allocations of posts; above all, no quotas. If feasible, this could solve many problems, not least that of many refugees. The differences in prosperity between north and south could be reduced, and uncertainties and fears be bit by bit dissipated. Tensions between Greece and Turkey could slacken; Turkey could honourably withdraw her covering force and Greece and Cyprus their vetoes on Turkish entry into the EU.

Could the two former opponents be brought together? Politically, yes. But at heart and in practice? For real union, a nationality is needed. National loyalties are not created by signatures to treaties. Blood and land and language, (there is a Becher's Brook ahead, there) are what count, a sense of kinship has to extend from village level upwards, from family to neighbourhood, and thence to country, with the habitual contact that breeds the sense of belonging. National loyalty is what the 1960 Cypriot Republic never tried. It tried to stagger forward with two opposed slogans: 'Enosis' and 'Cyprus is Turkish'. To discard these, even after the disasters of the last thirty years, could be very difficult. Yet it might be done, EOKA was never a liberation struggle: it was a struggle to be married to Greece, the missing bridegroom. The coup of 1974 was not an attempt by Greece to seize Cyprus but an attempt by Greek Cypriots to rid themselves of Archbishop Makarios.

Could and would are not the same. Would either side accept union, however desirable? Turkish Cypriots might, by now, if they could pluck up the courage to say so and were not asked to say it too loudly or too soon — that is, before it was clear that Turkish troops would be withdrawn. (Anything would be better than being fought over again). Their anxieties stem from the fear that Greek Cypriots would somehow get the better of them: that they would become a kind of helots. But that is roughly the position they hold, now, *vis-à-vis* the Turkish occupation; it will grow more so, not less, with the advance of an economic bleeding into the mainland which has already begun.

Greek Cypriots, if offered a well-worked-out plan, would probably not need much persuading. But sacrifices would be needed which might at first seem shocking. Not only the text-books but the statues, the exhibitions and memorial museums stuffed with hate-propaganda, the street names commemorating 'the struggle', would all have to go. Turkish Cypriots never struggled for Enosis, nor for independence. Dr Kuchuk, who called for a Turkish Army long before it came, is no father-figure for Greek Cypriots — though they might well give thanks to Ataturk for his policy of 'no expansion'. That very wise policy was not breached until 1974, and could still have some pulling power left.

It would be hard for Greek Cypriots to set the EOKA 'heroes' aside. Yet privately many know, and can learn from the records, that they were not really very heroic. They did not fight (as for example the Cretans did throughout a century), they killed in cold blood, and most of those they killed were their countrymen: Greek Cypriot civilians. Such things are no base for a united future.

Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot do not trust each other, though fundamentally very little keeps them apart and they have much reason for standing together. Much might be done if either side were to find a real leader: Not a flag-waver but a statesman is needed: man or woman (probably young, since the older generation is heavily tainted by he past), Greek or Turk or coming straight from Mars; but possessing real strength and stature. A way might then be found for a nation to emerge, with — for the first time in history — a Cypriot nationality.

Penelope Tremayne is the author of several books including Nor Iron Bars a Cage

Dickens and Orwell — Radical Conservatives

Helen Szamuely

On Boxing Day I managed to visit Dickens's house in Doughty Street for the first time. Charles Dickens lived there for only three years but it would appear that all the other houses in London that he lived in have been knocked down. The house is well-arranged and there is a great deal of information about the man, his work, his life and his friends. A rather surprising failing was in the food department. The drawing room was decorated as for an early Victorian Christmas but the display of festive goodies on the table was rather miserable, as were the promised refreshments before a reading of a part of '*The Christmas Carol*'. This is not a question of greed. Dickens was pre-eminent in his descriptions of food and drink and general jollity. Those refreshments should have included at least a few of the goodies he describes. To have a couple of boxes of Marks and Spencer biscuits and a few cartons of juice with two bottles of rather uninteresting wine did not do the great man justice. Why not have mulled wine with a great deal of raisins and orange peel in it together with a really fine Christmas pie?

There was an exhibition called 'Ignorance and Want', referring to the two miserable children who cling to the Ghost of Christmas Present and dealing with Dickens's fight both in his writing and in action against those evils. The exhibition immediately raised the question of whether Dickens was a radical as he is described by many.

Undoubtedly, he was on the side of the underdog, of the oppressed, of the humiliated, no matter who they were. In *Tale of Two Cities* he makes it clear that the horrors of the revolution are brought about by the behaviour of the French aristocracy or the rather degenerate members of it that he writes about. But, once the tables are turned, the tumbrels are rolling, the tricoteuses are in place, there can be no doubt as to whose side the author is on. Be they underfed and severely flogged children, exploited clerks, girls forced into prostitution or any other group of victims, Dickens was on their side. He wrote about them with real passion and he tried to help through various organizations such as those set up by Angela Burdett-Coutts. But was he a radical?

It was George Orwell in his first-class essay of 1939 entitled simply *Charles Dickens* who first posed this question and noted that Dickens and his novels are loved by all those he attacked: lawyers, civil servants, teachers of all kind, rich and poor alike. The reason for that, Orwell suggested, is that Dickens had no interest in either changing or subverting society. It was slightly worse than that, in Orwell's view: a true representative of the English urban middle class, Dickens had no interest in serving society.

> Parliament is simply Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle, the Empire is simply Major Bagstock and his Indian servant, the Army is simply Colonel Chowser and Doctor Slammer, the public services are simply Bumble and the Circumlocution Office — and so on and so forth. What he does not see, or only intermittently sees, is that Coodle and Doodle and all other corpses left from the eighteenth century *are* performing a function which neither Pickwick nor Boffin would ever bother about.

Similarly, with education, the schools Dickens approves of, such as that of Dr Strong's, are no different from Mr Creakle's except that it is run well by a man of noble feelings and attitudes who genuinely loves learning. Why does Dickens not offer some ideas of educational reform, asks Orwell. Why cannot he see that it is the whole system of private property and private enterprise that is wrong? The obvious answer to that is provided by the essayist himself: Dickens was not a political animal and did not really believe that changing structures was more important than changing human souls.

> ***He may be on the side of the oppressed but he does not particularly intend to have the oppressed take their lives into their own hands. The famous episode of David Copperfield working in the glass washing factory, based on Dickens's own experience in the blacking factory, is an example.***

Looking back on the twentieth century one cannot help agreeing with Dickens rather than with Orwell, except that the latter also half-agreed with the former. It's just that he could never completely discard his socialist assumptions. Now that we have an almost complete state control of education, classics have

been discarded and teaching has become modern, relevant and child-centred, ignorance is more strongly ensconced than ever before.

The people in countries where private property was abolished led and still lead a more wretched existence than those where private property remained the norm. It is, after all, private individuals like Shaftesbury who fought against injustice and oppression, such as the overworking of young children in homes and factories. Dickens was even nearer the mark about trade unions: they did turn out to be little more than cartels and not really the great hope of the working man that Orwell had assumed them to be.

But Orwell has a point about Dickens. He may be on the side of the oppressed but he does not particularly intend to have the oppressed take their lives into their own hands. The famous episode of David Copperfield working in the glass washing factory, based on Dickens's own experience in the blacking factory, is an example. David is miserable and the author is entirely on his side. But part of his misery is that he has to associate with the low boys of the factory. David escapes and we cannot help feeling that it is right and proper that he should not work ten hours a day for a miserable pittance in appalling conditions. There is no indication that Dickens thinks that the other boys should not work ten hours a day for a miserable pittance in appalling conditions. Perhaps, if some kindly gentleman or lady rescues them and restores them to their rightful middle class position that can be acknowledged.

Dickens has little sympathy with men who try to better themselves. Such characters range from the creepy and oleaginous Uriah Heep to the tragic Bradley Headstone, driven by his demons to attempt murder and commit suicide. Young women may marry above their station, it being an accepted way of advancing, but young and not so young men must not look up in their search for a partner. (Though Florence Dombey marries somewhat below her to a young naval officer, possibly the only novel in which servicemen appear in a positive light.)

There is a great deal more one can say about Dickens, of course, but also about Orwell, who strangely enough finds himself in great sympathy with the man who thought that it was personal change and personal improvement that mattered. Some of Orwell's comments are entirely correct — it is odd the way none of the heroes ever seem to want to do a job of work in Dickens's novels unless they are driven to it by some hideous misfortune — sometimes he is completely wrong as when he suggests that Dickens 'is scarcely intelligible outside the English-speaking culture'. He is one of the most popular writers in many languages and in many parts of the world. But the essay ends with a rousing defence of Dickens and his particular brand of conservative radicalism:

'When one reads any strongly individual piece of writing, one has the impression of seeing a face somewhere behind the page. It is not necessarily the actual face of the writer. ... What one sees is the face that the writer *ought* to have. Well, in the case of Dickens I see a face that is not quite the face of Dickens's photographs, though it resembles it. It is the face of a man about forty, with a small beard and a high colour. He is laughing, with a touch of anger in his laughter, but no triumph, no malignity. It is the face of a man who is always fighting against something, but who fights in the open and is not frightened, the face of a man who is *generously angry* in other words, of a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls.'

Something similar could be said about Orwell, despite his determined attempts to cling to socialist ideology.

This article is based on a posting on http://conservativehistory.blogspot.com

Helen Szamuely is a researcher in the House of Lords

Never Had it so Good?

Hadrian Wise

Has life ever been better? I think it has, but whenever I voice this opinion to historians, they pour scorn on it. Apart, they say, from a tiny minority of privileged people, everybody used to live short miserable lives of back-breaking work and poverty. Looking me up and down they tell me I should certainly have fallen into the majority. Count yourself lucky to have been born when you were.

And I do. I should certainly miss antibiotics, toothpaste, recorded music, paid holidays, running water, refrigerators, and low infant mortality if I had to go without. But my historical friends can't or won't imagine a life in which you *wouldn't* miss these things because you couldn't imagine *having* them. They think only of material conditions, ignoring the question how life actually felt. Yet how life feels is surely decisive.

Life today feels rushed, pressured, loud, mechanical, mindless — as though we were all components in a giant factory with no idea what we were making. We work in offices, doing nothing that matters, nothing anybody will admire in a hundred years, nothing to contribute to civilisation, nothing to develop our minds, nothing to help anybody else — beyond keeping them in a similarly meaningless job — and into this void we pour most of our waking hours. In return we get money, only to spend most of it on keeping our house. What's left goes on overpriced processed food, 'labour-saving' devices (to ensure we have the time to work to earn the money to buy the labour-saving devices), bills, wine, and the odd holiday. And this, we are told, is the best life has ever been.

> ***Why do we find the idea of death more intolerable than we used to, than Montaigne did? Could it even explain why we expect other people to solve our problems? Why we live in a permanent state of grievance?***

I don't recall middle-class characters in Jane Austen's novels living like this. I don't get the impression that an Athenian citizen sitting around arguing with Socrates felt the nagging sense of meaninglessness that any contemporary person who has time to reflect on his life feels. Dr Johnson's circle were neither rich nor long-lived, but on Boswell's evidence it doesn't seem to have prevented their having a livelier time than most of us do now. Where do we get this idea we've never had it so good?

We lead longer and healthier lives, but medicine still cannot prolong life beyond eighty or ninety years. In the meantime, we can get our gallstones removed, unlike Montaigne, who bemoaned the pain in his essays. Yet can anybody who reads Montaigne imagine he was *unhappy*? We expect our medical problems to be solved and put our lives on hold until they are. Is this why we seem to achieve so little? Why do we find the idea of death more intolerable than we used to, than Montaigne did? Could it even explain why we expect other people to solve our problems? Why we live in a permanent state of grievance?

Montaigne, of course, was a nobleman. Life, we are told, was rather different at the bottom of the pile. You weren't as well fed as Montaigne and you didn't have anything like his amount of leisure, nor would you have been reading Plutarch, because you wouldn't have been able to read. I wonder. The historians will tell you that domestic service in the 18th century was a life of drudgery but if you read Swift's ironical *Directions to Servants*, you learn that it could be rather more fun if you had some native wit. The problem about being employed to save people work is that your employers don't want to spend time supervising and inspecting you, because that is also work, and they are paying you so that they can avoid it. The greater the separation between you and your employers, the more they consider your work 'beneath' them, the less they will understand how much work is required to achieve certain goals. Workers will always exploit this knowledge gap, but it was wider in less egalitarian times. A perceptive man like Swift portrayed servants as cunning swine who deceived their masters and spent much of their time doing as they liked. This view about servants goes back to antiquity — look at the comedies of Plautus — and was also current in, for example, 19th-Century Russian novels. People then, it seems, saw things differently from the way historians do now. Just a comic *motif*? Possibly; but in an unmeritocratic society, servants will often be cleverer than their masters; and if so, they will exploit it.

In the pre-industrial age, agricultural labourers spent much of the year doing nothing in particular. Not the most stimulating life but scarcely a living hell except when they ran out of food. They belonged to a rigidly ordered social system backed by faith in a religion. This sounds unwelcome to modern people obsessed by

'freedom', but people then enjoyed a sense of purpose, place and belonging, which I find hard to imagine the workers of today, many of whom are incarcerated in call centres, can ever have. The labourer's work had tangible effects — it prevented people from starving — and it was *useful* being part of the work he believed man was intended to do, whereas the work of a call-centre drone has no visible effect, no connection with nature, no purpose beyond enriching shareholders he has never met, and could be dispensed with without great loss.

The call-centre drone has more freedom, choice and better teeth than even well-off people had three hundred years ago, let alone peasants. He can *go* anywhere in the world any time of year, if he can afford it, which he increasingly can, whereas the average peasant never left his county and rarely ventured outside his own village. He has more varieties of experience open to him than the swankiest 17th Century aristocrat. But is this beneficial? A recent study, 'When Choice is Demotivating', suggests not. A shop offered a range of 24 jams and invited customers to taste them. On one occasion, the shop made 6 varieties available for tasting, on the other, all 24. Thirty per cent of customers exposed to the smaller array bought a jar of jam, but only 3 per cent of customers exposed to the larger array did so. Choice involves regret, and the wider the choice, the greater the number of unchosen options to regret. The more options available, the more we feel at fault when making the wrong choice. The more kinds of jam we have to try, the more time we have to spend thinking about jam, rather than history, literature, or the meaning of life. The greater the number of options an industry gives us, the less it has to ensure every option is worth choosing. The more we can choose to disregard the constraints of nature the easier it is to see in the dark, to travel long distances, and the more likely we are to be dissatisfied with the conditions of our life. Choice is a nuisance.

Other benefits of modern living come at a still higher price. Nuclear weapons have helped keep peace in Europe, but our entire species could wipe itself out. Central heating, modern cookers, running water make things comfortable and convenient — except when your house gets flooded as a result of global warming. Machine guns and cluster bombs make it easier to kill your enemy — and easier for him to kill you. The motor-car allows us to go anywhere in Britain in a day, assuming we aren't killed, but makes fewer and fewer places worth going to, as the country turns into a giant concrete road. We live longer — but we waste more time. Who says, 'I wish I'd watched more television', on his deathbed?

Human beings are not designed for industrial cities. On every level, the city disrupts the rhythm of life we instinctively expect. The jerky stop-go of traffic lights, pedestrian crossings, lifts, automatic doors, check-out queues, and computers is like a jumping record: it grates, it puts us continually on edge. It stresses us out while making us fat and torpid. Of course, we couldn't sustain current population levels without it, but it's thanks to the city we have been able to tolerate grotesque over-population in the first place. Now we're stuck with it, sardine-tin trains and everything else. Solitude and peace have given way to the mobile telephone.

What do we do with our leisure? Nothing more than letting off steam, as though we ourselves have become machines, which indeed many philosophers would like us to be. Our leisure is frivolous but once it was serious, at least for some. Ordinary Elizabethans saw Shakespeare's plays for fun. We go to trashy Hollywood films.

There was a time you could feel you'd 'succeeded' in life if you just ploughed your furrow and did your duty. Now you have to do everything as well as or better than everybody else. And thanks to modern communications, you can always find out about somebody who is doing it better or thinks you are doing it wrong. If you fail, *you* feel worthless. What is worse than worthlessness?

Ignore the historians. Read literature. It tells you how life *felt*. And it used to feel a lot better than this.

Hadrian Wise is a management consultant

Conservative Classic — 26

The Political History of England

Royce MacGillivray

The Political History of England is one of the bulky, multi-volume defining histories of England that come along every so often, Hume's great history published in the mid 18th century being the most successful of all. The best known of the recent histories of this sort, the *Oxford History of England*, now in its second cycle of volumes and authors, has perhaps been more useful to essay-writing students than to anyone else, being not detailed enough for historical specialists, but being pitched at too high a level of generalization for the reader who seeks the facts about what happened. All the volumes in this set were not as good as A J P Taylor on England 1914-1945. But Taylor wrote in his own way, without caring and perhaps without reading what his fellow authors had done.

Which parts now of the *PHE* are still in their prime? The weakest perhaps are the two 18th century volumes. The revolution Sir Lewis Namier brought into our understanding of how the 18th-century parliament actually worked has struck them a fatal blow. But the coverage of the pre-Queen Victoria part of the 19th century is still useful for its summary of facts. The volume on the reign of Queen Victoria, which ideally should still be of value as a record of how her reign looked to two highly intelligent contemporaries, is a feckless chronicle of the more commonplace facts, without the sharpness of commentary that enlivens so much of the earlier volumes. The volume which covers the pre-historic period and the pre-Conquest Anglo-Saxons, by the Quaker banker and private scholar, Thomas Hodgkin, has some of the most brilliant writing in the whole *PHE*, and communicates an exhilarating sense of how it must have seemed to find the long ages of pre-history coming into clarity in Hodgkin's day through the work of the Victorian archaeologists. But this field has advanced so much since then, again especially through archaeology, that its detailed content must now be passed over. But everything in the *PHE* from the Norman Conquest to the end of the Stuart period, can still be read with profit.

Some of the authors are still well remembered for work beyond the *PHE*. Sir Charles Oman, who wrote on 1377-1485 for the *PHE*, was elsewhere the celebrated historian of the Peninsular War. T F Tout remains one of the best known medieval historians. *The History of Europe* by H A L Fisher, who wrote on the early Tudors for the *PHE*, remains a standard work. With flamboyant rhetoric that anticipates that of Hugh Trevor-Roper, A F Pollard wrote a one-volume life of Henry VIII (1902), still eminently readable, and perhaps the warmest defence anyone thoroughly acquainted with the documentary sources has ever advanced of that king. Pollard covered, in the *PHE*, the part of the Tudor era which came after Henry. Solidly based on the British university system — in practice, almost entirely the English portion of it — the *PHE* admitted only one transatlantic voice, that of G B Adams, of Yale, who wrote on the early Norman period.

In what sense can the *PHE* be called a conservative classic? The *PHE* is extremely well written. It adheres to the narrative rather than the thematic way of writing history, and despite the title, the *Political History of England* is not especially political; narrative history of England would be a better term. The result is like a good Victorian novel. And approaching the mind of the reader with respect and generosity, it states the facts of English history without nagging or nudging, and allows the reader to decide, rather than imposing interpretations on him. But these approaches, though highly agreeable, do not in themselves in any way constitute a conservative work. These are, in fact, the virtues of innumerable textbooks. It is in another way that the *PHE* matters for our immediate purposes.

The *PHE* was written at a time when doubts about the national destiny, in terms of either the defensibility of the national past or the probable soundness of the national future, were only imperfectly entrenched. Dickens and Carlyle had earlier both sown such doubts. But their age was past, and it seemed that their pessimism and criticisms had been rendered obsolete by the subsequent flood of social reforms and of material well being. At the period of the *PHE*, new criticisms had begun to be raised. But these had as yet only begun to 'bite'. Among the newer critics, we may note that J A Hobson's *Imperialism* (1902) dates from a few years before the *PHE* began to be published, and C F G Masterman's deeply pessimistic *Condition of England* (1909) dates from shortly before the *PHE* was completed. The kinds of criticism they raised would not die off as easily as those of Dickens

and Carlyle. And with the First World War pessimism came in with a flood.

Even after that, the case was not that such criticisms were openly preached in historical works. The rule of separating personal political and social opinions from scholarly utterance was too strong for that. What happened was that the doubts and criticisms formed the silent assumptions which shaped and coloured a multitude of historical statements which were themselves advanced as overtly and professedly non-political, and were often of a highly factual kind.

The certitude of the Victorians ended, and a modern corrosive uncertainty began. We probably do not deceive ourselves if we see in the *PHE* a late flowering of something which can be called the Victorian world view, a final statement, robust or as almost imperceptibly hesitant, from the maturity of the Victorian experience. The *PHE* could not have been written in the 1920s. How illuminating now to be able to see the national history as it looked to authors of such mastery and intelligence just before so signal a change, and to be able to ask what was good and sound in the old way of viewing things.

Reputations — 17

Pierre Dugua de Mons (1558-1628)

J F Bosher

Every British schoolchild knows (or ought to) that in 1627 the Duke of Buckingham assembled a fleet to capture the Ile de Ré in an unsuccessful effort to rescue the Huguenot stronghold of La Rochelle from the Catholic armies of Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIII. What the child may be excused for not knowing — because his elders forgot long ago — is that the founder of the first French settlements in Canada was among the Huguenot victims of the siege of La Rochelle (1627-28). This was Pierre Dugua de Mons, whose founding enterprise in North America was turned over to one of his capable employees, Samuel de Champlain (c 1580-1635), a sea captain who had the convenient merit of being a Roman Catholic. Huguenots were now forbidden to settle in Canada so that the New France taking root there could develop as a system of Catholic missions and Dugua was ordered to turn over his rights in the colony to Antoinette de Pons, Marquise de Guercheville (c 1570-1622), one of the wealthy patrons of French missions overseas. By the time Champlain died in 1635 he had been established in history as the 'father of New France' and remained so, unchallenged until recent years. After all, would it have been reasonable to allow a Calvinist heretic to stand as the founder of a Catholic colony? The British forces that won a foothold in New France early in the next century and captured the whole of Canada in 1759-63 were so anxious to avoid alienating the French-Canadian population that Champlain was quietly allowed to continue as the colony's founder for the same reasons that a Catholic bishop, French notaries, and French civil law were tolerated. How all this looked to the Huguenot field marshal, Jean-Louis Ligonier (1680-1770), then commander-in-chief of the British Army, and the many Huguenot British officers posted out in Quebec, is not hard to imagine, but the Glorious Revolution of 1688 had taught them obedience to Parliamentary civil authorities. They were content to enjoy the enormous satisfaction of a counter-Counter-Reformation, as the Jesuits were being driven out of France in the early 1760s and Voltaire was taking up the cause of Jean Calas, a Huguenot recently tortured to death by Church and State in public at Toulouse.

In 1908, the first peaceful centennial year of Canada's founding, H H Asquith's Liberal government celebrated Samuel de Champlain as the 'father of Canada'. They sent Frank Lascelles, a 'pageant master' from Oxford, over to organize the ceremonies in Quebec City. The eight pageants he wrote and staged at Quebec in July 1908 made a hero of Champlain. Dugua played only a bit part in the second pageant, introducing Champlain to King Henri IV. Lascelles persuaded a committee of Canadian historians to offer advice and hundreds of the local population to act, dance and sing in period costume. Success at Quebec led on to the opening of the Union Parliament of South Africa, Cape Town (1910), and the Calcutta Coronation Durbar (1912) for which Lascelles prepared and staged the official ceremonies. Meanwhile, historians on both sides of the Atlantic continued to write of Champlain as 'the father of New France'. Even Francis Parkman (1823-93), who knew better, went along with this time-honoured legend.

The first serious challenge to it came in the 1960s, not publicly but in the obscure writings of a few scholars. As early as 1939 William Inglis Morse, a professor and

Anglican minister in Halifax, Nova Scotia, began to write about Dugua's activities but his was a lone voice. Later, favorable comments amounting sometimes to brief recognition of Dugua appeared in books by Gustave Lanctôt (1964), Marcel Trudel 1966), Lucien Campeau (1967), the first volume of the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (1966), and most clearly in a volume of documents published, ironically enough, under the title, *Nouveaux documents sur Champlain et son époque*, Vol I, 1560-1622 (1967). But none of this made the slightest impression on the legend of Champlain, still 'father of New France' in school books and official statements. This general indifference to scholarly revision was troubling one of the editors of the *Nouveaux documents* in Paris when I met him in Paris in March 1973. Maître Robert Le Blant, conseiller à la cour d'appel de Douai, who had access to seventeenth-century notarial records, often still kept privately in notarial études, had learned to read their vile handwriting. He was also publishing detailed articles on the early years of New France, though he gave up in disgust a few years later and turned to the history of Renaissance painters and sculptors. The National Archives of Canada were not going to print the second volume of the *Nouveaux documents* and, indeed, it remains unpublished to this day in a box of typed pages at 395 Wellington Street, Ottawa, as if 1622-1650 was somehow a less worthy period than 1560-1622. Similarly troubled was another érudit, Jean Liebel, a kinesthète (physiotherapist?) devoted to the life of Dugua de Mons, whom he believed to be one of his ancestors. When I met Liebel in Bordeaux at the Archives départementales de la Gironde he was accustomed to pressing every Canadian he met to read a learned but unwieldy typescript in which he had assembled his findings over many years. Nobody would publish it and at first I thought this was because of the density of its erudition. Reflecting on Liebel's and Le Blant's tales of woe together, however, seemed to suggest some kind of opposition to Dugua.

This idea finds confirmation in a 'Dugua lobby' formed at Royan, his birthplace on the Gironde north of Bordeaux. It was stimulated by the appearance at last of Liebel's biography of Dugua in 1988 and 1999. The members met on 16 November 2001 at Royan with a view to pressing for public recognition of their concitoyen as the real founder of New France. As a result a Comité Dugua de Mons de Royan began to work out a campaign, supported by the mayor and town council, and a local historian, Guy Binot, set out to write the 267 pages of his book, *Pierre Dugua de Mons* (Royan, Éditions Bonne Anse, 2004). None too soon: for generations Champlain's home town, Brouage, had been promoting its hero's memory, notably since 1970 when a Belgian priest, Maxime Le Grelle S J, arrived and soon found the means to turn the little church of Saint-Pierre into a shrine complete with commemorative stained-glass windows, historical and religious postcards, and Canadian memorabilia. Measured on the map, Brouage is 27 km north of Royan and 10 km southwest of Rochefort. How many thousands of Canadians have made the pilgrimage to Brouage by way of Rochefort and thrilled at their first glimpse of the ancient fortifications through the mists of the surrounding swamps! No doubt Père Le Grelle tried to be fair to Dugua de Mons, but inevitably stressed his marginality in an early book, *Brouage, Québec, foi de pionniers* (1976) and in the last of his writing, entitled, *Champlain, nous voilà!* (1984).

Next year, in celebrating the 4th centenary of the establishment of Quebec as a permanent settlement, authorities may nudge Champlain to make room for his patron and superior, who launched the original project and financed the initial founding effort. On 26 June 2004, as if bracing themselves for a change, the French and Canadian governments issued jointly a postage stamp showing an image of Dugua as the founder of Port Royal (1604) in Acadia (now Nova Scotia), and the French-speaking population of Acadians responded enthusiastically. But singling out Dugua's activities in Acadia may perhaps turn out to be a way of denying his role in the founding of Quebec. Admitting a superior to Champlain, or even an equal, will be difficult after 350 years, all the more because Champlain is loved for settling in Canada and dying there. Dugua, forbidden as a Huguenot to live there, died on 22 February 1628 in his Château d'Ardennes, near Royan, shortly before La Rochelle surrendered to the armies of Richelieu and Louis XIII. Most Canadians of whatever origin have never heard of Dugua. He is not on a list of the major figures in Canadian history carved at the door of the Governor General's residence in Ottawa and the staff look puzzled at the mention of his name. Continually ready to inform them stands *inter alia* Professor Jacques Mathieu at Laval University, near Quebec City, who wrote boldly in 1993 and again in 2001, 'In 1608 a French shipowner and merchant, Pierre Du Gua de Mons, founded Quebec, the first permanent French settlement in North America, with the help of Samuel de Champlain.' Dugua's reputation is secure in the minds of some specialists but it remains to be seen how he will fare in the collective mind of a 21st century democracy.

ETERNAL LIFE

The latest outbreak of corporate insanity is the widespread apologising for the Slave Trade. We no longer live in a moral realm where political decisions are made after a period of studied reflection. We inhabit a sound-bite world of sentimental imaginings triggering hysterical responses. We have apologised for the Slave Trade already by abolishing the Slave trade in the British Empire. The best apology there could ever be.

Moreover, abolition was achieved by that most despised class of people — almost exclusively of the male sex, to make matters worse — privileged men with positions in society, MPs and, worst of all, white, English men from the middle and upper classes. And it was that other despised institution, the military, which effectively policed the ban. The Royal Navy boarded ships suspected of slave-trafficking and imposed fines on the slavers. Therefore, we should not be apologising for the Slave Trade: we did that by the very act of getting rid of it. We should be celebrating the moral courage and generosity of spirit of our forebears who carried it out...

There is a more insane insanity about apologising for something two hundred years ago. To whom are we supposed to apologise? And who exactly should do the apologising? You and I weren't even alive. And neither were the present-day descendants of the original slaves — many of whom now enjoy a good quality of life as a direct result of the prosperity which our nation has helped to create. The suggestion by the Archbishop of Canterbury that reparations should be paid by the Church of England is absurd.

Are we ever going to embrace the reality principle? If apologies are called for, why don't we say sorry for handing over prosperous Southern Rhodesia in 1979 to the Marxist tyrant Robert Mugabe? The poverty, hardship and mass murder — mainly of black people — resulting from his misrule is a real blot on our reputation far worse and more avoidable than events of 200 years ago. And then why don't our parliamentarians apologise for their support for Stalin and the Soviets for fifty years of the Cold War? Stalin's terror murdered 40 million of his own people — that's much more than the Slave Trade.

We might say sorry for abolishing the death penalty. More people have been murdered by offenders released after committing their first murder than the number of those judicially hanged in the same period. We could apologise for destroying the grammar schools and with them the last chance of a decent education.

The Church should apologise for getting rid of *The King James Bible* and *The Book of Common Prayer* and giving us books of unreadable, unprayable religious Kitsch in their place. Let them also apologise for losing £900 million on the Stock Market, selling off all the old vicarages at the bottom of the property market, and re-housing the clergy in inadequate modern buildings which are now, thirty years later, dilapidated and requiring vast sums to repair.

The Church of England reflects the rest of British society consumed by mass-hysteria and sheer fantasy: save Africa, make poverty history and now the pagan superstition, Global Warming. The Church is even more culpable than the rest of society because it should set an example to faithless modernity and the pagan hordes.

Peter Mullen

Roy Kerridge

The spectacle of the Rev Ian Paisley and Gerry Adams jointly ruling Northern Ireland causes me to wonder: what has happened to the Ascendancy? You would suppose that the part of Ireland that remained British would be ruled, or at least influenced by the Anglo-Irish gentry and the Anglican

Church. A happy smiling land of Big houses and little cabins, reminiscent of a Somerville and Ross story.

Instead what do we find? Northern Ireland, almost immediately after Partition, became a land ruled at best by people who would have once been local councillors. Judging by its rulers the new Northern Ireland seems to consist only of terraced houses, docks, shipyards and industrial strife. Plummy accents there are unknown

By an Irish paradox the Ascendancy are now more visible in the Republic, however impoverished. Without a National Trust to fall back on, their houses are crumbling and draughty but often still inhabited. Though disestablished and in need of wholesale repair, the Church of Ireland has larger congregations than our own Church of England in many places. The Republic is a reasonably safe place in which to live. A foreign visitor might easily suppose that the South is British and the volatile North is a Republic.

*****

Intellectuals of the nineteen fifties looked forward with great optimism to the day when the working class took over the Arts. Anyone who had worked in a factory or an hotel for a few weeks in the school holidays could pose as a 'working class writer' and bask in the adulation of upper class *New Statesman* readers. Just because most of the writers who responded to this demand proved to be imposters does not mean that working class writers do not exist.

There are a great many writers with a working class manner and background but, as Orwell noted, they write for hobby newspapers and magazines. David Lands is a gifted writer on blues music, contributing to *Jazz Journal* in between driving a van in the Far East End. When I went out there to meet him, I found myself in cheerful Cockney surroundings, a suburb of London expats. Andy Meads who writes so well about goldfinches and canaries for *Cage and Aviary* birds is married to a gypsy girl and has spent several years travelling about in caravans. When I told him that people would be interested to read of his gypsy life, he seemed very surprised, but went on writing about goldfinches none the less. From the point of view of nineteen fifties intellectuals, these working class writers are wasted, since they have mainly working class readers.

Salisbury Review 25th Anniversay

We shall be celebrating our twenty-fifth anniversary in the autumn.

We expect to hold two events in November: a dinner on 20th November at which Lord Salisbury will speak and a debate on globalisation followed by a reception (date to be arranged).

Full details in the Autumn issue.

LETTERS

Sir,

While I am not sure one should speak of Joseph McCarthy's 'fairness' or efficacy you were justified in endorsing David Ashton's article. Worth quoting is John Hughes-Watson, a former colonel in military intelligence, on the decoded espionage cables known as 'Venona', in the *Puppet Masters* (2004). These clearly revealed that 'Soviet wartime penetration of the USA went far, from the office of the President down to the San Francisco waterfront. McCarthy may have had a real case when he began his investigations later in the 1950's, whatever his methods, the CPUSA figures large in these pages. But Roosevelt, with the ever present Harry Hopkins murmuring treason in his ear, would have none of it.' He adds that British traitors blinded themselves to Stalin's excesses because 'they hated their own country'. This thought recurs whenever one reads obituaries about old communists in *The Guardian*.

The stranglehold of ideological verbiage over many western intellectuals is not loosened when 'conservative' opponents think it clever sometimes to use their own vague but abusive phraseology against them — McCarthyism, fascism, racism — when they misbehave. The short term gain is cheap while further entrenching the egalitarian falsifications of history and politics responsible for much misery round the world today.

Erika Terras
Dover

Sir,

Mr Jacobs fails to find anything wrong with what I have said: (*Letters Winter 2006*) UN resolution 242 calls for Israeli withdrawal from land occupied in 1967. If the Israelis say that they do not have to get out of all the occupied land; if I say to you 'get out of my garden', is it not understood that I am asking you to get out of all my garden? The Wall and Barrier have been built almost entirely within the West Bank, not on the Green Line or within Israel and does far more than 'cause problems' for the Palestinians. Its construction is illegal under the fourth Geneva convention and by the International Court of Justice.

Whether one uses the accepted definition of the boundaries of Palestine in 1947 or the boundaries of a larger area that a minority of Jews regard as theirs, the Israelis are occupying the land designated by the UN in 1947 as land for the Palestinians. Whatever I or Mr Jacobs call them, they have been forced out of their land by the Israelis nor does he claim or defend 'Right of Conquest'. He does not dispute the killing ratio of 4 to 1. (It was worse in 2006: 23 Israelis killed and 660 Palestinians killed)

The Palestinians, the PLO and even Yasser Arafat have declared many times that they accept the existence of the State of Israel within its proper borders. Arguments and differences of definition could go on and on but the illegal occupation must be ended if there is to be peace in the Middle East. The USA seems at last to be realizing this.

Robert Harman
Sevenoaks

Sir,

Peter Mullen (*SR* March 2007) notes that last year chain bookshops marketed Richard Dawkins's *The God Delusion* as their Christmas book. Dawkins himself should know and reveal to the lay public, in order to assist in its appreciation that, ever since Einstein, other physicists have been inclined to follow him in believing that there must be a creative intelligence which produces the integrated complexity of the physical world. How much greater must be the need for a creative intelligence to account for the enormously greater integrated complexity of the biological world.

Dawkins offers an offensive explanation of my alleged conversion to Christian theism. Had he wanted to discover what I had actually been converted to he could have looked at my article in *Think* for 2005. He asserts that as an old man I must have become a Christian believer to ensure an untortured eternity. If Dawkins had bothered to look up my particulars, he would have discovered that my main contribution to secularist thought is my Gifford Lectures on *The Logic of Mortality.*

Antony Flew
Reading

French Tricks

Kenneth Minogue

Alexis de Tocqueville: Prophet of Democracy in the Age of Revolution: A Biography, Hugh Brogan, Profile Books, 2006, £30.00.
American Vertigo: On the Road from Newport to Guantanamo, Bernard-Henri Levy, Gibson Square, 2006, £17.99.

Societies are best understood by intelligent foreigners. Being foreign is the easy part; it also needs a spark of genius to set the illuminating foreigner apart. And such adventures of the understanding need not take a great deal of time. D H Lawrence spent six weeks in Australia in 1922, but his novel *Kangaroo* captures something of the essence of the country that cannot be found elsewhere. The most famous example of the genre is Alexis de Tocqueville, spending less than a year in America in 1832, and producing a complex masterpiece that works at several levels. Admittedly Tocqueville had two bites at this particular cherry, going on to develop his ideas about America in a more philosophical way (he would have said 'scientific' way) and writing a second volume taking a more reflective view of democracy in America. But an intense response to everything he encountered gave him a profound fund of suggestive impressions.

Tocqueville sought to understand a country, and ended by identifying it with a concept — equality, or democracy. This might well seem a limiting procedure to an empirically minded Anglo Saxon. Too much abstraction would get the writer lost in logic and failing to absorb the social and moral nuances that distinguish one society from another. How many travellers to the Soviet Union in its early days went to study the transformation of Russia and ended up only finding the abstraction communism? Fortunately, Tocqueville was a historian, and started from recognising reality as almost infinitely varied. But infinite variation itself is both boring and unmanageable. For Tocqueville, the variations had to add up to a structure, and perhaps the most brilliant version of this structure is the account of the American mind in the first part of the second volume of *Democracy in America*. Here, the test is whether he managed to get to the essence of a tradition. Had he achieved a characterisation of American experience that may still be recognised by us today? The original Americans had been eccentrically transplanted Britons, but in the second century of their history, their numbers had multiplied, and their manner of life had become that of a self-confident and distinct people. Tocqueville was writing half a century after they had achieved their independence from Britain, but before the great crisis of slavery and secession, though he was very much aware of the problem. In the future also was the vast influx of migrants from all over Europe around the turn of the twentieth century. The test of Tocqueville's success is whether he caught something about the American 'take' on the human condition that continued to be true over the long stretch of time that included some notable national traumas.

His work has become a classic of the genre, and at the centre of the discussion of American culture today. Contemporary America is larger and more complex than when Tocqueville was writing, but his focus on the *moeurs* of the Americans remains an illuminating starting point from which to understand the country. It is also a work of political philosophy, exploring something no less mysterious than America itself: namely, the character of the modern world.

There is a third element in the work, giving us a highly suggestive intellectual triangle: France. The French revolution had been a dramatic manifestation of the themes Tocqueville found in America, but France remained an aristocratic society. The investigation of America thus becomes at the same time an inquiry into the problems of France. Tocqueville's aristocratic origins and liberal inclinations provided the resonant ambivalence that for a moment allowed obscure things to become clear. Hugh Brogan's new biography is most welcome for the light it casts on the conditions making this achievement possible.

Tocqueville's was not always a happy life. He did not enjoy good health and tuberculosis killed him before he was sixty. He married a rather difficult Englishwoman whose constitution was no more robust than his own. He absorbed many of his admirations from an Anglo-Saxon world regarded by the French with a certain resentment as a result of a string of defeats going back to the Seven Years War. He was torn all his life by an ancestral tie to his inherited aristocratic assumptions, but he hitched his hopes for the development of French political life to a conception of liberty that was conclusively defeated by the triumph of the Second

Napoleon. And he became increasingly disappointed as he got older. Fearing anarchy and dissolution, he wrote that 'I am weary of repeatedly mistaking treacherous fog-banks for the shore, and I often wonder if the *terra firma* which we have been seeking for so long actually exists, or if our destiny is not rather to beat about eternally at sea.' He was a politician under the Orleanist regime in the 1840s which he regarded as merely *faute de mieux*, and he even became foreign minister for a moment in 1849, but practical politics mostly generated in him a disdain for human nature. We owe his book on the ancient regime to political failure and advancing ill health.

What makes *Democracy in America* so brilliant and fertile a book? Certainly one element is that Tocqueville's level of generalisation about America emerges from asking philosophical questions that would hardly occur to the average student of politics. The Americans have, he observes, 'a philosophical method common to the whole people'. He characterises it in ways that would later be identified as pragmatism, but Tocqueville thinks that his Americans are a species of entirely unselfconscious Cartesians. Again, he derives the authority recognised by Americans from the logical impossibility of fully investigating more than a few of the beliefs we live by. Or, arguing for the dominance of majority opinion in America he observes that 'nothing is more customary in man than to recognise superior wisdom in the person of his oppressor', an observation whose range covers anything from the attitude of blacks in America to the Stockholm syndrome. The suggestiveness of *Democracy in America* comes in large measure from an offstage philosophical sensitivity. His judgements cut into reality at an unusual angle, neither directly empirical nor yet entirely dissociated from the realm of experience.

This combination of experience, abstraction and lucidity is a peculiarly French trick, found in Montesquieu from whom Tocqueville gained much. However Franco-centric the civilisation of the French may be, the French themselves are generous in their characterisation of other peoples. There is a sense in which Voltaire and Montesquieu invented the international reputation of the English as the bearers of freedom, and Tocqueville does the same for the Anglo-Americans. Like other French writers, he is much more generous about the Americans than British writers of this period.

Other than America, his subject is the modern world, which he thinks is advancing towards democracy. It is not so much that the coming of democracy is inevitable as that the forms of life that have so far supported aristocratic societies can no longer sustain themselves. He had learned from Guizot that a levelling tendency had long been operating in European life. He admires democracy among the Americans, but there is an evident strain of ambivalence in his attitude; two contrasting attitudes in him are forever looking for an overarching unity. Democracy is to be associated with independence of mind, but it is a limited independence. The individual cannot but feel powerless in contrast with the public opinion of his fellows.

The concluding pages of *Democracy in America* have a certain melancholy and express Tocqueville's fears for the future. Democracy does not indemnify men from the dangers of despotism, and indeed the problem may be more insidious because in modern societies, democracy may well have a confusingly benign character. This is a theme that provokes him to express a certain disdain for the ordinary that can often be sensed beneath his account of American life. Observation, he remarks, is struck by 'an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavouring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives'. Generalisations at this level, even as here expressing aristocratic disdain, have an irresistible suggestiveness, so that one may read them in any decade of recent history and they will seem brilliantly to pick up features of contemporary life. In the 1960s these pages picked out the features of 'the lonely crowd'. Today in Britain, for example, we might well think of a Government keen to solve the problems of 'ordinary people'.

Brogan's biography is a superb scholarly work, some of it only possible as a result of the release of primary materials previously not available, and Brogan himself is a prominent character in the narrative. Tocqueville is, he remarks, 'one of my oldest and dearest friends ... and although I use a friend's privilege to be frank about what I take to be his weaknesses, no-one else had better do the same in my presence'. Brogan is, indeed, a candid friend, sometimes putting poor Tocqueville down as 'neurotic' about this or 'obsessive' about that, and periodically deploring his failure to liberate himself from what we today (or at least Brogan himself) can recognise as baseless prejudices. The result is that the book sometimes seems to chronicle the proceedings of a somewhat disputatious household in which harmony may be disrupted by disagreements.

Brogan's hesitations, however, are as nothing to the way in which Bernard-Henri Levy was taught to regard Tocqueville in the Parisian intellectual milieu of the 1960s — as 'an old-fashioned, hiccupping aristocrat, an adept of lukewarm thinking...quibbling, over-scrupulous dilettante...boring reactionary public intellectual, a sententious activist ...'. Levy's interest in Tocqueville comes from his attempting the same

exercise, a travel book exploring the essence of today's America. The book is entitled: *American Vertigo: On the road from Newport to Guantanamo (In the Footsteps of Alexis de Tocqueville)* and it is at least free of the automatic anti-Americanism found in much European opinion today. But Levy, too, is a 'candid friend' of America, and he does not stint on Nazi-loving gun lovers, obesity, the low rate of mixed marriages, 'the cancer of poverty that is ravaging so many American cities', a media acquiescing 'to the big lobbies', and the crafty folksiness of President Bush. He covers a lot of territory and there is unmistakably intelligence at work, but I have no idea what it all adds up to. The reason is partly that Levy cannot write a sentence without saying three or four things at the same time. Some may think this a rich and suggestive manner of writing, but it is like reading prose consisting of a string of multiple choice questions. After a time, it becomes wearisome having to stop before each sentence and decide which of the possibilities fits in best with the chain of thought. Levy is not a bad travel writer but he is not sharp enough to fix new aspects of America in the memory, nor does he have a clear development of a concept, as Tocqueville did, from which we may take our bearings. The sad consequence is that he ends up not saying very much at all.

Relative Scores

Christie Davies

Race Differences in Intelligence, an Evolutionary Analysis, Richard Lynn, Washington Summit Publishers, 2006, hb $34.95, pb $17.95.

Individuals differ markedly in intelligence and in consequence in their capacity for carrying out complex tasks. Within a reasonably homogeneous society these differences are largely, but not entirely, of genetic origin. IQ is simply a convenient statistical measure, a general factor extracted from a large number of tests of a variety of abilities. It has good predictive value. If you measure the IQ of a large number of people, whether as children or as adults without revealing the scores to them or anyone else, you can predict quite well how well they will perform in the real world, not just in education but in practical and professional situations. The predictions are far from perfect because many other factors are involved but they are very good. A rational investor would venture serious money on them. From an analysis of the IQ scores of identical twins including those separated at birth, fraternal twins who are no more similar genetically than other siblings and children adopted at birth whose intelligence correlates better with that of their natural than with that of their adoptive parents, it is clear that intelligence is very largely inherited. Ironically this makes social mobility possible, and indeed likely, in an open society. Nutrition is probably the second most important factor — Professor Lynn is noted for his work on this subject. Improved nutrition over time leads to enhanced intelligence (the Flynn-Lynn effect) while chronic nutritional deficiency depresses the development of intellectual capacity .

Likewise, we know from a second set of observations that the human species has, for among other reasons long periods of geographical isolation, become differentiated into 'clusters' which differ in the frequency with which particular genetic variations are found in their populations. Provided we realise that these are not strongly bounded entities but statistically differing aggregates of individuals, there is no reason why they should not be termed races. We can see it most clearly in the substantial differences in the frequency with which genes linked to a particular disease (such as cystic fibrosis) occur between racial groups such as Europeans, East Asians and Africans south of the Sahara; far more so than is the case within each sub-species.

Lynn's work has been controversial because he is one of a group of scientists who have put the two approaches together, suggesting that there are substantial differences in the average level of intelligence between racial groups and pointing to data that not only confirm this but also indicate that the cause is genetic. What he has done is to collect a very large number of IQ scores from studies carried out in many different countries (some collected by himself) and looked for patterns. Sometimes he has eliminated or qualified a particular study for reasons which he states, such as a group taking a verbal test in their second language, but he cannot be accused of picking and choosing to suit his case. He has followed normal scientific procedures.

The East Asians (Chinese, Koreans and Japanese) come out with average scores noticeably higher than Europeans, whose average scores are much higher than those of sub-Saharan Africans, with most other groups coming somewhere in between the Europeans and the Africans, though with certain isolated aboriginal groups coming lowest of all. We can assume that differences within a group will be substantial and that there will be a lot of overlap between races. The findings put together by Lynn are strikingly consistent — all East Asian groups score higher and all African ones lower, despite the very large differences in culture and standard of living within each race. The descendants of migrants to other parts of the world have

similar patterns of scores to those of their continent of origin. You cannot explain these differences in IQ by reference to mere differences in cultural familiarity with the items used in the tests and, indeed, why should East Asians beat Europeans on tests first devised for Europeans. Everything points in the same direction and the differences remain even when levels of nutrition and literacy are comparable. The only case that doesn't seem to me to fit is South Asia, which I think needs a lot of new work, but I leave it to the reader to get Lynn's book and check the statistics. I am rather concerned that the Indian material is not tabulated by caste.

We should now ask not whether Lynn is right in postulating a genetic basis to race differences in intelligence but *WILL* Lynn be right? Twenty years from now we will have an enhanced knowledge both of human genetics and of the way in which the brain works and will be able to answer this with certainty. Lynn will probably be right, even though some of his particular findings may well be disproved, whereas the chances of the egalitarian, 'it is all down to environment' school being right is close to zero. Lynn and his colleagues have a model and a research programme that accumulates successes — new data confirms predictions or can be easily accommodated into his model, which is both coherent and elegant. It is accepted by most psychologists who are specialists in the field. Anonymous opinion polls of psychologists in general also show majority support, though many of them, for career or political reasons, won't say so publicly. Every so often an official committee will deny it, but then they would, wouldn't they?

The egalitarian model is in trouble because it cannot accommodate new findings that contradict it and is often expounded by those without relevant qualifications and knowledge. They are preoccupied not with a quiet search for the truth but with finding a Humpty-Dumpty style knock-down argument that will provide good rousing rhetoric. Their favourite tricks are to find one past measurement by the hereditarians that was erroneous and use it to deny the validity of all the others, to argue by analogy and to ascribe discreditable motives and associations to their opponents. Arguing with them is like trying to reason with religious fundamentalist. I am amazed at the calm and patient way in which in his book Lynn rebuts their every point.

Lynn's position resembles that of the proponents of Wegener's theory of continental drift down to the 1960s, before we knew about plate tectonics. There was a lot of strong evidence in favour but many opposed it because of the lack of a mechanism. How did these differences in IQ come about? What is their physical manifestation? Lynn uses brain size, which indeed is largest among East Asians and does correlate with intelligence. Yet there must be other important, less easily discernible differences between brains. Lynn answers the 'how did it come about question' in an evolutionary way. People like the Chinese (with their flat faces, narrow eyes and ability to get enough vitamin D from minimum sunlight) are adapted to cold winters and Lynn argues they evolved higher levels of intelligence that enabled them to deal with harsh conditions and survive through natural selection.

We still need a more direct genetic explanation. Such explanations are now close. Cochrane, Harpending and Hardy in an article about to appear in the *Journal of Biosocial Science* have suggested a genetic explanation for the very high average IQ scores of Ashkenazi Jews (not shared by the Oriental Jews). Excluded from all but cognitively demanding commercial and professional occupations in an anti-Semitic Europe, the Ashkenazi Jews evolved higher intelligence through natural selection based on strict rules about not marrying out, combined with better childhood survival among the brighter families. The clue to locating the mechanism was the higher incidence of certain deadly diseases — Tay-Sachs, Gaucher, Niemann Pick and related conditions — among the Ashkenazis than among other groups. Tay-Sachs is linked to an extra and excessive growth and branching of connectors linking nerve cells. Yet on a more limited scale such a tendency would greatly enhance innate intelligence. The test will be whether those who carry one of the Tay-Sachs linked genes (who are advised not to marry others with it) are more intelligent than those who don't. The Utah researchers may or may not be right but the dam of political correctness has now been breached and is crumbling as the torrent of scientific truth begins to pour through. The hereditarians are in the ascendant.

It is time to honour Richard Lynn not just for his many scholarly achievements, but for his qualities as a man — courage and determination. We should not let the next generation of geneticists and brain scientists steal the glory that is rightly Lynn's. He showed the way, and advanced bravely under heavy fire. This was brought home to me at a criminology conference in Athens more than twenty years ago, when I was first working on the long-term criminal statistics that became my book *The Strange Death of Moral Britain*. I mentioned an article in a reputable psychology journal by Lynn (not on intelligence, on extraversion) that seemed to have a bearing on my thesis. Afterwards a senior criminologist who had liked my paper told me to delete the reference to Lynn, as it might impede publication and damage my career. We do not live in a free society but we can at least honour free souls like Richard Lynn.

Collision of Empires

John Jolliffe

The War of Wars, Epic Struggle between Britain and France 1793-1815, Robert Harvey, Constable & Robinson, 2006, £25.

Innumerable studies have covered different aspects of this vast subject, ranging from memoirs and biographies of all the major, and many of the minor, participants to the definitive accounts of all the chief military campaigns and individual battles. Robert Harvey's *select* bibliography covers eleven closely printed pages. But it appears that none of these books has even attempted to draw together the countless relevant threads into a single coherent tapestry, which is the achievement of this highly readable and often thrilling new book.

It begins with a useful summary of the French Revolution, with excellent sketches of the main players like Mirabeau and Danton, perhaps controversially concluding that they were all either personally contemptible, or ultimate failures. We move on to the early life of Napoleon, his disillusionment with the Revolution, and his first great military success at the siege of Toulon. Pitt, however brilliant at home finance, was no good at foreign policy. Not for the last time 'too little, too late' sums up the series of 'half-hearted engagements and military blunders' in the early 1790s.When war came, there was also total disagreement between Pitt and his supposed allies Austria and Prussia, who regularly had different priorities, and who left him in the lurch in 1795. The French were fighting furiously for the survival of their newborn republic, whereas the Austrians were fighting for their feudal overlords. The French required perpetual war, and a stream of victories, to distract attention from the ghastly conditions at home. Napoleon brutally defended the Government against a large popular uprising, using artillery in the streets of Paris. As Sheridan later put it Napoleon was obliged 'to promise to make his subjects masters of the world if they would be his slaves'.

There followed his whirlwind campaign in Northern Italy and by 1797 our prospects were as bad as in 1940. Then came the Battle of Cape St. Vincent, the counterpart of the Battle of Britain. To boost morale, Talleyrand slyly persuaded Napoleon that 'the French would soon feel that in order to destroy England, they must occupy Egypt'. In a campaign worthy of Saddam Hussein, Napoleon massacred 4,000 civilians and Turkish troops who had trustingly surrendered, and even poisoned his own men when they went down with the plague. He fled to Paris leaving the remains of his army to its fate under Kleber, one of his best humane generals, who was soon assassinated. How he managed, through a series of breath-taking lies, to stage a coup against the largely civilised Directoire is not, and perhaps cannot be, fully explained. But with the help of Talleyrand, Fouche, Berthier and Murat, he seized power and cunningly set up four assemblies which largely cancelled each other out. His subsequent coronation as Emperor appalled the Austrians and stiffened their hostility to the upstart.

Meanwhile the English fleet enforced an economic blockade on the French ports, deterring a French invasion. When Villeneuve managed to escape from Toulon in January 1805, there followed the most extraordinary naval chase in history, with Villeneuve and Nelson playing hide and seek all the way from Alexandria to Martinique, and then back to Europe. Napoleon for once made a good strategic decision and gave up his invasion plans three months before Trafalgar but then proceeded to his greatest victory, at Austerlitz over the Austrians, having already smashed the Prussians at Ulm, and went on to further victory at Jena, but with a setback with the Russians at Eylau followed by success at Friedland, and peace with the Tsar at Tilsit.

There were now no bounds to his megalomania. Brilliant though Napoleon was at tactics, usually at lightning speed, his sense of strategy, previously in Egypt and later on in Russia, was terrible, as shown by his wild decision to attack the Bourbons in Spain. The savagery of his army against Spanish civilians aroused fierce reprisals, which contributed to the failure of the campaign. Napoleon dreaded being associated with defeat, never dared to go to Spain himself, and tried to shrug it off as a sideshow. This was a great turning point for England. As well as several serious misjudgements, Wellington had showed 'superb professionalism, and his soldiers ... discipline, courage and ability'. It was also a crucial drain on French resources.

By 1811, unlike most of his acts of aggression, his invasion of Russia was theoretically justified, since the Tsar had broken his agreement by first taxing luxury imports from France, and then by allowing vital imports from Britain. Harvey considers that Alexander I, noting what had happened in Spain, seems to have been almost eager to provoke Napoleon into attacking him. In fact, Alexander was frightened of Napoleon and his achievements, and although he was always changing his mind, would probably have been glad not to have been attacked, and not to have had Moscow burned down. Of the 400,000 men in Napoleon's invading army, just over half were French, the rest coming from

Austria, Italy, and various parts of Germany, many of them of doubtful loyalty, and all prone to disease, desertion and suicide. Napoleon was obsessed by the desire to show that they were invincible.

The destruction of Vitebsk and Smolensk and finally Moscow itself, and the undiluted horrors of the crossing of the Berezina and the final retreat are mercilessly described. With only *one-thirteenth* of the Grande Armée left, Napoleon abandoned it and hurried back to Paris, with the temperature at -37° F. Of the Russian army, about 50,000 survived out of 170,000. Astonishingly, Napoleon showed how far he was removed from reality by writing to the Emperor of Austria that 'Every time I met the Russian Army I defeated it... as for France, I could not be more satisfied with her: men, horses, money, everything is offered to me.' Of a recruiting target of 650,000 new soldiers to replace the dead, he was to raise only 140,000 in France, raw recruits commanded mostly by officers with no fighting experience... 'France had become a perpetual war machine, mobilising and plundering other nations. If war should cease, the whole edifice of repression, colossal military expenditure and subject peoples would come crashing down.' This appears to be a just epitaph on the War of Wars.

But it was not over yet. In October 1813, at the Battle of the Nations, Napoleon had to face all his enemies at once; and however reluctant they often were to cooperate, this time Napoleon met with inevitable disaster. France was invaded, and Napoleon was bundled off to Elba. France was ruined. Her foreign trade had been brought to a standstill; only her farmers were prosperous. Between them, the Revolution and Napoleon had delayed the Industrial Revolution in France for fifty years. Escaping from Elba, he somehow mesmerised the malcontents and managed to assemble yet another army of raw recruits, 300,000 against the combined total of his enemies of 650,000. Of his surviving marshals, Ney was fearless but strategically inept, Soult was competent but scarcely brilliant, Grouchy a cavalry commander without imagination. (Murat, who had ratted, and signed a treaty with Metternich, and Berthier, who had thrown himself out of a window in Bavaria, were no longer available.)

Interestingly, Harvey is not a fan of Wellington. While conceding his brilliance in the Peninsula, he is scathing about his appointment as Ambassador in Paris, which gave the impression of a military occupation, and of his large scale philandering when he got there. Basking in popular adulation, he was caught napping in Brussels by Napoleon's sudden advance into Belgium. But for the finale, Napoleon was in poor shape physically, and his tactical excellence deserted him when he missed his chance after Quatre-Bras. Harvey's verdict is that Waterloo was lost by Napoleon (who had never fought the British Army before): indecisive, remote, and far from the front line; not won by Wellington, though unlike Napoleon he bravely remained in the thick of the fight, and his final victorious charge was a masterstroke. Harvey is also quite severe on Nelson, praising his brilliance as a seaman and a leader, but noting his neurotic craving for the limelight, hardly surprising when promotion in the Navy was conducted on absurd principles. He has already written an excellent life of Admiral Cochrane, a commander even more dashing than Nelson.

Harvey, who in his time has chaired a committee in the Commons, and has been deputy editor of the *Economist,* ends with an interesting analysis of the civil Code Napoleon imposed on France: 'far from ideal, too inflexible to take account of local circumstances and traditions; state-centred, lacking the guarantees and pluralisms that defined and defended the rights of the individuals, insisting that the individual prove his lack of guilt, instead of a presumption of innocence ... giving central authority virtually absolute power over the citizens ... far from certainly an improvement on existing legal systems, complex, fragmented and sometimes iniquitous though they might be.'

Doesn't that ring a few bells in the European Union today?

The Unknown Laureate

Jeremy Worman

Robert Southey: Entire Man of Letters, W A Speck, Yale University Press, 2006, £25.

On 9 May 1817 Byron wrote of Southey in a letter: 'I beg leave to conclude by wishing Mr Southey damned — not as a poet — but as a politician.' Coleridge and Wordsworth also expressed reservations about him. What was it about Southey, his writings and beliefs, that turned many people against him? In *Robert Southey* we are given an overabundance of facts and details about his life, but are left searching for his real strengths and weaknesses. This dutiful but dull biography is flawed because it risks so little in speculation about Southey's inner motivations or the development of his ideas.

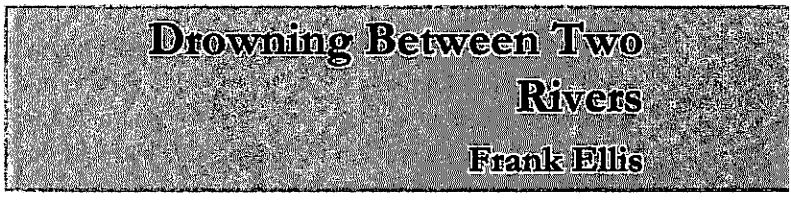
He was born in Bristol in 1774 to middle-class parents in trade, and in 1788 he left the 'West Country for the first time' to go to Westminster School, followed by Balliol College, Oxford. He soon became a radical, a convinced republican and a leading Jacobin poet. Fascinated by Coleridge, 'an elemental force of nature', they developed the philosophy of 'Pantisocracy',

which involved communal living, free love, and the abolition of property. The underlying ideas were based on the theories of William Godwin. Like many extreme political visions, it came to nothing, and a disillusioned Southey moved, with his wife, to the Lake District to be closer to Wordsworth. During the next phase of his life he recanted his almost-revolutionary views and became a high Tory. In 1813 Southey was appointed Poet Laureate. Southey lived in the same house until he died in 1843 — having remarried after his wife's death. He had written so much, poems, historical studies, biographies, one novel, an abundance of journalism and letters — much of it well received. There is a fanatical energy in his urge to communicate, and in this respect his personality is like that of Dickens.

This biography is remorselessly chronological. Southey's childhood and young manhood are effectively covered and could have been an interesting springboard for a discussion of the themes, and genres, that Southey explored. Speck, a historian, does not investigate the inner development of Southey through analysis of his poems, which is crucial to having a fuller picture of the man. Certainly, his long poems were very long, and are now dated. Yet his urge to write epics, *Thalaba* for instance, about a spiritual quest, may reveal much about the motivations of his life. This idea is not pursued. The short poems are scarcely touched on. Yet they deal with the themes of nature, reminding us of Wordsworth, but without his empathy. In his poems Southey's mind always seems to win over his heart. We are left to ponder how he was a very different Romantic from Worsdworth or Coleridge. Geoffrey Grigson, in a short introduction to *A Choice of Robert Southey's Verse* (1970) makes the revealing point that 'the depth of Southey — if there was a depth — remained inaccessible to himself'. There is a lack of such illuminating insights in Specks's book.

After becoming Poet Laureate, Southey wrote little poetry, and Speck leads us briskly through his many publications, including *A History of the Peninsular War*, and *A Life of Nelson*, 'which is still in print today'. Speck acknowledges that Southey was a first-class prose stylist. One little gem is *Letters from England*, written under the guise of a Spanish visitor looking at England. These sketches are fresh, sharp and funny, for example his description of an English breakfast, 'that all parts of the world are ransacked for an Englishman's table'. Speck does not discriminate effectively amongst the mass of Southey's work between the excellent and the poor.

In the preface Speck makes the exciting point that 'historians and political scientists' have seen 'Southey as a missing link in the development of English Conservatism between Burke and Disraeli'. In 1824 Viscount Lowther described Southey as 'the most powerful literary supporter of the Tories in the present day'. In chapter ten Speck claims that Southey's liberal conservativism anticipated the 'Tory radicals of the Victorian era'. Interestingly, Southey admired Cromwell and the Methodists and wrote a book about Wesley. Southey's 'self-restraint' was picked out by the author, and one wonders whether there was something of the radical, non-conformist Thatcherite conservatism in Southey's political temperament. Fuller discussion and less assertion would have made *Robert Southey* a better book. Macaulay greatly admired Southey's letters and a consideration of them could have opened up links, and revealed disjunctions, between the private and public spheres. Did Southey ever get drunk, take opium, seduce the housemaid or have a homosexual affair? A little gossip of any kind would have lifted the story. *Robert Southey* will be a source of valuable information for scholars, but it is unlikely to inspire many general readers.



***FIASCO*: The American Military Adventure in Iraq**, Thomas E Ricks, Allen Lane/Penguin, 2006, £25.

FIASCO begins with a warning from Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*: you must know the enemy and know yourself. Perhaps, in view of the CIA's conspicuous failure to recruit good human intelligence sources inside Iraq, the following citation from the Chinese sage would have been more appropriate: 'What enables the wise sovereign and the good general to strike and conquer, and achieve things beyond the reach of ordinary men is foreknowledge. Now this foreknowledge cannot be elicited from spirits; it cannot be obtained inductively from experience, nor by any deductive calculation. Knowledge of the enemy's dispositions can only be obtained from other men'. *FIASCO* also brings to mind the thoughts of von Moltke the senior, who argued that no plan survives contact with the enemy. Even the best military plans must contend with the vagaries of weather, human error, equipment failure, the sheer unexpected and, as von Moltke's fellow countryman remarked, the 'friction of war'. Military operations then are hazardous undertakings even with meticulous planning and good intelligence. To commit one's men without them and absent any necessary contingency

planning is to court disaster. Add the arrogance and insolence of power based on the belief that technology will solve just about everything and all the ingredients are present for catastrophe. It may well be that American policy makers will achieve their goal of defeating the insurgency and creating a stable Iraq and that Thomas Ricks's assertion of a fiasco will be wrong, but, four years after the invasion, you would have to be an optimist to accept this outcome.

Throughout this very well researched book Ricks is unremittingly critical of the role played by senior figures in the Bush administration, especially Donald Rumsfeld and Paul Wolfowitz. According to Ricks the decision to invade Iraq may come to be seen as one of 'the most profligate actions in the history of American foreign policy'. 'Spooked', he continues, 'by its own false conclusions about the threat, the Bush administration hurried its diplomacy, short-circuited its war planning, and assembled an agonizingly incompetent occupation'. It is quite clear that there were a number of dissenting voices who questioned the easy assumption that once Saddam Hussein was removed the problem had more or less been solved. Ike Skelton, a senior democrat, pressed Bush about plans for Iraq once Saddam was out of the way. Skelton warned: 'We need to ensure that in taking out Saddam, we don't win the battle and lose the war.' Even more indicative of the Bush administration's determination to invade regardless of any warnings was the report put together by the Army War College before the invasion. With stunning foresight the authors noted that: 'The possibility of the United States winning the war and losing the peace is real and serious.' On more than one occasion General Zinni observed that the planners had no idea of the dangers. As Ricks notes, 'again and again during the crucial months before the invasion, such warnings from experts weren't heeded – or even welcomed'. Many months after the US invaded Iraq officials in the White House even conceded, astonishingly, that neither Bush nor Rice had read the National Intelligence Estimate.

Ricks confines his critical remarks to the Americans yet the failures of planning are not solely of an American provenance. As the second largest contributor to the American-led coalition, Britain had an obligation both towards its own troops and the success of the enterprise to ask hard-headed questions and push relentlessly for answers. There are no signs that that has happened. What was presented as intelligence on WMDs was a concoction of wishful, sloppy thinking, Internet plagiarism and organized lying. We were taken into the war by a Prime Minister who, like so many professional politicians, lacked any first-hand experience of war or any understanding of the dangers and limitations of armed intervention. Woefully ignorant of history, Blair was out of his depth. In slavishly following the Americans, Blair has shown a disgraceful disregard for British interests, intellectual incompetence and moral cowardice. Nor can all the blame be heaped on politicians. Britain has enormous expertise in counter-insurgency and senior British officers should have insisted, to the point of resignation if necessary, on the detailed planning after the invasion. If too many Americans are guilty of failing to think through what would happen the day after, then so are the British. In the years ahead more British soldiers are going to die. We cannot permit ourselves the luxury of blaming the Americans.

The prolonged insurgency was not the only unexpected consequence of the invasion. Serious damage has been done to the doctrine of preemption which certainly has its merits and may be necessary in the future. What, asks Ricks, will happen when there really is credible intelligence that some group of terrorists or their state sponsors have nuclear weapons and are planning to use them? Will the US be believed? Preemption may be necessary to deal with a nuclear-armed North Korea. What happens if there is an Islamic coup in Pakistan and the new regime threatens to use the nuclear weapons against India or supplies Islamic terror groups? Other potential enemies have been following the course of events in Iraq with some interest. According to some Chinese generals now, while the US is pinned down in Iraq, might not be a bad time to deal with Taiwan. If the Americans were able to present good intelligence that a Chinese invasion of Taiwan was imminent, would they be believed?

Ricks concludes *FIASCO* with four scenarios: the best-case scenario; the middling scenario; a worse scenario; and the nightmare scenario. Based on the fact that the average insurgency lasts about nine years, then there is likely to be a substantial US military presence in Iraq for at least another five years. Ricks alludes to the US involvement in the Philippines which began badly and then improved as the Americans adapted and modified their tactics and methods. US losses are the critical factor (at the time of writing US soldiers killed in action have just passed the 3,000 mark). Losses which continue at this rate will weaken public support and the public will press for withdrawal. This is the best-case scenario. The middling scenario assumes that some progress will be made in training the Iraqis but that the political will to sustain the task will expire and the US will withdraw before the job is complete. The Sunnis will not be reconciled to their minority status and so, argues Ricks, the Shiite-dominated Iraqi security forces will replace the US military as the 'occupiers'. The Kurds would seize Kirkuk, Turkey would invade and Arabs from Syria, Jordan and Saudi Arabia would join the fray to assist Sunnis. The worse scenario envisages civil war

— already being waged according to Ayad Allawi, who served as Iraq's interim Prime Minister — and the ethnic fragmentation of Iraq. The price of oil would rise to anything from $100-$200 a barrel. Others have noted that the balance of power in the Gulf region is shifting in favour of Shiite Islam and this is the basis for Ricks's nightmare scenario: the emergence of a leader in Iraq who unifies his country and the region. The historical precedent is Salah ed-Din Yusuf (known as Saladin in the West) who unified the Arab world in response to the Crusaders. Ricks takes it for granted that any new version of Saladin would seek to acquire nuclear weapons.

What has happened in Iraq since 2003 has exposed the view, yet again, that democracy as 'a universal idea' is an Anglo-American prejudice. Here we see one of the great ironies of the American neo-conservative obsession with multiculturalism. We are supposed to celebrate 'difference' and 'diversity' yet the Americans aided and abetted by the docile British seek to impose Western models of liberal-democracy on a region which prefers gangster-dictators and tyrants. I am reminded here of what one Somali militiaman tells the captured American pilot in Ridley Scott's film *Black Hawk Down* (2001). In Somalia, insists the militia thug, we negotiate by killing. Thomas E Ricks is to be congratulated. *FIASCO* does more than highlight the failures of military and civilian planning, American *and* British. His book underscores not just the perennial dangers of war but also the limitations thereof, especially asymmetrical warfare. The remarks of an anonymous four-star general on Rumsfeld *et al* grasp the essence of the problem very well: 'These are educated men, they are smart men. But they are not wise men.'

A Family Business

A W Purdue

A Very British Family: The Trevelyans and Their World, Laura Trevelyan, I B Tauris, 2006, £18.99.
Lady Trevelyan and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, John Batchelor, Chatto and Windus, 2006, £25.

Visitors arriving at Wallington, the Trevelyans' country house on the edge of the Northumberland moors, towards the end of the Second World War, found an entrance gate with a crown painted upon one pillar and the hammer and sickle upon the other. Such contrary loyalties were not common among the Northumberland gentry. The Trevelyans, were not, as Laura Trevelyan's title asserts, a very British family, if by this is meant 'typically British' or even typical of the English landed gentry. They could not have been found anywhere but Britain in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Their intellectual, religious and moral attitudes, their approach to the arts and the deep seriousness with which they approached work and life, even their ability to turn leisure into a kind of work, mark them as part of a subset of the British upper-middle and upper-classes. They formed, along with Bosanquets, Darwins, Wedgewoods and Huxleys, a hereditary intellectual caste rather uneasily poised between the landowning gentry and the professional middle class.

The Trevelyans prided themselves on having first-rate minds with a lofty distaste for the pleasure-loving aspects of life. Augustus Hare stayed with the family in its heyday in the early 1860s and found the hospitality frugal: 'His hostess seemed hardly concerned with her guest's comfort, feeding them solely on artichokes and cauliflower.' James Lees-Milne, who came to discuss the hand-over of the Trevelyans' Wallington estate to the National Trust nearly a century later, found the after-dinner entertainment alarming: longing for bed, he found that he was in for a general knowledge quiz at which he did badly, while Lady Trevelyan 'put the questions one after the other with lightening rapidity', displaying 'great mental agility' as her daughters 'with pursed lips shoot forth unhesitating answers like a spray of machine-gun bullets'.

Originally a Cornish family, the Trevelyans had become squires of Nettlecombe in Somerset. They inherited the Wallington estate on the death of Sir Walter Calverley Blackett and owned both it and Nettlecombe for nearly a hundred years until on the death of Sir Walter Trevelyan, who had no children and considered that no man should own two estates, the estates were divided, Nettlecombe going to the heir to the original Trevelyan baronetcy and Wallington to a cousin, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, a baronet in his own right. Neither the previous history of the family nor that of Wallington predicted the high-minded sobriety and leftish inclinations that became characteristic of the Wallington Trevelyans from early in the nineteenth century. One Calverley ancestor provided the model for Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, while Wallington had long been the home of the hard-drinking Tory Fenwick family.

The family characteristics first became evident in Sir George's grandson, Sir Walter Trevelyan and his wife Pauline. They met in the less than romantic ambience of the Conference of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He was the complete progressive of the day: an eclectic scientist who was a geologist and an expert on oxygen as well as a social reformer and teetotaller. The Wallington estate became a laboratory for modern farming methods, model housing for the workers, a closely managed school and teetotalism. Sir Walter not only emptied the contents

of his father's wine cellar into the lake but had the local pubs closed.

Sir Walter's wife, Pauline, is the subject of John Batchelor's carefully researched study. Vivacious where her husband was solemn, Pauline's friendships and interests placed her at the crossroads of Victorian science, religion and art: the violent clashes between Puseyites and evangelicals, the bitter disputes over evolutionary theory, the artistic rebellion of the Pre-Raphaelites and the shock to moral sensibilities of Swinburne's poetry. Her achievements were those of support and patronage rather than creativity. Batchelor has written a fine book on the Victorian frame of mind reflected in one woman's life.

Laura Trevelyan asserts she knew little about her family until she began her research. She concentrates upon five Trevelyans: Charles Edward, reformer of India and of the civil service; George Otto, politician and historian; Charles Philips, Liberal and then Labour politician; George Macaulay, historian; and Charles Humphrey, German scholar and Bletchley Park decoder. The other subject which dominates her book is Wallington. Charles Edward's marriage to Hannah More Macaulay, the sister of Lord Macaulay, ensured that the Trevelyans became part of the liberal intelligentsia and followed the common path from evangelicalism and liberalism to agnosticism and radicalism, retaining a confident belief in progress that was to be achieved by government commissions and beneficial reform.

It cannot have been easy to have been a Trevelyan for great things were always expected of one. Life was a series of tests. Each generation was expected to excel academically, to make a mark in the public world, to have impeccable morals and leave government and society better than they found it. The Trevelyans were meritocratic and egalitarian in their views on the organisation of society though, as Laura Trevelyan, who is no hagiographer, points out, they were not above pulling strings for the advancement of their own offspring and had a flair for marrying money. They retained a certain *hauteur*; the world should be made more pure and more equal but they, who knew best, should lead the way. Their pleasures were mainly those of the mind but they enjoyed the countryside and were keen on shooting. They had a mania for walking — even honeymoons seem to have involved prodigious walks — and at their Lakeland retreat, Robin Ghyll, invented a family game along the lines of hare and hounds in which the family member allocated the hare's role was pursued with great seriousness.

Charles Edward's influence on the reform of the civil service via the Northcote-Trevelyan Report is still acclaimed and if his reforms in India now seems culturally insensitive they did something to settle the country after the mutiny. His role as Secretary to the Treasury in directing relief operations in Ireland during the famine may no longer be seen as entirely heartless though it can hardly be portrayed as benign. George Otto, rather more cheerful than most of the family, was an up and coming radical politician in the 1880s but destroyed his chances for the highest offices by ill-considered resignations and changes of alliance.

In Sir Charles Trevelyan the radical urge was stronger than the intellectual streak. He moved steadily to the left. A Liberal MP and then Under Secretary to the Board of Education, he resigned from the government on the declaration of war in 1914, became a leading member of the Union of Democratic Control and joined the Independent Labour Party towards the end of the war. Ramsay MacDonald made him President of the Board of Education in 1924 but after losing his seat at the 1931 general election, he was expelled from the Labour Party for his support for Stafford Cripps's Popular Front proposals. At Wallington he threw the house open to socialist supporters, thus creating an arts and crafts dream of a teetotal and herbivorous Merrie England. His decision to leave Wallington to the National Trust was a logical result of being a socialist baronet but he retained control of the place until he died; the sacrifice was made by, or rather at the expense of, his heir, who became Warden and Principal of Attingham Park, an adult training college, and presented courses on mystical and other subjects. He appeared in *Twelfth Night* as Malvolio, and entertained his students with 'The Stately Homes of England'. Wallington has, however, been well-looked-after by the National Trust and gives great pleasure to thousands of visitors.

Perhaps Sir Charles's brother, George Macaulay Trevelyan, achieved the most, becoming an historian who was both distinguished and popular. A strong advocate of the unfashionable view that history was a literary activity, his *History of England* and his *English Social History* are still readable, and informed by a wide knowledge that is never brandished. A Baldwinian Conservative rather than a radical, his other great achievement lay in the preservation of the countryside and great houses via his role in the National Trust. The great tragedy of G M Trevelyan's life was the death of his eldest son at the age of five. The Trevelyans had always invested great expectations in their children but Theo's parents had seen their eldest son as a paragon and such was their grief that it made a gloomy childhood for their other children who were forever to feel inadequate. Laura Trevelyan's last chapter is entitled 'the epigonic generation' and refers both to the feeling of her grandfather, Humphrey Trevelyan, that

he was inferior to what his brother might have been and to the general feeling of more recent Trevelyans that the great age of the family had passed. Humphrey had a distinguished enough career as an academic and author almost against his will, for Laura Trevelyan suggests that his great desire was to be ordinary and escape the pressure on Trevelyans to be first rate.

The Forgotten Illustrator

David Edelsten

Nature's Engraver — a life of Thomas Bewick, Jenny Uglow, Faber & Faber, 2006, £20.00.

Who was Thomas Bewick? I asked the question of a dozen well-educated acquaintances, at random, as I happened to encounter them. One mentioned the swan that bears Bewick's name, another, pulling my leg, mentioned racing cars, but not one of my interlocutors knew the answer.

Thomas Bewick (1753-1828) was a wood-engraver of birds, animals and country scenes of unique distinction. A Tynesider, son of a small tenant farmer and mine-owner, who seldom went further from Newcastle than his legs would carry him, he produced what must be some of the most amusing and informative images that survive from his era. They are absolute treasures, a source of endless joy and study. Ruskin said of him 'his unerring hand — his inevitable eye — and his rightly judging heart — should place him in the first rank of the great artists not of England only, but of all the world and of all time'. This contemporary panegyric chimes oddly with his present day obscurity; this is accounted for by the humble compass of his art. In his lifetime, although celebrated in discerning circles, wood-engraving was up-staged by steel-engraving, which could produce more imposing images than anything that could be cut on the end grain of a block of boxwood.

The actual process is both of interest and relevance since it illustrates the scale to which he worked. 'Thinking hard, trying out his ideas in rough, Bewick drew the design on a scrap of paper. When he was satisfied he rubbed the back of the drawing with black lead, turned it over, placed it over the block and redrew the outline with a fine point, leaving a shadowy tracing on the wood. Now he was ready to begin. In the light from the window he placed the block carefully on a leather pad filled with lead shot. This let him wedge the wood against the soft pad to get different angles as he pushed his sharp-pointed graver around, and to move the block, like a potter with his wheel, to get beautiful curves, dusting away the tiny shavings as he worked'. The end product was miniature, postcard-sized. Barely a generation later wood-engraving was eclipsed by the wonders of hand-coloured lithography, the technique that was so brilliantly exploited in life-size images by Thomas Bewick's admirers, not to say his disciples, our own John Gould (1804-1881) and the American, John James Audubon (1785-1851). Today we think of Bewick as an illustrator, treasure his vignettes and end-pieces in children's books and such standards as *Aesop's Fables*: in his lifetime, when natural history was a new frontier, he achieved notice and then fame principally through his *History of Quadrupeds* and *History of British Birds*, now long superseded as standard works of reference.

There can surely be few less rewarding avenues of speculation than that pursued by the 'what if?' school of historian. But history's near misses do make one pause, and, rather like the pop-up pages in old children's books, can suddenly, as it were, give depth to a shallow picture. Beethoven, we are told, walked the same Viennese streets as Schubert, yet he never met his future pallbearer and ardent champion.

Thomas Bewick was born, though some years earlier, within a few hundred yards of 'The Ridings', the appropriately named birthplace of Robert Smith Surtees. Their interests overlapped, as did their lives, by over two decades: did they know of each other? There is no trace of it. A wayward schoolboy, though devoted to nature, temperamentally unsuited to farming, he was bound apprentice to a jeweller in Newcastle at the age of 14, entering on an 'inky, bustling, competitive milieu', so well described here for us. A large part of a jeweller's work was engraving arms on domestic silver as 'an anti-theft device', but soon the young Bewick became valued as a wood-engraver — a term that differentiates the skill he developed, working on end-grain, from that of the mere woodcutter. The latter worked on a larger scale, but necessarily much less finely, on the length of the grain.

It was a time when 'woodcutting was at its lowest ebb in this country, and indeed in Europe, and he never imagined that it could compete with copper. Paradoxically, this may have been an advantage. He could go his own way: in this plebeian craft there were no models, no rules, no supercilious critics. He had the freedom to express himself directly in a medium that suited him. His strong, youthful designs for bar bills, for the George & Dragon pub in Penrith and the Cock Inn in Newcastle, caught the eye of local merchants and traders. Orders rose and takings tripled...'. The young Bewick was on the threshold of recognition and success, 'by the age of 30, without knowing it he had begun to create a school that would spread his style across the world'.

How grateful it is to us when those whom we admire contrive to lead admirable lives, manage to requite genius and yet eschew Bohemia — one thinks, contrariwise, and with distaste, of that other supreme artist in the *genre*, Thomas Hardy. Thomas Bewick, like his birth-neighbour, was an exemplary family man, married happily for fifty years, a devoted husband, father and brother. His life, and his happy if turbulent and muscular nature, is well reflected in the depth and detail of his art. His gem-like images contain humour, beauty, social history and irony. My favourite perhaps features a scare-crow in tattered regimentals, rooks all around, feeding contentedly on newly sown plough.

This excellent biography, itself a showcase for a generous display of Bewick's art, is strong on background. It was a turbulent time, history was on the move, politics a-boil, enclosures a potent issue, and Newcastle a busy hive not least with intellectuals and artisans. The engraver's workshop, his apprentices, farm, pit, fell and family are all brought alive for us. This is a book to linger on and to enjoy. At my elbow by my reading chair, hangs a delightful pencil sketch of a wren, done evidently in a few minutes a century and a half ago by my great-great-grandfather and Bewick's grateful heir, John Gould.

Nowhere Land

John Michell

Utopian Dreams, Tobias Jones, Faber & Faber, 2007, £12 hb.

Here is what the author has to say about the state of things today:

> The promise of happiness has created an epidemic of depression. It's us who are being consumed, not the objects. Postmodernism is the hidden fuel of the consumer culture. It allows everything to be erased, replicated, replaced. Nothing even aims for permanency or perfection and thus the throw-away-buy-again society finds its justification: we're constantly buying because we're cool chameleons. We're ceaselessly changing, dressing up to assume new roles. We mustn't ever hint at commitment, because that would be the death knell of rights and choices. That way no door is ever closed to us, no purchase or partner ever precluded. Sounds good, ha? But it's not. *I simply cannot continue living like this.*

This statement is reproduced on the back cover of *Utopian Dreams,* but in such a distorted form, with every other word in a different colour, size and type-face, that it is nearly illegible. Designers are notoriously unfriendly to passages of text — dull, grey stuff, they reckon. But this is designer's ego at its worst, an act of sabotage. And the guilty publishers are Faber and Faber, once known for aesthetic discernment.

That is my last grumble about this book. The author, to go by his photograph, is a handsome, young idealist. He has reacted against the values and attitudes of his generation — the vacuity, loneliness and self-obsession that he sees among them — and he has been searching for happier ways of living. His quest takes him to some remarkable places. First he goes to northern Italy, to Damanhur, where a prophet by the name of Falcon (all his followers take the name of a creature) has established a large, powerful colony of New Age-type occultists. At its centre is a vast, underground temple, lavishly adorned and furnished, which Falcon's early disciples dug out secretly, over many years, in the bowels of a mountain. The planning authorities are furious, but Falcon is politically astute and his thousands of followers now outvote the locals. He is astute also in business: the Damanhur arts, crafts and magical objects are traded world-wide. His declared object is to create a 'new species of human' and make his temple the centre of a universal cult. Jones attended one of his weekly pep-talks and wrote down some of it. On later inspection it turned out to be gibberish.

What a racket, you might think, what a ruthless cult. Jones would not argue with that. But the great thing about his book, making it unique among all other writings on artificial communities, is his positive attitude to them. Every community has its flaws, but what he is looking for is the common good in them all, the reason why they more or less work. Everywhere he meets, sincere, thoughtful people, who have found peace of mind and fulfilment — at least for a time — in whatever new way of life they have chosen.

After goodbyes to Badger and Kestrel at Damanhur, Jones proceeded to Nomadelphia, a rural fraternity, founded after the last War by a priest, Don Zeno, as a refuge for orphans and the destitute. His example of radical Christianity is admired throughout the country and inspires many great works of charity. Enjoying the daily farmwork, the wholesome fare and the good company, Jones felt he had entered a near-paradise. With no television or outside influences, time ceased to rush by, and love and happiness prevailed. At Nomadelphia he was joined by his wife and little daughter, and they were enthralled by the place. But their quest was not yet over. There were further communities to explore and further wisdom to accumulate. So, after travelling around Italy, they returned home, dwelt for a time in a Quaker village near York and ended up humbly among the drunks and vagrants in a Christian house of hospitality at Pilsdon

in Dorset. Everyone who goes there is supposed to work as they can, in the garden, cooking or cleaning, but there are no fussy rules of conduct, and an informal sort of order naturally asserts itself.

This is a ruminative kind of book, full of conversations, mostly between the author and himself. He alludes to all the questions that arise from his subject, such as the proper balance between freedom and discipline, or between the virtue of tolerance and the shame of not denouncing evil. There is nothing pretentious in his philosophising. It is good, straightforward stuff, plainly written and with conclusions that are strikingly different from the whingeing, atheistic, sub-Marxist conventions upheld by the current education establishment. Jones's principal conclusion, robustly asserted and defended from the start, is that every happy, successful community is founded upon religion. At Nomadelphia the sacred spell is maintained by Catholic ritual; at Pilsdon by the Anglican chapel at its heart. Even the cult of Falcon at Damanhur provides comfort and contentment to its good adherents. As with communities, so, no doubt, with individuals. The modern mind, conditioned to have no higher quality of centre than itself, is hostile to religion. Acknowledgement of divine truth and authority is seen as an infringement of individual rights and freedom of choice. This attitude, as Jones keeps pointing out, leads to mass-neurosis and social breakdown. He has been through it and kept his good humour, and it is very enjoyable and heartening to read his book.

Law the Ruler

Angela Ellis-Jones

On the History of the Idea of Law, Shirley Robin Letwin, Cambridge University Press, 2005, £48.

This is the final work and *magnum opus* of Shirley Robin Letwin (1924-93) uncompleted on her death and edited for publication by Noel E Reynolds. In it she addresses the same fundamental questions that every major philosopher of law since Plato has asked: what is law? What is the rule of law? While the book explains and criticises the legal theories of leading philosophers from Plato to the present, it is mainly targeted on those theories of the twentieth century which reject the classical understanding of the law as illusory and treat the idea of the rule of law as a conservative mantra or a misnomer for rights.

Letwin begins by showing how Plato introduces two ideas about law and justice. The view put forward in *Crito* 'takes justice to be the opposite of arbitrariness and equates it with consistent, regular, dependable rules governing the relations between rulers, subjects and among subjects, which rules are to be obeyed because they bring peace'. The other idea is put forward in *The Republic* and *The Laws*: it identifies justice with the 'right' rules in the sense of a particular substantive pattern for living, which are rules to be obeyed because they are 'right'. On this view, the laws are instrumental imperatives, 'a set of directions for how to behave'. Letwin notes that 'in his attempt to accept both of these conflicting meanings of justice, Plato introduced a conflict between a formal and a substantive idea of law that all his successors have struggled to resolve'.

These two approaches, law 'as a means to preserving peace among heterogeneous associates and the other as a means to achieving perfection' can be seen as the liberal and the conservative view of law respectively. Or the positivist (the law is the law, whatever its moral quality) and the natural law view. Surprisingly given her role as a major figure in the revival of conservative thought and doctrine from the 1940's onwards, Letwin prefers the liberal view to what she terms the 'instrumental' view. Also surprising is that she implies that both Plato and Aristotle hold these views to be equally valid. My reading of both philosophers is that they strongly support the conservative view.

Until the 1960's, English law, both in terms of its legislation and of the way in which it was interpreted by the judges, had a strongly conservative complexion. The overwhelming majority of judges had studied Plato and Aristotle. English law did not seek to achieve perfection but certainly a basic level of decent behaviour which was considered essential to a civilised society. Letwin makes no comment on the fact that whereas the liberal view could work in the nineteenth century when religious belief and moral codes were strong, in the late twentieth century such a value-free approach has been disastrous. Liberalism is exposed as being all form and no content. However in the late twentieth century one morally-loaded approach to law, that which upheld traditional morality, has been replaced by another, that which aggressively promotes 'equality'.

After chapters on Cicero, St Augustine, St Thomas Aquinas, Thomas Hobbes, John Locke, Immanuel Kant, Jeremy Bentham and several twentieth century thinkers, Letwin discusses the American school that in the 1960's became known as 'political jurisprudence'. The main tenet of this school was the belief that law consists in the decisions of judges rather than in the contents of statute books. Judicial decisions should be treated as part of the political process. The courts are merely one government agency among many; the judge is a politician acting upon and being acted upon

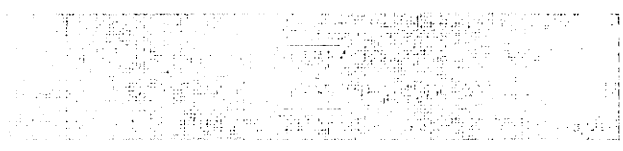
by other political forces. Thus the search for judicial neutrality is futile.

Since the author's death, English courts have become increasingly politicised; a trend that has been reinforced by the passage of the Human Rights Act. And the judges of Europe do not pretend to be anything other than political, insofar as they have a mission to increase European integration.

Letwin also provides a devastating critique of the ideas of Ronald Dworkin. This post-moral, obsessively egalitarian American liberal has exercised an enormous influence over English legal thought in the closing two decades of the century. Through acres of dense prose, the message he seeks to convey about law is that law and political theory are so inexorably intertwined that law and politics are essentially one. In *Taking Rights Seriously* (1977), he says that he 'wants to oppose the idea the "the law" is a fixed set of standards of any sort'. Dworkin defines democracy in the manner of the 'peoples' democracies' as a system for maintaining equality, in particular, the equal distribution of political power. Letwin concludes that 'Dworkin is advocating that the law be used as an instrument for redistributing resources so as to secure equality'.

And isn't this exactly what has been happening in Britain to an increasing extent in the years since Dworkin's writings began to influence lawyers and judges? Prisoners successfully sue for substantial payouts if anything goes wrong while they are incarcerated. Judges overlook the letter of the law when travellers claim their 'rights', the legal system hardly bothers to enforce fines imposed on working class defendants, but zealously pursues the comparatively small number of middle class offenders. A legal profession which used to be overwhelmingly conservative has become liberal and is endangering traditional concepts of the rule of law.

Letwin reminds us that 'All that we consider distinctive about our civilisation, above all its genius for maintaining a peaceful communal life that leaves room for a remarkable variety in thought and action is bound up with the idea of law.' She notes that 'The current repudiation of the idea of law is at the same time a repudiation of individualism, which is justified as a defence of morality'. Anyone who thought that Margaret Thatcher had vanquished the forces of disorder on the Left had better think again. Our generation has an even more serious task than that which faced her on the economic front, that of safeguarding the integrity of the law itself.



Trendy Traditionalism

Maxwell Goss

Crunchy Cons: How Birkenstocked Burkeans, Gun-Loving Organic Gardeners, Evangelical Free-Range Farmers, Hip Homeschooling Mamas, Right-Wing Nature Lovers, and Their Diverse Tribe of Countercultural Conservatives Plan to Save America (or at Least the Republican Party), Rod Dreher, Crown Forum, 2006, $24.

Traditionally-minded conservatives on both sides of the Atlantic have long decried the soul-corroding effects of the modern experiment, making themselves a nuisance to all (not least conservatives) who have made their peace with mass society. Like senile old relatives, these backward souls may be impervious to correction, but they can usually be corralled and kept out of sight, where no one need be troubled by their irrelevant babbling. Who would have thought that a book extolling settled ways of life would generate the sort of chatter normally reserved for the most fleeting of fashions? And yet *Crunchy Cons*, journalist Rod Dreher's tribute to the growing number of Americans turning away from the consumer culture in search of more humane pastures, has attracted a flurry of interest from all quarters of the American press and blogosphere. Already in its second edition, *Crunchy Cons* has an air of trendiness about it, witness its gimmicky subtitle and giddy fixation on Birkenstocks and the Whole Foods Market. Nevertheless, Dreher captures the imagination with his vision of reviving an authentically conservative approach to cuisine, agriculture, architecture, and other human essentials. Though *Crunchy Cons* falls short of what it could have been, it is heartening to see such intense interest in a book championing the small, the local, and the spontaneous.

Dreher's most important contribution is to put his finger on a real, if disparate, movement of sorts, uniting its adherents under the memorable rubric of crunchy conservatism. Inasmuch as 'crunchy cons' shoulder the burden of preserving humane traditions that are withering in the wider culture, the author performs a service in giving voice to their contrarian spirit. Each of the book's core chapters presents a series of vignettes about people who have adopted a deliberate, civilised attitude towards the mundane things that make up the fabric of life. Slow Food practitioners preserve local culinary traditions and the conviviality of the feast. New Urbanists restore living arrangements that stimulate interaction rather than isolation.

Homeschoolers return the formation of young minds to the household, away from the humbug propagated by professional educators. Conservationists protect the integrity of the countryside, not out of mindless devotion to nature in the abstract, but for the sake of hearty human enjoyments. Efforts like these make use of a patrimony that can be squandered only at the expense of the deep satisfactions that make life worth living. Though some of the causes Dreher commends have been seized upon by fruit-and-nut liberals, their natural home is among conservatives who perceive the organic and providential character of existence.

While the book is appealing in many ways, it fails to spell out what holds these stories together. The reader looks in vain for a coherent statement of what binds crunchy cons to other conservatives while also setting them apart from the mainstream. Instead, Dreher offers mainly a jumble of canards, vague pieties, and dilettantish quotes from Russell Kirk, E F Schumacher, Alasdair MacIntyre, and others in the crunchy pantheon. It is not that the book is not theoretical enough — popular defences of tradition always have their place — but that the parts that try to be theoretical are so shallow as to be useless. 'The point of life is not to become a more satisfied shopper,' the author intones in his opening 'Crunchy-Con Manifesto'. This might come as revelation if anybody actually believed otherwise. Or take the repeated insistence that beauty must trump efficiency. A lovely sentiment, but Dreher might have hinted at an occasional need to balance the two. After all, isn't doing more with less itself a crunchy virtue? Many of the alternatives the author recommends — buying a bungalow in the city rather than a suburban McMansion, for instance — are not quite the tough choices that force thrift on the average consumer. The reader gets little sense of any need to weigh the finer things together with the claims of the not-so-fine — a need that should be apparent to any conservative. It would be unfair to expect of a popular expositor the depth and nuance one finds in Kirk or others Dreher admires. But the incessant sloganeering gives the book an ideological cast.

Dreher does make perceptive remarks about the sacramental outlook typical of crunchy cons. Though he does not say so, the notion of sacramentality may actually be what draws together the seemingly unrelated features sketched here: allegiance to family and community, deference to tradition, appreciation of variety, self-reliance, and the rest. Maybe the predilection for seeing the ordinary circumstances of life as freighted with profound significance, even holiness, signals a common rejection of *homo economicus* and recognition of man's unique status in the created order. Crunchy conservatism, like every authentic conservatism, thus turns out to be humanism. The very real phenomenon Dreher identifies may be fashionable for the moment, but it is also an expression of the perennial philosophy.

English, Our English

Alexander Story

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples since 1900, Andrew Roberts, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 2006, hb £25, pb £14.99.

Quite regularly, I have the feeling that it is five minutes to midnight for Great Britain. However, before we collectively pack our bags, and leave for a place where the sun always shines, it might be worthwhile taking the time to read Andrew Roberts' latest book.

Andrew Roberts attributes the hegemony of the English-speaking people, not to superior intellect — anyone watching UK daytime television will probably concur — but to the accrued advantages from their system of governance and the spreading of the English language. He puts the record straight on the English-speaking peoples' contribution to the world and points the finger of shame on the self-loathing, relativist, and myth building intellectual establishment, whose history of supporting the wrong side should be enough to rob them of any credibility. He broaches three main themes: the benign hegemony of the English-speaking people and their defence of civilisation against alternative political systems and philosophies, their contribution to the betterment of mankind through technological advances from airplanes to penicillin, from space travel to the internet; and the increasing power of the English language, which allowed the English-speaking people to benefit from an increasing pool of earthly talent in the maintenance of their power.

The English-speaking peoples are those for whom English is the first Language. Their unwavering attachment to the inherited English parliamentary system, with its deep-seated respect for the rule of law, free speech, and democracy, is what has set them apart from the rest, and what has been the source of their civilising dominance throughout the long 20th century. The English-speaking peoples rallied to defeat Imperial Germany, National Socialism, Japanese Imperialism, and Communism. Andrew Roberts has no doubt that civilisation's new atavistic foe, Islam, will be dealt with in due course. Looked at it from this perspective, it is certainly something in which one can take pride.

Roberts is careful to point to mistakes made by various members of the English-speaking clubs throughout the 20th century. He is critical of Britain's

own élite, which was far too quick to apologise for its costly victory over Germany in 1918, with the resultant disabling guilt complex, which played into the hands of demagogues on the continent. The loss of India was nothing to celebrate either but rather a catastrophe that cost a million lives on the sub-continent. He also points to the incredible peace dividend that subjects of the British crown enjoyed in Africa and contrasts it with the crooks, and communists, who have made this potentially beautiful continent such a monstrous disaster.

This kind of commonsense reading of history is what makes this book such a pleasure to read. Andrew Roberts' main point throughout the book is that when the English-speaking peoples act in concert, then little lies outside of their reach.

In making this the central theme of his book, he is careful to exclude Eire from this happy family; the Republic of Ireland has had a long history of backing whatever power, however evil it might have been, if that power was anti-British. Not content in not helping the civilised world in its hour of need, Eamon De Valera, the Irish Free State president, personally visited the German envoy to Dublin on the 30th of April 1945 to express his condolences on the death of the Fuhrer. De Valera did not extend the courtesy to the American envoy when Roosevelt had died eighteen days before.

It is at times of dissonance between the English-speaking peoples that the enemies of peace find room to breathe and grow. Ike's decision to go against Eden and the latter's subsequent lack of nerves in seeing the Suez operation to a successful conclusion shattered not just Britain's prestige, perhaps the single most important element of Imperial power, but that of the West as a whole. In allowing Nasser to win a political victory over Britain, America enabled a wedge to be driven between herself and Britain. which allowed two enemies to benefit: Communism, in particular through Wilson's decision not to side with America, New Zealand, Australia and the South Vietnamese army during the Vietnam War, and Islamic Nationalism.

The book reaches its climax when Roberts turns his fire on substantial sections of the 'intellectual' establishment throughout the English-speaking world, which have had the odd tendency to attack and distrust their own, rather benevolent, governments and to defend criminal ones. Here are a few examples: turning a blind eye to Uncle Joe's liquidation of 8 million Ukrainians in the 1930's, defending Mao TseTung's and Pol Pot's murderous policies, equating George Bush to Hitler. Roberts points the finger of shame against the intellectuals such as the Webbs, Jane Fonda, Eric Hobsbawm, Derrida, John Pilger, Noam Chomsky and many more, which does much to taint their names with, at best, the stain of hypocrisy, or, at the very worst, with the blood of the 100 million casualties who died at the hands of Communist regimes during the course of the 20th century.

Guantanamo is always used by those who want to discredit the USA as an example of the country's inherent inhumanity. However, so far 180 detainees have been released, whilst 300 are still there. The prisoners are fed three times a day, have access to cleaning and medical facilities, and, in most cases, to religious support. Furthermore, the prison camp has been visited by over twenty Senators, 110 Representatives, 150 congressional staffers, and more than 1000 American and international journalists. These facts, though, did not stop *The New Statesman* publishing an article entitled 'America's Gulag: Bush's secret torture network of prisons and planes'. Many who went to Stalin's gulag might have preferred Bush's one, if indeed a comparison between the two is to be made. Guantanamo had, at its peak, 480 prisoners, who were captured in Afghanistan fighting against English-speaking troops.

The power of Andrew Roberts' volume is inherently pragmatic and unashamedly uses fair and contemporary comparisons between systems. This it turns out is the author's best possible weapon. For those, like me, who have thought that the curtain was about to be drawn on our civilisation, this broad brush book on the English-speaking peoples' contribution to humanity is just what I recommend. The warm glow of pride will surely last until the next time you are a victim of crime or were just asked to wait six months for your cancer check; or just happened to catch Jade Goody speak on race relations on Channel 4's flagship *Big Brother* show. Until then perhaps, Andrew Roberts will have written another volume to convince us that things are not so bad after all.

Russian Terrorism

Martin Dewhirst

Blowing up Russia: Terror from Within, Yury Felshtinsky & Alexander Litvinenko, London, Gibson Square, 2007, £14.99.

The recent poisoning of Alexander Litvinenko, an operation that was, like some earlier operations of the Russian Federation's secret services, at once highly sophisticated, brutal and slipshod, clearly marks a new stage in the development of neo-Soviet terrorism. It has been a depressing experience to read and listen to many of the comments on this tragedy

offered by people who think that they are competent to express their opinions on the matter. They ignore that there might be a link either between the killing of Litvinenko and the murder of Anna Politkovskaya the previous month or with the forthcoming Russian elections, stating with distasteful self-assurance that Litvinenko was a minor figure who could not ever have had access to any new and important secret data coming from Moscow. They are oblivious of the fact that this brilliantly targeted assassination would send a clear message to earlier and potential future defectors possessing valuable information about the longer-term strategies of the Russian authorities. These 'experts' show yet again how badly equipped the West is both to defend its traditional values against the present and probable future Kremlin 'elite' and even to comprehend the mindset and psychology of the new-old rulers of Russia. Some journalists even claim that this foul deed was planned and carried out by 'former' KGB/FSB operatives without the knowledge, let alone the agreement, of anyone in the current security agencies, as though Putin had never expressed doubts about whether there could exist such a person as a *former* KGB officer. (There are, in fact, at least a few such people – Litvinenko was one – but they don't include those who planned and executed the murder in London last November.)

This book is a new, expanded edition of the authors' 2002 volume with the same title and subtitle. (The 2007 version has an additional subtitle: *The Secret Plot to Bring Back KGB Terror).* The original Foreword, slightly rewritten, becomes the Introduction to the new edition, and the completely new Foreword was written by Felshtinsky shortly after his co-author's murder. The three appendices are new, and there is also some new material throughout. The result is an even more convincing case for the Russian security services' involvement in, or, at the least, prior knowledge of, not only the explosions that killed a few hundred innocent people in 1999, but also several well-timed earlier atrocities in 1994 and 1996 – before Putin moved from St. Petersburg to Moscow. We find the same combination of sophistication, brutality and bungling in later events too, such as the infamous actions of the authorities in Moscow in 2002, in Beslan in 2004 and, of course, in London in 2006, but these atrocities are not investigated in the present volume. Perhaps the most important point made is not in the key chapter, 'Fiasco in Ryazan' (the pathetically weak attempts, in the Russian equivalent of Whitehallese, of the authorities to convince the public that this apparent act of state terrorism, uncovered by a genuine hero of our time, Alexei Kartofelnikov, was a mere training exercise with dummy explosives), but in the presentation of the case that elements in the secret services, not least Sergei Stepashin and Yevgeny Savostyanov, were trying hard from the start of the new regime to wreck the attempts to create a democratic system in the Russian Federation. Numerous mistakes were made by many of Yeltsin's home-grown and foreign advisers, but without the 'help' of influential groupings in the Russian intelligence agencies the Putinization of the country (which started several years before Putin became President) might well not have happened. The strong-arm merchants (*'siloviki'*) are now in charge, and it looks as though they will remain so for at least the next ten to twenty years.

No one has attempted to subject the original text of this volume to a detailed scholarly critique since its publication five years ago. An article in *Novye Izvestiya* on 23 May, 2002, mentioned that 100 photocopies of the work had been made in Yekaterinburg and were circulating in *samizdat*, but wholesale consignments of the book itself were confiscated when they were taken to Moscow. This shows that the authors have got uncomfortably close to the truth. Nonetheless, to be really convincing to a wider sceptical readership, a work of this sort needs to be 'whiter than white', and I hope a third edition will be published in the near future, with a name index, a clear timeline, explanatory footnotes (for non-Russian readers), a list of all the acronyms used, date references for all, and not just some, of the published sources from which quotations are taken, an improved translation and the correction of the numerous misspellings and factual mistakes: Shevardnadze was formally connected more to the MVD than to the KGB, Aushev was not the President of North Ossetia and Dzasokhov was not the President of Ingushetia. There is only a passing mention of Nikita Chekulin, who, in 2002, appeared to support the book's thesis on the 1999 bombings but since his return to the former Soviet Union in 2004 has taken a different, but not very convincing line. Was he a plant from the very start? We are not told the authors' views on this point. Surprisingly also, there is no mention of Alexander Prokhanov's novel *Gospodin Geksogen* (*Mr. Hexogen*).

The Russian Public Commission investigating the 1999 explosions (see Appendix 1) has now fallen silent, its work uncompleted. This makes it more necessary to set up an international committee to examine these (and similar) events. It's unlikely that all its members would have a good knowledge of Russian, so an improved third edition of this book would appear to be essential. And an English-language edition of the two authors' second volume, *The Lubyanka Criminal Gang*, is also urgently required.

The Tyrant of Uganda

Marc Sidwell

The Last King of Scotland, directed by Kevin MacDonald, 2006.

If you have read and enjoyed that subtle, award-winning novel *The Last King of Scotland* by Giles Foden you should not go and see this film. That is not a critical judgement; it is the advice of the director. When Kevin Macdonald caught one of his stars reading Foden's book, he told him to stop immediately: it would give him the wrong idea.

Only one constant survives from book to screen: Foden's imaginative portrayal of Amin as a charming, mercurial and ultimately unknowable tyrant. There is no question that Forest Whitaker's Oscar for Best Actor is well-deserved. Taking the place of Foden's finely-structured prose, his performance provides the necessary charismatic force to entrap and test the soul of the film's protagonist, the young doctor Nicholas Garrigan. Whitaker's daemonic intensity and physical scale create the sort of lurid, larger-than-life character only found in the pages of history books. His unpredictability seduces even as it holds up the promise of violence. Yet it is significant that, for all the critical garlands, *The Last King of Scotland* received its one Oscar nomination for the one part of Foden's book that remains intact.

To some extent, changes were inevitable. The source novel's subtlety flows from the older Garrigan's unreliable narration of his years at the court of Amin. That air of melancholic retrospection was unavailable to the screenwriters, constrained by their medium to the present tense, and they were forced to invent an alternate, more cinegenic story more or less from whole cloth. This does not altogether matter, since Foden's novel is in many ways only the stage for a star character who has escaped his author's control — and the new film provides a similar experience. To watch Whitaker's showcase is to enjoy a diverting two hours of cinema, its setting clipped from the prettiest pages of the *National Geographic* and the darkest segments of the Ten O'Clock News.

Even so, the impact of Whitaker's mesmeric turn steadily lessens, and the impression remains that Macdonald has succeeded in taking an intelligent book and making a senseless film, one that marks its moments of dramatic tension by putting really loud thumping on to the soundtrack and that willingly sacrifices coherence to the god of style. It is symptomatic of the difference between book and film that Foden's intensely realised and lovingly observed Uganda is present in Macdonald's version only as generic African *mise-en-scène*. We get pictures of smiling children and native dancers, but no concrete sense of place. Foden's bleakly knowledgeable doctor recounts all the horrors and inconveniences of tropical disease. James McAvoy just vaccinates a few children and stares at an X-ray photograph that seems to be back to front.

This retreat from a real, rooted landscape to the Hollywood backlot version of Africa (despite having taken the trouble to shoot in Uganda itself) is critical. Having lost contact with historical and geographical detail in favour of broad gestures, the film has no difficulty with other kinds of lazy thinking. So we find a range of liberal Hollywood tropes carelessly packed in to round out Foden's much-abused story. Notably, the young Garrigan's penchant for adultery is now presented in heroic light: one wife refuses him and one accepts; both, it is clear, are being offered moments of salvation from the afflicting tedium of an institution for which any loyalty beyond the feeling of the moment is absurd.

In the novel, Foden shows a minor character, another doctor, who has impregnated Amin's wife, begging Garrigan to perform an abortion. Garrigan refuses, part in fear and part in moral revulsion born of his Presbyterian upbringing. The other doctor then attempts the procedure himself and Kay bleeds to death. In the film Garrigan is Kay Amin's lover and the cause as well as the hoped-for cure. This leads to a breathtaking piece of moral sanctimony. We are informed that without Garrigan's help Kay will have to go 'to the villages'. She does, and a botched attempt ends with her mutilated corpse in the hospital morgue.

In this single alteration you can see everything that is wrong with the film. An elegant piece of plotting that reveals character while remaining plausible and morally uncertain is excised. A sloganeering piece of Hollywood pro-choice certainty is shoved in for padding. The result is utterly implausible: show me a back-street Ugandan abortionist idiotic enough to operate on the wife of Idi Amin at the height of his terror. Finally, the moral logic of the sequence is now

obscene. The writers appear to imply that the only decent response on Dr Garrigan's part immediately upon hearing that his lover was carrying his child was to roll up his sleeves and sharpen his curette.

The reinvented story is not just crudely assembled, but essentially flawed: it lacks the courage to destroy its hero. The onscreen Garrigan is both more explicitly Faustian and more deeply complicit in Amin's evil than Foden's creation, who still ends his days hiding in a Scottish croft, reviled by the popular press. The appropriate end for this Garrigan would be death or prosecution. The writers think he deserves to go round again because he is young and pretty, so, in their most extreme departure, they invent a grotesque and pseudo-Christian episode of torture and substitutionary redemption.

Much as I wish I had not encountered this film's climactic scene, it is, in an odd way, touching. In conjuring the means to save the soul of a sin-soaked prodigal, the writers turn to theology and a faith they might mock under other circumstances. In the end, an African Christ-figure offers the film's one source of hope.

Back to the Drawing Board

Andrew Lambirth

Drawing is going through something of a decline at the moment. Not just in the nation's Art Schools, where more and more students are complaining that they aren't taught how to draw, presumably because their teachers can't draw either, but in the art market. Modern British art is in the grip of a sustained boom, with the price of paintings by recently dead painters going through the roof. William Scott, Patrick Heron and Terry Frost are just three whose stock has risen dramatically. Even a radical realist like Euan Uglow (1932-2000) makes good auction prices, with a small painting of his from the 1960s realising £78,000 recently, against an estimate of £10-£15,000. But drawings are not so sought after. You can still get bargains in auction rooms if you're prepared to buy works on paper done in pencil or charcoal. Even watercolours are more reasonable to buy, though that is rather a different market. But drawings aren't as popular as they once were, and this is largely as a result of the demise of connoisseurship.

I remember Uglow lamenting in the year before he died that people no longer took out portfolios after supper and studied, or 'read', their collections of drawings. He said this was because so few collectors knew how to read a drawing, besides which there weren't as many drawings which had anything to say. He talked about the way a line changed its quality from positive to negative, or how it could move in free space or be connected. If these sound like arcane mysteries, it is because our familiarity with the formal language of drawing has dwindled and our fluency in it is, as they like to say nowadays, challenged. Although the vision of an 18th century connoisseur poring over a portfolio of Old Master drawings is rather heart-warming, I'm not suggesting we have to emulate such a model. The best way to understand how drawing works — and this applies equally to good realist or good abstract drawing — is to look at a lot of it. Nothing equips you better to look than looking. Of course, a judicious selection of catalogues and monographs does help to supply background and context, but studying drawing at close quarters is the surest path to knowing and loving it.

Not everybody wants to be a collector, though most can afford to collect in a modest way through the exercise of ingenuity and patience. Alternatively, museums provide a superb resource for close study, and most print rooms offer facilities for handling drawings. And the changing roster of temporary exhibitions in our museums and galleries also afford a rich array of viewing. In these days of ubiquitous video, film and photographic installation, even painting has to fight its corner, and drawing is often totally marginalized. Bucking the trend in her usual forthright way is Maggi Hambling, whose show 'No Straight Lines' is currently touring the country. (At the Victoria Art Gallery, Bath, until 10 June, it travels to the Abbot Hall Art Gallery in Kendal, 6 November-21 December.) She believes in the centrality of drawing, and she's put together a mini-retrospective of her drawings from 1963 to the present, to demonstrate its role in her work.

Her drawings are either of animals, people or the sea, and tend to be executed in ink, pencil, charcoal or graphite. Her most recent drawings of North Sea waves are in ink and acrylic on paper, and have a calligraphic

vigour and inventiveness rarely equalled in her own high-scoring career. The energy and economy of her mark-making is immensely engaging: whether it's a study from a life of Max Wall or a nude or her mother drawn from memory; her images communicate on many levels. The mastery which seems so effortless is in fact hard-won, and Hambling puts in long hours in the studio and destroys a lot of work. Celebrated as a painter of people, her new subject of the sea seems set to take her into yet undiscovered and unmapped areas of the self.

A very different artist who uses drawing in his work is Jeff Gibbons. Although he makes large paintings on unstretched canvas, some of them grouped like tents or towers so that they become walk-in rooms with floor-to-ceiling frescoes, these rely for their impact upon line. Gibbons draws with the brush, often punctuating his paintings with provocative slogans or thoughtful comments, written in paint on the canvas. Writing in this case is both another kind of drawing and word-communication, and its presence sets up a dialogue with the other elements in the painting. One multi-part painting is called *Judgement House*, and Gibbons writes of it as follows: 'The paintings are divided up into rough grids and in each is an image or an image with text or just text on its own. The viewer has to search, read, look and make judgements about what is going on. The notion of failure and doubt is not a popular one in the regular view of Christianity but it seems to me central to it. There's a great deal on this subject in Kung, Kierkegaard and Tillich. It seems to me directly related to painting and all of my involvement with theology is in relation to its relevance to painting and not the other way round.'

Rhinoceros by Maggi Hambling

Gibbons makes rough, tough paintings with a great gentleness of spirit. I don't think everyone finds them easy to interpret to begin with, or even to look at. Their simplicity (coupled with a surprising depth of philosophical speculation) makes people suspicious. What is going on? Often not that much. Perhaps a smudgily-painted section of companionway or deck-and-rail on a liner is suggested in a vast emptiness of canvas. Or a couple of roughly-painted goblets appear on a murky table with the legend HOPE inscribed above them. Gibbons' work is shown regularly at Art Space Gallery, 84 St Peter's Street, London N1, and there have been several installations of his paintings in churches, including Gloucester Cathedral in the autumn of 2005. Here is a painter who uses drawing to new and original ends. I hope we will be hearing a great deal more from him.

A book which had been recommended to me by at least two painter friends is *The Sight of Death* by T J Clark (Yale £20). Although forbiddingly titled, this is one of the most refreshing and exciting art historical tomes to land on my desk in many a year. Clark, a redoubtable art historian of a curiously left-of-field persuasion, subtitles his book 'An Experiment in Art Writing' and that is precisely what it is. The text takes the form of an extended diary recording Clark's developing responses to an inspired bit of temporary hanging in the Getty Museum: Poussin's *Landscape with a Man Killed by a Snake* (on loan from our National Gallery) hung face to face with the Getty's own Poussin, *Landscape with a Calm*. Over the weeks as he visited the two paintings, Clark found himself writing and unable to stop. He admits: 'I know there is something excessive, and maybe ludicrous' in this activity, even 'a touch of madness', but the strategy pays magnificent dividends. Never have I read such a detailed and fascinating account of a pair of pictures.

The book is beautifully illustrated with countless colour details from the two paintings, which follow the detailed disquisition as Clark feels his way to the heart of Poussin's subjects. For this is very much an intellectual and emotional response, not a theoretical one. It even includes poems that Clark has composed in his quest for meaning and understanding. (One of these, entitled 'Pointel to Posterity', I thought particularly good.) Even if he does go on a bit about seeing the paintings in different lighting conditions, the book is full of remarkable insights about the practice and philosophy of art, and about the whole process of setting something apart for special examination. Clark writes: 'I think Poussin dreamt of a viewer drawn closer and closer into the trap', just as he is... I can see why my artist friends like this book — it's the quality of attention paid to paintings that impresses them. A whole book devoted to just two paintings — sounds just about ideal really.

IN SHORT

Tescopoly, Andrew Simms, Constable, 2007, £7.99.

Who said that the only difference between 'Big Brother' and Big Business is that one targets the pain centres of the brain, while the other programmes its pleasure points? How do supermarkets test the validity of that observation, now they may even accommodate health centres, police stations and prisons? Have the 'Tesco Sheds' — up this road, down the next, round the corner, and coming soon to another town near you — any drawbacks at all?

The Policy Director of the New Economics Foundation thinks so. His arguments against the leading superstore system in Britain have different degrees of cogency, but deserve debate. His invocation of Adam Smith may sweeten the pill for anyone who imagines him as a dogmatic opponent of private enterprise or free competition. So-called 'conservatives', whose own thinking stays locked inside a 'global trade' box, should not dismiss his case against supranational 'Big Box' retail merely as 'ecological socialism'. Should human beings be reduced from cradle to crematorium to cynically monitored units of mass consumption?

His facts and figures will hardly surprise those of us with practical experience of trying to restrain these expansionist money-manipulating landowners from deceiving consumers, intimidating farmers, exploiting immigrants, limiting book-culture, spoiling the landscape and damaging civic centres. The only public defence against this blight is the use of supermarket-friendly official 'planning guidelines' to secure support from elected councillors and to obtain on rare occasions, after an expensive appeal process, a welcome ministerial decision. *Private Eye*'s phrase 'Government by Tesco' is apt, but no longer amusing.

David Ashton

The Historic Countryside of the Saxon Villages of Southern Transylvania, John Akeroyd, Fundatia ADEPT, 32 Oakley Road, Chinnor, Oxon OX39 4HB. £12, inc p&p.

An extraordinary survival of the abrasive currents of a tumultuous history, the Saxon lands of southern Transylvania, with their seven fortress-towns — *Siebenbürgen*, the German name for Transylvania — lie inside a bend of the Carpathians, in what is now Romania. They are bounded to the east and north by Hungarian-speaking districts. German settlers, who came there at the invitation of King Geza II of Hungary in the 12th century, retained their culture and language until most of the remnants of a once near-million strong Saxon population migrated to Germany in the early 1990s. They returned home you might say, seven centuries on, at the invitation of the Foreign Ministry of the newly unified Germany. They left behind them a unique mosaic of traditional villages and fortified medieval churches, as well as a landscape of a type now lost over most of the rest of Europe, extensive deciduous woodlands, flower-rich hay-meadows, and a wealth of plant and animal life, a 'fragile paradise' in need of enlightened support.

John Akeroyd, botanist, conservationist and writer, has spent six years studying the Saxon Villages. In this beautifully illustrated book he aims to make them better known, and to alert us to the threats that Romania's recent accession to the EU might bring. What a tragedy it would be if, having survived 'liberation' by the Red Army, when the majority of the adult population were sentenced to hard labour in the Soviet Union, and, by a hairsbreadth, the threat of imminent destruction under Ceausescu, the Saxon lands should at last surrender their precious character to Brussels, the Common Agricultural Policy, modern farming methods, and western commercialism. As well as friends in high places, the Saxon Villages need tourist money. Akeroyd persuades me we ought to go there with his book in hand.

David Edelsten

Islam and the Abolition of Slavery, W. G. Clarence-Smith, 2006, OUP (New York)/ Hurst (London), £40.

Britain concluded its 'apology' for earlier contributions to chattel slavery when our sailors and others risked danger during the 19th century in trying to enforce its abolition. During the recent exhibitionism by some Anglo-Saxons of collective self-hatred over a particular cruelty perpetrated by a minority of 'white' people generations ago, little was heard about the millions enslaved and maltreated by others, especially Muslims. The 'black' plantation population of the Confederacy possibly matched the total number of Christians previously captured in the Mediterranean

for forced labour in quarries and galleys. At any rate the tri-continental enslavement of victims of diverse race and religion, by traders and masters who believed in submission to Allah, was on an immense scale.

Publications about slavery are disproportionately influenced by political purpose and fashionable fear. Professor Clarence-Smith is an historian at the School of Oriental and African Studies. His survey of past discussions by Islamic theologians within a wide geographical range about slavery and emancipation is intended to help reduce inter-faith conflict. His scholarship thus differs in depth and nuance from books like Peter Hammond's *Slavery, Terrorism and Islam*, a Protestant mission polemic, or Kishori Lal's *Muslim Slave System*, a concise Hindu analysis. We still need a study of slavery in Muslim societies, from Muhammad to present times, which is comprehensive, accurate, *and* courageous in providing information about inflicted suffering. Is just one such work too much to request, alongside the innumerable books focussed on North America, and demands for 'reparations' (excluding, of course, the original plan suggested by Abraham Lincoln and advocated by Marcus Garvey of repatriation *en masse* to the ancestral paradise)?

Bishop Nazir-Ali, who has criticised the 'we are guilty' brigade for neglecting the historic involvement of Arabs and 'blacks' themselves in the African horrors, pointed out that a civilization cannot flourish which mistakenly 'apologises' and constantly denigrates itself. He also notes that various forms of slavery exist today. Save the Children UK states that criminal gangs make $32 million profit every year from trafficking children and adults, with more than a thousand boys prostituted in Britain alone. Eight million child slaves around the globe may or may not be an exaggerated estimate, but it indicates an evil as serious as the 'transatlantic trade' suppressed long ago.

Mariana Robinson

City of Oranges: Arabs and Jews in Jaffa, Adam Lebor, Bloomsbury, 2007 £8.99.

> We used to live in Jaffa like brothers. But now all that has vanished. Jewish and Arab children almost don't mix and they do not know each other any more

Jaffa used to be an exceptional place in Palestine, the 'jewel of the Middle East'. Nowadays it is a suburb of TelAviv and a shadow of its former self. Adam LeBor has used the experiences of six families in Jaffa, three Jewish and three Arab to illuminate the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. His even-handed narrative disentangles the myths as well as the facts of this human tragedy much more accurately than partisan rhetoric. It also evokes an appreciation of the rich Levantine civilisation which disappeared for ever after the establishment of Israel and the expulsion of the Jews from Arab countries. Traces of it still survive among the families Le Bor meets in Jaffa. Khamis Abulafia is a well known figure and mediator, the owner of a bakery which has been a meeting place for Arabs and Jews up to present times. Fakri Geday still works in the pharmacy, a Jaffa institution he inherited from his father. The Sephardic Chelouche dynasty active in Jaffa's public affairs, had a long connexion with an Arab family after Aharon the patriach had befriended an Arab boy who had lost his money and belongings. In 1917 The Turkish authorities expelled the Jews inland and the Chelouche family became destitute but were rescued by the penniless boy, Ibrahim Samarra, who had become a rich man and the Sheik of three villages. After 1948 the Chelouche family helped the Samarras.

Then of course many lives changed for ever and comfortable middle class families became penniless refugees. One diaspora replaced another. Sixty years later people argue over whether the Palestinians fled voluntarily or were forced out. Many Israelis say that they do not have the right to return home; certainly several peace plans have foundered on this problem. 95,000 fled from Jaffa but Amin Andraus a Christian Arab believes they should and could have stayed. Frank Meisler had emigrated from Danzig in 1939: 'The Arabs had a case. Just as I didn't understand the gravity of what was happening when I said goodbye to my parents in 1939, I didn't understand the implications when I arrived in Jaffa. In both Old Jaffa and Danzig the original population had been kicked out'. By 1950 Jaffa was completely absorbed into TelAviv and the medieval lanes of Old Jaffa became infested with crime and drug dealing. The middle class had fled leaving behind a poor and frightened minority in the new Jewish state.

'Blessings for whoever has saved a bullet in order to stick it in a Jew's head.' Jaffa's Arabs are subject to increasing Islamization while suicide bombings have turned Israeli public opinion to the right and increased support for the fence. The irritations of checkpoints make the Palestinians more extreme. Nevertheless the author sees hope for Israel becoming a more normal secular state. The population now are no longer traumatized Holocaust survivors and many Palestinians resent the rhetoric of their incompetent leaders. And in the Jewish and Arab people he knows in Jaffa who still meet together, he sees a model for a future coexistence. The book is enhanced by interesting photographs and excellent maps.

Merrie Cave

Demonstrable Failures

The resumption of a continuous picket outside the South African Embassy in London was greeted with enthusiasm by liberals all over Britain.The picket is a culmination of a series of well attended marches, demonstrations and sit-ins by progressives marking their displeasure with the government of South Africa and its leader Thabo Mbeki.

Mbeki, they charge, has stood by while tens of thousands of his citizens died of AIDS. In initially denying that AIDS was caused by a virus and spread by sex - often forced on African women by their infected menfolk — Mbeki has shamelessly played to a gallery of corrupt African politicians whose support he needs if he is to remain the political leader of Africa. Africa's leaders do not like to be reminded of their responsibility to control AIDS by setting up proper public health programmes. To do so would mean educating African men to use condoms and acknowledging the widespread occurrence of bisexual behaviour. Unless the latter is admitted there is no chance of halting the epidemic. There are 5.4 million HIV cases in South Africa alone. Homophobia is widespread.

Mbeki's toadying racism is reflected in his backing for the homophobic war criminal Robert Mugabe, who having massacred 20,000 Matabele people on taking power, has led his country to economic destruction by seizing Zimbabwe's white farms. It took courage by the BBC and other liberal organs to highlight the fact that Zimbabwe's white farmers, even though they are a minority race, were better farmers than their black fellow citizens. BBC TV has even compared them with the expelled Asians of Kenya and Uganda.

But knowing how popular Mugabe's expulsion of the white farmers of Zimbabwe would prove in the rest of Africa, Mbeki did not raise a finger to stop it. He could have done. Zimbabwe is almost totally dependent on South Africa for its power. Switching off Zimbabwe's electricity supply which would bring about the fall of the murderous Mugabe in days, and would save tens of thousands of lives, is available to the South African President merely by picking up a telephone. Mbeki, it seems, prefers power over compassion.

At the same time as the picket a long running campaign to shame South Africa has been under way in the form of a lapel ribbon in the colours of South Africa's flag that all progressives wear. There has also been a nationwide boycott of South African wines. Actors prominent in the struggle against apartheid have been active. Vanessa Redgrave chained herself to the South African Airways desk at Heathrow, and activists have prevented several of the airline's jumbos from taking off from Heathrow by booking seats to Johannesburg then lying down in the aisles just before take off and refusing to get up. Both *The Guardian* and *The Independent* currently run highly successful appeals for money to purchase tickets for this purpose. Such a terrific response to the suffering of Zimbabawe's people shows just how even handed the left is in matters of race.

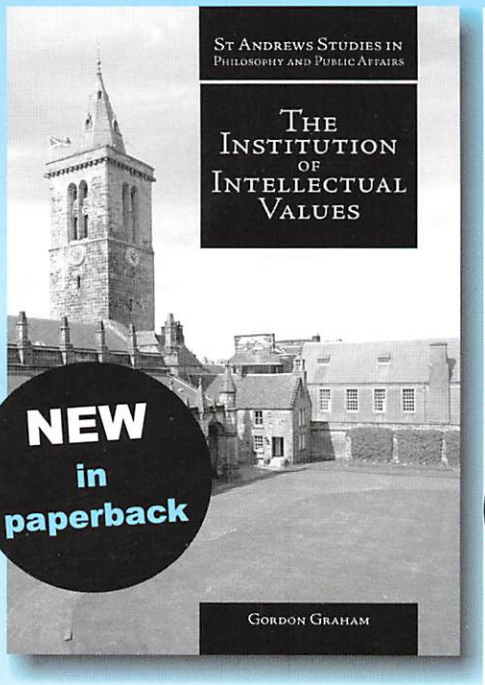
Myles Harris

The Salisbury Review

33 Canonbury Park South, London N1 2JW
Tel: 020 7226 7791 Fax: 020 7354 0383
E-mail: info@salisburyreview.co.uk

Published quarterly in September, December, March & June, volume commencing with September issue.
Annual subscription rates: £20, Europe/surface rest of world £22.
Airmail rest of world: £27, Single issues £4.99.
ISSN: 0265-4881. North American subscription from ISI, 3901 Centerville Rd., PO Box 4431, Wilmington, DE 19807-0431, USA.
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form, or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or other without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.
Copyright ©The Salisbury Review
Printed in the UK by The Warwick Printing Company Ltd.
Typesetting — DASH
Design — Jessica Chaney

Web site: http://www.salisburyreview.co.uk



The Institution of Intellectual Values

Realism and Idealism in Higher Education

Gordon Graham

A revised and expanded version of the much praised short book *Universities: The Recovery of An Idea*. It contains chapters on the history of universities; the value of university education; the nature of research; the management and funding of universities plus additional essays on human nature and the study of the humanities, interdisciplinary versus multidisciplinary study, information systems and the concept of a library, the prospects for e-learning, reforming universities, intellectual integrity and the realities of funding, and spiritual values and the knowledge economy.

'Those who care about universities should thank Gordon Graham for doing what has needed doing so urgently'.
Anthony O'Hear, *Philosophy*

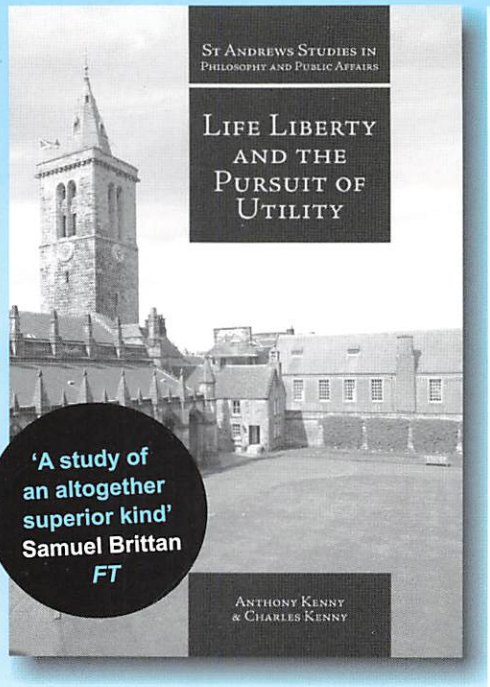
'Graham has written an elegant and extraordinarily refreshing book, with no fudging of his own opinions and judgements ... It deserves a very wide readership and will surely stand as a point of reference for years to come.'
Gordon Johnson,
Times Higher Education Supplement

'A short reflective treatise on British university education that deserves to be widely read . . . its appeal is universal and deserves the attention of a wide audience.' *Political Studies Review*

'The best descussion I know of on the question of what are universities for.'
Alison Wolf, *THES*

'This volume ought to be compulsory reading for every government minister or civil servant with responsibilities in this area.' **Margaret Atkins**, *New Blackfriars*

290 pages, ~~£14.95/$29.90~~ **£11.95** (pbk.)



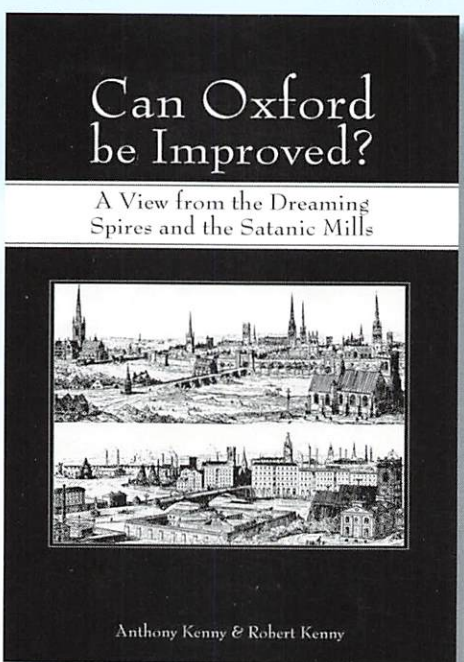
Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Utility

Anthony Kenny & Charles Kenny

A study of the nature, ingredients, causes and consequences of human happiness.

Charles Kenny is an economist at the World Bank. **Sir Anthony Kenny** was formerly Master of Balliol College, Oxford and president of the British Academy.

275 pages, ~~£17.95/$39.90~~ **£13.95** (pbk.)

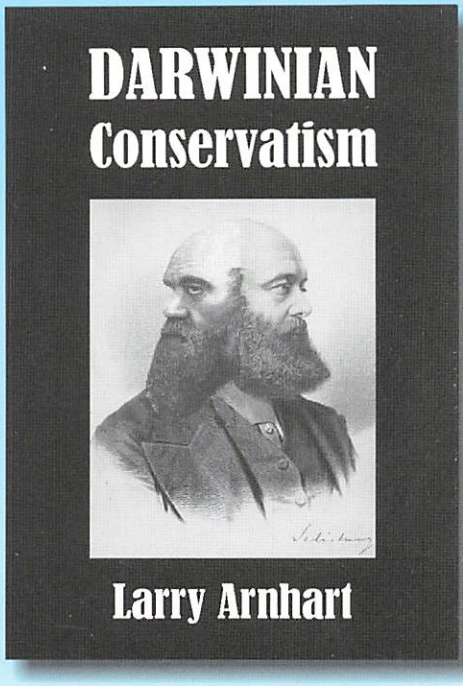


Can Oxford be Improved?

Anthony Kenny & Robert Kenny

This book, a dialectic between an eminent philosopher and former Master of Balliol and his management consultant son, is essential reading for all with an interest in the future of this great university.

160 pages, ~~£8.95/$17.90~~ **£6.95** (pbk.)



Darwinian Conservatism

Larry Arnhart

The *New York Times* recently devoted a front-page report to a seminar at the American Enterprise Institute on Larry Arnhart's book, which argued that conservatives should abandon their visceral opposition to evolutionary theory. According to Arnhart Darwinian biology sustains conservative social thought by showing how the human capacity for spontaneous order arises from social instincts and a moral sense shaped by natural selection in human evolutionary history. The Left, by way of contrast, has traditionally assumed that human nature is so malleable, so perfectible, that it can be shaped in almost any direction.

Larry Arnhart is professor of political science at Northern Illinois University. He is the author of *Aristotle on Political Reasoning* and *Political Questions: Political Philosophy from Plato to Rawls*.

'Arnhart is to be commended for producing an excellent book about conservative thought.'
Anthony Flew, *Right Now!*

'The argument is conscientious, documented, and timely. Whether this excellent work will convince many conservatives is a different question.'
John Gross, *New Criterion*

'A work marked by clarity of purpose, prose, and argument that one rarely finds in academic writing.' *Review of Politics*

160 pages, ~~£8.95/$17.90~~ **£6.95** (pbk.)

SOCIETAS
essays in political and cultural criticism

imprint-academic.com

To benefit from the reduced prices (in bold type) for *Salisbury Review* readers, please quote SR 254

Imprint Academic, PO Box 200, Exeter EX5 5HY UK. T: +44 (0)1392 851550. F: +44 (0)1392 851178 E: sandra@imprint.co.uk
Ordering: Cheque/Mastercard/Visa/Amex/Switch/Delta; UK (inland) post & packing: £1.00 per book (3 or more *free of charge*)
US: PDC, PO Box 7147, Charlottesville VA 22906-7147. W: www.pdcnet.org T: 800-444-2419 E: order@pdcnet.org