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# *The* Salisbury *Review*

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## *25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Year*

**Big Pharma and Aids**

*John Luik*

**The Cross under the  
Crescent**

*Patrick Sookhdeo*

**Anglosphere Values**

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**Money Laundering**

*Antonia Willis*

**Pied Pipers from Hell**

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The 3rd Marquess of Salisbury, 1830-1903

# The Salisbury Review

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**L**ike the spendthrift scions of great families, we heirs of evolutionary democracy are living off the brass and are disinclined to start tilling the muck again. From patent laws to childcare via money-laundering, this edition's contributors describe how taking our rights for granted makes it easy to break them down, slowly, until it is too late. The smoking ban, for example, camouflaged as good sense, follows the ratchet effect that clicked into place with seat-belt and motorcycle-helmet laws.

The World Health Organisation tabled in November in Geneva an international treaty to bring research and development under official control and further to weaken patents, the kiss of death for innovation and real death for people who need new drugs for constantly evolving diseases. John Luik exposes the campaign led by Oxfam and Médecins Sans Frontières which has shown corrupt Third World governments how they can lay the blame for their own murderous taxes and regulations at the door of the much-hated Big Pharma. The contractual agreement of intellectual property is as much a foundation of freedom as deeds to physical property.

Organised crime now rivals the power even of strong States, while overwhelming weak ones such as Nigeria (arguably a criminal State), Peru or Pakistan and encroaching on previously stable ones such as Mexico: at its worst, it is a State-gangster nexus as in Nigeria, Russia or China (see the forthcoming book *McMafia: Crime Without Frontiers*, by Misha Glenny). Antonia Willis introduces us to a world of acronyms which have made genuine progress in clamping down on money-laundering but where management by international bureaucracies has led, perversely, to the certification of Nigeria and others as partners in this endeavour, renewing the ever-growing threat.

We face not just external threats to our freedoms but the cancer of socialism eating away at the fabric of our way of life, turning privileges into rights, creating

entitlements, empowering children to denounce their parents in Communist style, involving the State in the most private and precious of relationships, our family. This conversion of privileges into rights undermines the very principle of rights: a right is something others cannot take away (life, thought, freedom of association); when it is something that others must give you (your freedom to roam in my garden or the UN Charter's right to food and shelter) it is a privilege. These privileges must of course come from the State instead of from your neighbours or your own efforts, making it your nanny instead of your janitor.

That same process is powerfully fuelled by the equality industry: Martin Hogg describes the government plans to restrict our freedom of association in any private club, except for certain minorities (one of our contributors is proposing to the Travellers Club that it declare its name to be a code for *travelot*, the French slang for transvestite).

Our governing institutions are rotting too. The crony businesses allied to the present government and the ubiquitous QUANGOs get some bad press, mainly in *Private Eye*, but Vivian Linacre dissects in one small area, Perthshire, the Quasi-Autonomous Local Authority Partnerships, the QUALAPs that sound so appropriately like malignant tumours. We have become a post-democratic State, with unelected and unaccountable bureaucracy above, in Brussels, and below, at every level.

We subversives who cling to the Britishness of individual freedom under the rule of law with property rights and free markets seem like relics of Empire (whose virtues are described by J F Bosher), traitors to the State ideology of multiculturalism. As Hal G P Colebatch reminds us, Sir Charles Napier when told that *suttee* was a traditional custom said: 'We also have a custom: when men burn women alive, we hang them.' We all must draw that Napier Line between right and wrong, between freedom and subservience.

# Big Pharma versus the AIDS Saints

## The Great Lie that Kills

John Luik

Like his parents before him, Giorgis, who lives in one of the numerous slums in Addis Ababa, is slowing dying from AIDS. To hear many of the AIDS activists talk, the reason why Giorgis's AIDS goes untreated is largely due to the international pharmaceutical industry's twin obsessions with protecting its patents and its profits. A closer look at the reality of Giorgis's life tells a different and much more complex story. It reveals an interconnection of factors ranging from bureaucratically imposed tariffs, taxes and import delays, to unnecessary complexities and difficulties in drug registration and their outright theft — all of which deny him access to treatment that might save his life.

Over 30 million people in Africa are HIV positive. In Botswana, Lesotho, Swaziland and Zimbabwe a third of the adult population has AIDS, while in others between ten and twenty-five percent of the adult population is HIV positive. Despite these terrifying numbers, the development and introduction of antiretroviral drugs has meant that for a large number of people the disease can be managed as a chronic condition rather than a terminal illness. But for many with AIDS in poor countries, drugs continue to be unavailable. Yet judging by the comments of global health and AIDS activists and sections of the media, the major barrier to treatment is the pharmaceutical industry. Some activists have accused the latter of 'pricing genocide'. Others have argued that the industry will not change its position on patent protection except through confrontation and expropriation.

These criticisms are profoundly misplaced. The reasons that AIDS drugs are unavailable to the world's poor are taxes and tariffs, third world bureaucracy, widespread corruption and a lack of political will by many developing world governments. According to AIDS activists international intellectual property law, specifically patents, creates monopolies which make treatment unavailable to the poor. This is not the case. A paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* looked at 15 anti-HIV drugs used in 53 African countries and found that there was no connection between patent coverage and access to antiretroviral treatment.

..... we observe that there is no apparent correlation

between access to antiretroviral treatment, which is uniformly poor across Africa, and patent status, which varies extensively by country and drug. We were unable to identify any evidence, systematic or anecdotal, that antiretroviral treatment is more accessible in countries with few or no antiretroviral patents (eg, Mozambique, Namibia). Similarly, we were unable to identify any evidence that antiretroviral drugs of, for example, Abbott, patented in 0 countries, are consumed in any greater numbers than those of GlaxoSmithKline, patented in up to 37 countries.

They observed that the African pharmaceutical market is only 1.1 per cent of the total world market, and 'given the cost of patenting and the difficulty of enforcing one's patents before sometimes weak judicial systems, most companies appear to have decided that extensive patenting in Africa is not worthwhile.'

Not only have patents have not been a barrier to treatment in Africa, other obstacles have played a much greater role. The American journal concludes. 'Access to treatment can be impeded in many ways: by insufficient finances to purchase relatively costly antiretroviral drugs; by a lack of political will among countries; by poor medical care and infrastructure, by inefficient drug regulatory procedures that exclude competing products from the marketplace; by high tariffs and sales taxes...'

If patents have not obstructed access to antiretroviral, what of prices? *The Washington Post* claimed that US manufactured 'brand-name drugs in most cases are about three times the price of generics'. The evidence fails to support this rhetoric. The price of patented and copy antiretroviral drugs are generally 20 per cent of the total AIDS treatment costs. According to Médecins Sans Frontières' pricing guide, the average price per person for a year of thirteen key drugs was MORE for copy drugs than for patented drugs. When transportation costs were included, the average price of the patented antiretroviral drugs for a year was \$404 compared with \$494 for the copy drugs. This also applies to combination drugs used to prevent HIV resistance. Using the same guide the average price of three combination anti-aids drugs was \$659 for the patented drug and \$1,296 for the copy drug when transportation costs were added. Indeed in many

underdeveloped countries, the patent industry makes no profit at all. Roger Bate observed last year, 'In March 2001, Merck developed a pricing policy for Crixivan and Stocrin (efavirenz) applicable in developing countries. In the least developed countries and those hardest hit by the AIDS epidemic, Merck makes no profit on the sale of these medicines.' Moreover the cost of drugs only makes up 20 per cent of the total cost of treatment.

Far more important are the roles of taxes and tariffs. In one study the authors observed:

...in Malawi there is a 15 per cent duty plus 20 per cent surtax on AIDS drugs. In the Congo, there is a 30 per cent duty plus a 13 per cent turnover tax. On top of these costs there are in-country mark-ups by local distributors. In Dubai, for instance, when drugs clear customs at the airport, the distributor tacks a 70 per cent mark-up before releasing them to wholesale and retail outlets... In South Africa, pharmacists apply a VAT of 15 per cent before releasing a prescription to a customer.

While aid for supplying drugs to the least developed countries has increased sharply in recent years, taxes and tariffs imposed by developing countries have meant that patients

are not getting them. Bate *et al* conclude that 'there is a significant, negative relationship between the levels of tariffs imposed by governments and access to essential medicines. Our analysis suggests that a 1 per cent reduction in import tariffs will increase access to essential medicines by just under 1 per cent.' Similar conclusions about the negative impact of taxes and tariffs are echoed in a study that argues, 'tariffs are a regressive form of taxation which target the sick', since a 10 per cent tariff can add 20 per cent to the final price that a consumer pays for a drug, that they produce little in the way of significant revenue for the governments of developing countries and they 'could be eliminated without adverse revenue or industrial policy impacts' — meaning they can still collect the same amount of taxes and their protectionist schemes would not suffer either.

Tariffs, of course, are only part of the problem. Several countries only allow drug imports through designated ports, a practice which inevitably increases transportation times and costs. Benedict Irvine of the Campaign for Fighting Diseases observes that these factors include port charges, clearance and freight

charges, pre-shipment inspection, importer's margins, VAT/ sales tax and regional and local taxes. He writes that 'All of these levies are influenced by government intervention — even wholesaler and pharmacy margins are often inflated because of government regulations and other restrictions on competition.'

The difference that tariffs and taxes can make can be found, until very recently, in the contrast between India, which has a large AIDS population and, until recently, the world's highest tariffs on medicines, and Botswana in handling the importation of anti-HIV drugs. In India, (until recently) Bate and others noted: 'Access to antiretroviral therapy is extremely low, with only 20,000 to 36,000 receiving treatment. Even the most basic treatment for preventable and curable diseases is out of reach of most Indians. According to the United Nations, only 35 per cent of the Indian population has access to essential medicines...'



This contrasts with Botswana which has one of the lowest tariffs and taxes on pharmaceutical products. Success in Botswana is due to a collaborative effort between the Gates Foundation, the government itself and the pharmaceutical industry in which a network of clinics has been built to

distribute antiretrovirals, which is a model for how barriers to AIDS treatment can be overcome. Botswana is the only country to provide free treatment to all AIDS patients, and has more people receiving therapy than any other country in sub-Saharan Africa.

The above example highlights a major theme ignored by left-leaning AIDS and development activists; the role that free trade, economic growth and enhanced prosperity and sound institutions play in improving public health and combating infectious disease. Unfortunately, many governments in developing countries refuse to accept the connection between trade, wealth creation and growth, basic institutions, and good health, and instead actively impede their citizens' access not only to drugs but to good health through failing to create sound institutions, erecting barriers to free trade, expropriating wealth and allowing the state to dominate every aspect of society. This connection between wealth creation, health infrastructure, access to antiretrovirals and success in AIDS treatment is generally missed in discussions about the availability of medicines. But it is nonetheless real. By focusing on drug prices and patents, the access

issue is stripped of context and reduced to a simple problem of just supplying inexpensive drugs. But the real costs are more significant. As development expert William Easterly writes in his new book *The White Man's Burden: Why the West's Efforts to Aid The Rest Have Done So Much Ill and So Little Good*:

Saving lives is not so simple. Focusing on drug prices, patents and tariffs understates the expense and difficulty of treatment. Three hundred and four dollars is just the price of the first-line therapy drugs per year. The population first needs to be tested to see who is HIV-positive. Patients need to have their viral load tested to see if they should start taking drugs and, after taking them, if the drugs are working. The drugs are toxic. Health workers need to adjust the combination of drugs when side-effects are too extreme. Patients need counselling and monitoring to make sure they are taking the medicine and treatment for opportunistic infections that AIDS sufferers are prone to.

There are other barriers. Many African countries insist that drugs be registered with their own drug authorities, even though the drugs are already registered for use in the United States and the EU. The South African pharmaceutical regulator, Medicines Control Council (MCC), requires that all new medicines must obtain South African regulatory approval even though they might have been approved elsewhere. The MCC is inefficient and on average the drug approval process takes over three years. The Namibian Medicines Control Council introduced in 2002 an arbitrary requirement in which all medicines used in the country prior to Namibia's independence in 1990 had to be re-registered.

Some countries require that all testing occur in inconvenient locations, which again aids to the cost and complexity of compliance. Registration certificates from international bodies are often not accepted and those issued by the country often have limited validity periods, necessitating frequent re-testing. Then too, developing countries will often not accept international labels on drug products, requiring instead their own labels, even for very small markets.

In a just-published report by the International Policy Network *Civil Society Report on Intellectual Property, Innovation and Health* several registration-related barriers to drug access are outlined. These include issues around harmonization — where countries require, without good scientific reasons, that importers meet standards significantly higher than those required by the respective trade organizations, and transparency where developing countries do not provide timely and complete information about how drug sampling, testing, and inspection are carried out. Dealing with barriers

created by registration problems is crucial. Failure to do so means that either there will be substantial increases in the costs of treatment in these countries or companies will simply go elsewhere. As Bate *et al* observe 'The inefficiency and obstructionism of drug regulators imposes enormous, though largely unquantifiable, costs on manufacturers and patients. Along with direct costs of compliance, drug manufacturers face the considerable opportunity costs of not being able to sell their product. These costs however pale in comparison to the costs faced by patients forced to go without a particular therapy for several years while the domestic medicine control agencies satisfy themselves that the drug is safe.'

At the WHO and UN it is extremely impolite to speak about corruption. Yet it poses an enormous barrier in the fight against AIDS.

'Because of the insistence on working through governments, funds get lost in patronage-swollen national health bureaucracies (not to mention international health bureaucracies). In countries where corruption is as endemic as AIDS, health officials often sell aid-financed drugs on the black market. Studies in Cameroon, Guinea, Tanzania, and Uganda estimated that 30-70 per cent of government drugs disappeared before reaching the patients.' Easterly describes centralized regimes of corruption where the theft is systematic, widespread, co-ordinated and controlled by government leaders who see all of the functions of government and society as legitimate sources of personal income.

Easterly's lament about the corruption and inefficiency of government-run health care systems, which are the enforced preference for AIDS activists, is echoed by IPN's Philip Stevens who notes that 'government-run health systems in LDC's are often woefully inefficient, expensive and riddled with corruption, the UN's plan for them to be expanded — at the expense of the private sector — will leave millions of people with even worse access to healthcare than now.' In many instances there is a close connection between high tariff rates on drugs and corruption, with one barrier to access effectively enhancing another. This occurs because high tariffs provide a ready-made incentive for someone in the importation process to bribe the relevant customs officials in order to secure a lower tariff. One study has found that countries with high tariffs and restrictions on international trade have higher rates of corruption.

One can observe lack of political will and corruption at many levels, from the only recently withdrawn refusal of South Africa's Thabo Mbeki to acknowledge even the existence of an AIDS problem, to the notorious inefficiency of Nigeria's ports with their 100 per cent inspection requirement and corrupt customs

system, where even donated AIDS medicines can only be exempted from the customs regulations by the President.

It also occurs locally. Jasson Urbach of the Free Market Foundation of South Africa describes the problem of corruption and essential medicines in the public hospital system.

.....in Mpumalanga province, 46 medical professionals ended up behind bars in the first two months of 2003, charged with theft and resale of government medicines meant for the rural poor in Mpumalanga. Those arrested included a manager of a rural hospital, doctors, pharmacists, and medical technicians as well as a syndicate of 'bag men' who delivered stolen drugs...

Yet sections of the press and AIDS activists prefer to focus their attention on patents and high prices, asserting that the developing world is powerless to do anything to either prevent or treat AIDS because of them. This helps divert attention from the refusal of many developing nations to accept a link between free trade, economic growth, wealth creation and health, or between growth and robust legal and political institutions. Many such countries believe that the only way to fight AIDS is through the grossly underfunded public health care system, despite the numerous instances of inefficiency, waste, fraud, and drug diversion that are found in such systems.

The most corrosive belief is that the solution to AIDS can only be found through the wealth and expertise of the international donor community, and that there are no indigenous factors amenable to political control. As economist William Easterly has pointed out, this belief

in an imported solution is to some extent a product of the international development community itself which has fostered what he describes as a planner mentality in the developing world. Planners, he argues, see the solution to a problem like AIDS as one of drawing up a comprehensive plan with fixed objectives and carefully contrived action plans to achieve those objectives. Regardless of the results, it is the objectives and their fulfilment that are important, even if the constant flow of resources appears to have little impact. It is this fixation on top-down planning, regardless of the consequences, that has resulted in the spending of \$2.3 trillion in aid over the last half century with very little in terms of enduring results. Equally unfortunate, this obsession with outside planning works against the very assumption of responsibility and accountability at the country level that are the necessary ingredients for creating the political will for sustainable and meaningful change.

Easterly urges that much greater emphasis be placed on developing 'seekers' who avoid fixed specific goals and detailed plans in favour of general goals and more limited, specific interventions, and who operate both more spontaneously and in a more entrepreneurial fashion in working to solve development problems. The WHO's plan to bring R&D under official control and further to undermine intellectual property is part of the patents hysteria and of the 'planners' tendency: it is a threat not just to rich western Big Pharma but to new medicines and therefore to the poor, who will, as ever, suffer most.

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# The Persecution of Christians in the Muslim World

Patrick Sookhdeo

In the post-communist era, Islam has emerged as a main persecutor of Christians around the world. Christians have been suffering under Islam since its inception, but at the start of the 21st century, persecution of Christians by Muslims seems to be on the increase across the Muslim world.

While most Muslim states have signed UN declarations on human rights and religious freedoms, they add caveats stating these are accepted as long as they do not contradict *Shari'a* (Islamic law). *Shari'a* however, is inherently discriminatory to non-Muslims, excluding them from any position of power in the state and ensuring their subservience to Islam.

As a result of centuries of discriminatory *Shari'a* rule, most Muslims still accept it as natural that non-Muslims should face restrictions on their right to manifest their religion, especially in public. Various Muslim states place limits on Christian public worship and on Christian outreach to Muslims. In some, Christian places of worship are closed or destroyed with impunity, physical attacks on Christians are perpetrated, Christians are arrested, and expelled from their homes and villages. Christians are discriminated against in political representation, education, and employment.

Christians in Muslim lands seek to be loyal to their nations while facing persecution by dominant Islam. Christian attempts to influence internal politics or to seek Western pressure on their governments often backfire, as they 'prove' to Muslims that Christians are arrogant, forget their rightful subservient place in Muslim societies, are Western collaborators, and deserve punishment. These pressures cause many Christians to try and emigrate to the West. Others passively accept their fate, and some convert to Islam to escape it.

Ancient Christian churches survive from the pre-Islamic early Church era mainly in the Middle East, the birthplace of Christianity. They include the Coptic, Syrian/Jacobite, Assyrian/Chaldean, Armenian, Maronite, Greek Orthodox, and Greek Catholic churches. After the Islamic conquest of their majority Christian lands, they were tolerated as second-class subjects of the dominant Muslim state, living under

severe limitations. They are still marginalised and face various restrictions today. As a result, many Christians are emigrating to the West, and the Christian percentage in the population of their countries is diminishing fast.

A growing number of Christians in Muslim countries today are converts from an Islamic background. The largest such group is in Indonesia, but there are growing groups in Algeria, Iran, Bangladesh and other lands. These are the most vulnerable Christians, as under *Shari'a* law they are considered apostates from Islam, deserving the death sentence.

Expatriate Christian workers, working especially in oil-rich Saudi Arabia and the Arab Gulf states, originate mainly from south-east Asia and Asia-Pacific countries. Others come from Africa, Arab lands and the West. They are not citizens, have lesser rights, and are very dependent on the good will of the authorities for permission to reside and work. Open Christian worship is often restricted — in Saudi Arabia for example no Christian worship or symbols are allowed at all. These Christians can face quick arrest, imprisonment (maybe torture) and deportation for the practice of their faith.

The first generation of Muslims was an endangered minority in the non-Muslim world it set out to conquer. This created a sense of defensiveness and fear of being overwhelmed by the conquered communities that persists today in spite of centuries of Muslim dominance. Aggressive mistrust of non-Muslims has carried over the generations. Even in modern secular Muslim states, Islam and *Shari'a* have such a hold on public perceptions that attitudes of contempt and practices of discrimination against Christians and other non-Muslims are accepted as normal. Christians (and Jews) ruled by Muslims had the legal status of *dhimmis*, tolerated communities given limited protection of person and property in return for submitting to Muslim rule. *Dhimmis* had no political rights, and had to humbly accept their subordinate place in the theocratic Islamic state. They were marginalised and shut out from power. Subjugation was expressed in the payment of an unbelievers' tax (*jizya*), and in appropriately humble behaviour toward Muslims. *Shari'a* restrictions

on *dhimmi*s included the prohibition of public displays of Christian symbols. They were required to dress in distinctive fashion so as not to be mistaken for Muslims. *Dhimmi*s were not allowed to carry arms, have public positions over Muslims, or insult Islam in any way. They could not give evidence in court against Muslims, and were not permitted to marry Muslim women. They could not build new churches except by special permission from the head of state.

These attitudes have been inculcated into the general Muslim psyche over centuries of Islamic dominance and still influence public and government attitudes to Christians even in states with secular constitutions. Christian demands for a secular state with equal rights for all citizens regardless of religion are seen by many Muslims as a rebellion against God's law and a breaking of the *dhimmi* protection pact, opening the way for persecution and violence as non-*dhimmi* non-Muslims.

The rise of secular forms of nationalism at the end of the colonial period in the mid-twentieth century brought some reprieve from traditional Muslim hostility. There were great hopes of forging new national identities across religious and ethnic divides. Early gains were however soon lost in the growing tide of Islamism which revived the deep hatred of Muslims for the Christian West. This in turn fuelled the hatred of Muslim populations against the local Christians in their midst. These attitudes result in the erosion of hard-won freedoms from the colonial and independence eras. Discrimination, persecution and attacks by armed *jihadi*st militias on Christians are on the increase in many Muslim states.

The Islamist programme includes widespread and often violent agitation for the implementation of *Shari'a* in Muslim states and societies. This heralds a return to the traditional *dhimmi* status of Christians and the end of their equality as citizens before the law.

The Saudi government enforces strict Wahhabi Islam. It denies religious freedom to non-Muslims, vigorously enforcing prohibitions against the public expression of their religions. Abuses are extensive and affect every aspect of life. No church buildings are allowed in Saudi Arabia. Christians are forced to conduct their activities in secret to escape detection by the religious police. No Bibles or crosses are allowed. Christians are prohibited from any form of public worship, and in practice from private worship also. House church leaders and believers have been harassed, arrested, abused, beaten by religious police, imprisoned and finally deported. Filipino, Ethiopian, and other developing world Christians are especially

targeted, as their governments are seen as too weak to protect them. There are recurrent crackdowns on private Christian 'home fellowships'. Members are arrested, detained without charge, and confined to harsh prison conditions and repeated interrogations before being deported.

Historically, in Egypt, Islam was the religion of state and the Christian Copts (now 10-16 per cent of population) were *dhimmi*s, who see their history as a long martyrdom under Islam. From the end of the 19th century to the 1920s a consensus emerged around a secular-liberal national identity. Christians were heavily involved in the freedom struggle against the British. However, the consensus soon broke because of the rise of pan-Arabism and Islamism. As Islam became central to the Egyptian national identity, the Copts were marginalised even though the constitution offered theoretical equality. Islamists saw Copts as allied to the imperialist West and its 'plots' against Islam. Demands for equality were seen as breaking the *dhimmi* pact, constituting an arrogant attitude that must be punished. Copts have also been accused of harbouring separatist

sentiments. Christians face great difficulties in obtaining permits to repair and build churches. Until 1999 presidential approval was

needed, which entailed a lengthy application process with no certainty of success. Issuing repair permits has now been devolved to local government which often obstructs the process through bureaucratic hurdles. Several churches have been closed or destroyed for allegedly not having building permits. Islam is taught in all state schools to all pupils, but Christianity cannot be taught to Christian children. Textbooks denigrate Christianity. Coptic teachers cannot teach Arabic. Government media widely disseminates Islam, including messages disparaging Christianity, but hardly includes any Christian message. Copts are encouraged to convert to Islam, but Muslims who convert to Christianity face harassment and severe persecution. Copts are restricted in admission to the military, police, medical schools, and high public office — there are no Christian governors, ambassadors, or presidents of universities. There has been a rising tide of violence by radical Islamists against Copts — riots, destruction of property, killings, abductions, and forced conversions.

The Islamic Republic of Pakistan was founded in 1947 as a homeland for the Muslims of the Indian subcontinent. The Christian community numbers some 3 per cent of the population and is mainly descended from lower castes of Hindus converted to Christianity. They form the poorest class and do menial jobs. Eighty

per cent of bonded labourers in Pakistan are Christian. Poverty and discrimination restrict their access to education, employment and to justice in the courts.

The notorious 'Blasphemy Law' decrees death for anyone who even accidentally 'defiles' the name of Muhammad, and life imprisonment for any one who desecrates a copy of the Qur'an. This law has been abused by Muslims seeking to settle personal grudges against Christians. There is no penalty for false accusations of blasphemy, and law courts have a tendency to believe Muslims rather than Christians. Many Christians have been accused of blasphemy, imprisoned for years awaiting judgment, and condemned to death. Some were finally released on appeal to higher courts. None have yet been executed, but several have been murdered by zealous Islamists.

Following the American-led attacks on Afghanistan in 2001 and on Iraq in 2003, armed militant Islamists have attacked churches and other Christian institutions and murdered many Christians, including women and children. Similar attacks followed in the furore over the Danish Muhammad cartoons affair in 2005 and the publication of the Pope's words on Islam and violence in 2006. In May 2007 Christians in certain towns of the North West

Frontier Province received anonymous letters giving them ten days to close their churches and convert to Islam, otherwise they would be killed.

In modern Nigeria Muslims and Christians are almost equal in number, but unevenly distributed. There are three belts: the Muslim majority north, the Christian majority south, and the middle belt where Christians and Muslims are equally distributed. Ethnic, religious, and regional differences combine to form an explosive mixture. Northern Nigeria has a history of Muslim *jihads* and caliphates (in Sokoto and Borno). Modern Nigerian politics has been mainly dominated by Muslims since the 1960s. The military dictatorship, consisting largely of northern Muslim officers, manipulated Islam to retain power and started the Islamisation process.

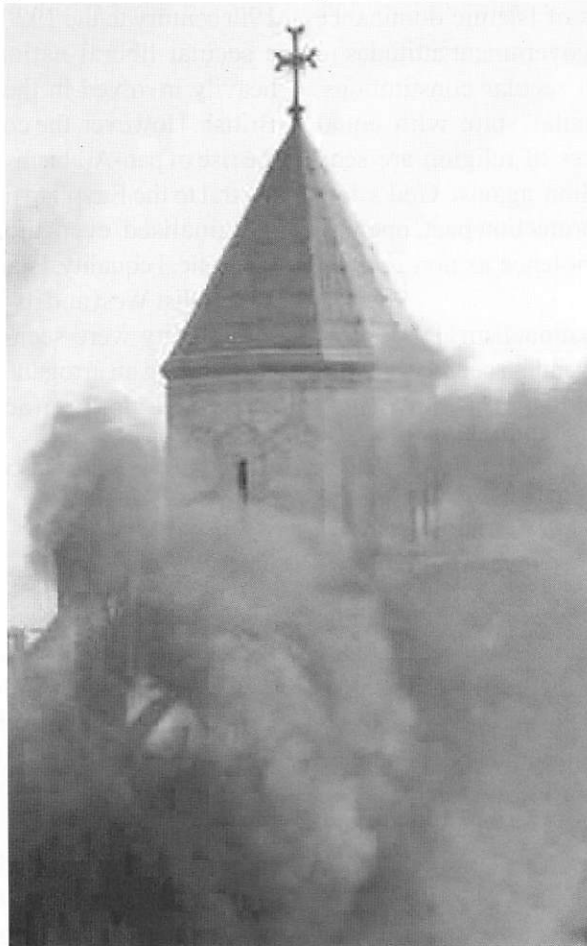
The rapid spread of Christianity and the election of a Christian, Olusegun Obasanjo, to the Presidency in 1999, caused Muslims to fear losing their supremacy. This was coupled to growing Islamist infiltration that further radicalised the Muslim population. The imposition of full Shari'a in northern and central Nigerian states (first in Zamfara in 1999, now in twelve states), was seen as licence to discriminate against Christians. There has been much inflammatory preaching resulting in mob violence and riots. Many

Christians were killed and injured. Christian churches, property, and villages were destroyed, and there has been an internal displacement of Christians. Muslim leaders stated that Shari'a would not apply to non-Muslims, but in reality gender segregation, Islamic dress and other Islamic practices are being forced on them. Shari'a effectively turned northern Christians into second-rate marginalised citizens. During Obasanjo's first four years in office (1999-2003) over 10,000 people, mainly Christians, were killed in the anti-Christian violence.

Islamists have captured the vocabulary of persecution, both in the international arena and within societies like ours, and many normal Muslims

now take it for granted but the truth is the reverse. It is imperative that Christians in the West know the truth on this issue, speak out in public about it, help their suffering fellow-Christians, and demand action to stop such persecution.

*Patrick Sookhdeo is an Anglican priest and Director of the Barnabas Fund*



# Money Laundering

Antonia Willis

Those of us who lie awake at nights fretting about the links between organised crime, corrupt governments and international terrorism can sleep easier in our beds now. In June 2007, FATF (Financial Action Task Force), the organisation set up at the G7 Paris summit in 1989 to combat international money laundering, announced the ending of its blacklisting of Nigeria, stating 'Nigeria has taken steps at the highest levels to fight corruption.' FATF will now cease to monitor the situation in that country, and can doubtless also pat itself on the back for a truly remarkable tick-box achievement: with the removal of Nigeria from its blacklist, there are now officially *no* nations which are 'non-co-operative in the international community's efforts to fight money laundering'.

Why should 'the international community's efforts to fight money laundering' be so topical? The answer, of course, lies in 9/11 and the subsequent widespread perception that money laundering (ML) is integral to the funding of terrorist operations. By no means all experts would agree. ML as a subject was, until quite recently, the province of those who had to deal with the more mechanical, less exciting aspects of crime. It is merely the description of a process whereby a criminal renders usable his ill-gotten gains. There is a simple formula often used to outline this process, known by the acronym PLI: Placement, Layering, Integration. Placement — by common consent, the trickiest and most detectable part of the process — means placing funds at one remove from the criminal; for instance, by buying a shell company in Gibraltar and investing in it. Layering means obscuring the original source of funding via a series of transactions which split the funds, usually through loans and shares; for example, by having Gibraltar Property Management Services 'invest' in yachts in Tortola, a casino development in South Africa and an off-plan holiday housing site in Dominica. (In this context, a failed business can be very handy.) Integration means bringing the money back into the mainstream banking system. But there are many other ways of laundering money which involve very little in the way of financial wizardry. If your tragically wayward son has made £5,000 dealing cocaine in a bar off the Kings Road, and supposing that his profits have not all disappeared up his nose, he can place his illegal money in the system by buying and selling a couple of antique paintings. No-one notices the provenance

of works of art of a relatively low value.

There has been a recent slough of legislation designed to combat the problem. Unfortunately, we now have to plunge headlong into a world of acronyms. Key to the fight against ML is SOCA, the newly-established Serious & Organised Crimes Agency, formed out of bits of the old NCIS (National Criminal Intelligence Service) and other arms of the police, with elements from HM Customs & Excise. SOCA is armed with PoCA (Proceeds of Crime Act, 2002) and MLRA (Money Laundering Regulatory Act, 2003), supplemented with SOCPA (Serious Organised Crime & Police Act 2005) and, most crucially of all, intelligence contained in SARs (Suspicious Activity Reports). SARs are considered a potentially invaluable tool in the fight against organised crime. Every bank and financial institution in the land must report transactions involving cash sums of €15,000 or above, as well as any cash transaction that might possibly be considered suspect, with no *de minimis* level. As well-regulated financial institutions will always err on the side of caution, the result has been a flood of paperwork beyond SOCA's wildest dreams (or nightmares). There were some 212,300 SARs filed in 2006 alone, and the number is rising exponentially month-by-month. It is inconceivable that SOCA has the time or the resources to process every single report with the thoroughness envisaged by legislators. And, to counteract the vigilance of bank personnel, criminal organisations have come up with 'smurfing' — a practice whereby instead of banking large sums, they use dozens of agents — 'smurfs' — to deposit small sums in many separate transactions.

Is the new emphasis on ML necessary? Is ML really an integral part of the terrorists' toolkit, and is the fight against ML really part of the 'war on terror?' Peter Lilley, ML expert and author of *Dirty Dealing: the Untold Truth about Global Money Laundering, International Crime & Terrorism* would argue not. He makes two critical points: first, 'the amounts required to finance a terrorist outrage are relatively small' and second, that 'terrorists' funds may be clean'. In other words, if you could defeat security, you could destroy the Bluewater Shopping Mall for the price of a semi in Carshalton, and the semi in question might be quite legitimately owned by the hard-working but fanatical Al-Jihadi family. There is no point in shying away from the truth that terrorist

movements often rely quite heavily on donations of honestly-acquired money that needs no laundering. Peter Lilley's view is that SARS are 'virtually pointless' in the context of funding for terrorism.

Conversely, most of the money sloshing around in illicit companies and organisations has been earned by individuals who would no more dream of detonating part of the neighbourhood than you or I. Pump-and-dump share scammers, heroin dealers and purveyors of dodgy pharmaceuticals tend to enjoy the Wicked West and all its decadent pleasures, and are far more likely to be found buying a nightclub than blowing one up. Your average investment fraudster would blench at the thought of wasting a top-of-the-range Mercedes in a controlled explosion. For sophisticated, non-terrorist financial criminals, it is arguable that a more robust approach is needed towards white-collar crime in general. One of the areas in which more robustness might be shown is in the obligations placed on professional advisors to avoid suspicious transactions.

Anyone who has looked at a complex and fraudulent money trail knows that the fraudster's toolkit typically includes a tame lawyer and a tame accountant. Recent legislation has in fact tried to address this, and it is now obligatory for a whole raft of people, including lawyers, accountants, estate agents, car dealers and auctioneers to report any suspicious activity on the part of their clients, without tipping off the client that they are doing so. The penalty for failing to do so can be imprisonment of up to five years and a fine. This is all very well, but it does not begin to counteract the incentives offered to professional advisers by more successful members of the criminal community. Lawyers and accountants in particular, even those from large and reputable professional firms, have a historic tendency to form personal relationships with their more lucrative clients. It is by no means unusual for an accountant to have lunch with his client, and many a subject that cannot be discussed in a fifth-floor office can be broached over salmon and Chablis at the Dorchester. The accountant's potential in signing off dodgy accounts for shell companies, or simply handing on money kept in a client account, is invaluable. Anyone who has ever worked in commercial fraud investigation will be able to cite dozens of examples, but I will merely mention one in which an accountant for one of the largest city firms, operating in the Isle of Man, allowed some £900,000 of untraceable money to pass through a client's accounts over some six months. When asked why he would take such a risk, the answer was, '10 per cent of the flow of funds'. So, £90,000

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over six months: not bad for just one client. Multiply that figure over a broader client base and it becomes rapidly apparent why some professional advisers might risk a fine of a few thousand pounds or, in the case of a lawyer, the possibility of having to take early retirement in the form of being struck off.

It is true, however, that there is an intersection between ML and the financing of terrorism. This is reflected in one useful tool established by the Bank of England, which is its Consolidated List of Financial Sanctions Targets. This list, an amalgam of individuals and institutions, is provided to banks and other financial services providers for their databases, and allows them to do a bit of automated due diligence on potential new clients. (There is yet another acronym for this: KYC, or Know Your Customer.) One glance at the list speaks volumes about its anti-terrorist objectives: there are scores of individuals called Al-Jihadi or Al-Ahmadi, and organisations such as the magnificently-named Barakat Bank of Somalia, whose credit-worthiness one might shudder at, with or without the existence of the Consolidated List. At least this is a worthwhile attempt at warning the unwary, but the difficulty with it is that there is always a risk that the List might be regarded as all-encompassing and definitive, so that a person or organisation *not* on the list might be seen as

virtuous by default.

One beneficiary of the current awareness of ML has been the burgeoning private security sector. The concept

of Due Diligence has driven innumerable new corporate clients towards the private sector: the police, whether SOCA or any other agency, are above all *reactive* and cannot possibly be expected to assess the honesty or otherwise of potential clients or transactions. In the course both of carrying out due diligence checks and investigating money losses due to fraud, private security companies are frequently stumbling across ML trails and doing their best to put this information into the hands of the police. Steve Delia, head of Knightsbridge Security Management, says that he might come across some dozen ML trails in the course of a year: 'We have the time to look thoroughly at a complex fraud, and as our objective is to recover the client's money, we will do so very thoroughly. We will from time to time come across evidence of money laundering as we go, and we are always keen to bring this to the attention of the relevant department.' The 'relevant department' quite often fields personnel who can be found at the bar of various south London watering holes, where a certain amount of informal passing of information goes on. The role of the private sector in combating ML is little-known outside the business, and its effectiveness

is unquantifiable; nevertheless, there is a great deal of anecdotal evidence that it is useful, continuing and likely to increase rather than decrease.

So what of the larger international picture, one in which Nigeria is fully compliant with anti-ML efforts and there are, according to FATF, no non-compliant nations we need to tackle? Here we are, of course, tip-toeing around in a nervous PC fashion, refusing to admit that most of the world does not even begin to share our views on the ethics of money-management. Legislation designed to hamper the operation of the black economy in the UK is hardly likely to function well in 'partnership' with countries such as Panama, Nigeria or Iran. Legislation that will certainly make it difficult for you and me to pay Maggie from the village cash-in-hand for a Saturday night's babysitting will by no means have an impact on Al Qa'eda's ability to fund the purchase of detonators in Madrid. We need to face up to this, and until we do, there will remain a lingering suspicion that PoCA & MLRA & SARs are more about clamping down on home-grown tax avoiders than on tackling the root funding of terrorism: and in an age of non-domiciled billionaire equity traders, this is not likely to generate much popular support. Peter Lilley, in a paper usefully entitled *Terrorist Financing Is Not Money Laundering* makes the following alarming

observation:

It is still entirely possible to open a bank account in a Middle Eastern country, where banking secrecy still prevails, then obtain a multi-purpose plastic card on the account — with credit, debit and cash dispenser facilities — and utilise that card anywhere in the world. If such an account was opened today in a Middle Eastern country and then used in the US or Europe for cash withdrawals and debit/credit transactions of small values, my guess is that it still would pass under the radar systems that have been installed since 9/11.

One doesn't even have to open a bank account in the Middle East to unlock a flow of illicit, small-denomination funds. If you were to go online and look for a company called 'Offshore Adviser' — one of many companies offering similar services — you would find that for a fee of \$2,000 they will set you up with an Antigua bank account, and for a further \$500 and a minimum deposit of \$3,000 they will provide a Silver MasterCard to go with the account. All that they require from individual, as opposed to corporate, clients is a notarised copy of your passport photograph. And with a tame notary, it really is a piece of cake.

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## Pied Pipers from Hell: the Terminus of Children's Rights

Patricia Morgan

I was recently summoned into the presence of Sir Albert (call me Al) Aynsley Green, at the Office of the Children's Commissioner (now renamed *11 Million* at a cost of £93,000). Clearly I could do with a pep talk. There were no real children present, just a set of life size colour coordinated dolls arranged on toy town toadstool furniture. Sir Al is committed to child empowerment and, to make sure his outfit reflects the interests of children, he is intent on gathering their views and opinions from birth to adulthood. Apparently, even babies are 'experts on their own lives'. I am reminded of that early monarch who shut children away in order to find out what the primeval language might be — which was nothing. The 'crisis' Sir Al believes lies 'at the heart of our society' relates to the existence of 'disproportionate levels of control' and inappropriate bans on hoodies. It would hardly do for John Locke to tell him that 'Liberty and Indulgence

can do no Good to Children. Their Want of Judgement makes them stand in need of Restraint and Discipline.' However, even Sir Al has limits. While children supposedly establish the aims, set priorities, scrutinise the staff and chose the décor of *11 Million*, the 'final decision' on the budget is made by adults.

The ultimate source of Sir Al's authority and certitude is the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child (1989) the most widely ratified human rights instrument in history. In *From Innocents to Agents* Michael Read gives a comprehensive account of UNCROC's origins and implications particularly for New Zealand, where the extent to which it has been embraced is possibly without parallel elsewhere. UNCROC's elevation to the status of holy writ again demonstrates that country's vulnerability to extremism and ideological capture — in this case by the dictates of international law and vociferous NGOs. In the

New Zealand microcosm, the child constituency is hysterically played upon by the left in the context of the eradication of marriage and the promotion of 'new family forms'. Brenda Almond in *The Fragmenting Family* elaborates on how the same ideology that created UNCROC is, even if more discreetly and diffusely, the central influence on law making in Europe, where an Orwellian approach to meaning is out to banish even mention of the family's essential components from the statute book.

UNCROC superseded the old UN Declaration on the Rights of the Child of 1959, which insisted that children as vulnerable beings be protected and provided for under the paramount 'best interests' principle. If they had 'rights', these were to matters like a name, parents, nationality, protection and education, within a legal ethos that complemented rather than replaced the family as the basic unit of social organisation. This traditional view which evolved from philosophers like Locke and Kant made rights dependent on the capacity to exercise them as a rational being. Children lacked maturity and independence so could hardly govern their lives, although duties might be imposed on others to protect and nurture them, especially if they were orphaned or abused.

The autonomous agent who now needs Sir Al's support to assert his rights to independence is a child of Foucault, sired by Marx. UNCROC marks a shift from protection rights to political 'choice' rights and, following on from ratification, to enabling or empowerment rights — marking the primacy of the state and its agencies. Rousseau first proclaimed the idea of child empowerment as a self-evident good because this enabled the child to express that which is both natural and desirable, unencumbered by parental, adult, or institutional constraints. Such a naturalistic view of human development, with psychoanalytic knobs on, underpinned the progressive educational tide which swept through schools in the 1960s; dictating that education must accommodate itself to the child's interests and inclinations. At home, permissive child-rearing made parents passive servants of their children's inherent 'needs'. 'Yes', 'no', 'wrong', 'right', crippled sensitive psyches and the slightest deprivation or reproof might resurface later as a monster from the deep to deny someone the true fulfilment and wholeness that was their rightful due. While parents were desperate to avoid the 'mistakes' of the past and rear wonder kids now that there were 'experts' to guide them, the question inevitably followed as to why incompetent amateurs were allowed such a free

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rein in the first place.

Strange as it may now seem, in the 1950s and early 1960s the boom in marriages and births coincided with the proclamation of the nuclear family as the 'greatest success story of the century'. But the worm was in the bud and as adulation turned to abuse, the family became the chief instrument of a pernicious process of 'conditioning' that perpetuated class oppression, transmitted the evils of Western values and crushed women and children. All human relations became matters of power and control, and any care and reciprocity operating within and between generations was servitude. Foucault went beyond the Marxist critique of the ideological manifestations of economic structures to locate power in social meanings and norms. All reality has become an oppressive construct; knowledge domination and all socialisation, education and nurture made problematic and transformed into 'inhibitive discourses' out to subjugate, even if this is directing people to study or prescribing medical treatment. Everywhere in academia Foucauldian thought has been uncritically taken up as the only valid

worldview: many universities seem to teach nothing else.

From the counter culture's inception, liberation meant unrestrained sexual expression or 'polymorphous perversity', pioneered by the homosexual vanguard. Life is focused upon self-development, independent of emotional ties beyond those of immediate inclination and transitory sexual encounters or what Anthony Giddens (New Labour's court sociologist) calls 'pure relationships' or Jeffrey Weekes (gay ideologue of the South Bank) terms 'families of choice'. People toil not, neither do they spin, since Foucault has opened up the vista of a 'new economy of bodies and pleasures' which will turn the world into one big gay bath house. The fully actualised selves who occupy it exist in some pre-cultural void — considering that there cannot be an objective discourse beyond convention and constructed meaning. Existence is a solipsistic narcissism of sensation, devoid of understanding or comprehension, or the complete subversion of all it is to be human. It has been superimposed on the abiding fantasy of a lost paradise before capitalism and patriarchy; where no child knew its own father, everyone contributed selflessly to the common pot (or perhaps bread fell from the hands of the Great Goddess), and the love greedily 'locked up' in the nuclear family impartially trickled over all communally reared children.

Once, all this was laughed away as the lunatic fringe of the 1960s upheaval, which hardly stood a snowball in hell's chance (thankfully) of being implemented.

Otherwise, we could do with a little more give in the divorce laws, a bit more slack in the availability of abortion and birth control pills, equal pay and less prejudice against female bus drivers. These little shells of change were carried in on the tide of neo-Marxism and deconstruction, which has advanced with astonishing speed. The language of rights as liberation readily transferred itself from one area to another as the family became politicised. Read mentions how, in 1971, the placard around a toddler's neck on a women's liberation march said FREE MUM, FREE DAD, FREE ME, FREE CHILDCARE. Lacking reference to either biological relatedness or commitment, the new ideology of the family involves nullifying marriage, separating partnering from parenthood and rewriting parenthood as no more than a legal convention. With family relationships rejected as in any way biological or natural, they are anything anyone wants them to mean. With gays in the forefront of severing family from gender, commitment, blood and kinship, such matters have become defined as merely heterosexual constraints. All is helped along by scientific advances in the reproductive field which are creating motherless and fatherless children *ex nihilo*.

Human rights once meant protecting the individual from unnecessary state intrusion, but under the new paradigm the state as advocate is in the business of empowering those identified as oppressed or marginalised. The long

established principle in domestic law was that the state only intervened where the family was dysfunctional or absent, but as rights move from vertical to horizontal, those whom the child needs the law to protect and free it from are its parents and brothers.

While these changes supposedly spring from the priorities of babes and sucklings, the agenda comes from self-appointed rights activists and other adults whose particular vested and ideological interests decide what is best for children. They make sure new issues constantly surface and need to be addressed; no country can ever arrive and meet all obligations fully because UNCROC generates its own momentum of change. All are there advising and developing *11 Million's* strategy, from the Children's Legal Centre to Barnardos to the Children's Rights Alliance. All are part of a grand European network of children's ombudspersons and a coterie of tiny but proliferating 'rights' groups agitating for a ban on smacking, which will be followed by a ban on other reasonable disciplinary measures! This will then move on to render impossible any ability to use reasonable force for disciplinary purposes — or

no sending someone to his room or demanding they be in at a certain time.

Already, *11 Million* is set to 'challenge' anti-social behaviour measures that put conditions on children's behaviour or dispute the right of under 13 year olds to a 'private sex life'; the *de facto* age of consent having already tumbled downwards from 16. Apparently, sex can only be inappropriate if it involves 'significant harm' which cannot be if it is 'consensual'. Even here the 'significant harm' comes more from society's failure to meet 'multiple needs' than anything to do with the sex itself. So if babies can have views and opinions, do they consent to sex? Can a 40 year old bugger an 8 year old, so long as the latter thinks it fun? The horrendous health risks that this carries can no doubt be dismissed as just another 'dominate discourse'. It all fits in nicely with demands for the 'complete sexualisation of society', with children introduced to all sexual 'options' and variations from the cradle onwards. Stonewall and the 'No Outsiders' project (funded by the Economic and Social Research Council) have designed programs for the NHS and primary schools to familiarise children with sexual variety in the name of meeting anti-discrimination strictures.

However, it all means that children are having future choices — at 20 years, 30 years and so forth — taken from them, as would happen should we sterilise a 10 year old girl who finds childbirth

distasteful. Is it not necessary to avoid inflating the maturity and agency of children and even overrule a child's own wishes in light of what the older self is likely to want? In the words of J S Mill 'those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury'. While all those working with the young must warn about the dangers of smoking, early sexual activity and multiple partnering are accepted *as the norm*. No guidance must be offered except under the guise of damage limitation to cull rocketing levels of teenage pregnancies, abortions and disease, or indication given of the relation between sexual choices and the preservation of health, fertility and prospective parenthood.

If ordinary citizens have heard of conventions on children's rights at all, they probably think this still means promoting children's well-being through a legally binding treaty laying down minimum standards for their protection. There seems to have been little understanding of the wider implications — just as we thought going into Europe was just about free trade, not

a loss of sovereignty — despite all the compliance costs to national taxpayers. The meaning of participation in the democratic process on the domestic level is undermined as international law increasingly limits the realm in which self-government can take place.

Since ‘rights’ are expressed as individual or group entitlement, the wider public interest is also ignored. UNCROC provides children with autonomy and freedom from control in contrast to the pre-cultural revolution Declaration of 1959 which emphasized the ‘integration of persons into society’. Instead, Article 13 specifies that ‘the child shall have the right to freedom of expression; this right shall include freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds’. Articles 15 and 16 emphasize rights to privacy, to associate with others and to protection from interference. So what happens when the child’s expression of his rights impinges (even mundanely) on others who want to use the phone, or if he refuses to go to school or wants to roam all night with the gang? When Sir AI’s outfit claims that children’s lives will ‘improve’ only when it ‘influences’ their parents, and warns that ‘if there is a conflict of interest between parents and children we will always be on the side of children’ he has the backing of the UN’s insistence that governments must accept responsibility for protecting the child from the power of parents.

But where are the children without the power and long term commitment of parents who will go, in the words of John and Elizabeth Newson, not just to reasonable, but unreasonable lengths for their sakes, and whatever their imperfections? What possible good does it do children to alienate adults who then will want little or nothing to do with them? A tide of crime, addiction, violence and failure following from the increasing feralisation of reproduction is providing the state with the excuse to take on child-rearing and intervene in personal and family life on an unprecedented scale. Even children tortured to death by mother’s latest ‘partner’ are ‘badly let down by the state’ and the answer is for bureaucracy to be more active. Nowhere is there any mention of the need for a stable family structure and commitment by the father to the mother and their offspring.

As much as in the Soviet Union or Nazi Germany the lone mother is the favoured ‘family form’, not least because this presents no barriers to state intrusion. Family changes have been the consequence of a clearly determined political agenda, which make the state complicit in family disintegration. Plato’s totalitarian vision is upon us where, having eliminated family

relationships, the state is free to pursue its own political or educational objectives. Appeals to UNCROC intend not only to undermine parental attempts to control children. In Europe as throughout the Anglophone world they add extra legitimacy to attempts to redefine the family, exemplified in the German red-Green coalition’s insistence that ‘family is where children are’ — depriving them of many of the rights hitherto taken for granted by human beings, by denying them security, their own mother and father and sense of contextual identity. If, as one Foucauldian quoted by Almond claims: ‘Post-modern living arrangements are diverse, fluid, and unresolved, constantly chosen and re-chosen and hetero-relations [sic] are no longer as hegemonic as once they were’ then children are born as exiles from the kinship network and are orphans in a sense previously unknown to human beings.

I asked Sir AI if he thought that family disintegration, with its dismal outcomes, was in children’s interests. He clearly did not expect to be asked questions, but replied that I would be surprised how favourably disposed children were to different ‘family forms’. Maybe the foetus in the womb should be offered a menu from which to make its selection.

There is the growing belief that increasing numbers of parents are abdicating responsibility for bringing up their children or not giving them the attention necessary to help them develop basic skills. But if children know it all, then surely they can bring themselves up and have no need of parents? Why should there even be any children brought into being if cultural transmission is repression and human life is no longer the continuity of the dead, the living and the unborn? If we all just exist in our solipsistic bubbles, then we do not need children. They do not have to be here and Sir AI would have to make do with his colour-coordinated dollies.

*Patricia Morgan’s latest book is The War between the State and the Family, IEA*

# ‘The Qualap’

Vivian Linacre

Beneath the dense forest of quangos that dominate the national landscape there lies, unnoticed, a vast undergrowth of ‘qualaps’ — Quasi-Autonomous Local Authority Partnerships. They are equally parasitical but, whereas we can all see the quangos blocking out the sunlight, hardly anybody observes that the qualap undergrowth is draining the nutrients from the soil of local government. Its exposure is long overdue.

Perth and Kinross Council in Scotland is a typical example of municipal empire-building. With a population of only some 160,000, it presides over a huge establishment of ambiguous public-private bodies, whose composition and functions are almost unknown to the electorate or media and never subjected to their scrutiny. Why these so-called ‘partnerships’ are needed in addition to the elective structure of council and committees serviced by permanent officers, is a mystery. They obscure or dissipate the issue of accountability, as between the public and private elements within each partnership as well as between each partnership and those others to which it is superior or inferior or with which it is coordinated or in which it may choose occasionally to intervene.

Which are formal, with a constitution and remit, and which are informal or *ad hoc*, is indeterminate without rigorous enquiry, as is the extent of delegated power. The public membership can consist of senior council officers who may take what are effectively executive decisions, yet apparently without council representation or express authority; or it can consist of middle-ranking officers who are free to take decisions beyond their competency. As for the private sector membership, ostensibly representing various sectional

interests (‘stakeholders’) but seldom with any brief from their notional constituents, who can believe that their participation is entirely *pro bono publico*?

The pinnacle is the Perth and Kinross Economic Partnership, answerable to the Council (but whether directly or through the Policy and Resources Committee is unclear), beneath which is the Perth City Partnership Steering Committee, beneath which again is the Perth City Partnership Coordinating Group, beneath which again is the City Centre Action Group at the bottom

of the heap. By the way, horizontal proliferation is facilitated at any stage: so the Perth City Partnership Coordinating Group has two off-shoots, the Central Area Development Group and ‘Area Based Initiatives’.

But to revert to the vertical structure, if you have followed so far: the City Centre Action Group is responsible to the City Partnership Coordinating Group which is responsible to the City Partnership Steering Committee which is responsible to the Perth and Kinross Economic Partnership which is responsible to the Council. Simple, really. But how, subordinate to that vast hierarchy, does the City Centre Action Group ever actually take action? And where, incidentally, is the

demarcation between the City Centre Action Group and its ‘uncle’ the Central Area Development Group?

All of this, of course, relates only to the commercial province of the empire. Similar structures cover social, educational and environmental areas. But other than job creation for municipal bureaucracy and peddling influence by busybodies, what possible purpose can these partnerships serve? The over-arching Perth Partnership, comprising the Council, Chamber of Commerce, Scottish Enterprise Tayside, local further education college and tourist board, declares (to



quote all too briefly from its paramount mission statement):

The Partners will lead in the delivery of the Perth Economic Development Strategy and Action Plan. This articulates a Vision for Perth 2010 and provides for the long-term economic development of Perth and surrounding areas through the establishment of broad strategic objectives and specified programmes of activity and actions. The Strategy and Action Plan integrates existing and new initiatives, projects and programmes and is fully cognisant of the Perth 'Product' and 'Markets'. To this end the Partnership will positively encourage exchange of views and information between common interest parties and in particular ensure effective communication and collaborative working between Public Agencies and the business and wider communities. This will be achieved through a delivery framework which facilitates communication between parties and assists implementation of activities and projects through appropriate working arrangements.

To facilitate ongoing refinement of the strategy and priority judgements in relation to the delivery programme, the Partners will further develop work to determine Perth's economic profile and ongoing performance by the introduction and maintenance of appropriate measurement mechanisms. This will allow comparative economic indicators to be gauged over time and against competitor locations. Targets will be set in relation to the Partnership's proposed activity and estimated outputs and impacts, based on the agreed strategic aims, which in themselves will strive to improve perceptions of Perth as a means of favourably influencing the behaviour of visitors, residents, investors and decision makers....

The Partnership Steering Committee will provide the leadership and inspiration to achieve the Partnership objectives. It will function as the forum for the project partners. Whilst having no executive authority the Steering Committee will ensure the energy, vision and commitment of the partners to the overall strategies and objectives of the Partnership and will aim to maximise the impact of the Partnership for the benefit of Perth.... The Partnership Coordinating Group is the principal implementation body of the Perth Partnership and accountable to the Steering Committee.... The Coordinating Group will be represented on the Partnership Steering Committee and will be responsible for servicing the Steering Committee and ensuring the effective administration of overall Partnership business and activity.

Partnership working involves communication, collaboration and coordination of activity between constituent partner organisations and the private sector to secure commitment to strategy, delivery of agreed areas of activity and implementation of individual projects. Partnership working and delivery of partnership projects subsequently require flexible management and reporting structures beyond individual organisational or corporate structures.

This is beyond parody! A catalogue of management-speak cliches, containing more references to delivery than a midwifery handbook, it is a recipe for paralysis — for incestuous inertia — and deserves the Millennial Gobbledegook Award.

The bureaucratic benefits of qualaps are that they relieve a council of responsibility for many of its functions and thereby of accountability to the electorate, no individual ever has to take a decision or be held liable for its consequences, and officers are provided with extra games to play. Although partnerships are ultimately under Council control, they can be treated as independent consultees for the purpose of 'public participation' exercises. So if a council is faced with a controversial electoral issue requiring wide consultation — a windfarm, supermarket proposal or traffic scheme — it can invite two or three 'partnerships' within its ambit to submit its safely predictable views, which may be enough to swing the official result in the desired direction.

But any local body of real consequence — a chamber of commerce, church or civic trust — which consents to representation on any such partnership is irredeemably compromised, since conflicts are bound to arise between views expressed or undertakings given in the name of that partnership and those held independently by the body itself. Is it worth being treated as a 'useful idiot', in return for membership of a talking shop?

This poisonous undergrowth of qualaps smothers the entire country. The direct cost runs into hundreds of millions annually, but the true cost in vitiation of local government is incalculable. Why has the whole regime never been exposed or even reported? Qualaps remain practically invisible like any other cancer — an amorphous, nebulous blight — and must be excised before the damage to local democracy becomes irreparable.

*Vivian Linacre is a surveyor*

# Freedom of Association on the Rocks

Martin Hogg

An Englishman's home is his castle, so generations of us have grown up believing. In modern Britain, however, we know that that adage no longer holds true. Council Tax inspectors are to be given the right to gain admittance to our homes for property revaluation purposes and penalise us for having too many rooms or a nice view, and, if England and Wales go the same way as Scotland, anyone will soon have the right to roam freely over all privately owned land almost up to the front door of the household. As in all states which thrive on armies of snoopers and bureaucrats, the New Labour state is continually looking for new ways to infringe on our personal space. Yet so far the state hasn't actually told us with whom we should mix in the privacy of our own drawing rooms.

Imagine, however, if we *were* to be told by the Government with whom we might or might not mix in private. The thrice divorced misogynist, taken to the cleaners by each of his ex-wives, and who not unreasonably wanted to avoid women, would be told that at least one woman had to be invited to every dinner party given in his home. The lapsed Catholic, traumatised by a strict childhood spent incarcerated with fierce nuns, would have to invite the local priest in to his home once a week for tea and buns. The staunch evangelical Christian, with strict views on personal morality, would be told that he had to include the two men living next door who had recently entered a civil partnership every time he wanted to have the neighbours round. For the moment, this is still the stuff of nightmarish Big Brother fantasies. The Government isn't yet proposing to force any of these people to mix with their nemeses. However, a change to the law recently proposed is not far off it.

The Department of Communities has just published a Consultation Paper entitled 'A Framework for Fairness'. In it the Government proposes, as part of the planned implementation of yet another EU law, the Gender Equality Directive, that all private clubs and associations will be forced to remove any barriers to membership they may have based upon sex, race, sexual orientation, age, or religion. In other words,

organisations which meet entirely in private, and are thus an extension of the privacy of the home that is the foundation of the idea of the Englishman's Castle, are about to be told by law that they cannot choose whom to admit or not to their membership if the criteria used violate the Government's idea of fairness and equality.

Britain is full of such private clubs and associations: miners' welfare clubs, women's reading groups, gentlemen's clubs, freemasons lodges, golf clubs, disabled Jewish rambling associations (I made that last one up, but such an organisation might exist for all I know) — one of the glories of British life is that we have such a weird and wonderful variety of such clubs, most of us belonging to one or more of them. The great thing about belonging to such organisations (and I declare an interest in belonging to a couple of long established gentlemen's clubs) is precisely that their members are able to mix with those, and only

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those, whose company they find convivial. There has traditionally been no need for such clubs to justify the criteria they use for membership, any more than there has been a need for individuals to justify whom

we invite in to our own homes. Such clubs have in large part been based upon the principle that they are extensions of their members' own homes and private lives, and that therefore the membership can choose and refuse to admit whomever they wish. This is a fundamental aspect of freedom of association, a basic right which all democratic societies value. Though we may have to mix with people we can't stand in public places — on railway carriages, in our workplaces, in cafes and supermarkets — we have always had the consolation which private company affords us in counteracting the strains of our public lives and recharging our batteries.

Britain, unlike the United States, has never enshrined freedom of association in our Constitution. We have not done so, of course, because we have an unwritten constitution, unlike the Americans who have the benefit of a Constitution which enshrines freedom of association as part of its wider protection of freedom of speech. Instead, Britain, as part of the EU, has the

vague and increasingly menacing ideas of ‘equality’ and ‘fairness’, ideas which, if the proposals in the ‘Framework for Fairness’ document are implemented without amendment in the autumn, will ensure that a major incursion into freedom of association is made in the name of non-discrimination. No one seems to have explained to the Government that the very idea of a *private* club is precisely that the membership gets to be discriminating in whom it does or does not invite to join its ranks.

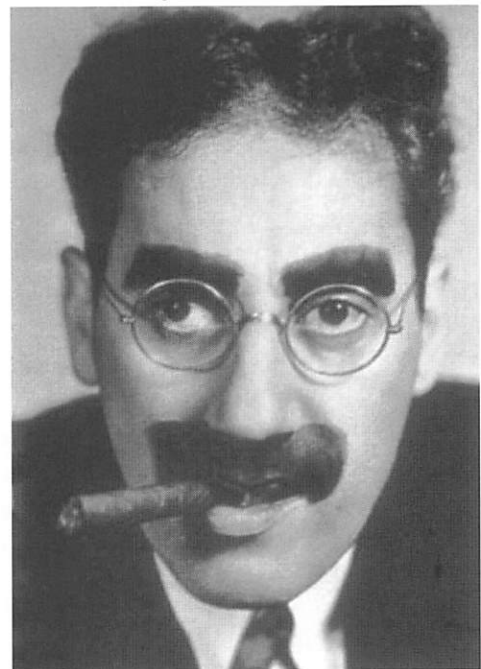
To be fair, the Government proposes an opt-out for clubs whose primary purpose is to promote the interests of a single sex, religion, racial group, or

*Groucho Marx famously said he wouldn't want to belong to any club that would accept him as a member. If the Government gets its way, were Groucho alive today he wouldn't want to belong to any British Club, for every club would be compelled to accept him*

sexual orientation. But a club will have to make such a purpose explicit if it wants to benefit from the opt-out. If, on the other hand, your club has traditionally been male only or female only, for instance, but in recent years you have decided to let spouses join, albeit only on a restricted membership basis, you will be forced to give full and equal membership rights to the other sex. Or if your club is a Black Lawyers Association, but you have of late allowed non-black lawyers to become associate members of the organisation, again you will be hauled in to line and made either to expel the non-black members and go ‘all black’ or else make them full members of your association.

The Government’s justification for this planned enormous erosion of the private sphere is, in the words of the recently sacked Secretary of State for Communities, Ruth Kelly, that it is ‘about our sons and daughters, our parents and grandparents, our friends and neighbours, and the basic values of decency and respect we want for ourselves and for them’. This is all very well as a justification for enforcing, quite properly, equality in the workplace and in the provision of goods and services in public, but as a justification for telling people with whom to mix in private it is not only wholly unconvincing but demonstrates a total failure to appreciate the importance of the private sphere and the value placed by human beings upon the freedom to select company of their choosing, without having to justify that choice to others. At its heart, the Consultation Paper’s proposed reform of the self-selecting nature of private clubs is no more than a thinly veiled attack on those clubs perceived by the Government to be élitist and sexist. This perception

might very well be correct in a few instances, but that is hardly the point. People ought to be free to be élitist and sexist in private if they wish. In the majority of cases however, clubs which choose to apply criteria for membership based upon sex, religion, race or any other generic characteristic, are doing so not because they are prejudiced against others, but because their members enjoy the fun of mixing with people who share the same characteristics and interests as them. And what is so wrong with that? Yes, men and women might actually enjoy the exclusive company of their own sex on occasions, as doubtless may Jewish bibliophiles, golf-playing Asian bankers, and naked Mormon rambblers. If such people choose to mix together for the pleasure of the company of their fellows, it is a small minded and petty Government which would legislate to prohibit them from so doing.



Groucho Marx famously said he wouldn’t want to belong to any club that would accept him as a member. If the Government gets its way, were Groucho alive today he wouldn’t want to belong to any British club, for every club would be compelled to accept him. The very idea of members of a private club being allowed to choose which persons to admit to their ranks, according to whatsoever criteria they choose, however unpalatable such criteria might be to others, will soon be consigned to history, and our freedom of association will be vastly diminished as a result. How long will it be, in the name of equality and non-discrimination, before the Government is also telling us with whom we must mix in our own homes?

*Martin Hogg is Senior Lecturer in Law at the University of Edinburgh*

# The British Empire, as Time Goes By

J F Boshier

August 15th, 2007, the sixtieth anniversary of India and Pakistan as independent countries, was a day for reflecting on the British Empire. Events and institutions seem to change in retrospect as we face forward across the historical landscape, and events in the last sixty years have made the Empire look relatively less and less objectionable. In view of all the lights that have failed in the past two generations, there are even grounds for daring to regret the Empire's passing. Nobody knows how the world might have turned out if post-war Labour governments had not decided to go on removing Imperial forces and personnel from colonies all over Asia and Africa, thus leaving the indigenous populations to run that quarter of the world which had been ruled hitherto from London. What is known is that even now many of those ex-colonial populations still need to be saved from themselves and one another. Not much has changed since an outspoken and humane BBC editor (Rod Liddle) visited Uganda five years ago and came to the conclusion that 'If Africa is hopeless, it is because it has been ruled for the past forty years by a fantastic collection of conspicuously vile dictators: gangsters, incompetents, corrupt self-serving megalomaniacs, cretinous Marxist ideologues, half-wits, imbeciles, murderous tribal warlords and the criminally insane. Some of them are still there, doing their whacko stuff, in Harare, Mogadishu etc.' He discussed improvements then being made in Africa by a disguised neo-colonial pressure exerted by Western charities and certain Swedish groups, who were insisting on a little honest Western commonsense in return for Western money. From time to time even thoughtful democratic Americans were beginning to wonder whether the best way to help the more violent and backward countries might be to revive Western imperialism.

What may truly be said of the British Empire as it recedes into the past? How can we think honestly about it? We should free its history from the politics and rhetoric of the de-colonizing process, the ideologies

of liberation. The history of the Empire was for too long confused with the history of its destruction, giving voice to hostile liberals such as Gladstone and Bright; blinkered nationalists in India, Ireland, and the Dominions; intellectual enemies of Cecil Rhodes and other Imperialists, such as J A Hobson in his influential *Imperialism: A Study* (1902); and socialist anti-Imperialists from Marx and Engels, reporting to New York on Indian affairs in the 1850s, to Eric Williams and his unsound theory — in *Capitalism and Slavery* (1944) — that the trans-Atlantic slave trade came to an end only because it was no longer profitable. As for the Empire's enemies in the United States, they tend to wither away in Niall Ferguson's amusing history of the prudish American empire.

Too little has been heard from the Empire's many friends. One of these was an American wild-west Indian fighter, Frederick Russell Burnham (1861-1947), who earned a place in Imperial circles by

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outstanding service as a scout with British forces during the Matabele Campaign (1896) and the South African War (1899-1902). He befriended Lord Baden Powell and other officers. Winking at his nationality and rough-and-tumble early life, the high command eventually commissioned Burnham as

a Major. 'The kind-hearted Queen [Victoria] invited me to visit her at Osborne,' he wrote in his memoirs, 'and everywhere we went we were treated as real friends.' When Edward VII pinned the cross of the Distinguished Service Order on his chest at St James's Palace in 1901, with permission to wear it even though he remained an American, 'I realized at that moment why it is that men so cheerfully die for the Empire and why the Anzacs and Canadians and all the others come hurrying from overseas at England's call.' Burnham retired to Los Angeles, California, but in August 1940, early in the Second World War, he visited Victoria, British Columbia, in the course of a lecturing tour intended to counteract the anti-British influence of Colonel Charles Lindbergh and his supporters. A few months later Burnham wrote to tell one of his friends

in Victoria about a 'Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies' which he had organized in the USA. It might be added that this friend, Colonel H T Goodland, DSO, was a British officer retired from the Imperial War Graves Commission who had befriended the Kiplings while guiding their search for their son's grave on French battlefields.

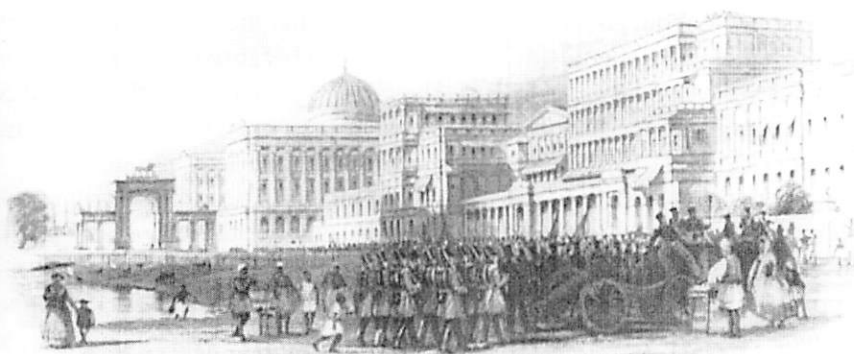
Two more facts about Burnham throw light upon his relationship with the Empire. During his tour of North America in 1940 he visited friends at a camp held annually in Alberta by the Legion of Frontiersmen, a kind of Imperial guerrilla force which he once joined and greatly admired. The Frontiersmen had been organized throughout the Empire beginning in 1904 by Roger Pocock, his sister the London actress Lena Ashwell, and a mixed gathering of adventurous volunteers much like Pocock and Burnham. The former Boer General J P Smuts, proud to belong to a body of men 'who did their duty', joined the Legion of Frontiersmen and was made honorary commandant in South Africa. Behind all this in Burnham's

mind lay a family tradition that one of his own ancestors was the scout who, in September 1759, guided General James Wolfe up the cliffs to the Plains of Abraham where Canada was won in battle for the Empire.

Worth remembering, too, on Imperial anniversaries, is another friend, Nirad Chandra Chaudhuri (1897-1999), an Indian intellectual from Bengal for whom 'no Indian with any education and some regard for historical truth, ever denied that, with all its shortcomings, British rule had, in the balance, promoted both the welfare and the happiness of the Indian people'. He thought E M Forster's *A Passage to India* (1924) was the worst novel about India ever written by an Englishman and gathered his own thoughts during a short visit to England under the title, *A Passage to England* (1959). As a young clerk in the accounting department of the [British] Indian Army and a journalist and editor later, Chaudhuri had direct experience of the Raj. As secretary to Sarat Chandra Bose he consorted with Gandhi, Nehru, and other Indian nationalists, whose cause of Indian independence left him sceptical. He expressed sympathy enough with Britain and the Empire to have himself denounced by the authorities

of independent India, hounded out of the country, and driven to live by his pen. His *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* (1951) is a classic of its kind.

Our generation does not see the Empire through the eyes of admirers like Burnham and Chaudhuri. Even the gift of the English language, so vital in India's present economic growth, is seldom fairly appreciated. Current celebrations of India's prosperity occasionally notice that Untouchables in Hindu society have not been saved from degradation by calling them 'Dalits' and that people are still dying in the bitter ethnic hostilities which the Empire used to keep in check. Sixty years ago not only Western observers but Mohandas Gandhi and other Indians were horrified by the slaughter, rape, and pillage that left hundreds of thousands dead soon after independence. Such results of independence were no surprise to retired British Indian-Army officers but the



consciences of the de-colonizers were much less concerned with victims of independence than with the 378 Sikhs shot in Amritsar on 13 April 1919. The reasons for this double standard are not entirely clear. It

is questionable, no doubt, whether Dyer's reputation could be restored, like those of Lord Curzon, General 'Chinese' Gordon, Scott of the Antarctic, and T E Lawrence, lately rescued from the avalanche of de-bunking that followed Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* and E M Forster's *A Passage to India*. Another Imperial stalwart, Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb, reflected for many years on misrepresentations of his own career as commander-in-chief of the Arab Legion (the Jordanian army) and concluded that the disintegration of the British Empire, like other imperial declines, predictably 'results in cynicism, which justifies the decline of heroism by "debunking".' But the efforts of Imperial officers struggling for peace and safety in the Middle East (like Glubb Pasha and Lawrence) and in India (like Curzon and Dyer) appear more worthy in retrospect as time goes by. Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Burmese and the rest were being gradually welded into one orderly country by their secular Imperial overlords and the ethnic fighting which accompanied independence resulted in yet another tragedy: India soon broke up into separate states: India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka.

These fledgling states, like others formed in the disintegration of the Empire, were hallowed in an atmosphere of reverence for national sovereignty. The principle of national sovereignty, with its twin democracy, had been launched in the American and French revolutions of the late eighteenth century and had a stronger political effect than ideas of humanity and tolerance developed in the same period. National sovereignty as an ideology inspired German patriots to form their own national state in 1871 and Italians likewise. In 1918-19 Woodrow Wilson's 'fourteen points' prompted the post-war conference at Versailles to bless the sovereign independence of nations hitherto submerged in the crumbling empires of the Habsburgs, Ottomans, and Romanovs.

The British Empire, wracked as it was by movements for national independence in Ireland and the dominions overseas as well as in Africa and Asia, was at a moral disadvantage. Its achievements were taken for granted, and good government now seemed to matter less than self-government. Even the British public was forgetting about the Empire's leadership in efficient and incorruptible policing and tax-gathering, in humane policies to stop the *suttee* burning of Hindu widows and the stoning to death of raped Muslim women, in opposing the exploitation of rural masses by local money-lenders and Western-educated native minorities, in vast irrigation schemes to help in the feeding of spiralling populations, in abolishing the slave trade and slavery itself, in founding Sierra Leone for freed slaves, and in the early posting of a naval patrol off West Africa to stop the trade in slaves.

The freedom of the seas from piracy and tyranny had been quietly protected for so long by the Royal Navy working out of its stations around the world that people at home and abroad assumed it to be in the nature of things. Only now, half a century after the navy withdrew to home waters, have foreign observers in countries once hostile to the Empire begun to appreciate the Navy's patrolling of the seas. A few years ago William Langewiesche expanded an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* into a book, *The Outlaw Sea: A World of Freedom, Chaos, and Crime* reporting that piracy at sea is once more a major threat in the world, notwithstanding the efforts of an International Maritime Organization, founded by the United Nations in 1959. 'The IMO is a typically idealistic construct for bringing order to the world,' he wrote, 'a democratic assembly of 162 member nations, all of them determinedly equal,

who work with the assistance of a technical staff' drafting regulations and conventions which nobody enforces. Pirates flourish anew in the Gulf of Aden, the Indian Ocean, and in the Straits of Malacca, near the old Royal Navy base at Singapore, still full of ships travelling between the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. Similar observations might be made about the hopeless inability of the United Nations to prevent the massacre of 800,000 people in Rwanda and much murderous chaos in Burma, Darfur (Sudan), and Zimbabwe. An excellent case might be made for settling such disorders all over the Third World by military policing expeditions like the one the Blair Government sent to restore order in Sierra Leone a few years ago. Unfortunately the claims of national sovereignty still tie the hands of civilized powers. Perhaps if the public at large could be induced to subordinate sovereign

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rights to 'human rights' an effective political opposition might be raised against the Third-World tyrannies which wield so much influence in the UN. In the 21st century the politics of de-colonizing still encourage sneering at the Victorian Empire and its habit of restoring order. The

great Christian missions of the past are still pilloried as forms of cultural imperialism.

By then the success of liberation politics in bringing down the Empire had imprinted on public opinion a dark, one-sided view of the Imperial past. This was true not only in Commonwealth and ex-colonial countries but also — and notably — in the British Isles. 'To speak in favour of empires, including the British Empire in India in the 1980s, and living in England,' Chaudhuri remarked, 'would be like being a Lutheran in old Spain with its Inquisition. Even Torquemada's ferocity to the Reformers cannot be compared with the zeal to burn which the British anti-Imperialists have.' It would be reasonable to suppose that subsequent revelations of the Gulag Archipelago, other horrors of the Stalinist regime, and the collapse of the Soviet Union, might water down whatever Marxist views still clog the history of the Empire. And so in time they may. Let's look back again on India's 70th anniversary.

*J F Boshier is gathering information about Imperial campaigners on Vancouver Island in Victorian and Edwardian times*

# Are the Values of the Anglosphere so Bad? An Australian Perspective

Hal G P Colebatch

The Malcolm Fraser-Richard Woolcott-Owen Harries Axis of eminent old gentlemen in Australia appears deeply concerned that Australia may wish to remain part of the ‘Anglosphere’, the various formal and informal mechanisms for the countries of English language and British-derived culture and institutions to work together, as they did in the 20th century. Mr Fraser is a former Prime Minister, Mr Woolcott former head of the Australian Diplomatic Service and Mr Harries former Ambassador to UNESCO, so their views may tend to be taken as weighty.

The principal members of the Anglosphere — plus perhaps one or two others like Singapore — would, if they worked closely together, add up to something considerably more than a super-power and most people would think that such co-operation would be beneficial. They have, after all, a good record in terms of democracy, peace, prosperity and progress, especially compared to certain others. The eminent old gentlemen, however, don’t appear to share this feeling. Indeed their attacks on the concept of the Anglosphere are becoming increasingly shrill.

Mr Woolcott warned not long ago that: ‘the Howard government has reinforced the image of an Australia moving back into the so-called Anglosphere rather than focusing on its future in its own neighbourhood.’ It is hard to see why. Australia’s diplomacy in Asia has been active and of a high priority. It was not long ago that it attended the first East Asian Economic Summit in Kuala Lumpur after signing the ASEAN Treaty of Amity and Co-operation. It was second only to the US in its speedy and effective response to the Asian Tsunami disaster, while the UN bureaucracy bickered, obstructed and embezzled. It has also been heavily involved in Timor and elsewhere. One can imagine his horror at the Anglocentricism and cultural insensitivity of Sir Charles Napier, the 19th Century British soldier-administrator of India whose statue London’s Mayor Ken Livingstone wants removed from Trafalgar Square. Told by Hindus that the burning of inconvenient widows was a ‘traditional custom,’ Napier responded: ‘We also have a custom: when men burn women alive, we hang them.’

Anyway, Mr Woolcott evidently thinks the Anglosphere to be a bad thing. He continues that ‘Multiculturalism, which is irreversible, should be promoted by the coalition government, rather than simply tolerated ... we

must promote more effectively a multi-ethnic society.’ Officially-enforced multiculturalism and *dirigisme* go together like a horse and carriage. Its enforcement offers virtually unlimited opportunities for the expansion of government coercive powers and it can rely on the support of the whole social engineering lobby.

The phrase ‘multiculturalism’ by its very nature does not discriminate or judge between the quality of cultures or their relevance to the national interest. Waves of immigrants from Europe built America’s prosperity. In Australia Vietnamese refugees from communism as well as Chinese from various parts of Asia have for the most part proved a great asset to the host country, as had migrants from all parts of Europe before them. There is, however, a qualitative difference between the cultures and the effects on the national interest of migrant communities who arrive in a new country determined to make a new start and who tend to be people of more than usual vigour and enterprise, and migrant communities who arrive because a dole is available. If ‘multiculturalism’ means welcoming and accepting people from different cultures who make a positive contribution to society and enrich it in a positive way, no sane person could oppose it. All white Australians are the very recent descendents of immigrants if not immigrants themselves. When my own father was born, there may have been a few centenarians alive whose births pre-dated Captain Cook taking possession of New South Wales.

However, in Australia, which had had a very successful history of assimilating immigrants from various cultures, ‘Multiculturalism’ has been taken over to mean something very different — an attack on Anglomorph values and on the liberal democracy and associated institutions which many immigrants have come to enjoy. Multiculturalism was at first given official imprimatur in Australia by the Whitlam Labor government, which saw it as a useful way of corraling votes for the Labor Party by being able to offer inducements directly to the leaders of cultural peak organizations. It was also used by the likes of one-time Immigration Minister the late ‘Al’ Grasby not merely to attack Anglophone traditions and values but as a cover for organized crime by ethnic gangsters and drug-dealers. It was taken over by the succeeding coalition government of Malcolm Fraser, possibly because the Coalition also saw in it (albeit less realistically) opportunities for vote-

buying and possibly through vague and confused notions of liberalism.

Of course, no previous immigrant communities have demanded their host culture adapt itself to their demands to the extent that Muslim communities have in Britain, Australia and elsewhere. These demands have extended to bans on unveiled women, the display or sale of toy pigs and the carrying of blind people's guide-dogs in Muslim-driven taxis, as well as demands for the imposition of sharia law and boycotts of Israel.

Malcolm Fraser claims that: 'I actually want to see the American alliance remain,' which is nice to hear, but again it is hard to know what it means precisely. He apparently regards the ANZUS treaty as 'fragile' and would suffer no great anguish if it came to an end. He refers nowadays 'to our great and powerful friend and bosom ally the United States' on Radio National with a sarcastic sneer very different to his tone as Prime Minister, and seems indignant that American admirals have been advising Australia as to what sort of Naval equipment it needs, apparently pulling the wool over the eyes of the poor old slow-witted Australian admirals who will actually be advising the government.

Meanwhile, perhaps not unlike those Islamists who argue that 9/11 was a Jewish/Neocon plot to blacken Islam and give the US a fraudulent *casus belli*, and simultaneously that it was a great blow struck for Islam against the US by the heroic bin Laden, Mr Harries, devoted an appendix of his Boyer Lectures to attacking *The Anglosphere Illusion*. He seems to have little trouble with what Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty Four* termed Double-Think: the US is a cynical, cold monster ready to betray allies at the drop of a hat and simultaneously a moralistic Don Quixote lusting to drag allies into idealistic crusades.

Neither view is useful for forming Australia's foreign policy. The US is an exceptionally but by no means a completely idealistic nation, and while an alliance is not a cast-iron guarantee in all circumstances, it is plainly in Australia's interests to have the closest possible relations with it. It is also an objective fact that Australia, with about the 14th biggest economy in the world and population of just over 20 million, is not an equal partner with the US, which has an economy bigger than the next several world-powers after it combined and a population of 300 million. Mr Harries's own career — Welsh-born, English-educated, then an Australian diplomat, then the editor of an American journal called *The National Interest*, itself refuted his denigration of what the Anglosphere means.

A recent story by Harries in *The Australian* was headlined 'Don't expect inconvenient loyalty from our great friend'. In fact, 'inconvenient loyalty' is just what the US has given, repeatedly, and over decades. It has been unwavering in its defence of Israel, which has no

oil, at the cost of incurring the hostility of the oil-rich Arab and Muslim world, and despite the fact that the Jewish population of America has limited electoral clout and generally tends to vote Democrat. This record of defence of democracy has not been through pure altruism but neither has it been through purely selfish *realpolitik*. No nation in history has been even remotely comparable in its willingness to spend its lives and treasure for the freedom of others.

Thanks to the US alliance Australia, like Britain and other democracies, has been able to minimize defence spending over the last 60 years and devote the money thus saved to economic development. Further, the extraordinary generosity and magnanimity the US showed to the defeated Axis powers after World War II went much further than the *realpolitik* demands of stopping them going communist dictated. If nations can be said to have national spirits, US policy then showed a national spirit of unequalled nobility.

In *The Anglosphere Illusion* Mr Harries stated that 'A strident and aggressive multiculturalism insists that the Anglo-Saxon culture and tradition is no better than any other culture and tradition.' Sir Charles Napier had theories about dealing with that particular brand of strident and aggressive multiculturalism. Mr Harries goes on further that: 'I contest the argument that cultural compatibility can form the basis of a common foreign policy.' However no reason was offered why it should not be considered as at least one of the most important factors. Remember 'cultural compatibility' means values like democracy, freedom, human rights and economic and technological development. Some people think that they are worth trying to defend, and that they are expressed by the societies with whom we should try to ally.

It is hard to know if any of those involved in the process of introducing multiculturalism, in Australia, Britain, Canada, the US or the rest of the Anglomorph world saw that, taken to its logical conclusion, it would be used not only to imply, but to turn into a dogma enforceable by law, with criminal punishments for dissent. Islam, with its oppression of women and minorities, its hostile attitude to modernity, and statements such as that made by one Islamicist leader to the *Daily Telegraph*: 'Americans love Pepsi-Cola, we love death,' was to be regarded in every way as equal to, and fit to co-exist in constructive harmony with Western liberal democracy. Present politics are in the short-term interests of left-liberalism and useful in dismaying, distressing, and breaking conservative, established, traditional or middle-class culture, but may prove not to be in left-liberalism's long-term interests if, for example, an Islamicist-dominated western or Anglic country eventually adopts Sharia Law. A significant proportion of Islamic leaders in Britain and other western countries regard multiculturalism as Leninists regarded

liberal democracy: a tool to be used once and then broken forever. Bertrand Russell pointed out the resemblances between the two as early as 1920.

The following statement was issued in Leicester on behalf of the Islamic Council of Europe:

The religion of Islam embodies the final and most complete word of God ... Islam ... is a faith and a way of life, a religious and a social order, a doctrine and a code of conduct, a set of values and principles, and a social movement to realise them in history.

This has been put even more strongly in various other statements by British Muslim leaders: 'The implementation of Islam as a complete code cannot be limited to the home and personal relationships. It is to be sought and achieved in society as a whole.' or 'Our inherited [Islamic] understanding of religious freedom, of the nature and role of religion in society, is in the last analysis being fundamentally challenged by the new religious pluralism in Britain.'

As long ago as its issue of December 1998-January 1999, the journal *Catholic* reported an interesting comment regarding the prohibition of 'racist' material, from a different conception of the world, made by French Muslim spokesman Mohammed Saboui.

The identity of Britain has certainly been damaged, by the multiculturalist policies which the eminent old gentlemen continue to advocate, but such situations may

sometimes turn themselves around surprisingly quickly. Mr Harries' manifestos of cultural defeatism sound very similar to the statement by Jens Orback, the memorably-titled Minister for Democracy in Sweden: 'We must be open and tolerant towards Islam and Muslims so that when we become a minority they will be so towards us.' (Swedish radio transcript: 'Vi mastre vara oppnna och toleranta mot Islam och muslimerna for nar vi blir i minoritet kommer de at vara det mot os.')

Indeed the eminent old gentlemen may be getting a bit behind the times. The likes of Mark Steyn and Melanie Phillips may lack their impressive *curricula vitae* but they are speaking of things as they actually are today. Recent experiences in Britain have led to a rejection of multiculturalism across much of the mainstream political spectrum — or at least to a consensus among many serious political leaders and commentators that the whole concept needs a drastic re-think. The election of more pro-American leaders in France and Germany suggests Europe is also becoming more aware of the importance of the US alliance which the eminent old gentlemen apparently want to downgrade if not ditch. Their arguments appear not only simplistic in their assumptions and of unimpressive quality but also outdated.

*Hal G P Colebatch is the author of several books. He received an Australian Centenary Medal for services to Writing, Law and Political Commentary*

## QUADRANT

Since 1956, while fashionable thought in Australia has followed the orthodoxies of left-wing political correctness, *Quadrant* has stood unflinchingly for free speech and liberal democracy.

In recent years *Quadrant* has:

- led the way in changing attitudes on Aboriginal affairs, from an emphasis on symbolic gestures and white guilt to a realisation that only practical measures will make a difference;
- supported the re-emergence of history based on facts and evidence, rather than on the historian's personal and political biases;
- exposed the corruption of the university system caused by the twin threats of political correctness and managerialism;
- showed the importance of religion in our time, both in the relevance of our living Judeo-Christian heritage and in the threat posed by militant Islamism;
- and continued the tradition of publishing original writing on every aspect of society, as well as some of Australia's best fiction and poetry under the literary editorship of Les Murray.

P.P. McGuinness will pass the editorship at the start of 2008 to Keith Windschuttle, the author of *The Killing of History* and *The Fabrication of Aboriginal History*. In its 52nd year, during which it will publish its 450th edition, *Quadrant's* tradition as Australia's leading journal of ideas will continue.

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# Dreaming In Rajasthan

Nigel Jarrett

A writer in mendicant Asia is as entitled as anyone else to avert his gaze. Travelling through northern India recently, I was prey to whimsy, as effective a diversion as accumulated guilt or Western secularism and commerce sweeping all before them, including (we hope) the man at the side of the road on the outskirts of Agra, pummelling a boulder of coal, weighing the shards on a primitive scales and selling them to customers scarcely less impoverished than his good self. India — an enigma wrapped in a mystery, or words to that effect: not to paraphrase or misquote in that overheated land seemed pedantic where generality needs to be confronted and detail is merely interesting. I had the idea for a story (emanating from goodness knows where, as with most fiction) called *James Joyce Pens a Pome in Jaipur*, the ‘pome’ in question being:

Endear  
A hen egg, Ma,  
Rapt  
In a Miss Terry

I’ve always felt that, far from treading new, shifting ground, Joyce

was avoiding the unexplored regions of what was already familiar. This is not just about the triumph of form over content, or the triumph of form *and* content, or even the need to choose between Joyce and D H Lawrence, a writer so careless of form that he allowed language to remain forever molten, like a dish of *paneer* left out to melt in the midday sun. These thoughts arose as we were making for the Lal Mahal Palace, former hunting-lodge of the Maharajah of Jaipur, with its photographs of a polo-playing Prince Charles, a place if not exactly redolent of home then reminding us of a home from home. (Indira Gandhi forced the maharajahs to diminish the splendour in which most of them lived, with the result that they have turned all or part of their luxurious living-space into swish hotels or museums, from which they presumably

derive an income hitherto unavailable.)

But not even abstractedness can dissolve connections. As Somerset Maugham said, a writer’s reverie is ‘purposeful’. At the start of the 20th century, Joyce’s Dublin had the worst slums in Europe and the most luridly crimson Red Light district anywhere. Only in Calcutta (now Kolkata), as it happens, were the odds stacked more heavily against a child’s surviving to the age of five. Thanks to some immigrant businessmen from Cork, this city of debauchery and squalor also boasted the most advanced system of trams and tramways in the world.

It would be simplistic to suggest that the smartly-dressed bureaucrat buying his deep-fried *pakora* from a Delhi street vendor stationed next to a man who is peeing against the wall and just yards from a dead cow in the gutter was drawing attention to a similar duality, if only because India, in both its religious and socio-economic guise, is a plurality. The men urinating in the streets for all to see, even a furlong from the colonial



architecture of Lutyens and Herbert Baker, are straight out of Dublin’s erstwhile back alleys, but more significantly could exemplify the lack of inhibition that allowed Indian erotic art to flourish not as a secretive vice but as an open and healthy virtue.

Of course, such absence of proscription leads to all sorts of horrors when applied to politics and political action. Approaching Delhi from Jaipur, a city where young male retailers shame you with their command of English and their knowledge of English cricket, one is likely to marvel as much at the number of Western companies setting up multi-storey shop in the industrial suburbs of the capital as one would at India’s spectacularly over-ambitious road improvements, viewed as often as not from the epicentre of a snarl-up of competing buses, bicycles, lorries, meandering

Holy Men, jaywalkers, pedal rickshaws, cars, sacred cows (real not metaphorical) and phut-phut taxis that makes the M25 seem like an orderly and enjoyable procession. Incidentally, roadside fruit-sellers are apt to give nibbling livestock, divine or otherwise, short shrift. So much for devotion. In the matter of division of labour on gender grounds, the first thing likely to anger the men would be a woman's decision to lay down her heavy load. Little chance of that. A culture buttressed by a religion that explains one's low status in terms of misdeeds in a previous life is unlikely to prompt the politician's most draconian sense of injustice, leaving him or her to be tempted by inaction and its corrupt advantages. The other religions don't help, the sub-continent's culture being syncretic Indo-Islamic. The joke in Delhi is that political candidates show themselves at the hustings and then vanish till the next election.

Westerners are out of place in the streets of India's cities because they cannot assume the appearance of humility or equivalent deprivation. Simply being in a region where poverty is undisguised renders them obtrusive. Yet those who go to look cannot help failing to distinguish between the picturesque and the socially undesirable. In a sense, the poverty, the 'colour', is what they have come to see. By 'colour' is not meant

the rainbow-girded workers in the fields that quilt the flatlands of Rajasthan — scenes that are pure Matisse — but the blinding variety of impoverishment and dilapidation expressed numerically.

In *Ulysses*, Joyce composed a Dublin litany of 'coopers, bird-fanciers, millwrights, newspaper canvassers, law scribes, masseurs, vintners, truss-makers, chimney-sweeps, lard refiners' and a further 23 occupations in what was evidently a teeming city, and by adding the desperately unemployed and disenfranchised he could have been describing a multitude of Far Eastern aspect. Perhaps that's why in India I thought of him and not of E M Forster and others, with their examples of predictable culture collision. The British in India were latecomers. A Mughal emperor's concubine, ostensibly pleasuring her master, might well have been thinking of someone or something else in the manner of Molly Bloom, streaming consciously before her mental image of a priapic Blazes Boylan.

Well, for a few moments it diverted me from the plight of the dispossessed. You can only take so much.

*Nigel Jarrett is music critic of the South Wales Argus*

## Mr Cameron and the Grammar Schools

Christie Davies

My grandfather was a coal-miner with seven children, all of whom went to the local grammar school; later my grandfather went on to become the chairman of the board of governors of the school. He had few books and English was his second language and at times he struggled with it, but his son, my father, took a degree in English literature. Today I doubt if my father and his siblings would get any such education; they would spend wasted years in a bog standard comprehensive or a Blairist 'fakeademy'. Only the grammar school made their education possible, because it provided a critical mass of pupils who, regardless of social background, were intelligent and motivated. This enabled the school to achieve results not possible in a school where clever and stupid, industrious and idle, respectable and yobo are promiscuously slung together. How many teachers

skilled in their subject and wishing to teach through analytical understanding rather than rote learning, would want to work in such a place. There are no failing schools, only failing pupils.

At the last election I supported and campaigned for the party of Michael Howard, who went to a local school adjacent to the one my father attended, but at the next election will not only vote against 'Dave' Cameron but campaign against him. I could just about stand Cameron's foolery with windmills, his consorting with hoodies, his evasiveness about whether or not he had inhaled illegal substances with potential damage to his brain and his cavortings in Rwanda when his constituency was deep in floodwater. But for a snooty old Etonian to deny and disdain the grammar schools was too much.

I am not advocating social mobility as an end in

and of itself. To talk about a 'mobility deficit' or to worry about whether rates of mobility have gone up or down by the odd percentage point is mere foolishness. Mobility is good because of its consequences; it helps to ensure that skilled and responsible tasks are carried out by the able and motivated. In my father's case the proof came when my father, a maths teacher, was asked in 1939 to teach algebra, trigonometry and aeronautics to youngsters in the ATC prior to their being called up. In this way they would need less training by the RAF, should they volunteer to become aircrew, which many of them intended to do. Had my father not been such an outstanding maths teacher, many of those lads would still be alive today. Most of the male population were capable of being Bevin boys, few have the gift to teach mathematics to would-be pilots and navigators. It is likewise beneficial to society and to the individuals who compose it that those who are intelligent and ambitious do not suffer the frustration of being trapped in a situation where they can not use their abilities and have to take instructions from a privileged dim-wit. In the kind of modern society which Cameron craves, merit is the main basis of legitimacy.

Cameron says he is against grammar schools because they do not fit in with his modernisation programme. Yet the grammar school I attended was the most modern institution to which I have ever belonged. It had no real traditions, no rituals, and no uniform. Apart from work, nothing was compulsory. It produced mathematicians, scientists, economists, engineers, computer experts. It offered five modern languages. Only the present Archbishop of Canterbury and myself ended up in unproductive occupations. Today no-one wishes to study these subjects in school because they are perceived as particularly difficult. Yet it is mastery of the quantitative and language skills that are the basis of all other studies and of what our leaders tell us is the new 'knowledge economy'. At present we survive by importing foreigners with these skills from poor countries where they have retained a traditional respect for mastering the difficult. If we retain our present deficient educational system, one rendered progressively worse by reform and expansion, these same countries will overtake us, much as Germany did at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The only way to prevent this is to create grammar schools whose pupils are selected by ability and which concentrate entirely on the difficult modern subjects. Pupils would be willing, indeed many would be eager, to conform to this model because it would be the basis of the school's standing and the school is the only way out of a mediocre system; those who failed to keep up would be transferred elsewhere. It would be easy to get qualified staff because teaching there would be

rewarding as well as well rewarded and not an endless battle to keep order. It would not be a philistine school — just give them a library and a debating society and a sense of their own worth and the pupils would see to that.

The present attempts to solve the problem of keeping up with modernity by establishing specialist academies are fraudulent, as we can see from the way the authorities are already bending their results to make them look better than they are. For purely ideological reasons, they are not allowed to select their pupils on the basis of general ability. Underlying this is the big lie on which our entire crumbling education system is based, the denial that there are very large differences in innate ability between individuals and that these demand different educational institutions with different styles of teaching. It has been known for decades that general intelligence is normally distributed, with some very bright people, a mass of averagely intelligent people, and a substantial number of those who are seriously stupid; the latter are normal people who are not in any way handicapped but stupid in exactly the same sense that many entirely normal people are five foot tall. Yet this fact has either been wilfully denied and evaded or hysterically denounced by those who run education. An indication of their evasiveness occurred when it was decided to run a special summer course for gifted children in secondary schools. They told a large number of schools each to send along their five (it may have been a slightly different number) most gifted pupils. It did not work because the five who came from a school with many gifted pupils were far more able than the five from a school with very few. Their next move will be to bus able pupils from schools with many able pupils to those institutions deemed to be 'failing'. It's not about deprivation, it's about brains.

It is time to accept that the most able 5 to 10 per cent of the ability range need a different kind of school with an analytical style of instruction. Cameron's nonsense about 'setting' won't work because such a school could not cover the range of subjects required without being so big as to be unmanageable. Besides what teacher with specialist skills would want to work in such a school?

Modernity is a notoriously slippery concept. If it merely means the application of modern knowledge to improve our condition of life, there can be no objection to it. But as used by scholars it can mean anything from the hideous architectural style of oblong, unadorned, urban tower blocks to a society characterised by impersonality and narrowly focused interactions between individuals who otherwise never meet. It can imply a secular society with little in the way of either social control or self-control. It is not

necessarily either pleasant or desirable. To Blairists it means the bureaucratisation of the professions, a false search for efficiency through the alienating destruction of collegiality, the Blair project. What does Cameron, the heir to Blair, have in mind when he advocates modernisation? Perhaps there is nothing in his mind. It is just an attractive sounding word seeking a place in his fumbling rhetoric.

I can certainly tell what is *incompatible* with modernity by referring to a speech by Cameron's natural predecessor, Stanley Baldwin, on 19th July, 1923:

When the call came to me to form a government one of my first thoughts was that it should be a government of which Harrow should not be ashamed. I remembered how in previous governments there had been four or perhaps five Harrovians and I determined to have six. To make a cabinet is like making a jigsaw puzzle fit and I managed it by keeping the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer for myself. I think we have good reason to be content.

Many of us thought that this world had disappeared with the cabinets of Mrs Thatcher when Harold Macmillan sneered that she had 'more Estonians than Etonians'. Estonians was, of course, a code-word for Jews whose ancestors had fled Tsarist Russia. Now the Etonians are back and Cameron and co are widely and aptly satirized as Lord Snooty and his pals. 'Modern' Cameron has taken us back to 1923. As individuals they may well all be somewhat justified in terms of their ability but there are hundreds of thousands of others

who did not go to Eton of whom this is true. Modernity is incompatible with rule by a pals battalion.

What Mr Cameron is telling us is that the Conservative Party has returned in an age when deference is dead to a policy of selection by established elite status. Cameron is utterly incapable of understanding or sympathising with the sentiments and concerns of ordinary people — hence his long refusal firmly and vigorously to confront the problems of crime, immigration and the neighbourhood skunk dealers that they see as important. He cannot even talk to them in a way to which they can respond because he has available to him only the narrow and inflexible pattern of speech drilled into him at school; patterns of speech whose sole purpose was to set him apart and above those he now seeks to represent. He has the kind of Olympian attitudes that most people can't afford. His rejection of the grammar schools is a part of this, a gesture to the limousine liberals whose children are all educated privately, the only place where the intelligent can now expect an appropriate education. A quarter of all sixth-formers now attend private schools. How are teachers, police-officers, scientists, lower middle class and skilled working people with intelligent children going to find the money for school fees that are rising faster than inflation and faster than their wages and salaries? Cameron's modernity turns out to be a return to Edwardian plutocracy.

*Christie Davies is the author of The Strange Death of Moral Britain.*

## The Souls

Timothy Kidd

**Y**ou all sit and talk about each others' souls. I shall call you "the Souls" from henceforth.' So said the sardonic Lord Charles Beresford, addressing a London society dinner-party in the late 1880's, and the name stuck. The group of young friends who answered to the description — which they sometimes resented — were part of a wider circle in the governing class of the late Victorian and Edwardian era. Their memory has faded now, and the world they lived in has largely disappeared. Many of them survived into the nineteen-thirties, but their sons were almost all killed in the Great War. In 1929 one of the original Souls, Ettie Grenfell, wrote a letter to *The Times* in defence of their memory: 'It would be hard to deny not only the brilliance and achievements, but the courage and kindness that they shed round them

into life. They belonged to the two generations who were to bear the sharpest anguish of the War, and they stood the test.'

The life-span of the Souls as a group was a period of some thirty years, from the late 1880's to 1918. Their heyday was the decade of 1895-1905, spanning the Marquess of Salisbury's third administration, and that of his nephew Arthur Balfour which followed. The Souls were drawn from both the Tory and Liberal side of politics, but almost all were believers in the Union and the Empire. Their family names were those of Tennant, Grenfell, Wyndham, Manners and Charteris, and most had inherited or married aristocratic titles in addition. They met in the great townhouses of London during the Parliament season, and on their estates for the Saturday-to-Monday (as the weekend

was then called) or during the summer. Their country-houses were scattered across England and Scotland — Taplow Court, Panshanger, Clouds, the Glen. Most of the houses are still standing, albeit now passed into commercial or institutional use. Only a few have remained in the possession of the original family.

By no means the grandest, but certainly the most quaint and attractive of their houses, is the old manor at Stanway, on the western edge of the Cotswolds. Its chatelaine Mary Charteris (Lady Elcho) wrote of it in her private *Family Record*: ‘Have houses souls, or do we only invest them with our own imaginings? Stanway, people say, has an atmosphere of its own. Its mellow walls are steeped in the joys and sorrows of many generations who have lived and loved within them.’ Indeed, its buildings comprise a history of Britain in wood and stone. The barn is Saxon, and is mentioned in the Domesday Book; the cricket pavilion is modern, donated in 1925 by

Sir James Barrie to celebrate a hat-trick. The hall is early medieval, and belonged to the Abbey of Tewkesbury. The monks were ejected in 1539 at the Dissolution, cursing its new secular owners. The estate was taken by the Tracy family, who were local Norman landlords even before the Conquest. Their lineal descendants still live there, and the family has



incorporated Scottish Jacobites and English Whig politicians down the centuries. It has a famous gatehouse, often wrongly attributed to Inigo Jones, and an eighteenth-century pyramid folly on the crest of the hill above, from where the mountains of Wales can sometimes be seen. The spout of its water fountain — newly-restored by modern-day conservationist volunteers — is the highest in the kingdom. On a slightly feyer note, it was while staying at Stanway that Barrie had the idea for the character of Tinkerbell, from watching a moonbeam in the light that streamed through the mullioned windows. The house is open to the public on certain days in the summer; and it is here if anywhere that one can find surviving memories of the Souls and their way of life, from a century and more ago.

Mary Elcho of Stanway was the most warm-hearted and open-minded of all of the Souls hostesses; her daughter said that ‘no specimen of the human race was without interest to her’. After a particular lively dance in the drawing-room, to which the servants and local farmers were also invited, one rather limp Etonian remarked: ‘Sometimes I think Lady Elcho carries

unsnobbishness *too far*.’ Nor were the guests at their country-house gatherings confined to their own social background. The Souls’ circle widened to include literary and theatre people — Henry James, Edith Wharton, Stella Campbell, H G Wells. It also welcomed scientists such as Oliver Lodge and political economists such as Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Visitors might include the Imperial proconsuls Milner and Baring, or the jurist and army-reformer Richard Haldane. The artists who painted the Souls — especially their beautiful womenfolk — included Sargent and Burne-Jones. The furniture and hangings in their houses might range from William Morris to Chippendale, matched with old pieces brought down from the attic. Not all of the Souls were rich, although they all possessed inherited property and social rank. Indeed, Lord Elcho (Mary’s husband) achieved a considerable — if unintended — redistribution of wealth through his

unwise speculation on the Stock Exchange. Arthur Balfour allowed a good part of his immense fortune to slide through his fingers, while he concentrated on politics, philosophy and golf. Even so, the men pursued serious careers and rose to positions that were

among the most powerful in the world: Curzon as Viceroy of India, George Wyndham as Chief Secretary of Ireland, Balfour and Asquith as Prime Ministers of Great Britain. Their wives’ responsibilities were those of managing a large household, family, and social life, each of which could be sufficiently demanding. The essence of the Souls as a group was in their private talk and friendship, something that was bound to be evanescent even at the time (‘imponderable as gossamer and dew,’ as Ettie Grenfell wrote) and impossible to recreate in retrospect. But perhaps it was no bad thing that people whose responsibilities extended across the whole Empire should have had leisure to explore culture and philosophy, as well as to share the ordinary human pleasures of the day — parlour games and shove-ha’penny, horse racing and village cricket

Some of the Souls wrote or painted; a few of them subsequently published memoirs. Several literary evocations of the Souls’ world appeared at the time. H G Wells, Max Beerbohm and E F Benson wrote fictional accounts, humorous or appreciative, from their personal knowledge of the Souls milieu, whether

in Mayfair or at a country-house party. In *The Spoils of Poynton* (1897) Henry James based the central character of Mrs Gereth on Ettie Grenfell, and her beautiful home at Taplow. The fictional house is an evocation of Stanway without, and Taplow Court within. 'Poynton was the record of a life. It was written in great syllables of colour and form, the tongues of other countries and the hands of rare artists. For England you looked out of the old windows — it was England that was the wide embrace.'

For the modern playgoer, perhaps the best-known attempt at recreating the world of the Souls is in Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. In the preface Shaw described it as: 'a very delightful place at its best moments for relaxation. It aimed at being advanced and free-thinking. You found on the shelf in your bedroom not only the books of poets and novelists, but of revolutionary biologists and even economists. Without at least a few plays by myself and Mr Granville Barker, and a few stories by Mr H G Wells, the house would have been out of the movement.'

Although Shaw conveys a weary familiarity with the habitation of the Souls, in fact he was never invited. No doubt he got his information at second-hand from his friend the actress Stella Campbell, who is depicted as Hesione Hushabye in the play. *Heartbreak House*, which has been acclaimed (not least by himself) as Shaw's masterpiece, had a curious genesis. Much of it was written in 1913, as a country-estate drama in imitation of Chekhov. Shaw abandoned the script for a while, and then took it up again in 1916 in the middle of the war — which is why some of the characters suddenly start talking like social revolutionaries, and why a Zeppelin raid occurs at the end, arriving literally out of the blue. After the fighting was safely over, Shaw published the play with a self-serving *Preface* (1919) in which he claimed to have been prescient of the whole conflict, although in reality he had pooh-poohed the warnings of those who said that a clash with Germany was imminent. Indeed, when the War itself broke out in 1914 Shaw denounced it, until he discovered that war-time controls on manpower and resources could be utilised in peace-time to bring about his own aim of a socialist state.

Another character in the play, the flamboyant Hector Hushabye, is based on a member of the Souls circle named Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the Arabist and poet. Hector dresses up in Arab robes and strikes dramatic attitudes: 'In this house, we know all the poses: our game is to find out the man under the pose.' Blunt himself enjoyed a privileged British way of life, while at the same time trying to subvert Britain's position in Ireland and the Middle East. In his published *Diaries* (1914) he made much of his association with 'that

interesting group of clever men and pretty women known as the Souls,' while in his private journal he jeered at them. As a friend of the family, Blunt seduced and impregnated his hostess Mary Elcho, and then threw a tantrum when she returned to her husband. In the play his character is presented as a questing, radical figure whose appeal for guidance: 'And this ship we are all in? This soul's prison we call England?' provides the cue for the playwright's own apocalyptic message. 'The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditchwater; and the crew is gambling in the fore-castle. She will strike and sink and split..!' Navigation — a metaphor for state-planning — is the only answer, according to Shaw. So perhaps it was no accident that one of his later plays was entitled *On the Rocks*.

There have also been historical accounts of the world of 'The Souls', the best being the book of that title published in 1984 by Jane Abdy and Charlotte Gere, drawing on original sources. A lengthy survey, *Unquiet Souls*, was published by Angela Lambert in the same year, but the book has much extraneous material and is coloured by a pacifist and feminist viewpoint, unsuited to its subject matter. An attempt at encapsulating the period in the manner of Lytton Strachey was made in a slim volume of biographical sketches entitled *Eminent Edwardians* (1980) by Piers Brendon, who rounds off his portrait of Arthur Balfour and friends with this tittering flourish: 'The gentlemen cared more about solecisms than souls; the ladies were not much less interested in parasols.'

A somewhat more profound critique of the values espoused by the Souls is contained in Correlli Barnett's major work *The Collapse of British Power* (1984). He acknowledges that, in sending its sons first to battle in the Great War, 'the governing class sustained an immensely higher proportionate loss than the nation as a whole'. But Barnett suggests that the virtues they admired — 'the flowers of English liberalism and romanticism' — were not necessarily those which the nation required. In his view, the talents need for the future were the practical ones of re-vitalizing British industry, of solving urban and social problems, of dealing with the rising threat from Germany and the United States.

Undoubtedly the Souls and their children were prepared to serve the country in peacetime, and to sacrifice themselves in war. Yet, in retrospect, a still more ruthless critique might propose that the governing class of twentieth-century Britain should have allowed Germany a free hand in Europe and held on to Britain's national wealth and Empire, instead of ultimately losing both, even in victory.

*Timothy Kidd is an independent writer*

# Conservative Classic — 28

John Buchan's *The Three Hostages*  
H E Taylor



John Buchan was a particular type of Conservative. The things that he found objectionable in society were closely related to the sort of human defects of which no side can claim a monopoly. An idealist and a romantic, in fiction as in life Buchan sought out the good in people of all persuasions. His conscientious objectors burn with fierce patriotism; his radical shop stewards, without any suggestion of class treachery, are security assets. His good Germans emerge from hiding as early as 1916. Few of his villains are incapable of redemption. Indeed some appear to have been created for the purpose of being redeemed. Buchan's goal is stability, and, under his practised hand, extremes of behaviour are always encouraged to revert to a well-ordered mean.

In *The Three Hostages* (1924) Buchan was writing at the tail end of a period of intense political and industrial ferment. He is less interested in the basic scenario of Red Revolution that had served Sapper so well in *Bull-Dog Drummond* (1920) and *The Black Gang* (1922), and which he himself had touched on in *Huntingtower* (1922). For Buchan the threat to order was now both more insidious and more opaque.

A large part of the world had gone mad, and that involved the growth of inexplicable and unpredictable crime. All the old sanctities had been weakened...

It goes without saying that the fanatics, revolutionaries and 'moral imbeciles' responsible for disorder are merely tools in the hands of profit-driven criminal entrepreneurs:

These fellows were wreckers on the grand scale, merchants of pessimism, giving society another kick downhill whenever it had a chance of finding its balance, and then pocketing their profits.

The actual nature of the wider conspiracy is never spelt out in concrete terms. Instead the plot revolves around General Sir Richard Hannay's search for hostages taken as security by the criminal combine. There is a ticking clock (the gang must be gathered in by midsummer, or else...), but this is merely a device, common to the genre. And yet it is something that distinguishes Buchan from a straightforward entertainer such as Sapper that in his hands the thriller form provides a jumping off point from which he can explore matters of wider concern. For Buchan is not content with merely observing the fact of global

madness. He is interested in how it comes about, how it operates, how it might be opposed. The new post-war world has engaged his attention, and he directs his focus on one of the new men who people it.

Dominick Medina is popular. He is youthful, good looking, irresistibly attractive to women (whom for his part he resists). He is a rising Tory politician, and a modern poet. A compelling orator, a classical scholar, a sportsman (the best shot in England after His Majesty), he is on easy terms with soldiers and society women alike. His war service in Russia has won him entry into the exclusive Thursday Club, an association of proto-special forces types. Even Hannay attends its dinners merely as a guest. And yet, there is something about Medina that is not quite right. In drawing Medina Buchan demonstrates his powers of observation, his ability to pull a straw from the wind, and, in a small way, to 'nail the zeitgeist'. He has sighted the first stirrings of modern charisma, and identified it as a driver of the age. Buchan had a propensity for hero-worship. But he was level-headed enough to recognize in charisma a latent vice. He foresees a scenario in which order is threatened not from without by violent revolution, but instead is subverted and corroded from within:

It's lucky he's a sound fellow. If he were a rogue he could play the devil with our easy-going society.

Medina is the best and brightest of what remains of his generation. He looks the part and plays it. But he is not a sound fellow. His war record is a sham. Worse still, he is fanatically dedicated to the downfall of Britain. His motives are not important. They seem to be broadly Irishist (a *bête noire* of Buchan's). But the real threat comes not from the Emerald Isle, but from the condition of a society so internally weakened and disordered that it positively nurtures the malignant organism that will bring about its own destruction.

Following his wartime service in the Department (later Ministry) of Information, with responsibility for propaganda to foreign countries, Buchan catches another significant straw: mass persuasion. Beliefs and truths no longer grew out of common experiences, but could now be projected on to society by a minority of skilled controllers. The technology of mass communication — newspapers, magazines and film — could be used to compress knowledge and events into

powerful beams of opinion, directed on to individuals with an authority that they were unable to resist.

Have you ever considered what a diabolical weapon that can be — using all the channels of modern publicity to poison and warp men's minds? It is the most dangerous thing on earth. You can use it cleanly — as I think on the whole we did in the War — but you can also use it to establish the most damnable lies.

For the purpose of his novel Buchan dramatizes this concept as the key component of Medina's technique, hypnotism. This is the method by which he controls his hostages. It is also a metaphor for the way in which a charmatist might bend society to his will.

There is no doubt that Medina has behaved very badly indeed. Apart from non-consensual hypnosis, the kidnapping of three vulnerable 'McGuffins', to borrow Hitchcock's phrase, is so anti-social as to need no further comment. His refusal to release the youngest of them from mesmeric bondage when the game is

up shows an absence of any sense of fair play. By now, however, Hannay has put his finger on Medina's cardinal defect: vanity. But it takes a woman to exploit this weakness to the full. While Hannay begs and bargains, his lady wife simply threatens to chuck acid into the miscreant's handsome face. It is enough.

The final conflict shows Buchan's particular skills as a thriller writer. In a gripping passage Hannay and Medina stalk each other across a Highland sporting estate. At first Medina gets the drop on the general. But Hannay, the superior cragsman, prevails. As Medina's grip on the rock face loosens, Hannay casts out a rope in a desperate effort to save 'the other fellow'. For a moment it seems that Medina is on the verge of an improbable redemption. But his strength has gone, and he plunges to his doom. The country, at least for the moment, has been spared the consequences of a vain, mendacious, destructive charlatan rising to the head of its affairs.

## Reputations — 19

William Hurrell Mallock

Lee Cheek

To challenge prevailing social and political orthodoxies often encourages recrimination and eventual neglect. Such has been the fate of the late Victorian William Hurrell Mallock (1849-1923) who deserves greater attention. Born in Devonshire, he was the oldest child of Rev William and Margaret Mallock. Both sides possessed personages of influence and intellect, and most of his immediate family in the agrarian gentry were Tories and ultra-High Anglicans. His *Memoirs of Life and Literature* (1920) give the only account of his upbringing, within a larger study of the world he had inherited. He affirmed the aristocratic view of social and political life, which would permeate his writings.

Mallock's education began privately under Rev W B Philpot, student of Arnold and friend of Tennyson. He questioned his tutor's bent towards radicalism and innovation, and criticised these themes for the remainder of his life. Following his father into Balliol, he distinguished himself as a writer, occasionally meeting literary figures, including Swinburne and Browning. In 1871 he won the Newdigate Prize for a poem on the Isthmus of Suez. Mallock then started a series of outlines that would become his most famous work, *The New Republic* (1877). A satirical novel, it was

his first attempt to expunge the 'disease' of liberalism and religious scepticism from civil discourse. It gave him a reputation as a critic, and remained his most popular novel. With emphasis on the problem of faith and the nature of truth, it formed the first part of his literary corpus. He would spend the second part of his career as a man of letters addressing issues of his age, *The Limits of Pure Democracy* serving as his last major — and most important — political critique. Mallock composed various works, including poetry, novels, theology and politics. He produced over forty books and many articles. He also had many detractors, including George Bernard Shaw, J A Hobson, and T H Huxley. As he advanced in years, the appeal of Roman Catholicism became profound, but he never converted.

Over time, Mallock became apprehensive about the decadence of modernity. Society was being transformed by the perversion of democratic and socialist thought. He feared the tradition that he had inherited was being replaced by a radically different view of human nature that included malleable institutional entailments. In describing this predicament, he affirmed the Hebraic-Christian conception of humanity as divided between higher and lower ethical possibilities, and needing

restraint to protect against the impulse of the moment. Mallock rejected social contractarian typologies. He contended that primary obligations lie in community and an aristocratic ordering of society. Self-discipline and love of neighbour begin with the individual, spread to the community and then to society as a whole. Human nature serves to define the limitations of society and politics, while defending the necessity of a proper constitution to secure the ethics for society's perpetuation. Mallock affirmed humanity's situation between the earthly and the transcendent. If the fundamental religious tenets of Christianity were accepted, namely immortality and the vitality of belief, human freedom could be nourished and defended.

Unlike most defenders of tradition during this period, he refused to rely upon tradition alone. He assumed an empirical approach to politics, amassing data, and basing his critiques upon the evidence. He was a lifelong defender of tradition, claiming that he 'unconsciously assumed in effect, if not in so many words, that any revolt or protest against the established order was indeed an impertinence, but was otherwise of not great importance'. Mallock defended aristocratic theory and practice. He endorsed a properly constituted notion of popular rule, but the excesses of modern democratic thought were of great concern. Vague language pervaded discussions about politics and economics, and he feared that such lack of precision would undermine the political and economic order.

Most theories of democracy assessed overall electoral outcome as the only indicator of preference. Simple majorities were based upon electoral whims — Whitman's 'divine average' — an understanding of participation that eschews all considerations besides the act of voting. Such a concept requires a unitary vision of politics and the state, and Mallock believed J J Rousseau and Abraham Lincoln — especially Lincoln's 'barren platitudes' in his public addresses — provided the most dangerous examples. Mass or 'pure' democracy 'reduces the units of influence [people] to their lowest common denomination'. He rejected the argument that the apparatus of voting can resolve all conflict. The 'mechanical' limits of pure democracy were always present, and simplification of voting procedures or enlarging the franchise did not lead to salutary ends.

Pure democracy possessed a troubling propensity for reporting cumulative electoral outcomes without regard for natural divisions of authority. Its levelling influence in politics and industry presumes that mankind can participate in governing and decision making *en masse*, and with the leverage needed to undertake any possible action. His fundamental criticism suggests that attaining a true majority under

any circumstances is illusory at best, a 'phantom objective', and utopian at worst. The simple majority could function effectively only in a world devoid of geographical and economic divisions, and without competing claims upon authority. This pure democracy could not, in fact, sustain authentic popular rule. And if popular rule is predicated upon providing the citizenry with an expedient option to initiate whatever they desire, then popular rule itself must no longer be claimed as the primary achievement.

Mallock argued that the electoral and participatory attributes of genuine popular rule suffer from the tendency to identify the majority as whoever votes in a particular election, while disregarding the range of responses in adequate canvass of the citizenry. Moreover, the levelling theories of socialism denigrated the genius of enduring, aristocratic influence on the body politic, weakening the infrastructure in its actual ability to govern. Finally, if the spirit of restraint, so essential to the English constitutional and political tradition, suffered devaluation, the future prospects for the regime are diminished. Restraint encourages resiliency within the political and economic order by imposing limitations upon a temporally elected majority's ability to assert sovereign authority, and guards against the impulse of the moment controlling its decision-making.

Mallock successfully developed a science of conservatism based upon an affirmation of personal restraint, aristocratic rule, and market economics. His defenders have recently experienced a resurgence of scholarly activity, which proves his relevance today. To resolve the dilemmas facing the West, he urged systematic research and the rejection of simplistic responses, such as the 'crude puerilities' proposed by Marx. Published in the assumed heyday of plebiscitarian democracy at the end of World War I, combined with the Representation Act that enfranchised women, it is possible to dismiss *The Limits of Pure Democracy*. But to neglect Mallock's vital re-articulation of popular rule, and his stress on ethical-political restraint, also diminishes the prospect of recovering a humane social order in an age of fragmentation.

In the 21st century, his insights provide a guide to the crisis of a post-modern internationalism that promotes a vulgarized model of popular rule and corporate decision-making consisting merely of the collection of individual wills and sentiments. To the end, Mallock remained hopeful for a regeneration of the spirit and character of authentic democratic life.



Roy Kenridge

No wonder Bernard Shaw's dustman in *Pygmalion* railed at middle class morality. Morality was the business (or function) of the middle class. When they were persuaded to abandon it in the 'sixties England lost her way. As I see it William the Conqueror invented England, and the three main medieval types are still with us. The working class are mainly descended from the serfs, while the upper class are more tenuously connected to the Normans, but emulate Normans none the less.

Who are the middle class? In my view they are the Church. They cannot be the physical descendants of medieval churchmen, unless all the jokes about monks are true. But they are the spiritual descendants of the Church, resembling medieval clerics in background. Either they are upper class people humbled, or working class people who have risen up through education.

Working and upper class people seem much more red-blooded, jovial and brave than pale middle class clerks or clerics. Such red-blooded people are often highly moral, but do not preach. Preaching is the occupation of priests, the medieval Fathers of our middle class and guardians of our morality. Immoral people in the red-blooded classes have no shame, but their counterparts in the middle class have (or had) to pretend to be moral.

Middle class people, as a whole, are peaceful and see no glory in war. In their prime, they had a restraining influence on the excesses of the other two classes. As soon as the middle class became enfranchised in 1832

the Victorian age could get underway. The swansong of the middle class, at the close of the nineteen fifties, was the Ban the Bomb movement. Though flawed by allegiance to an evil power (the USSR), the idea of banning the bomb worldwide was a good one, and would have at once occurred to any medieval priest if the bomb had existed in his time.

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Games, once held to be all-important at state secondary schools, have now fallen from their high pre-eminence. In order to give the impression that state enterprises are guided by newly-fashionable market forces, state school heads have been given autonomy over their schools. Many have responded by selling the playing fields to builders, making games impossible. By games of course, I don't mean dice or marbles, but 'character-building games' or sport, a Victorian idea. Imagine how absurd it would seem to an eighteenth century teacher, that a child should go to school to learn games! Equating success at games with patriotism meant that boys who hated sport often hated or despised their country. Perhaps, the Cambridge traitors of our time were won over to Russia through 'skiving off' from the playing fields of Eton. However a liking for games formed a bond between boys and teachers. It is hard now to imagine a time when state school teachers were expected to know how to play cricket. Not only that, but many *enjoyed* playing it! Another world, yet less than fifty years ago.

## 25th Anniversary Reception

Over 60 people attended the reception held at the Athenaeum on 8th November which was preceded by a discussion on globalisation. We hope to make a meeting of this kind an annual event and invite readers to suggest subjects for discussion, like the expansion of nuclear power, who should vote in Britain and the restoration of capital punishment.

We expect to publish Lord Salisbury's address at the dinner held on 20th November in the Spring issue.

# ETERNAL LIFE



Richard Dawkins is so odd;  
He says that the Almighty God  
Might be above the world so high,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky....

No, I'm not joking. Dawkins really does say that if there is a God, then we ought to be able to observe him as we would observe any other object in the universe — through a telescope, perhaps, or a microscope. This is really idiotic and shows that Dawkins knows no theology. No Christian has ever suggested that God is just one more object in the universe — bigger and more powerful but an object just the same. How would he react if I suggested that the sum total of all biology is to be found in the little book, *Janet and John Look at Frogs*?

In the past God had worthy opponents. David Hume's *Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding* gave theologians something to think about. Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* was frankly atheistic, but in an intelligent and amusing style. Nietzsche hated God — but with real panache. The group of fifth-raters presently sneering at Christianity like Dawkins, Christopher Hitchens and Polly Toynbee are massively ignorant not only of theology but of the basic procedures of rational thought. They say that Christianity is irrational, but they don't know how rationality works. These uncultured despisers of our faith say that believers are merely superstitious and unscientific. Thus they set Christianity in opposition to science. Far from being in opposition to science, Christianity is what made modern science possible. Without the work of the Christian Fathers — Ambrose, Athanasius and Augustine — there would have been no philosophical basis for science at all.

The first great age of rationality was that of the ancient Greeks. Why did such an intelligent and developed culture never invent science in the modern sense? Partly, this was because they had no sense of the oneness of the natural world. Consequently, each aspect of the natural world was perceived differently. This was symbolised by the many Greek gods. The Greek thinkers never imagined that these gods actually lived on Mount Olympus but that the various gods symbolised and represented the different aspects of the natural world.

This is the difference between the Greeks and us today. As R G Collingwood puts it:

It is an axiom for us that in any realm of nature there are certain laws which hold good not only there but in all other natural realms without exception.

Christianity abolished the many pagan gods and, by claiming that there is only one true God, laid the philosophical basis for a universal science — that is science in the modern sense. While there is one set of scientific laws, there are departments of science: physics, biology and chemistry. The Greeks had a problem for five hundred years trying to sort out the relationships among the various areas of nature. Specifically, this was known as the problem of the *pan* and the *hen* — because *pan* is Greek for *all* and *hen* was their word for *one*. So they had this problem of the one and the many. Collingwood explains it:

Since metaphysics is inseparable, as regards success or failure, from ordinary thinking, this breakdown of Greek metaphysics implied a breakdown of Greek science.

The Christian Fathers solved this problem by declaring that God is one but that there are many modes of God's activity. Collingwood says again:

The solution to this problem in terms of religion is not to be found in a polytheism which asserts a diversity of departmental gods; it can only be found in a monotheism which regards the one activity of the one God as a self-differentiating activity.

In other words, Christian philosophers of the 4th century corrected the philosophical error which finally killed off classical civilisation. And this correction was the doctrine of the Trinity. Of course the Trinity is an eternal mystery delivered to mankind by God's revelation, but it also has practical implications for natural science: By believing in God the Father, they believed that the world is one. By believing in the Son, they meant that the one world is also a multiplicity of natural realms. By believing in the Holy Ghost, they meant that the world is a world not just of things but of movement.

This is the meaning of *The Athanasian Creed*.

*Whosoever will be saved it is necessary above all things that he believe the Catholic Faith. And the Catholic Faith is this: that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.*

It is necessary, said the Fathers, that a man believes this if he will be saved. And this means not only the salvation of his soul through all eternity, but the

salvation of his sanity and his intellectual integrity in the present. This is not fanciful; it is the philosophical basis which makes modern science possible and which, by implication, governs all the ordinary practicalities and benefits of living in a modern scientific age. But there is something else which the Fathers knew that Dawkins and his gang don't understand at all. Scientists like Dawkins (and his supporters in the British Humanist Association and the so-called Rationalist Press) talk as though we learn that the world is one, and that the same laws operate throughout, simply by *observing the world*. This too is a mistake. We could never conclude that the world is one simply by observing it — for it might be that one of our observations one day contradicts this. For example, scientists believe that the rules of mathematics apply universally, but this is not something proved by observation. How would you set about doing such a thing? No: the belief that the world is one and that mathematics is universally valid is a *presupposition*. More than that, it is an absolute presupposition.

Scientists absolutely presuppose the oneness of nature and the universal validity of mathematics — *and it is those presuppositions which make their science possible*. So whether you call yourself a scientist or a Christian or both — you rely on absolute presuppositions. St Augustine and *The Athanasian Creed* did not use the phrase *absolute presuppositions*. They used the word faith. But they meant the same thing. St Augustine said:

Faith is to believe what you do not see. The reward of faith is to see what you believe.

And again:

Seek not to understand that you may believe, but believe that you may understand.

In modern terms, we must start off with the correct presuppositions if we are to have any hope of arriving at true knowledge. You cannot just start off reasoning as it were in thin air. You have to start with something, and what you start with determines how far you will get. Do you remember when you began geometry at school and you were given some basic axioms? You were told at the same time that you could never prove the axioms, but if you accepted them as true, then much priceless true knowledge would follow from them. And it did.

Collingwood demonstrates the facile thinking of the likes of Dawkins and his supporters.

Being the declared friends of natural science such people would never dream of making a fuss about anything which natural scientists find it necessary to take for granted — such as mathematics. So they drop heavily upon the proposition 'God exists' because they think that nobody believes in God except poor, miserable parsons. If they knew a little more about the history of science, they would know that the belief in the possibility of science which is applied mathematics — is only one part of the belief in God.

Peter Mullen

## LETTERS

Sir,

Tom Burkard in his review of the new *Civitas* publication on the school curriculum (*SR* Autumn 2007) is surely right to highlight the book's revelation of civil service corruption of traditional teaching material and its replacement by politically correct rubbish.

Just now DEFRA Ministers are sending to all schools and colleges a glossy full colour 132 page booklet on Sustainable Development Indicators in your Pocket 2007 an Update of the UK Government's Strategy Indicators.

Compare this faddish nonsense with the absence of what is so badly needed — some semblance of British

history, culture and values. After all, this was the norm in all our schools scarcely more than a couple of generations ago. For example in the small Somerset village of Priston an entry in the school logbook for 24th May 1905 reads: 'This being Empire Day the Rector gave the children an address upon the British Empire. The school was very gay with flags: after singing 'The Flag of England' and God save the King, the Rector gave the children a half holiday.'

Was there ever a greater contrast between these simple but universally accepted values and the DEFRA material mentioned above.

Colin Smith,  
Totton, Hants

Sir,

I was fascinated to read the article by Roger Scruton in 1997 in which he describes the results of ten years of Blair dictatorship with uncanny prescience.

I await an assessment of ten years of Gordon Brown's autocracy with similar interest: the same Gordon Brown who has distanced himself from the shambles of the past decade, who was at least as responsible as Blair for the mess the country is in, financially, socially and morally. This is the same Gordon Brown who during his flirtation with Prudence sold off the Gold Reserves at rock bottom value and appointed 600,000 additional civil servants to vote for him and bully the rest of us. This is the same man who has stolen 100 billion pounds from private pension funds, and who has starved the Armed Forces of funds, with the result that they are fighting his Government's ill-considered wars with inferior equipment, and who has refused to finance the building of new prisons with the consequent early release of criminals through overcrowding.

This is the same Gordon Brown who pontificates on the importance of Britishness when his Government has deliberately fragmented the political map of the British Isles, mainly at the expense of the English, and who stands Janus-faced, promising to listen to the concerns of the citizens whilst refusing the promised Referendum on further surrender of our powers to the bureaucratic nightmare of the European Union, a Referendum which he knows he will lose. I await Professor Scruton's appraisal of the next ten years with interest, and no little trepidation.

Hugh Dovey  
Wirral,  
Cheshire

Sir,

J L A Hartley contradicts my summary phrase about Calas being 'tortured to death by Church and State in public at Toulouse'. (*SR* Autumn 2007) Hartley's idea about 'religious intolerance on both sides' hints that he is defending the Church rather than the State or the Truth.

Perhaps I should have cited the case of young La Barre, who on 1 July 1766 had his tongue torn out, his right hand chopped off, and was then burned at the stake, all in public and for mutilating a Catholic crucifix! The law in force was the Criminal Ordinance

of 1670, a state law if ever there was one, which imposed the double torture of the 'Question'. Voltaire knew that priests were officially present on these occasions, urging the criminal to repent, and that little if anything in Bourbon France was 'purely civil'. Huguenots followed these cases with passionate interest.

J F Boshier,  
Ottawa

Sir,

I see from Michael St John Parker's review of Julia Stapleton's apologia for the pro-Hitler historian Sir Arthur Bryant that I have been 'convicted of incomplete research and poor judgement'. I hereby challenge Mrs Stapleton to have the complete correspondence in the *TLS* on this subject republished in the next issue of *The Salisbury Review*, so that your readers can decide whether I was right about Bryant's views, rather than accept Parker's word that I was not. It was a relatively short and pithy correspondence, and I think the near-actionable accusation of Stapleton's and Parker's deserve nothing less.

If Ms Stapleton refuses, readers can also draw their own (hopefully unfavourable) inferences.

Andrew Roberts  
London, SW1

Sir,

I was sorry to hear about Andrew Roberts' unhappiness with my review of Julia Stapleton's book on Arthur Bryant. I had no intention of attempting to arbitrate between Stapleton and Roberts, but thought it reasonable to report that Stapleton had been sharply critical of the very strong views expressed by Roberts about Bryant. When I wrote that Roberts had been 'convicted' (by Stapleton) of 'incomplete research and poor judgement', I should have used the word 'accused' instead of 'convicted'.

Michael St John Parker  
Bampton,  
Oxon

# ARTS and BOOKS

## How did Labour Manage It?

Anthony Daniels

**The End of Politics: New Labour and the Folly of Managerialism**, Chris Dillow, Harriman House, 2007, £16.99

Many of us who lived through the Blair decade sensed almost immediately that there was something almost pathological about the whole phenomenon of New Labour. There was the passion for equality and the taste for high living; for openness in government and obsessive secretiveness; for honesty and for accepting favours; for peace and for war; for raising standards and for corrupting the very means by which standards could be measured; for freedom and for bureaucratic interference in the minutiae of everyday life.

It is not uncommon for a political passion for, say, equality to be present in someone who is nakedly ambitious for wealth and power. I doubt that any of us lives in a way that is wholly in accordance with our expressed ideals. Yet many of us felt that there was some central error or fault that lay at the heart of 'the Project', whatever the Project was. We felt that we had to try to understand what this central error was, and therefore found ourselves thinking hard about a group of men and women who were not, in themselves, very interesting.

The author of this book, a financial journalist, has tried to understand what was wrong about New Labour. Unlike me, and many like me, he does not resort to *ad hominem* arguments: he does not reflect much upon Mr Blair's character, and takes seriously his expressed ideals of equality and social justice. In a sense, then, his indictment is all the more powerful for being so cerebral.

New Labour's problem, he thinks, was (and is) its failure to understand that things that may be in themselves desirable are actually contradictory. There are always trade-offs between desiderata, and the point at which you stress one desideratum at the expense of another is always a matter of judgement, and dependent on the circumstances. All politics is (or ought to be) local, not only in space but in time.

It was as though New Labour set about trying to ensure, and then to prove, that everything the government provided was above average in quality.

The goal was inherently impossible, but instead of admitting it, and choosing a more modest goal, it began to manipulate statistics and arguments so that, in the end, people did not know what to believe, and even gave up the effort to believe anything. No wonder that our electorate is indifferent to elections. There is no prospect that the Tories under the current dispensation would be any different or any better.

Many of the chapters are quite technical, for those who, like me, are severely challenged about economics. What is very striking, and rather unusual, is the way in which the author so honestly puts the arguments both for and against minimum wages, and both for and against the expansion of tertiary education. We get the impression that he is a man who is interested in truth, wants to find out what it is, and is open about not always being able to find it.

Naturally, this makes for a less easy book to read than a polemic about Cherie's chronic bad judgement, or Tony's vulgar taste for the company of minor celebrities. But it tackles serious questions, like is the expansion of tertiary education economically justified and far-sighted. He presents with great clarity the evidence that such education is good for the economy (and for those people who undertake it), and the evidence that it isn't. The evidence is equivocal.

I suspect that the expansion of tertiary education is a means of making youth pay for their own unemployment, by indebting them to universities for an education that is of marginal benefit to them. Much of what they learn is vocationally but also intellectually useless, indeed it is even conceivable that it is harmful. Furthermore, a resource — and here I adopt the horrible term favoured by modern management: human resources — is less valuable as it becomes more common relative to demand. When the government says that it wants half of British children to go to university, I suspect that, knowingly or not, it is perpetrating a cruel joke on them — and on the taxpayers, though not, of course, on the massed ranks of the educational bureaucrats.

The author blames New Labour for its technocratic and managerialist attitudes. If all goals are compatible, there is really only one question, and it is susceptible to a technical answer: how to reach all those goals simultaneously as quickly as possible. Politics is thus reduced to unseemly squabbling over who is best about reduction of waiting lists for cholecystectomies. In the meantime, the demand for managers sky-rockets. And,

once entrenched, they are not easy to remove, for they represent a considerable vote-bank.

The intellectual and moral feebleness of the opposition cannot be laid at New Labour's door. If political argument scarcely exists any longer, and if the whole of political life seems reduced to the most craven office-seeking, that is because the opposition has taken on the characteristics of New Labour, which it need not have done. As the late and much-lamented Marshal Mobutu Sese-Seko once put it, it takes two to be corrupt. At the heart of the Project is a childish simple view of life, that we can all have everything all of the time. Such, when I was a child, was what I thought adult life was like: adults simply did as they pleased when they pleased, and had a ceaselessly happy and pleasurable time of it, which for some reason best known to themselves they denied to us children. Those engaged upon the Project had no awareness of the existential or tragic limitations of human existence, which of course explains their Promethean complex: their self-important belief that they are capable of producing social change in any direction they like. They are rationalists who do not know how irrational they are.

This is the best book on Blairite managerialism that I have read: but be warned, it requires concentration to read it. You can't snuggle up in bed with it.

## In the Forge

### Rodric Braithwaite

**Young Stalin**, Simon Sebag Montefiore, Orion, 2007, £25.

Simon Sebag Montefiore is a force of nature. His energy, enthusiasm, insatiable curiosity, thirst for detail, charm, and refusal to take 'No' for an answer take him into archives and among witnesses where other writers do not penetrate. He is also a man of great stamina, inexhaustible patience with flowery and interminable toasts, and a remarkable capacity for absorbing Georgian alcohol unscathed. Only thus could he have survived the endless hospitality to which, in the warm Georgian style, he must have been subjected in his search in the dictator's homeland for new and revealing facts about the tortured and turbulent childhood and youth of Josef Vissarionovich Stalin.

The broad facts of Stalin's early career are well enough known: the drunken father; the devoted — excessively devoted and sometimes overbearing — mother; the rumours about the boy's paternity; the seminary education; the wives and mistresses;

the violent revolutionary politics; the bank robberies; the escapes from Siberian exile; the remarkable intelligence, the outstanding administrative skill; the brutal ruthlessness, the vengefulness; the charm, to which Roosevelt and Churchill were both susceptible; the fanatical devotion to books (Roy Medvedev says that through most of his life Stalin reckoned to read five hundred highly eclectic pages a day); the poetry and the music, for both of which Stalin had a genuine natural talent.

But Montefiore has clothed all the bare facts with intimate and hitherto often unknown detail. He has got at the manuscripts of unpublished memoirs by some of Stalin's earliest associates, including his mother. He has interviewed their relatives. He has charmed those who wish only to preserve the great man's memory in a golden aspic, and persuaded them to disgorge their treasured secrets. His book is like a feast of village gossip, a view through the twitching lace curtain. Only this time the gossip is about a man who went far beyond his village to become one of the most notoriously bloody leaders of the twentieth century.

By concentrating on the details of Stalin's everyday life, Montefiore has gone a long way towards restoring his human status and thus, perhaps, towards diminishing him as a myth. There used to be a politically correct feeling that such men as Stalin, Hitler and Mao should be written about only as monsters, mass murderers whose positive achievements, whatever they may have been, were entirely overshadowed by their crimes. Mass murderers they were indeed, and murderers on an individual scale too: Stalin was directly responsible for the judicial and unjudicial murder of some of his closest colleagues, his relatives, and their wives.

Historians who take a less than wholly black and white view of the careers of the twentieth century dictators are sometimes accused of unconscionable whitewash. But it is unilluminating to treat them as if they were merely monsters, and no more. The monster is inhuman, incomprehensible, and not open to study and analysis. But Stalin, Hitler and Mao were indeed human, complex and contradictory like all human beings are. It is worth trying to understand what made them tick and makes a valuable contribution. Some may even hope that understanding will enable us to recognise their potential successors and nip their careers in the bud before they have a chance to do too much damage. It is, alas, a pretty forlorn hope.

There is another interpretation of Stalin's career, as white as the common Western interpretation is black: the interpretation that was common in his lifetime, and is enjoying a certain revival in Russia today. According to this version, it was Stalin who made Russia great again after the disasters of the First World War, the

Revolution, and the Civil War. It was Stalin who in the 1930s built the heavy industry that prepared the Soviet Union to prepare itself for war. It was Stalin's iron will which held the country together as it reeled from the first crushing blows of the Wehrmacht in 1941, and then drove the Red Army through to victory in Berlin in 1945. In the extreme version of this view, Stalin's paranoia was no more than necessary watchfulness, for the Soviet Union was surrounded by enemies and plots, within and without. The millions of deaths from collectivisation, the purges of 1937 and 1938, the decimation of the officer corps on the eve of war — all were necessary if the weapon was to be forged for victory and if the Soviet Union was to assume its rightful place as the other superpower after 1945.

This version ignores not only Stalin's crimes, but also the huge errors of judgement that nearly lost him the war in its very first months. It also ignores the possibility, even the likelihood, that the industrialisation of the Soviet Union and its victory over Germany could have been achieved more efficiently and at a lesser cost. Indeed the cost which Stalin imposed on his country may well have made success harder, not easier to achieve.

But there is little point in such speculation about alternative histories. We are left with the record. Since the Soviet archives became largely accessible to scholars in the early 1990s we have learned a huge amount about all stages of Stalin's public and private life. Thanks to Montefiore and his fellow historians, there are unlikely to be many really significant new revelations.

And here we come up against another immutable truth. Montefiore may have brought Stalin back to a human scale. But a final understanding of what made Stalin tick will always elude us. We know so much about Stalin's formative years, but we cannot in the end pin down just what combination of character, luck, and historical circumstance ensured that he became the ruthless and unchallengeable ruler of one of the most powerful countries in the world. Stalin, like every human being, will ultimately remain a mystery to us, as he may have been even to himself.

## The Great Survivor

Ronald Payne

**Talleyrand, Betrayer and Saviour of France**, Robin Harris, John Murray, 2007, £30.

To be born in the eighteenth century into the French nobility, enter the church and become bishop of Autun,

a delightful town in Burgundy, might have been enough to satisfy the ambitions and comforts of any ordinary young man. Such good fortune was nothing like enough for Charles-Maurice Talleyrand, described in the subtitle of this shrewdly perceptive biography as 'betrayer and saviour of France'. He was already disappointed by the failure of an attempt secure a Cardinal's hat for him. Those who did not live during the years close to 1789 'do not know the pleasure of living', as Talleyrand later recalled.

Rapid promotion in the ecclesiastical hierarchy and easy access to the court of Louis XVI did nothing to spoil his appetite for the pleasures of the table, the bedroom and the salon in equal measure. Charles-Maurice's busy sex life was vivid and public enough to attract attention even in those *louche* times. That is why the royal approval for him as bishop betrays either the deep cynicism of the monarch, or his ignorance of the morals of the aspirant bishop. It announced, 'well informed of the good life, morals, piety, doctrine and other virtuous and commendable qualities', Talleyrand would be appointed bishop. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Talleyrand, the 'pious' bishop was married in secret and then later on married his wife's niece.

Although the bishopric brought position and made him comparatively rich, he spent little time in Autun. He regarded it as only a modest first step on the road to real power. No century other than the eighteenth could have accommodated such a man. At no other time could he have played an important part in no fewer than five regime changes and survived with his life and reputation or less intact. In old age he boasted about the number of regimes he had survived. The battle honours of this essentially peaceful diplomat included the revolution of 1789, the rise and fall of Napoleon, the Restoration of the Bourbons — about whom he could not resist making his famous one-liner 'they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing' — and the revolution of 1830.

No sooner did the *ancien regime* in France begin to crumble, than the wily prelate began trimming his sails to appear as a supporter of the revolutionaries. As Robin Harris, author of this fine biography puts it, 'he set about political seduction on a grand scale.' He already had a reputation as a grand seducer. It came as no surprise when the newly consecrated bishop threw in his lot with the revolutionaries. By 1790 he was to be found in a new man of the people mode proposing confiscation of church property and celebrating the mass of the Federation in the Champs de Mars. The bliss of being alive at such a moment enjoyed alike by liberals such as Wordsworth and opportunists like Talleyrand soon faded.

As things hotted up, our hero was sent on a diplomatic mission to London. If it is indeed true that a diplomat is sent abroad to lie for his country, Talleyrand was just the man for the job, well equipped to lie for France and also on his own behalf. Sainte-Beuve, the historian, cruelly observed, 'as soon as he had the slightest interest in doing so, it was his custom to lie'. He had even re-written his own biography to make it appear that his clubfoot was the result of a childhood accident for which his parents were to blame. As an envoy of the revolution he arrived in England, though he was careful to stay in touch with aristo émigrés. Expelled from London as the revolutionaries declared war on England, Charles-Maurice thought it imprudent to return to Paris. He headed instead for the United States to be greeted there by a circle of French refugees who helped him to organise expeditions to Maine and upstate New York with the aim of setting up as a property developer.

Once the worst excesses of the 89 revolution were over Talleyrand returned to France to ingratiate himself with the new masters, the Directorate, and then to meet the rising star Napoleon Bonaparte whom he was to serve as foreign minister and virtual prime minister. The relationship which developed between the two men was complex. 'Sometimes it resembled a love affair, or even a marriage, even if it never amounted to a friendship,' is the judgement of Robin Harris. He believes it left its marks and scars on both men, but particularly on Napoleon who was more sensitive and more vain. Talleyrand's age, experience, sophistication, and connections had given him a social edge over the young general. Bonaparte was a bit of a snob who exaggerated the social status of his Corsican family. 'I loved Napoleon. I was attached to him even as a person, despite his faults,' was Charles-Maurice's own confession as recorded in his autobiography. 'I had enjoyed his glory and the reflections of it that fell on to those who assisted him in his noble task.' The magic faded before long as the diplomat tried and failed to curb the general's appetite for more military adventures. Talleyrand began by opposing the Emperor and then slid into plotting against him. At the lowest point in their relationship, Napoleon rounded on his minister — 'You are a thief, a coward, a man without faith.' Whether or not he added as is popularly believed, 'you are \*\*\*\* in a silk stocking' is of little importance. The message is clear.

Where Talleyrand truly left his mark on France was his work in forming the fine diplomatic machine which is the French Foreign Service, and his finest hour was at the Congress of Vienna. Attended by all the great statesmen of the age — like Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Castlereagh — its task was to

re-draw the map of Europe. It was a spectacular show which might have been staged specially to display the diplomatic talents of Talleyrand as he fought to save France from the direst punishment for its imperial and military sins.

'The first need of Europe is to banish for ever the view that one can acquire rights by conquest alone, and so to revive the sacred principle of legitimacy from which flow order and stability', was the message preached in Vienna by Talleyrand. Robin Harris, in his brilliant treatment of the complexities of the Congress, believes that the old scoundrel whose ideas always verged to the progressive, ensured the return of France to the trusting European community of nations. In the end, Talleyrand made his peace with the new French monarchy and ended his career as ambassador to the court of St James. Always an anglophile, life in London suited him well and he was sometimes cheered as he drove around the capital in an eye-catching yellow painted coach. He used to hang out in the Travellers Club, newly established as a centre for diplomats and politicians.

'What an event!' said an English lady announcing the death in exile of Napoleon. Unmoved, Talleyrand remarked, 'not an event, but a news item'. Perhaps he was remembering the bitterness of Napoleon's verbal assault upon him.

## An Appetite for Truth

### Robin Brodhurst

**Robert Peel: A Biography**, Douglas Hurd, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2007, £25.

When historians write a volume in a history series they tend to call a period after the dominant politician of that period. Historians of the Conservative Party have been no less prone to this than others, hence 'The Age of Baldwin' or 'The Age of Salisbury' and everybody knows what is to come. If we look at the first half of the nineteenth century some have characterized it as 'The Age of Palmerston', but he was particularly interested in what went on outside Britain. In truth the first 50 years of the century deserve to be called 'Age of Peel'. Douglas Hurd has produced the first biography of Peel since Norman Gash's monumental two volume work, the first volume of which was published as long ago as 1961. It is an elegantly written volume, even if with no original research, relying very much on published sources. It benefits from a politician's view of politics, as opposed to a historian's, and Hurd makes some acute

parallels to the Tory party of his period.

Peel's life is one of triumphant progress. His career at Oxford was outstanding, gaining the first ever double first, and his father bought him a pocket borough as a 21st birthday present in 1809. Once in parliament he rose with effortless ease. Within a year he was an under-Secretary (at War and Colonies) and in 1812 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Here he was to show for the first time his genius for administration. He entered the cabinet as Home Secretary in 1822 and effectively remained there until 1830, also taking on the role of Leader of the House of Commons. Having reorganized and codified the criminal code and created the Metropolitan Police, he faced his first real crisis when he infuriated the Ultra-Tories (the right wing of the party, whom Hurd equates to the Euro-sceptics) by forcing through Catholic Emancipation, having been so pro-Protestant when in Dublin that he was known as 'Orange Peel'. After the disastrous election of 1832, when the Tories received their lowest share of the vote until 1997, it was obvious to many that the party needed a new approach and it was Peel who became Prime Minister in 1834 when George IV dismissed Lord Melbourne's Whig government. Peel provided this new approach in the Tamworth Manifesto, which many see as the birth certificate of the Conservative Party. Nine years later he won the election which ushered in his great reforming ministry of 1841-46. Many historians would see this as the greatest government of the nineteenth century, laying the basis for the British economic system that was to remain in place until 1914: free trade and low taxation.

Is the Tamworth Manifesto the true beginning of the Conservative Party? It actually committed Peel to almost nothing: an Ecclesiastical Commission. Instead, it talked in the broad platitudes that would have pleased Tony Blair. He promised to reform 'real grievances and proven abuses'. He accepted the 1832 Reform Act as a 'final and irrevocable settlement of a great question'. Given that the middle class now had the vote, and that they were unlikely to vote for a party that might try to repeal the Reform Act and take away their vote, he could, in all honesty, say little else. What Peel recognized before anybody else was that the new middle class voters were likely to be just as conservative as their social superiors. They had entered into the political world, and although they did not dominate it until well after Peel's death, he saw that this was likely, and that they wanted to preserve the four pillars of the constitution that Peel had identified: Crown, Parliament, the Church of England and land ownership. These four, and their protection, were the principles which Peel maintained for his entire career.

Peel's two great crises — Catholic Emancipation in 1828-29 and the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1845-46 — see Peel accused of betraying what was accepted as Tory party policy which he had previously supported. On the surface this appears to be true. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, along with the Ultra-Tories, had both refused to serve in Canning's government because they knew that he favoured Catholic Emancipation; yet within two years of Canning's death they had forced it through Parliament. It was this issue that finally split the Tory party and brought the Whig party to power, united over parliamentary reform. But what were the alternatives? Peel believed that Ireland would be wholly unstable and ungovernable if the Catholics were still excluded. Catholic Emancipation was simply the least bad option, however distasteful it might appear. He knew full well that it would be unpopular, but taking unpopular decisions was the job of government. Over Parliamentary Reform in 1830-32 he ducked the issue, knowing that corruption in the system needed reforming, but disagreeing with the extent of the Whig extension to the franchise. He knew, however, that he could not afford to upset his party twice running on such fundamental and visceral issues.

Peel's second government was elected in 1841 on two great electoral slogans: 'The Church in danger' and 'Protect the Corn Laws'. The Whigs appeared to be making common cause with Catholics and dissenters, and reforming the Church of Ireland. Their next target could only be the Church of England. They also proposed reforming the Corn Laws, which protected the price of grain and so defended the livelihood of the agricultural land-owners. Peel's victory was won in the counties and the small boroughs, where land owner influence was still critical, not in the large boroughs with their new industrial middle class voters. When, in August 1845, famine struck in Ireland with the potato blight Peel knew full well that the Corn Laws would have to go. No government could appear to be holding back cheap grain when part of its population was starving. Then, as now, politics was about perception. It took Peel three months to persuade his cabinet of the right course, and he knew that it would be political suicide. So it was, but Peel understood that if Britain was not to suffer a revolution it was necessary to remove the causes of revolution, and the Corn Laws united working class numbers and significant portions of the middle class leadership.

Peel, as Hurd shows, believed that policy is subordinate to principles. His first period at the Home Office has often been called part of the period of Liberal Toryism. That can be defined as strategic conservatism and tactical reform. Throughout his

career Peel saw what the correct duties of government were: first, effective and efficient administration. Secondly, reliable and competent management of the nation's finances so that the poor had more money in their pocket, and only thirdly, social legislation, if it was really necessary for government to intervene. This would mean that the *status quo* would be maintained. Peel held to those principles throughout his career, and changed policies when it was necessary to do so, whatever the consequences. Unfortunately he lived in an age when it was necessary to take his party with him, and this he notably failed to do. His man-management skills were poor. He could often appear a prig, and by 1845 he was tired and irritable. Yet when he died in 1850 it has been said that 'he fell off his horse into the arms of the nation'. Certainly it was the first great public death in Victorian England, and Peel became the most memorialized prime minister of the nineteenth century. The lessons ought to be clear for the politicians of today: decide what your principles are, fit your policies to them and then convince your party of them. To do otherwise can be fatal to your political prospects.

## An Unfair Exchange

### Penelope Tremayne

**Twice a Stranger**, Bruce Clark, Granta, 2006, hb £20, pb £9.99.

This book, dealing with cataclysmic events which occurred in 1923-4, in the tide-wash of World War I, is both interesting and totally relevant to the present day. It relates, clearly and horrifyingly, the process by which one and a half million mainly Greek Christians living in various parts of what is now Turkey, and nearly half a million Turks living in what had become Greece were 'exchanged' — that is, forced out of their homes, some with their farm animals but most with no more in they could carry, and shipped across the Aegean to what, for both lots, were foreign lands. The League of Nations, with its lofty ideas about the Brotherhood of Man, the Indivisibility of Peace, and such things, oversaw this process, accepting that the suffering inflicted (not many went willingly) would be of less importance than the gain. To whom? This was perhaps not very well thought out, but international patience with what seemed an interminable 'Balkan Question' had worn too thin, and no alternative seemed in reach.

The Treaty of Lausanne, under which the exchange of populations was agreed, was dominated by two

remarkable figures: Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, the victor of the Asia Minor campaign in 1922 and founder of modern Turkey, and Eleftherios Venizelos, the Cretan hero of the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, who in the teeth of the German-born King Constantine, had brought Greece into the Great War on the Allied side. These two men were strong of character and brilliant of brain; and one of them had a level head. Totally opposed to each other as they were in war and politics, personally they saw eye to eye. (Ataturk did not himself attend the Lausanne Conference, but kept in continuous touch through his representative, General Ismet Inonu, his old friend and Commander-in-Chief, who later succeeded him as President.)

Bruce Clark has studied the results of all this, and in *Twice a Stranger* he shows us what sort of lives the exchangees of both nations had had before the campaign of 1921, how they survived transplantation, and how their children and grand-children feel about each other today. One place where he studied these things was the now thriving seaside resort of Ayvalik, about 60 miles north of Izmir. In 1960 I spent nearly three months there with my husband trying to learn Turkish through the medium of Greek; it was then a little-known fishing port, but had once been a flourishing Greek city with a population of 300,000 and among other things its own small university. Many fragments of marble, some inscribed, could still be seen, trodden into the dirt-surfaced roads. The older people there were almost all Greek-speaking Turks transhipped from Mytilene; our 84-year-old teacher's dictation would tail off gently, like a wind-up gramophone running down, into reminiscences in guttural Greek about the old, lovely life on the island. And many others talked in the same vein. A few years later, on the southern coast, the owner of a milk-shop refused payment for several days' breakfast, and gave us a large silver-coloured pen as a memento, because, he said, it had been worth many yoghurts to hear and speak his native language again. (We cannot have been making much use of the little Turkish we had learned.) And at Side, largely unexcavated then, we heard children, playing dangerously among collapsed tunnels and smashed sarcophagi, shouting to each other in Greek. 'Yes.' said a middle-aged man who purported to be a warden 'their grannies teach it to them, and they make fun of me because they think I shan't know.' But he and they were all good Turks.

Clark does not take sides, or indulge in that most noxious popular pastime, apportionment of blame. But he raises and most interestingly discusses the question: what makes a nation? Blood? Language? Geography? Faith? Under the Treaty 'Greeks' and

'Turks' were sorted out entirely on the basis of their religion: Moslems to Asia Minor, Christians (of whatever kind) to Europe. It is hard to see what other divider could more successfully have been used. Until Ataturk gathered it out of the ruins of the disintegrating Ottoman empire, Turkey as a nation had not existed. The Ottomans had ruled, by Divine Right and vast mercenary armies, as a religious dynasty, allowing its subjects to practise other religions if they liked, so long as they accepted an inferior status and paid extra taxes. Ataturk abolished the Caliphate and made his new nation a secular one, professing a dusted-off form of Islam in general but not penalising non-Moslems. Greece, only a century older as a nation, was and is not only a Christian but specifically a Greek Orthodox Christian democracy. Like Turkey, it does not harass infidels. None the less it was Christianity that kept a 'Greek' consciousness alive throughout the long Turkish occupation, eventually providing a base for the national life — and probably still providing it, despite the recent taste for unbelief.

Catastrophic as it was for Greece at the time, and for the victims of the population exchanges on both sides, the campaign of 1921-2 and the Treaty after it not only made modern Turkey but consolidated modern Greece which, until then, had been adolescent and still filled with young revolutionary ideas of conquest. Wounds heal with time; scars may not disappear but at least they fade. Loyalties, if they are real, last much longer. And somehow both nations have managed since 1924 to accept that nationhood also involves adherence to natural boundaries and common customs within them.

This is a line of thought thoroughly applicable to to-day's problems in the Balkans and the Middle East, areas most of which at one time or another have gone under the ebb and flow of the Ottoman empire. Bruce Clark points to the present unhappy state of Cyprus, where in the past Greeks and Turks, without relinquishing their own languages and faiths, lived together very well for centuries. Tactfully he does not remind us that this was always under a foreign overlordship; of which there have been many. The whys and wherefores of that could be another complete subject.

*Twice a Stranger* is very good book and a highly topical one. I hope it may be widely read in the Foreign Offices of several nations, and by many Cypriots on both sides of the Green Line. For they too may have grown up by now, as Greece and Turkey have. If so, they could be a nation yet, of their own making, without resort to lines drawn on maps by foreign negotiators.

## Foxbats

### Harold Lubell

**Foxbats over Dimona: The Soviets' Nuclear Gamble in the Six-Day War**, Isabella Ginor and Gideon Remez, Yale, 2007, \$26.

At the RAND Corporation in 1961, I prepared a paper on 'Nuclear Weapons and the Arab-Israel Conflict' commissioned by the Pentagon after the *NY Times* reporter in Israel discovered that the Dimona textile plant was a nuclear reactor. Albert Wohlstetter suggested I work into the paper Hawk surface to air missiles (SAMs) that would be a presumably effective protection against a surprise air attack and provide the Israelis with an alternative to developing a nuclear bomb as a deterrent to Arab aggression against Israel. In 1962, the Pentagon used my RAND paper to justify selling Hawk missiles to Israel. By then I was in Paris with the OECD and read a brief article on the Pentagon announcement on page 3 of the Paris *Herald Tribune*. In the event, the first Hawk missiles delivered in 1965 were set up around the Dimona plant to protect the nuclear reactor. By 1967, the Israelis were so obsessed with becoming victims of a surprise air attack that they carried out a remarkably successful one themselves.

The scenarios in my paper dealt mainly with situations where both sides had nuclear weapons, which if both sides were rational would lead to the stalemate of Albert Wohlstetter's 'delicate balance of terror'. I did not include in the scenarios a conventional attack against the nuclear reactor before a bomb was developed. In reality the Egyptians and Soviets did plan such an attack on Dimona. Isabella Ginor and Gideon Remez's book *Foxbats over Dimona: The Soviets' Nuclear Gamble in the Six-Day War* describes in detail the evolution of the Egyptian-Soviet plan and its consequences. As recounted by Ginor and Remez, the Egyptians wanted to start a preventive war to destroy Dimona but they were restrained by the Soviets who wanted Israel to attack in order to have an excuse for intervening themselves. The effectiveness of the Israeli attack when it did occur disrupted the Soviet plans.

The Foxbats in question were Soviet MIG-25s painted with Egyptian markings that accompanied slower Egyptian MIG-21s that carried out reconnaissance flights over southern Israel and Dimona on May 17 and 26, 1967. The MIG-25s flew too high and too fast for Israeli Mirages to catch up with them. The MIG-25 was the fighter airplane that flew higher and faster than anything the US produced until the F-15 in the 1980s.

Ginor and Remez argue that the USSR deliberately instigated the crisis and war of 1967 in order to block Israel's nuclear weapons program, and that it committed Soviet personnel and weapons for direct military intervention, if necessary using nuclear weapons, on the Arab side.

Just as the Israelis feared a surprise air attack by the Egyptians, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser was worried about Israel's developing a nuclear bomb. Nasser stated in an interview published in the London *Observer* of February 5, 1967: 'If the Israelis proceed with the production of an atomic bomb, the final solution would be a preventive war to avert and eliminate this danger.' Ginor and Remez quote an otherwise unidentified CIA report cited in Michael Oren's book *Six Days of War* stating that Nasser may have been talking by April 1967 about getting the UNEF out of Sinai and Gaza and closing the Straits of Tiran.

In April 1966, Syrian leaders were flown to Moscow in Soviet military aircraft. On 2nd May 1966 a formal agreement was signed for Soviet aid to Syria. In that same month, the Soviets started spreading unfounded claims that Israel was massing troops for an attack on Syria. Egypt and Syria signed a defence treaty on November 4, 1966. Also in November 1966, a joint Egyptian-Soviet war plan was worked out in Moscow by Soviet Defence Minister Andrei Grechko and Egyptian Vice President Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer. The Grechko-Amer plan included a Syrian attack on Israel.

The Soviet strategy was to provoke an Israeli offensive that would be contained and reversed by the Arab armies, with Soviet participation, a plan that barred the Arab side from initiating offensive action, thereby frustrating Field Marshal Amer and the other Egyptian officers who preferred attacking first. In May 1967, Egyptian War Minister Shams Badran was in Moscow with instructions from Nasser to ask for Soviet approval of an Egyptian first strike. Soviet premier Alexei Kosygin refused.

The Soviets started moving surface naval units and nuclear submarines into the eastern Mediterranean in 1964. In 1967, they were issued instructions, to be carried out when ordered, to bombard the Israeli coast and to land marines in the Haifa area once hostilities were under way, presumably to link up with Syrian forces that would attack from the north. Soviet strategic bombers based in Crimea under Soviet General Vasily Reshetnikov were issued maps indicating targets to be taken out, including the Dimona plant.

On May 14, 1967, the Egyptians began to move massive forces (mostly untrained draftees) into Sinai. On May 16, Egypt asked the UNEF to leave its

positions along the Egyptian border with Israel. On May 22, Nasser declared a blockade on Israeli shipping through the Straits of Tiran. Closure of the Straits was the provocation the Soviets assumed would bring about an Israeli preventive attack and give the Soviets an excuse for intervening. There is, however, another credible explanation for Nasser's closure of the Straits that I heard many years ago, namely that expelling the UNEF from Sharm el Sheikh was not intended by Amer and Nasser; it was forced on them by Ralph Bunche, who in 1947 as UN Mediator for Palestine browbeat the Arabs into signing the Rhodes Truce Agreements, and was still with the UN as Assistant Secretary General for Middle Eastern Affairs. When the Egyptians ordered the UNEF to withdraw its buffer unit from the Negev-Sinai border, Bunche announced that in that case, he was pulling the UNEF unit out of Sharm el Sheikh as well. That obliged Nasser to announce closure of the Tiran Straits, which presented the Israelis with an adequate *casus belli* to launch their preventive war.

According to Ezer Weizmann, Israel's chief of military operations at the time, the precise hour of the Israelis air attack contributed to the element of surprise. Instead of coming in from the east at daybreak, the Israelis waited until the Egyptian dawn patrols had landed and the level of alert was reduced on the assumption that the expected attack would not take place that day. A more colourful version is that the Israelis waited to attack until the Egyptians were back in their offices drinking their morning coffee.

Egyptian General Mahmoud Sidqui, in his memoirs (summarized by LCDR Youssef Aboul Enein, MSC, US Navy, in an article on 'Memoirs of Pre-Yom Kippur war Egyptian Generals, 1967-1972', Center for Contemporary Conflict, Strategic Insights, vol.4, issue 3, March 2005) recounts the events of June 6, 1967 as he experienced them. On the morning of June 5th, Sidqui was ordered to prepare an executive aircraft to take War Minister Badran together with Field Marshal Amer and his entourage to inspect defences in Sinai. The Egyptian military was resigned to Nasser's insistence that a political solution would be found, and took lightly Nasser's warning of an Israeli attack on or after June 5th. Sidqui assumed from the fact that he was preparing their plane that war would not break out that day. The plane left Al Maza airfield in Cairo at 07.30 am. In the plane the officers read of high levels of radar jamming and a report of increased Israel Air Force activity in southern Israel. The pilots got word first that the Kibreet and Abu Suweir airfields were under attack. They decided to return to Cairo immediately. Crossing the Suez Canal Zone, Amer's plane was surrounded by Israeli fighter jets. The Egyptian officers looked out of the windows muttering: 'Impossible.'

Impossible.’ Sidqui shouted ‘Israel is attacking us.’ They flew over Inchas airfield in Cairo but seeing it in flames they finally landed at Cairo’s civilian airport since the military section was in ruins.

Soviet General Vvbornov’s MIG-25s were based in Yemen and so were not destroyed by the Israeli attack. Vvbornov himself happened to be on the Cairo West airfield the morning of June 5, 1967. He describes the situation there as absolute chaos. It reminded him of the defence of Moscow in 1941.

In 1984 when I was working in Cairo, I looked up Khalid Mohieddin, who had been one of the younger of the Free Officers who overturned King Farouk. Khalid Mohieddin was for many years a good but critical friend of Nasser’s. During our conversation, I brought up the 1967 war. Khalid said, rather sadly ‘I warned Gamal not to order the UNEF out of the border but he did not listen to me.’

## Uttering the ‘Unthinkable’

David Ashton

**What is Your Dangerous Idea?** John Brockman (ed), Pocket Books, 2007, £8.99.

When Richard Weaver wrote his diagnosis of the diseases of our civilization, his publishers called it *Ideas Have Consequences*, an apt title for both its controversial analysis and its implications for the future of ‘conservatism’.

Even when intended merely to interpret rather than change the world, many interesting ideas have had unexpectedly far-reaching consequences, despite initial denunciation and obstruction from entrenched opponents. However, they do not always attain public ascendancy on account of intrinsic rationality. And the political, commercial or religious ‘interests’ that promote or restrain ideas affect not only philosophy and history like Dead Sea Scrolls disputes but also science and technology like climate-change and geo-engineering.

While there is a case for prohibiting the incitement of violence, the suppression of constructive — or simply novel — thoughts, by government police, ‘no-platform’ campaigns or information cartels is another matter. Despite pretensions to reason and liberty, a ‘liberal establishment’ can busily brandish its own ‘bell, book and candle’ in sniffing out, vilifying, cordoning or crushing heterodoxy. The treatment by officialdom of heretics over issues like sodomy, miscegenation or WW2 revisionism now puts the ‘jackboot on the other foot’.

This book blows fresh air through the pervasive

smog of ‘political correctness’. It advances many ‘ideas’ about life, society and the cosmos, mostly from scientists, several of them qualified in anthropology or brain research (though including one well-known author who thinks her piece was actually written by ‘memes competing in the pointless universe’).

A brief sample barely does justice to their range:

- Anti-depressant mass-marketing jeopardises romantic love, marital fidelity and our genetic future.
- Everyone has a capacity for evil.
- Neuroscience explains how internet communication itself directly promotes teenage pornography, cyber-bullying and imitative violence.
- Quantum field theory shows that small devices can convert ordinary matter into pure energy, thereby enabling fossil-fuel independence — and vulnerability to cataclysmic terrorism.
- The correlation between juvenile crime and fatherless rearing justifies parental licensing.
- Future investigation will reveal not only strong hereditary factors in human abilities and personality subtypes but also their unique associations with ‘isolated and/or inbred populations’.
- Tribal peoples often make war and damage the environment.
- ‘Religion is the hope that is missing in science.’
- There must be a better political system than ‘democracy’.

Over 100 stimulating arguments on different topics are sandwiched between longer essays from Harvard’s Steven (*Stuff of Thought*) Pinker and Oxford’s Richard (*God Delusion*) Dawkins, who may cheer some and challenge others, but provide much for everyone to chew over.

Professor Pinker defines as ‘dangerous’ those assertions that, despite serious argument and evidence, are felt to disturb a prevalent ‘moral order’. Their threat to existing ‘group-bound’ conceptions lies not in their demonstrable falsity but in their incendiary truth. In hypertensive illustration, he asks whether women have different aptitudes from men or ‘blacks’ more testosterone than ‘whites’, whether the Ashkenazim are smarter than Gentiles because of ancestral selection for ‘money-lending’ skills, and whether abortions of certain offspring in the USA caused a subsequent drop in crime, etc. In our own ‘free country’ could answers to such ‘offensive’ questions fall foul of the *Racial and Religious Hatred Act*, recently passed but scarcely reported?

A decade ago Pinker’s *Language Instinct* assured us that ‘race’ was ‘quite literally, skin-deep’ and, for biologists, ‘virtually invisible’. In fact, enough information then already existed to controvert this

widely reiterated glib convention, but the ‘retreat from scientific racism’ beaten during the past forty years managed to hide it from mainstream perusal. Here he states that ‘clusters of correlated genes correspond well to the major races labelled by common sense’ and the most dangerous idea of the *next* decade will be that they differ genetically in ‘average talents and temperaments’. *The Guardian* (September 22, 2007) noted how this stance on hereditary aspects of differential psychology evokes epithets like ‘utterly immoral’ and ‘gas-chambers’. Tactful avoidance of specific tests for ethnic variation could of course be overtaken by similar results as a by-product of medical research.

The position of Professor Dawkins towards freedom of enquiry in academe has become a bit problematic after his suggestion that university theology departments should be closed because of activities comparable to the study of leprechauns. He has also been criticised for saying the world would be a better place if atheists could achieve a fraction of the Jewish ‘influence’ as shown in American foreign policy, incidentally overlooking the more useful point that the most strident faith-driven pro-Israel lobbying comes less from observant Jews than from the neatly nicknamed ‘Protestants of Zion’.

In this publication, Dawkins wonders with characteristic ‘elegant simplicity’ whether ‘some sixty years after Hitler’s death we might at least venture to *ask* what the moral difference is between breeding for musical ability and forcing a child to take music lessons’. Although the Nazis were condemned for eliminating *people* with disabilities, whereas humanitarian eugenicists aim to eliminate disabilities *from* people, such benign objectives nevertheless face complex scientific and ethical problems. However, some opponents of eugenics do seem curiously indifferent to the painful prospect of inherited handicap and stupidity spreading among generations yet unborn. This basically anti-elitist prejudice deserves close inspection.

John Brockman, the editor of this collection, created the Third Culture forum ([www.edge.org](http://www.edge.org)) for high-powered intellectuals from the ‘empirical world’, whose work has superseded the stale recycling of ‘Marx, Freud, and modernism’, to discuss the ‘deeper meanings of our lives’. His responsibility for a previous book critical of ‘intelligent design’ should not put off readers aware of unresolved difficulties in evolutionary hypotheses that arise from genetics not *Genesis*, and whose presentation for courteous response does not entail, for example, the belief that all the humans and animals on earth originally came from an ‘ark’ built around 2034 BC.

Writers grounded in ‘humane letters’ should not decline to engage even with thinkers they might regard as locked inside a neo-positivist box. Fruitful debate, from the practical impacts of biological science on human values to the theoretical interface between metaphysics and mathematics, must anyhow occur outside the laboratory and observatory just as much as the library. The accumulated experience of mankind may still offer advice in our rapidly changing data-drenched world of split atoms and spliced genes, cyborgs and cybrids, satellite surveillance and population pressures.

## The Doctor’s New Clothes

James Docherty

**Junk Medicine**, Theodore Dalrymple, Harriman, 2007, £14.99.

I love to climb an apple tree  
 Though apples green are bad for me  
 And I’ll be sick as sick can be:  
 It’s foolish but it’s fun...

Human nature has not changed since Deanna Durbin sang those words in 1942: we still do things that are bad for us. Theodore Dalrymple has had ample opportunity to observe some of them as a doctor in a hospital in the Midlands and in the adjacent prison. When he began his career, addiction to heroin was a rare condition. As recently as 1978 there were only 859 known addicts in Britain. By 2002 there were 100,000 and doctors now have to deal with them every day.

At first, he accepted the consensus among doctors — and the public — that heroin-addiction was a disease. Of course, prevention was important and information about the drugs and their dangers should be given to the young. But, for those who had contracted this disease, treatment ought to be given. Over the years, Dalrymple has come to question this approach and he examines some of the myths that have grown up about the subject. One of these is the belief that addiction to heroin is, in fact, a disease. It is, of course, dangerous and anti-social behaviour, but many addicts simply stop of their own free will or because the drug is not available, as in prison. Among American soldiers returning from Vietnam, 20 per cent had become addicts, but after three years of normal life, almost all had given up heroin without treatment. The author questions another myth: the notion that this disease is easy to catch — after one or two doses, the unfortunate victim is ‘hooked’. In fact, it takes several weeks to establish the craving, the compulsion to take heroin every day.

The great increase in the number of those who have acquired this habit has been accompanied by a huge increase in the number of agencies created to deal with them. Thousands of people are employed in drug clinics, rehabilitation centres and charities. Dalrymple believes that they are wasting their time for their standard treatment is to 'wean' addicts from heroin by giving them an indefinite supply of another drug of addiction (usually methadone) which is thought to be less harmful — 'If you can't beat it: alter it'. The alternative of helping addicts just to stop is believed to be too inhumane even to be considered because of another myth — the idea that the experience of 'cold turkey' is simply unbearable. The doctor's patients in hospital and in prison who have given up heroin suffer unpleasant symptoms for only a few days: symptoms which can be alleviated.

Addicts, as they collect their free needles, their methadone and perhaps their treatment for infections, have a vested interest in these myths. Their opinion is shared by the legion of doctors, nurses and counsellors who deal with them, for they too have a direct interest. 'The addicts wish to continue the habit while placing the blame elsewhere and the bureaucracy wishes to remain in employment, preferably forever and at higher rates of pay.'

The doctor wears his literary hat in a chapter which reviews the romantic attitude to drug addiction. The writings of Coleridge and De Quincey gave a certain gloss to a dangerous habit. However, those writers led busy lives and lived into old age despite their addiction. More recently, Enid Bagnold, author of *National Velvet* and *The Chalk Garden*, lived to 91 on her daily dose of opiates. This suggests that there are different degrees of addiction. The lives of Dr Dalrymple's patients may be 'nasty, brutish and short' but there must be thousands of people who take heroin occasionally and/or in moderation. The huge amounts of the stuff supply a far larger market than the 100,000 or so known addicts.

It is surprising that Dalrymple does not challenge another myth: the belief that legislation against drugs is desirable and effective. Addiction has greatly increased, in spite of the millions spent on trying to enforce these laws. No one seems to notice that they simply do not work. Their main effect has been to keep up the price of drugs. The author is not in favour of legalisation. He quotes John Stuart Mill's famous principle. 'The only purpose for which power may be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral is not sufficient warrant.' However, he then says that drugs should remain illegal because of their incidental effects on society; but, of course,

there are many other activities which impose burdens on society but are not forbidden by law. Smoking, drinking and sexual promiscuity are obvious examples. The recent report of the Royal College of Physicians says bluntly that we have ten million people addicted to nicotine, of whom half will die from the effects of smoke, but no one has suggested that this lethal habit should be banned.

The other reason for keeping the status quo seems equally shaky. Dalrymple believes that if drug dealers were put out of business because the laws had been rescinded, they would turn to other forms of crime. Perhaps they would, but this seems an odd argument. No one urged that food rationing should have been continued in the 1950's because black market crooks would lose their trade. Should we give up immobilisers in our cars because car thieves are having to change their ways?

The author has the advantages of being an experienced doctor and an excellent writer. He has seen the system from the inside and gives convincing facts and figures to support his case that the whole apparatus of drug centres should be dismantled. He recognises that this will not happen soon, for those who sell and consume heroin, with the thousands employed in 'treatment', now constitute a large vested interest. Politicians talk endlessly about the need for change, but none will dare to propose change in this field. One would hope that some of them would read this book but Dalrymple is not optimistic. The title of his last chapter is 'The Show Must Go On' and so it will. When the Prime Minister told the Labour Party's conference that 'We will never legalise drugs' the cheers from his muddle-headed audience were echoed from Aberdeen to Afghanistan. Every one in the drug business — smugglers, consumers, doctors, social workers — could feel reassured: their industry has nothing to fear from Mr Brown.

## Weapons of Mass Confusion

Frank Ellis

**On the Brink: A Former CIA Chief Exposes How Intelligence was Distorted in the Build-Up to the War in Iraq**, Tyler Drumheller with Elaine Monaghan, Politico's, 2007, £12.99.

The author's background and insider knowledge notwithstanding, *On the Brink* does not tell us anything really new or unsuspected. Does anyone still believe that the intelligence estimates used by both American and British governments to justify the invasion of Iraq represented serious analyses free of political

interference? However, *On the Brink* does reveal the appalling degree to which America's premier intelligence gathering organisation was told what to say by its political masters. It may not be easy to ascertain with certainty what exactly divides political control of intelligence agencies from political interference but if Drumheller is to be believed, the CIA lost its nerve in the *ante-bellum* phase, capitulating to the administration's enforcers. Some of the factors in this failure are rooted in the specific manner in which the CIA and its associated American intelligence agencies function, but there is also a general historical perspective on intelligence failures and intelligence organisations which helps to explain what went wrong.

Part of his rationale for writing *On the Brink* is that Drumheller is angry about the way the CIA has been made a scapegoat for the administration's failures. He is rightly disgusted by the blowing of Valerie Plame's cover (a CIA undercover officer and the wife of Ambassador Joseph Wilson, who was a known critic of the war). He concludes: 'This lack of regard for Plame's cover confirms for me that this administration is unable to separate campaigning from wise policy decisions.' The trouble is that the CIA will always be used as a scapegoat when things go wrong. It comes with the territory. Frank Church, for example, the Idaho Democrat who headed the hearings into Watergate, characterised the CIA as 'a rogue elephant on a rampage'. Certainly, the hatred that so many self-described liberals feel towards the CIA goes much deeper than any purported concerns about civil liberties or violations of due process. During the Cold War far too many left-wing/liberal organisations contained agents of influence who actively worked on behalf of the Soviet propaganda machine and sought to influence America's foreign policy. Grey-bearded liberals still complain about Senator McCarthy, conveniently forgetting that Hollywood and other left-wing bastions were riddled with communist sympathisers and activists. (McCarthy, alarmed by possible communist penetration, also wanted a full investigation into the CIA). In the context of Soviet attempts to subvert American society and to destroy the West these fellow travellers and other subversives within were fair game and deserved what they got.

Amid the anger and weariness which inform Drumheller's account, one should remember that there were CIA failures which cannot be simply blamed on the Bush administration. Drumheller makes much of the unreliability of the data coming from the Iraqi agent *Curveball* who was being handled by the Germans and the fact that the CIA warned Weapons Intelligence, Non-Proliferation and Arms Control (WINPAC) that

*Curveball* was an unreliable source. This is all well and good in the game of covering oneself in bureaucratic turf wars but the question here is why did a massive intelligence agency such as the CIA have no sources of its own inside the Iraqi regime? Was this not a failure on the part of CIA staff with vast resources? Moreover, the CIA completely missed the significance of the *Fedayeen*, well armed paramilitary groups set up by Saddam Hussein, which played such a crucial role in kick-starting the post-invasion insurgency. As wonderful a source of high grade material as SIGINT undoubtedly is, it cannot provide all the answers. Human sources are indispensable. Drumheller's recognition of the need to recruit low-level sources who might become major players may be seen as a tacit admission that this has not been done, pursued with enough determination or simply neglected.

Drumheller is critical of Powell's presentation to the UN: 'For all his accomplishments, Powell will indeed be remembered as the man who held up a vial of fake anthrax, a silicone compound supplied by the agency, along with a load of inaccurate intelligence.' Granted, Powell cited inaccurate intelligence and deliberately or otherwise tried to deceive the UN audience but he was surely not trying to give the impression to the UN that the vial in his hand contained real, active anthrax. By holding up a vial of white powder he was reinforcing the point, a theatrical gesture, but hardly a monstrous deception and in any case quite sensible. Bringing live anthrax to the UN, even in the interests of producing primary source material, might not just be a very smart move.

The lesson I take from *On the Brink* is an old one and one which we too often forget. Intelligence agencies in whatever state are government bureaucracies bound by the normal and universal rules that govern such bureaucracies. The failures may be more extreme and catastrophic in the case of totalitarian states — CIA miscalculations over Iraq are nothing compared to Stalin's trusting Hitler — but they arise from similar causes. The iron law of hierarchy applies. The rules of the game are simple: do not rock the boat; do not object (at least not on your own, hide behind some one else); and follow the line. If you are a CIA analyst and the data on your desk lead to conclusions which you suspect will not be congenial to your superiors what do you do? Would you trust an over-promoted Condoleezza Rice to applaud your objective handling and your conclusions or do you succumb to the easy option and tell her and others what they want to hear? Even should you tell it as you think it is there is a danger, always present in any kind of hierarchy, that your report will be bowdlerised and subject to some creative editing as it progresses upwards. Robust assertions of fact

— where they are known to exist — will be attacked and softened by the passive voice. Statistically likely outcomes will be heavily qualified with the addition of ‘unlikely’, ‘implausible’, ‘unrealistic’ and so on. According to where one stands the danger can be heightened or reduced. Words are obedient creatures. With the realisation that the head of the CIA George Tenet failed to give President Bush an unvarnished intelligence appraisal because he was ‘compromised by proximity to power’, Drumheller isolates the permanently operating and permanently corrupting factor in all bureaucracies wherever they are and of whatever type.

## What is to be Done?

Mark Baillie

**The Islamist, Why I joined Radical Islam, what I saw inside and why I left**, Ed Husain, Penguin, 2007, £8.99

This fascinating true personal odyssey is essential reading but ultimately disappointing. Ed Husain’s candour gives us a deep insight into the methods of various Islamist groups operating in Britain and around the world but gives little clue to how best to fight them. Husain details his membership and senior position in Hizb ut-Tahrir in Britain and his dealings with Wahhabis, Muslim Brothers, Deobandis and others here and in other countries, including Saudi Arabia where he finally understands the full force of puritan oppression and its power to disseminate Wahhabism around the world, including Britain.

In a sense there is nothing new here: the similarities with Marxism appear at every level, especially when reading at the same time the odyssey of a Communist in the 50s (*The Communist Technique in Britain*, by Bob Darke, Penguin, 1952, 2/-), who came to his senses and made a detailed and candid confession. European Communists were less devoted to violence but they expected force to be applied from outside in due course, just as Hizb ut-Tahrir advises its members to avoid violence or preaching violence until the time is right to coordinate it. Communists used the same methods of recruitment, subversion, fellow-travellers and useful idiots, they appealed to similar types of people among the young lower-middle and professional classes, especially in the second-rate universities and former polytechnics, they used almost identical language and they benefitted from the same external ideological support and finance.

Hizb ut-Tahrir appears as a slick operation, mastering PR and presentation, adjusting its language to the

outside world, keeping its true aims to its core members, re-branding its spots but never changing them.

Husain makes clear that the UK faces a social movement (like Marxism), not just a handful of madmen. But Husain’s salvation (through the love of a good woman, like Darke) reveals no useful thoughts about how others might be tempted away from the delicious self-righteousness of hate. He returned to an Indian Sufism of a very personal kind, in which he was brought up: that combination of a selfless love and return to a spiritual (and family) fold is not available to many.

In fact, his religious objections to Islamism are personal rather than useful. The initial and powerful attraction of Islamism was its literal, take-it-or-leave-it reading of the Koran. His eventual rejection of Islamism does not include any theological argument against that literal reading and this is the fence where all moderates fall: they cannot argue directly against specific suras (verses of the Koran) so they escape into generalities about the example of the Prophet’s life or the traditions of spiritual forms of Islam that seek a type of communion with the Prophet and the love of God.

The best illustration of this that I have ever heard was given directly to me by a very influential sheikh. I cited a few of the aggressive suras against Jews and Christians and asked how best to deal with them: ‘It’s very simple,’ he replied, ‘it’s all a question of abrogation [the science of disregarding suras that conflict with later revelations] and there is a long tradition of abrogation, over which many scholars disagree so it’s very complicated.’ He was not trying to be funny.

Very disappointingly, Ed Husain’s best theological argument against fundamentalism is the misquotation constantly trotted out as the crowning argument of moderates: Whoever kills a person unjustly, it is as if they have killed the whole of humanity. Unfortunately, this *sura* 5:32 is also used by jihadis to prove how awful the Jews are and to justify slaying them, because it actually says (my italics): ‘On that account: We ordained for the Children of Israel that if any one slew a person — unless it be for murder or for spreading mischief in the land — it would be as if he slew the whole people: and if any one saved a life, it would be as if he saved the life of the whole people. Then although there came to them Our messengers with clear signs, yet, even after that, many of them continued to commit excesses in the land.’

The next verse adds: ‘The punishment of those who wage war against Allah and His Messenger, and strive with might and main for mischief through the land is: execution, or crucifixion, or the cutting off of

hands and feet from opposite sides, or exile from the land: that is their disgrace in this world, and a heavy punishment is theirs in the Hereafter.' Islamists have a strong, simple case: to argue that inconvenient suras are specific to the time and place in which they were written (like much of the Old Testament) would be to argue blasphemously that they are not the Word of Allah for all time but the words of the Prophet in his time. All Husain can do is say the fundamentalists are wrong but not why they are wrong.

Islamists (despite David Cameron's exhortations, this is what they call themselves) offer all the attractions of Marxism: re-writing history and the future, internationalism, anti-capitalism and anti-Westernism, with the equally vague New Caliphate replacing the dictatorship of the proletariat and with a Paradise full of maidens offering rather more allure than a Workers's Paradise. Underpinning their ideology is the clarity

of Lutheranism: the return to the Word, the rejection of idolatry and the overthrow of corrupt religious and political authorities. All this is bound together by the visceral urge of nationalism: the *umma*, the community of all Muslims, being the nation. Each of these beliefs has stoked many years of hatred and slaughter but Islamism may be the first to combine them all: those who waffle about seeking a Reformation in Islam may well have got their wish – a hundred years of non-stop fighting.

Although *The Islamist* fails to offer any solution, it does illustrate the failure of the British state ideology of multiculturalism and it gives us invaluable insights into the mind of the enemy – intelligence that is essential in any campaign. Together with *Londonistan*, by Melanie Phillips (reviewed in Winter 2006), we have all we need to know about this real threat to our way of life. What is missing is a strategy for fighting back.

## FILM

### 'Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'

Helen Szamuely

Made during the war, with Olivier taking time out from his service with Fleet Air Arm, *Henry V* emphasises patriotic ideals, in particular ideals of England. This tends to embarrass film critics because they cannot help acknowledging that the film is a masterpiece. As it happens, the ideals were not invented by the film-makers — the lines, the images, the concepts are there in Shakespeare's play, which is what makes them so interesting.

Cinematically the film is mesmerizing, beginning and ending with a panorama shot of Elizabethan London, carefully recreated from contemporary prints. Famously, Olivier accepted and incorporated the sheer theatricality of the play into the film. We start with a raucous performance of 'The Chronicle History of King Henry the Fifth with His Battell Fought at Agincourt in France', during which the Chorus, played by Leslie Banks, urges us to expand the play in our imagination to take in England and France, and the film opens out first into the Boar's Head Inn, where Falstaff is dying, then the two courts, the

armies and the battles themselves. William Walton's music permeates it all. The opened-up scenes are not realistic in any sense, showing the castles, the fields, Princess Katharine's enclosed garden and everybody's costumes as illustrations from the Book of Hours. The faint artificiality of Technicolour adds to the imagery's beauty.

There is, throughout the play and the film, an image of England that is essentially different from France. The French King is not an unattractive personality but he is weak and has been buffeted by history. The Dauphin is a fool and a braggart, a man who causes trouble through his thoughtlessness. The French nobles have no link with the people. The only truly attractive character is the Herald as he becomes more and more impressed by Henry. England, on the other hand, is her people; the King is the King of all and the yeomen are as important if not, indeed, more important than the nobles. Although the core of the play is England as reality and as idea, there is a kind of a proto-Union in the delightful vignette of the four captains: Gower, Fluellen, Jamy and McMorris, representing the four parts of it. They dispute, quarrel and drink together and there is an undying link between them.

In the night before the battle, the French nobles and the Dauphin sit in their own tent and alternate between dismal premonition and braggadocio. The Dauphin spends not a minute of his time with his troops — they

are there to serve him and the nobles. The heavy and heavily decorated armour in which the knights have themselves mounted on to their unfortunate horses symbolizes France in the same way as swiftness, lightness and, above all, ingenuity symbolize England. In the night before the battle, Henry leaves his nobles without a single complaint from them, puts on a cloak and walks through the camp, making sure he visits every tent ('a touch of Harry in the night'). He talks to soldiers as well as captains; he listens to their complaints and to their fears; he meditates on the duties and responsibilities of kingship. There is an interesting discussion between two soldiers in which one expresses the view that if the King's cause be wrong (the very fact that an ordinary soldier can think such a thing is astonishing) he will pay a heavy price for the battle and its outcome:

I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument?

To which another soldier, one who is considerably more rebellious in his attitude to the King, nevertheless, replies:

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

An interesting declaration of individual responsibility and with it, individual liberties — a notion, it is implied, that is alien to the French.

Henry's prayer at dawn is not for victory but for his soldiers to lose their fears:

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them.

When he addresses his troops he addresses them all on both occasions. They are all his friends, his brothers:

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile  
This day shall gentle his condition:

(The film uses the alternative reading of 'base' instead of 'vile'.)

The battle is won by the yeomen archers and their craft as much as by the outnumbered nobles and the image of England as the land where all are one and the King is at one with all, is complete.

As a coda one sees Henry wooing the French Princess

Katharine, who is obviously greatly taken by him, telling her that he is a plain speaking English soldier, who loves her but who will not produce flowery language for her sake. She must take him as he is but as he is he will be hers. This is a wonderful English theme, developed by numerous writers in subsequent centuries and Olivier makes much of it by being, despite his pronouncements, rather an elegant wooer. Of particular interest is Olivier's Churchillian pronunciation of a few French sentences, which must have been treasured by those who understood the joke. Olivier's King Harry shows the actor to be a remarkable film director and producer as well as the greatest Shakespearian actor of the twentieth century. He may not have had

Gielgud's mellifluous and mesmerizing voice but he could say those lines as if they were a natural way of talking. Who can rival that even now?

*Henry V*, recently shown at the National Film Theatre, was most probably written and first performed in 1599, only a decade after England had withstood and triumphed over a great danger from Spain, in the middle of yet another Irish rebellion and a time when folk memory could still recall accounts

of the century long civil war that preceded the Tudors. A look across the Channel would have shown countries where civil warfare seemed almost endemic. Olivier's film was made at a time when Britain (or England) was once again in danger and the people were united behind the leader (with some very loud grumbling in the ranks). There have been numerous interpretations of Shakespeare's attitude to war — was he glorifying it and praising Essex's incompetent attempt to subdue Tyrone's rebellion (probably, if he knew which side his bread was buttered on) or undermining it by the presence of such contemptible braggarts as Pistol and cowardly thieves like Bardolph and Nym? The answer, one suspects, is both, which is a happy thought for all those critics and producers. How else could they pretend that they understand what Will said better than Will did himself?



# Choral Scholarships...the Jewish way...

Andrew Earis



There are many opportunities for young people to gain experience in church singing. For students, there are numerous choral scholarship schemes, most notably at Oxford and Cambridge, but also many other universities and colleges throughout the land. At St Sepulchre's, in the City of London, where I am Director of Music, we have a highly successful choral scholarship scheme — ten scholars, who, as well as singing services in the church, enjoy a full educational programme of lectures, workshops, and much hands-on experience in church music, with the aim that they will be able to take these skills out into the profession afterwards, and continue the great English choral tradition.

For a number of years I have been Director of Music of Wimbledon and District Synagogue, one of the largest Reform synagogues in the country with over one thousand members. Wimbledon Synagogue is part of the Reform Judaism movement and is a very active community where men and women take part in services equally — there are even two female Rabbis. It's a modern building with a huge amount of day to day life — a big religious school and Jewish nursery and much adult education activity.

Liturgically, the main focus of the week is on the Saturday morning Shabbat service, which sometimes includes a Bar Mitzvah. There is a diverse range of music sung — both unaccompanied and with organ. As well as traditional chant, many of the familiar tunes were written in the nineteenth century for choir with organ accompaniment, and show strong English influences. Whilst regular Shabbat services on Saturday mornings

are generally led by organ with congregational singing, there is also a Synagogue choir and professional vocal quartet who sing at Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. A recent innovation has been the formation of a youth choir which is growing in number and going from strength to strength. A number of youth choir members who have recently gone to university have discovered a lack of choral opportunities for them within the Synagogue environment.



It is from here that the idea arose. Would it be possible to set up a choral scholarship scheme similar to those in churches or chapels, but for Jewish (and non-Jewish) students who would like to learn more about Jewish music? There are many young Jewish singers in London — or coming to study at university in London — but currently the opportunities to sing chorally outside the church and college chapel environment are very limited. Could a scheme be set up to cater for these students? Would it work? Would there be enough interest from students?

How might the choral scholars be able to contribute to the Synagogue? Obviously, singing at a number of Shabbat and Festival services, as well other work within the community. And how might the Synagogue be able to help the choral scholars? Through providing education and training in different aspects of Jewish choral music, as well as cantorial singing.

The scheme is currently in its infancy — fundraising is currently taking place, and the first students will be auditioned in the summer for starting at the beginning of the next academic year. From the very encouraging response so far, I hope that it will be successful, and provide another way of helping to carry on another great choral tradition through the generations.

# An English Eye

Andrew Lambirth



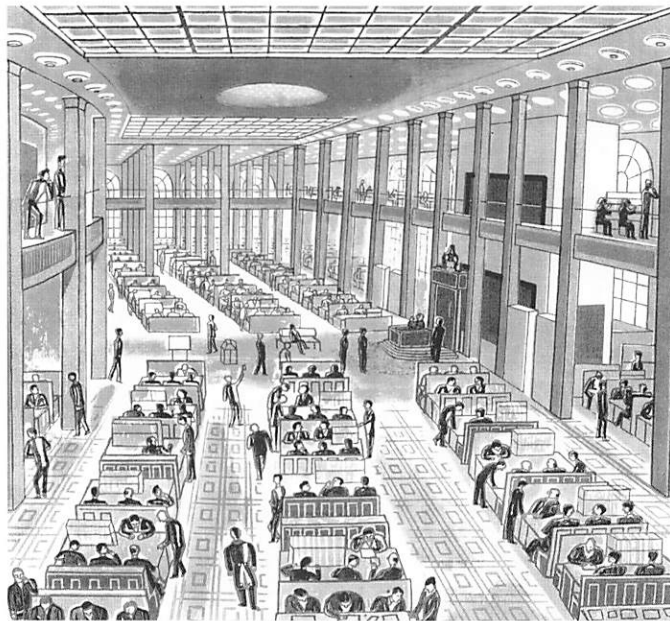
The New English Art Club (NEAC) was founded in 1886 as an alternative exhibiting society to the establishment values of the Royal Academy, and principally as a locus for the avant-garde, which at this point looked to Paris and the Impressionists for inspiration. A rebel organization, it chose to emphasize both its newness and its Englishness in its name, rather loading the dice against itself. For what can stay new and yet endure — besides great art, that is? Certainly not an exhibiting society, subject as it is to the whims of fashion, retrogression and revolution. All too often, the principal terms ‘New’ and ‘English’ came into conflict in its successive history; what is remarkable, however, is that the Club has managed to survive to the present day and still maintain a vigorous exhibiting profile against stiff opposition and the gathering inertia imposed by its own tradition.

But the problem of naming remains. What else could the New English have called themselves? ‘Had they opted for the alternative title — ‘The Society of Anglo-French Painters’ — it is unlikely’, writes Kenneth McConkey, in his excellent history of the NEAC, ‘that the club would have survived much beyond the Great War’. Quite. But what does even the chosen name mean to us today? Although ‘New English’ is a half-familiar appellation to those interested in recent British art, it also casts something of an oppressive shadow. Despite the impressive roll-call of artists associated with it in its early days, it has come now to be associated with the reactionary and jejune. When I first picked up this substantial book, I wondered whether my interest would be sustained throughout. I underestimated the skills of the author and the interest of the subject — the

book held me gripped to the last.

The main difficulty facing anyone rash enough to embark upon the writing of such a history is how to avoid producing what is simply a compilation of potted biographies of the club’s chief protagonists. Statements of policy and annual attendance figures don’t make for riveting reading, but somehow Kenneth McConkey has manoeuvred through the shoals of faction-fighting and the quest for a permanent exhibition venue, to write an enthralling account of the club which is really an examination of certain aspects of 20th

century British painting. He has done this by establishing context with a masterly hand, mixing contemporary comment with hindsight and showing how the NEAC ran in parallel with the Royal Academy, and sometimes overlapped with it. (Ah, how the revolutionaries grow up!) Just consider the rebels who became luminaries under the auspices of the club. By 1922, as the critic Frank Rutter observed, both the Director and Keeper of the National Gallery, the Keeper of the Tate Gallery, the Principal of the Royal College of Art



*Lloyds, 1963, autolithograph  
The Trustees, Cecil Higgins Art Gallery, Bedford*

and the professors at the Slade School were all members. As McConkey writes: ‘While the Academy dominated the Victorian period, the first half of the 20th century was definitely ‘New English’.’ Hence its crucial importance.

The catalogue note from the very first exhibition sounds that typical English love of understatement and self-deprecation. ‘This Club consists of 50 members, who are more or less united in their art sympathies.’ In those far-off and Frenchified days, some of the Impressionists even exhibited with the club, notably Monet and Degas, both reproduced prominently here. If

I have any criticism of the book's illustrations, it is this prominence given to the Impressionists, which I can't help seeing as a publisher's sales ploy. Otherwise, the selection of illustrations is admirable (more than 200, most in colour), with images placed usefully near the text referring to them — by no means always the case with art books. To mention a few pictures I particularly enjoyed: Gerald Brockhurst's watercolour *Seule*, from Boston Public Library; *Ulysses* by William Roberts; Charles Cundall's *St Martha's Mount, Surrey*; Thomas Lowinsky's very strange *Sappho*; Henry Tonks' splendidly caricatural oil of Roger Fry preaching the new faith of modernism with Clive Bell intoning 'Cezannah, Cezannah'; Allan Gwynne-Jones' lyrical landscape *Fields near Ruan Minor*; Lionel Bulmer's *Winter in the Park*; and both of the Richard Eurich paintings. And there is so much more.

After the Second World War, the society was increasingly concerned with its identity, and whether it should break with the past and re-form. Yet it was to achieve its greatest successes as a champion of traditional methods. As McConkey writes: 'The club in reactive mode became the bastion of an Englishness construed as the sensitive recording of atmospherics in the urban scene or in landscape. In daring to deal with the contingent and the familiar, New English painters appealed to a middle-aged, middle England ostensibly more interested in techniques and effects than in ways of seeing.' The 1960s were a bad time, with young artists turning their backs on the English landscape tradition as not being relevant to the problems of modern art. (How wrong they were — just look at the deeply impressive work being done today, for instance, by three very different landscape painters, George Rowlett, Julian Cooper and Julian Perry. None of them, unfortunately for this review, members of NEAC.) But the club has re-grouped and gone from strength to strength in recent years.

Much as I admired this book, *The New English*, published in hardback at £40 by — ironically — the Royal Academy, I did find myself hunting with increasing desperation for any illustration in the closing section of the book with an edge to it, a bit of bite. Has the NEAC gone completely soft-centred? However skilled Ken Howard and such veterans as Bernard Dunstan may be, there is a crying need for new blood, for painters who combine — in that particularly English way — innovation with respect for tradition. It is possible, they do exist, it's just a question of persuading them to board the good ship NEAC. And surely that's not insurmountable. The golden rule that emerges from reading about the New English is that there are no rules — and if that's a very contemporary (and somehow unsatisfactory) answer to the problem,

it has nevertheless resulted in a very enjoyable book, which adds considerably to our understanding of our own recent artistic heritage.

A quintessentially English artist I have a lot of time for is Edward Bawden (1903-89). Primarily a graphic artist with a natural feeling for pattern who worked with great success in the commercial art world as designer and illustrator, he was also a considerable painter of our great national subjects — landscapes, still-lives, cats and the occasional self-portrait. A friend and contemporary of Eric Ravilious, with whom he collaborated on a series of early murals for Morley College in London (sadly lost in the war), Bawden was a master of watercolour and linearity with a distinctive wiry line. (He maintained that oil paint was prose, but watercolour was poetry.) He also had a sardonic sense of humour as I discovered when I went to interview him in old age. He remarked at one point: 'If you got run over outside by a great lorry I'd rush out and see what it was like and get there before the firemen. I'd like to see whether you'd be flat as a pancake or not.'

It's the imaginative world of a Lewis Carroll or an Edward Lear, and Bawden combined elements from both in his distinctive prints and drawings. A new book, *Edward Bawden and His Circle*, by Malcolm Yorke (Antique Collectors' Club, £35), explores the artistic milieu in which he flourished, and the loose community of artists who gathered around the village of Great Bardfield in Essex where he set up his studio. (These included the landscape painter John Aldridge and the experimental printmaker Michael Rothenstein amidst a host of lesser lights.) This is a handsome volume, first published in 2005 as a limited edition book by the Fleece Press, and now adapted for the commercial market. Although it deals in the wider context of Bawden's circle rather than focusing on the artist himself, it is an excellent and informative introduction to a fascinating life in particular and to the period in general.

Bawden, a shy, hard-working man, preferred to keep reality at arm's length, viewing it as his friend Jim Richards said 'through the tempering process of an exacting technique'. Bawden himself called this 'keeping a clean eye'. He was triumphantly successful in maintaining his distance, adjusting his patterns and netting appearances in a precise web of lines. The subtlety of his watercolour tinting was indeed often poetic, but even his wallpaper designs can hardly be called prosaic. The wood pigeon and clock tower design is a still a highly desirable one. Whether his subject was topography, architecture or illustrating *Gulliver's Travels*, Bawden made something original and distinctive of it, as this book so ably reminds us.

# IN SHORT

**Adam Smith – A Primer**, Eamonn Butler, Institute of Economic Affairs, 2007 £7.50

Adam Smith tends to be quoted or misquoted by all sorts of people — on the left, on the right and many in between. His influence is feared or admired; the lack of his influence is deplored and greeted with joy; he is claimed by economists of many different colours. What he is not, is widely read. Even if some people do read some or all of *The Wealth of Nations*, few manage *The Theory of Moral Sentiment* or his various lectures, mostly based on his students' notes.

This is a great pity as Adam Smith was a fascinating thinker and an extremely readable writer and not the man who said that selfishness was a good thing. On the contrary, he understood clearly that there never was an end to the story of human relationships. What he also understood was that economic development proceeds and evolves largely through unintended consequences. He often wrote that governments are very bad at running most things, though there are some that they must run, because of the need for a centralizing force. Defence would come under this heading, protection of property (essential for a free economy), law and order, the creation of an infrastructure and, oddly enough, education. I expect he would change his mind on the latter if he could see what a mess the state has made of education in this country since 1870.

On the other hand, Smith was a man who was a philosopher and a man who thought long and hard about morality and rightness in relationships between people.

If this summary sounds exhausting, that's because the man was exhausting in his work and achievements. There can be no better introduction to him than this pamphlet by Dr Eamonn Butler of the Adam Smith Institute. The summaries are clear, the comments cogent and the references plentiful. Anyone who wants to refresh his knowledge of the great man or just wants to find out more about him, should start here.

*Helen Szamuely*

**Catholic Social Teaching and the Market Economy**, Philip Booth ed, Institute of Economic Affairs, 2007, £15.

Cardinal Keith O'Brien commented at a Make Poverty History rally: 'They came from all over Britain... to ask for more aid for the world's poorest countries and cancellation of their unpayable debts... Acts not of

charity, but of justice.' One might ask what he means if the mechanisms for achieving the just result are not within the control of those trying to deliver it? Whether here or abroad, taxation and government spending is regarded as a seamless extension of personal charitable activity; with state and government miraculously untainted by the greed and self interest that drives market decisions. In the last 30 years Africa received \$400bn of aid, yet not a single country developed because of it. What aid does is entrench poverty because it encourages bad government and conflict between groups for control of the spoils. The basic precondition for development is the good governance that enforces private property rights and contracts, and ensures the rule and authority of law and the absence of corruption.

But many Christians want to wish away those nasty economic laws and are squeamish about the coercion that is essential for maintaining order and justice. If the tendency to downgrade or even demonise the market economy needs a corrective, then one of the objectives that these authors seek to achieve is the application of economic theory and reasoning to the policy issues that concern Christians. Disagreement with teaching on economic and social matters does not conflict with the teaching of the Church. They are not market maniacs out to push an ideal of market sovereignty which denies the need for morality or law. The belief in the absolute rectitude of the market where all human life is cashed out and children are nothing but consumer goods has fortunately declined. The marketeers have come of age. However, civil and economic life would be impossible without government to protect people and their property from harm; the state no more than the market should absorb all into itself and respect nothing as off limits to its management and control. The authors examine Catholic social teaching to help understand better how it might be applied to policy issues. Christians know more than they might acknowledge, since there is no greater Catholic principle than that of subsidiarity where social matters are best addressed by those closest to the problem. Opposed to all collectivism, subsidiarity helps to identify the respective responsibilities of each individual and group and helps when these authors look at policy areas with both an economic and moral aspect.

It is up to the Churches now to engage with and extend this civilised and sophisticated discussion of fundamental importance to human welfare everywhere.

*Patricia Morgan*

## Demonstrable Failures

The BBC has, rightly, given full coverage to the crisis in Burma. Commentators do not allow a day to go past without drawing attention to the plight of that unfortunate country, and despite the restrictions, (the BBC is banned from Burma) huge efforts have been made to bring footage of what is going on to our TV screens.

It was just the same when, on the 14th of August 2007, a few weeks before the Burmese crisis became front page news, the ageing military dictator Fidel Castro made an hour long appearance on Cuban TV. This reminded BBC programmers that the dictator has been in power for 48 years. What concerned the corporation's executives, known for their even handedness when it comes to oppressive regimes, was that in the interview the old monster hinted that his brother, Raul who he has appointed as his stand in, should succeed him. Raul, 'uncharismatic and widely feared', is said to be a persecutor of dissidents and homosexuals. Cubans will be faced with further decades of repressive one party rule under what is, in effect, a communist monarchy.

The BBC, as it did over Burma, pulled out all the stops. Although threatened with the withdrawal of its correspondent's credentials in February this year, current TV footage was shown of the plight of the Cuban people. Contacts in Cuba were telephoned and their stories of political persecution listened to by millions. Many people have died since Raul's brother Fidel took power in 1959. In 1998 the *New Statesman* put the number killed or disappeared since the military takeover at 18,000. Many say it is much higher.

With a quarter of the population of Burma this figure puts Cuba on a par with the Asian dictatorship where, since the military seized power, seventy thousand people have almost certainly died. Moreover Britain's proportion of overseas trade with Cuba is about the same as it is with Burma. Both regimes, Cuba and Burma, have ruled for almost the same time.

Representatives of the Cuban government in Britain were given a deservedly rough ride. In a bruising interview on the 'Today' programme the country's ambassador was asked what place an un-elected monarchy had in modern politics and about the use of torture and illegal detention on the island.

Various newspapers, especially the *Guardian* and the *Independent*, took up the cry. Both drew attention to the large number of political prisoners in Cuba, the fact that its citizens were denied the right to travel freely, that members of their families were often held hostage until they returned, and in particular the use of the law of 'social dangerousness' (speaking out) to imprison critics of the regime. Accusations of torture, disappearances and deaths, very similar to the situation in Burma, were made.

A march to Downing Street took place a few weeks later asking for Britain to cut its trade ties with both Cuba and Burma. Prime Minister Gordon Brown made a special point at the Labour Party Conference in Brighton of highlighting the desperate plight of the people of both countries. History, he said, seemed to have decreed that their fate ran along parallel lines. Both dictatorships must be equally opposed.

Under New Labour gone are the days, when any left-wing regime, however vicious or undemocratic, is beyond criticism.

Myles Harris

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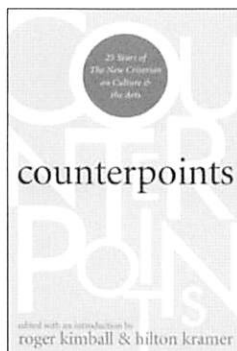
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It doesn't get any better.



ROGER KIMBALL AND  
HILTON KRAMER, EDITORS

## Counterpoints

An abundant collection drawn from 25 years of *The New Criterion*, here is a generous sampling from the magazine that has become the source of America's finest writing on culture and the arts. The contributors include Brooke Allen, Stefan Beck, James Bowman, Anthony Daniels, Guy Davenport, Paul Dean, John Derbyshire, Ben Downing, Daniel Mark Epstein, Joseph Epstein, John Gross, Laura Jacobs, William Logan, Harvey Mansfield, Kenneth Minogue, Jay Nordlinger, Eric Ormsby, James Panero, David Pryce-Jones, Mordecai Richler, Roger Scruton, John Simon, Mark Steyn, David Yezzi, and many others. Readers will enjoy a feast of acute and intelligent observations on the culture of our time.

"As a critical periodical, *The New Criterion* is probably more consistently worth reading than any other magazine in English."—*Times Literary Supplement* (London)

"...Even those who stand in violent opposition to everything [*The New Criterion*] represents are unable to ignore it. For it operates as a refuge for a civilizing element in short supply in contemporary America: honest criticism."—*Wall Street Journal*

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