The Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought

Hating the Truth
Theodore Dalrymple

A Day out in Luton
Jane Kelly

Horses on the M1
Brian Ridley

Hereditary Dictatorships
Margaret Brown

Nuclear Panic
Christie Davies

Bright side of the Right
Nigel Jones

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Managing Editor: Merrie Cave
Consulting Editors: Roger Scruton
Lord Charles Cecil, Myles Harris,
Mark Baillie, Christie Davies,
Literary Editor: Ian Crowther

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

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

For those under the age of thirty, Facebook, Twitter and text messaging have made the internet a global electronic café, a dance floor, a means of exchanging lecture notes, even an annexe to the bedroom. The Arab spring, already turning into an Arab winter of sectarianism, began with a street vendor in Tunisia setting fire to himself. But this fails to explain the sudden appearance of Arabia's previously politically supine youth on the streets of several different countries at almost the same time. In each the authorities, fearing demonstrations, switched off the internet. This was to invite mayhem. Social networking is as addictive as heroin. The young, many of whom merely wanted to go on messaging, poured onto the streets only to be met with an exercise in instant politicisation – government bullets and baton charges.

Governments cannot outguess the internet. Osama Bin Laden's death was twittered before the White House announced it. Close ups of the tortured body of Karim Fakhrawi, founder of Bahrain's leading independent newspaper *Al-Wasat* (his death was officially described as 'kidney failure') were on the internet half an hour after his corpse reached his relatives. The King of Bahrain may be an American client but these pictures will bring him down.

China which fears the net has a government sponsored equivalent of Facebook, 'Renren' where the young can flirt and date under proper political supervision, but the authorities are like Canute bidding an electronic tide. As Wikileaks has shown, it gets in everywhere. If a server goes down in Beirut, one in Stockholm will take its place. If Stockholm fails there is one in Pretoria. It is everywhere but nowhere. It cannot be silenced except by one thing: lack of electricity. The growing number of internet farms, many the size of villages, demand enormous quantities of power. There are more than 5 million servers in the US. The need to keep the web alive – governments depend on it to rule – has become a highly significant book entry in the calculations of energy planners.

Despite the fact that only the atom can satisfy our general need for electrical power the Greens and Liberal Democrats intend to do everything they can to prevent Britain building new nuclear power stations. If they succeed only the very rich will have twenty-four hour heat, light and telephones. The rest of us will live among brownouts and outages, ration queues and standpipes. Christie Davies in 'Nuclear Panic' reminds us that the Greens and their fellow-travelling Liberal Democrats, '...stand for Soviet power plus the de-electrification of the entire country: the minimalist version of the authoritarian road to serfdom.' In 'Horses on the M1' Brian Ridley exposes the scientific myths upon which the fear of nuclear contamination is based.

In 'A Day out in Luton' Jane Kelly interviews Tommy Robinson, leader of the English Defence League. Taliban recruiters stalk Luton's housing estates and bearded youths hand out leaflets in the centre demanding Sharia Law. Robinson has been arrested four times under the Public Order Act for speaking out against them. 'In ten years,' he says, 'I will be dead, anybody who criticises Islam ends up dead or in hiding.' In 'Hating the Truth' Theodore Dalrymple examines the dangers of the left's attempts to suppress free speech.

Charles Bennett examines the resurgence of the IRA in Northern Ireland, while Parveen Chhibber delineates the widening gulf between rich and poor in India. Looking at the long-term fate of our planet Caroline Martin offers us a glimpse into the world of mass extinctions. With 99 per cent of all species now extinct, many scientists believe we are in the middle of one.

Finally Nigel Jones reminds us of the wonderful Royal Wedding. This along with the trouncing of the Liberal Democrats over AV and the dispatching of Osama Bin Laden to a Muslim Gehenna has been a Tory month 'in which robust western and Christian values have, seemingly, been ringingly re-asserted at home and abroad.' To which we might add our pious hope for the exit, like a shady carpet salesman, of Greece from the Euro, a departure which might bring in its train the fall of the European Union itself.

A Day out in Luton

Jane Kelly

The centre of Luton looks quite pleasant with its old shopping streets and pristine war memorial, but outside Miller's bakery bearded youths in butcher's aprons from Islam4UK hand out leaflets demanding we swap British law for Sharia. The memorial itself gives the finger to any notion of successful multi-culturalism. In early March, Muslims Against Crusades member Emdadur Choudhury, 26, was fined £50 for 'deliberately' insulting mourners by burning poppies on Remembrance Day, during the minute's silence. He pleaded not guilty of violating the Public Order Act section 5, by behaving in a fashion that could cause distress or harassment to witnesses.

Tommy Robinson, 28, leader of the English Defence League, was also charged under the same act that day. He claims to have been rearrested four times since for the same offence and when I met him on the day Choudhury was fined, he was awaiting his own trial. 'There is a two-tier system in policing and funding,' he says, 'we are going to smash this and end the fear of speaking out.' We chatted in a local hotel, over a TV reporting the inquest into the death of Taimur Abdulwahab, the Luton man who blew himself up in Stockholm last December. This from a town where over half a million pounds has been spent since 2008 on a 'Prevent Scheme,' to counter radicalism. There have been reports that the outlawed Islamist group Muhajiroun are openly recruiting near Taimur's former home. Last year jihadi sympathisers led locally by Ishtiaq Alamgir, a former inland revenue accountant, organised a protest at a homecoming parade in Luton for troops returning from Afghanistan.

Tommy, who looks like your average football hooligan in trainers, jeans and cheap jacket, shows no sign of being silenced but gives the impression of being embroiled in a struggle to the death in which only one side can win, and hints that he has nothing much to lose. 'In ten years' time I'll be dead', he says. 'Anyone who criticises Islam ends up dead or hiding.'

The EDL originated from a group known as the 'United Peoples of Luton', which sounds as loopy as 'the National Theatre of Brent'. This was a response to a protest in March 2009 by the Islamist group Al-Muhajiroun, against the Royal Anglian Regiment returning from Afghanistan. A Luton counter-demonstration led to arrests and local football supporters got together using social networking sites. Since then the *Guardian* has called the EDL, 'far-right activists and pub racists...a bigger threat than the BNP'. Shami Chakrabati, the director of Liberty, compared them to 'modern day black-shirts', while the extreme right suspects they are an MI5-run 'honey trap' for rooting out islamaphobics.

'It was us who stopped them opening a new mosque in the shopping centre, and we will stop them building their 'mega-mosque' on a local housing estate.' This may sound bigoted until he points out that there are already nineteen mosques in Luton. He is also proud that last year he took it on himself to save the Lutonian Christmas. The EDL threatened to demonstrate if the council tinkered with the name of Christmas.

On the day we met, Tommy had called a meeting to discuss the future of the EDL and whether it can ever become a parliamentary party. This is doubtful as he sees himself as a street fighting John Bull, standing up for hallowed English traditions. 'I want to keep the EDL as a street protest pressure group,' he says. 'It was us who stopped them opening a new mosque in the shopping centre, and we will stop them building their 'mega-mosque' on a local housing estate.' This may sound bigoted until he points out that there are already nineteen mosques in Luton. He is also proud that last year he took it on himself to save the Lutonian Christmas. The EDL threatened to demonstrate if the council tinkered with the name of Christmas. 'I know it was blackmail but it worked', he says with satisfaction. He detests the idea of separate Islamic courts practising Shariah – which he pronounces to rhyme with Uriah. 'This is a Christian country', he says, 'built on 1,400 years of tradition. People come here for the benefits of that, then use them against us.'

Rather eccentrically he is a devout Catholic, getting confirmed this summer. He is undaunted that the church has not backed him in any way. 'There has been deafening silence from them', he says, 'And all the other church leaders have been against us. They don't understand that the EDL is not about hatred, it's about frustration.' He is poorly educated and doesn't take much interest in mainstream politics. He has never voted, but he knows that this frustration is the engine of his party and fuels his followers. He also knows that he and his followers

are tackling issues much too delicate for those further up the social strata.

'Intellectuals and politicians can't do what we do to highlight issues', he says. 'But if we did stand for election we would be much more successful than the BNP. If I went on *Question Time* like Nick Griffin, I would have 10,000 supporters outside.'

He is buoyant from a recent encounter with Jeremy Paxman on *Newsnight*, in which he did quite well. 'I was shaking in my shoes,' he admits. 'I felt I had a lot to say on behalf of my supporters and I was scared I wouldn't get it out. But Paxo was real nice and he was genuine.'

He sees himself standing up forfairness, one of those old English values. 'I don't mind being skint,' he says, 'but when I hear of people getting privileged status because of their religion; that bothers me.' He cites a Bangladeshi youth group given free bus trips to Wembley to see Luton Town play. He was originally stirred up by football and sex. He began his campaign in 2004, aged 20, when he had 10,000 'Ban the Luton Taliban,' leaflets printed. 'I printed them because I could see local girls being pimped by Muslim gangs,' he says. 'The police were doing nothing about it.' He was also stirred by local tensions. In 1995 Mark Sharp was murdered in the street by eight Asians after making a 'V' sign at them. 'The courts were soft on them,' says Tommy. 'It's velvet hand for them, iron fist for us.'

There is a strange weary passivity about him, as if he is fighting a lone struggle. When pressed he does vaguely see that the England he loves so much might have let him down.

He insists he is no racist. Apparently the EDL contains black members and he has mixed race relatives, but like many working-class people he is just sick of 'bloody foreigners'. Because of the political ethos he is battling feelings of extreme powerlessness. 'Middle England and government ministers don't see it,' he says. 'Muslim leaders are truly that, they represent their communities, but ours don't. What does Cameron know about life on council estates? There is no one for us to vote for, no one who understands us.'

He comes from a Labour-voting background. His father, whose name was Yaxley, disappeared when he was ten but by then his mother, who worked in a baker's, was living with a Glaswegian pipe fitter of Irish background, called Lennon. Both were keen Labour supporters. They have rejected him because of his street fighting and his campaign against Islam. He doesn't expect them to come to his confirmation or his wedding at Easter. 'They threw me out because they were scared,' he says phlegmatically. 'My house has been attacked, my children have been threatened with beheading and my parents think I should stop.' He finds it particularly galling that the police say these threats come from the 'Luton community,' rather than from local Muslims, as he believes.

Tommy began life as Stephen. Along the way he has called himself 'Wayne King,' which he thought hilarious, before settling on Tommy Robinson, not after the black hero of *To Kill A Mockingbird*, but the traditional British Tommy and his favourite Luton football hooligan. Like his contemporaries he had a mediocre education at Putteridge School, which has below average attendance and poor league table results. He left at sixteen to become a carpenter and says he was quite successful, but now prefers to run a tanning salon. The police have frozen his bank account accusing him of money laundering. 'Just a disruption tactic,' he says defiantly. At the moment he and girlfriend Jenna Vowles, who have three small children, are not working. He says they are living on £250 a week garnered from friends, as he says they have never claimed benefits.

In conversation he is self-deprecating, without rancour about his past or his place in society, if he even sees it. He feels bitterly that no one in parliament represents him but doesn't want to be a boss of any kind himself. There is a strange weary passivity about him, as if he is fighting a lone struggle. When pressed he does vaguely see that the England he loves so much might have let him down. 'Of course I wish I'd been born middle-class,' he chuckles. 'I'd like my children to go to good schools.' He knows this won't happen but is untroubled; that is not his quarrel and he accepts it as part of being English.

'I wish I had been to Eton', he says, 'but if I had I wouldn't have a clue what's going on in the country now would I? I would be just like Cameron and Clegg!'

Jane Kelly is a freelance journalist who works for The Telegraph.

Horses on the M1

Brian Ridley

The government is hell-bent on funding expensive, inefficient, wind farms, moving towards making fossil-fuel power stations economically unviable, and procrastinating about building more nuclear reactors. The fact of the matter is that nuclear power, among all types of power generators, is by far the safest. But too few believe that it is so. It's a triple whammy, resulting from an uncritical belief in man-made global warming plus an infection of the old leftish horror of nuclear power. Given the 20-year hype about man-made global warming, it was inevitable, perhaps, that politicians would go for it. No point in arguing against the inevitable. It seems only yesterday that we were heading towards an ice age. As Lucretius put it long ago, the only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. But it may be that a shot or two of a common-sense-antibiotic might bring the temperature down on the business of nuclear power. Unless we start to commission new nuclear plants, you will soon find that you need that overcoat as you go shivering to light the candles. The informed know that we can be saved by nuclear power, but those who confuse facts with emotion, or the pusillanimous who make their decisions with a finger held up to the political wind, insist it is too dangerous. As opinion is ultimately determined by feeling and not by intellect, by politics rather than science, it will be an uphill struggle to keep the lights burning after 2030.

The way things are shaping up, by 2030, thanks to green hysteria, we will have 74 million people in the UK without sufficient energy supplies. This will condemn some 50 thousand old people and babies to death by hypothermia, and will see the M1 used only by people on horseback, and contemplate with magisterial equanimity the poorer half of the population subsisting on Red Cross grain from America and Canada. One reason for this may be the confusion in peoples' minds between nuclear power and nuclear bombs.

Both, after all, share the same adjective. So there is the fear that a nuclear reactor might explode and produce devastation in the surrounding area. This, simply, is a scientific impossibility. Ninety three per cent of the world's uranium is inactive while only just under one percent (0.7%) is active in the form of Uranium -235. A nuclear power station requires ninety three per cent of its uranium to be inactive and three per cent to be active. A nuclear bomb requires ninety percent of its uranium to be active and ten percent to be inactive. So the modest amount of fissionable material in a nuclear reactor cannot possibly be the source of a nuclear explosion. Confusing the explosive potential of the two would be like comparing a safety match to a hand grenade. Only Desperate Dan would light a cigarette with the latter.

OK, given that, there is still the horrendous problem presented by nuclear waste. Waste is a problem for conventional power plants as well as nuclear ones. In the first category there are tons of ash and, more to the point in the present context, tons of carbon dioxide; in the second, there are highly radioactive control rods, spent fuel and the pressure vessel itself. The first point to notice is that, compared with fossil-fuel plants, the brute bulk waste from nuclear plants is tiny. In his excellent book *Sustainable Energy – without the hot air* Professor and Fellow of the Royal Society David Mackay puts the matter in admirable quantitative context. Taking 16kg of fossil fuel a day to meet the needs of each one of us, he points out that this produces 30kg a day of carbon dioxide. For the same power, the amount of uranium required is just 2gm, with a waste of 0.25gm. Tiny though this is, that quarter of a gram is radioactive, a small portion of it intensely so, and has to be stored underground for hundreds of years until the radioactivity decays to ordinary everyday background levels.

There is no doubt that a nuclear reactor is a source of highly dangerous radiation, not from the uranium but from the products of fission. What is certain is that, for safety, there has to be substantial containment. Modern reactors, unlike the notorious one at Chernobyl, have thick steel pressure vessels surrounded by massive concrete and steel structures.

The moral is not to site reactors in terrestrially unstable regions. France and Sweden, each with seven times our nuclear power, have no trouble. Nor have we in the UK.

Accidents leading to a release of radiation can never be ruled out, but modern designs that minimise the risk of human error continue to evolve safer, but inevitably more expensive, reactors. All dangers of this sort have to be assessed relative to others in power-producing processes such as those involving coal mining, oil rigs, refinery explosions. One extreme measure is to count the number of people killed working in a given

industry. The European Union use the fatality rate per gigawatt-year: Coal comes out at 2.8, oil at 4.1, gas at 0.4 and nuclear at 0.1. The nuclear industry is the safest.

But most of us don't work in those industries, so the statistics, interesting though they are, don't address the point. Our worry, if we have a worry, is that we believe radiation from radioactive sources produces cancer, leukemia and fertility problems. (Oddly enough, few worry about the effect of electromagnetic radiation, the bearer of radio, TV, mobile phones, emails, Twitter, blogs, and heaven knows what else, which increases in intensity each year.) High levels of radiation have certainly been associated with leukemia and cancer in many organs such as lung, breast, and thyroid, but the effects of low-level radiation are notoriously difficult to assess. After Chernobyl there was a significant increase in childhood thyroid cancer, but not of leukemia and other cancers. Even in the case of the 80,000 survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki there was an excess of only a few hundred cancer deaths.

Let us not forget that we are exposed to radiation at all times – cosmic rays, the natural radioactivity of rocks and soil that finds its way into the bricks and plaster of our house, our food containing radioactive potassium and carbon, the air we breathe containing radon gas, and, increasingly, the machines in our hospitals which add 30 per cent to our annual dose of radiation. If we estimate the sum of this radiation at a level of 1000 units then the contribution of our ageing nuclear plants is 2. Nobody knows what the medical effects are of such low intensity radiation – probably unmeasurable – but, if thought dangerous, then the walls of your house are more dangerous than nuclear power.

In short, it is difficult to justify the fear of nuclear power that exists in some minds. If we are prepared to accept the forecast of an inexorable rise in medical and electromagnetic radiation with equanimity, it surely cannot be particularly worrisome to accept the forecast of an increasing dependence on nuclear power with its highly safety-conscious designs. Especially as, unlike those futile wind farms, it will ensure the lights stay on and we keep warm.

Brian Ridley is a Fellow of the Royal Society.

America and Britain's Child Protection Systems

Stephen Baskerville

As some have long predicted, Britain has now embarked on the American path of turning its rapidly expanding criminal justice system into an extortion racket and its prison officials into goons. 'Growing numbers of fathers are being sent to prison for missed child maintenance payments,' reports *The Independent*. The numbers will only increase until officials stop reporting them.

As usual, it began in America. Child support is the financing mechanism for no-fault divorce. The state long ago granted a woman the right to tear up her marriage agreement for any reason or no reason and to deprive her children of their father and their father of his children. Now she can send him the bill, collect it and jail him without trial when he has nothing left.

Contrary to government claims (and Common Law tradition), child support today has almost nothing to do with fathers abandoning their children, deserting their marriages, or even agreeing to a divorce. It is entirely a regime, as attorney Jed Abraham writes in *From Courtship to Courtroom*, whereby 'a father is forced to finance the filching of his own children.'

It is not necessary that the father commit any legal transgression, criminal or civil, nor that he even acquiesce in a divorce. The state can confiscate his children, use them as hostages to plunder him for virtually any amount, vilify him as a 'deadbeat' in the public media, and summarily and indefinitely incarcerate him. While child support (like divorce itself) is awarded ostensibly without reference to 'fault,' non-payment brings swift and severe punishments. Abraham calls the machinery 'Orwellian': 'The government commands...a veritable gulag, complete with sophisticated surveillance and compliance capabilities such as computer-based tracing, license revocation, asset confiscation, and incarceration.'

Civil liberties are ignored in a system that is designed to punish. 'The burden of proof may be shifted to the defendant,' according to the National Conference of State Legislatures. Like Kafka's Joseph K, the 'defendant' may not even know the charge against him, 'if the court does not explicitly clarify the charge

facing the [allegedly?] delinquent parent,' says NCSL, which applauds these violations of traditional liberties. Further, 'not all child support contempt proceedings classified as criminal are entitled to a jury trial,' and 'even indigent obligors are not necessarily entitled to a lawyer.' The accused must thus prove his innocence against unspecified accusations, without counsel, and without a jury.

This travesty of due process has been scathingly attacked by numerous practitioners and scholars, whose documentation of horrific abuses has never been refuted. Bryce Christensen of Southern Utah University writes that 'The advocates of ever-more-aggressive measures for collecting child support... have moved us a dangerous step closer to a police state and have violated the rights of innocent and often impoverished fathers.' Attorney Ronald Henry calls the system 'an obvious sham' and 'the most onerous form of debt collection practiced in the United States.'

A Georgia court ruled that the state's guidelines 'bear no relationship to the constitutional standards for child support' and create 'a windfall' to the custodial parent. Characterizing the guidelines as 'contrary both to public policy and common sense,' the court noted that 'The presumptive award leaves the non-custodial parent in poverty' and 'The guidelines are so excessive as to force non-custodial parents to frequently work extra jobs for basic needs.... Obligors are frequently forced to work in a cash economy to survive.' Many resort to drug-dealing and other crimes, where the penalties are more lenient. When a court invalidated Tennessee's guidelines on similar grounds, the state enforcement agency (which jails fathers for violating court orders) simply announced they would not abide by the ruling.

Britain's own Keystone Kops, the Child Support Agency (CSA), has been called 'arrogant and reprehensible' by coroner Roger Whittaker, who was 'horrified' that the CSA drove a father to suicide and then continued to harass his family.

While admitting that the system is 'way out of balance,' the federal Office of Child Support Enforcement nevertheless ignores documented charges that it is sending innocent people to prison. Employing Orwellian newspeak, OCSE has promised to build a 'culture of compliance', where parents support their children 'voluntarily' while threatening 'severe enforcement remedies' against parents who choose not to volunteer. Now the single-minded pursuit of booty by child-support bounty hunters is creating a Western version of 'Absurdistan' – the name given by East European dissidents to the Stalinist dictatorships less for their brutality than for their buffoonery. In North America, men are forced to pay support for children that are not theirs and even for children that do not exist.

In Canada and Australia, judges order stepfathers as well as fathers to pay full support for the same children, allowing multiple marriages to obtain multiple child support proceeds from multiple men without the inconvenience of multiple children. Elderly parents must pay support to 'children' in their forties and fifties. In Canada, runaway children can sue their parents for child support. In California, a 50-year-old divorce lawyer successfully sued his own parents for child support because, he said, depression rendered him unable to work. Startlingly, such suits were probably intended by a legislature dominated by lawyers. Judge Melinda Johnson observed that the statute is 'unambiguous,' and an attorney notes, 'The statute didn't come about by accident.'

Child victims of statutory rape must pay support to the adult molesters who raped them. 'State law entitles the child to support from both parents, even though the boy is considered the victim of statutory rape,' say California prosecutors. One boy was drugged before the sex. Kansas courts likewise hold that 'consent to sexual activity under the criminal statutes is irrelevant in a civil action to determine paternity and for support of a minor child born of such activity.' Such absurdities abound. Ryan Nitzschke, 11, found his $110 savings account confiscated for child support allegedly owed to himself. Officials refused to return it. West Virginia officials emptied the bank account of an 85-year-old grandmother whose son allegedly owed child support. The son paid in none of the $6,450 taken, which comprised her life savings. She was also charged $75 processing fee. Canada calls such grandmothers (along with second wives and other relatives) 'deadbeat accomplices' and declares them fair game for expropriation.

Officials create instant delinquents simply by increasing burdens. A Virginia academic who proposes sharply increased payments tells officials that if they do not like his formula, he can 'create a schedule to suit.' Presumably the professor proposes the guidelines he considers fair and reasonable. But if Virginia officials prefer guidelines that are not fair and reasonable, he can provide those too. This is Groucho Marx government: 'Those are my principles. If you don't like them, I have others.'

Thus does government looting corrupt both public ethics and private morals, turning children into cash prizes and even cash crops. One girl tells a Toronto newspaper of her savvy career plans: 'I'm going to marry a really rich guy, then divorce him,' she says. 'But first I'm going to have his kids, so I get child support.'

But far from amusing, the system is deadly for those experiencing it. Darren White of British Columbia was ordered out of his home, cut off from his children, and ordered to pay $2,071 of his $2,200 salary, plus double court costs, for a divorce to which he never agreed. The stress rendered him medically unfit for his job as a locomotive engineer, leaving him $950 in disability pay. White hanged himself. No legal wrongdoing was ever demonstrated against him. White's ordeal is very common. 'There is nothing unusual about this judgment,' said British Columbia Supreme Court Judge Lloyd McKenzie, who pointed out that the judge applied standardized support guidelines.

Britain's own Keystone Kops, the Child Support Agency (CSA), has been called 'arrogant and reprehensible' by coroner Roger Whittaker, who was 'horrified' that the CSA drove a father to suicide and then continued to harass his family. 'We all believe he was hounded into ending his life by the CSA,' said the man's mother. Years ago, the National Association for Child Support Action chronicled dozens of cases where the coroner concluded fathers were driven to suicide by CSA harassment. An Australian MP who chaired a parliamentary inquiry claims Australian fathers are killing themselves at a rate of twenty a week. The CSA became, in the words of *The Times*, 'a monstrous bureaucracy, chasing responsible parents and wrecking the families it was meant to support.' When Home Secretary Jack Straw declared that 'The CSA is a shambles,' the directors promised a 'thorough overhaul.' Yet with breathtaking illogic, they blamed not themselves but the very 'responsible parents' whose families they were 'wrecking'. 'In future, absent fathers will have to prove they are not the father of a child,' reported *The Times*, apparently oblivious to the *non sequitur*. Yet even this was made a crime. Taking the criminalization of private life further, the Labour government responded not by exonerating the innocent but by further criminalizing them by outlawing home paternity testing kits, so men could also be arrested for trying to prove their innocence.

Recently the government instituted cosmetic reforms with the new Child Maintenance Enforcement Commission, a secretive agency that, like its North American counterparts, publishes no address or telephone number. Far from correcting the abuses, the CMEC has powers to raid bank accounts and seize homes of fathers who have not been convicted of any offence. If other Britons understood how spurious are the rationalizations, they would realize how easily their own children, property, and persons can be seized.

The fact that the British government still quantifies the arrests is remarkable. As the numbers become embarrassing they will follow the US and Canadian governments, who keep this information secret. The US Bureau of Justice Statistics, which by law must publish detailed data on all incarceration, is simply silent about child support.

Rebecca May of the Centre for Family Policy and Practice found 'ample testimony by low-income non-custodial parents of spending time in jail for the non-payment of child support.' Yet she could find no documentation of their incarceration. Government literature 'yields so little information on it that one might be led to believe that arrests were used rarely if at all. While May witnessed fathers sentenced in St. Louis, 'We could find no explicit documentation of arrests in St. Louis.' In Illinois, 'We observed courtrooms in which fathers appeared before the judge who were serving jail sentences for non-payment, but little information was available on arrests in Illinois.'

What we are seeing here is the transformation of the welfare state into a police state that some predicted decades ago when the state assumed the role of bureaucratic paterfamilias.

Rendered permanently insolvent by incarceration, fathers are farmed out to rubbish companies and similar concerns, where they work 14-16 hour days with their earnings confiscated. This too is reminiscent of Soviet practice. 'The secret police hired out its prisoners to local agencies,' write Carl Friedrich and Zbigniew Brzezinski. 'At the conclusion of their task, the prisoners, or more correctly the slaves, were returned to the custody of the secret police.'

What we are seeing here is the transformation of the welfare state into a police state that some predicted decades ago when the state assumed the role of bureaucratic *paterfamilias*. The normalization of involuntary divorce has fostered a servility which accepts it as normal that gendarmes enter private lives without cause ('no fault'), take children from innocent parents, and then, to deal with the inevitable consequences, pretend that the parents are the wrongdoers. This makes us all accomplices in a massive bureaucratic kleptocracy, with extensive political and financial interests acquiring a stake in the criminalisation and looting of ordinary citizens, and wherein we can only rationalise our cowardice by vilifying defenceless citizens we know to be innocent. We can now answer St Augustine's question, 'Without justice, what are kingdoms but great robberies?'

Stephen Baskerville is a Lecturer at Patrick Henry College (Virginia) and a leading authority on divorce, child custody and the family court system.

The Bright Side of the Right

Nigel Jones

I am writing this piece on a weekend when – literally – everything in the garden looks rosy. At home, an April of matchless summer rather than Spring sunshine has been crowned by the culmination of a traditional Royal Wedding with all the trimmings: a beautiful bride, who has assumed her royal role with easy grace; smart red and gold uniforms; jingling horse harnesses; flawless dignified ceremonial; and an ancient rite carried out to the vocal approval of a million cheering throats.

Meanwhile, a plan to substitute the UK's traditional electoral system by an unpopular hodge-podge that even its chief proponent characterised as 'a miserable little compromise' has been decisively trounced by a popular vote of some 2 to 1, showing that the stalwart small 'c' conservatism of the British people remains healthily immune to the blandishments of a left-liberal Metropolitan elite.

As the cherry on this political cake, the party most closely identified with an attempt to impose these alien and unwanted ways on us, and with them the stranglehold of the EU on our parliamentary institutions has been roundly rejected by the electorate, dealing a possibly mortal blow to the Leftwards drag of this supposedly Conservative government.

At almost the same moment of these twin domestic Tory triumphs, the monster who had master-minded more than ten years of global terror, spewing hatred and vitriol against western civilisation, has been run to ground and despatched in an operation of skill, daring and clinical efficiency. Robust western and Christian values have, seemingly, been ringingly reasserted at home and abroad. So what's not to like?

Even if, by the time you read these lines, the scene will almost inevitably have been darkened by autumnal shades, perhaps by some monstrous new Al Quaeda atrocity, my Tory heart has been momentarily lifted by these sparkling events from the slough of despond in which it gloomily beats.

For, it must be admitted, there has been very little in recent years for true blue conservatives to cheer about. Here in Britain, the wasted, destructive years of Blair-Brownism has been succeeded by a feeble milk-and-water supposedly Tory-led Coalition that has done nothing – and may even have accelerated – Britain's decline into a powerless province of a new, undemocratic, unwanted and corrupt European empire.

Worldwide, the West has been in seemingly remorseless retreat – economically, militarily and culturally, ceding vital ground to the many-headed hydra of Islamism, brash secularism, and a revived China and Russia, two menacing superpowers which have shed the ideological baggage of Communism, but lost none of that deadly doctrine's totalitarian nature.

And when the hungry Tory sheep, in Milton's phrase, look up, they are not fed. For where, apart from the wilder fringes of the American Right, are Conservative ideas and the prophets and pundits who should articulate them to be found? For where are the Colin Welches, the Peregrine Worsthornes, William Buckleys, the Hayeks, Friedmans and Poppers *de nos jours*?

When Tories look for sustenance to the Conservative writers and thinkers who should sustain us, they find nothing but gloom, pessimism and darkest despair on every side. In the *Daily Telegraph*, once the bastion of traditional no-nonsense, common sense Consrvatism, Simon Heffer, once the last redoubt of a robust, albeit deeply pessimistic cast of traditional Toryism has been summarily sacked, presumably because his telling and unrelenting attacks on soft-centred Daveism offended someone in a very high place. Charles Moore is now the last remaining voice of Toryism on the paper.

The Times, always the voice of whatever Establishment happens to be in power, seems to have become an unprincipled Amen Corner for the Coalition; while the 'right-wing' websites like Guido Fawkes, Conservative Home and Coffee House seem solely concerned with the trivia of the Westminster village, like Byzantine theologians arguing about the number of angels dancing on a pinhead without lifting their eyes to the barbarians gathering at the gates. In the magazine world, the expensively produced *Standpoint* offers some interesting articles, but is so obsessed by its over-arching themes of Islamism v. Israel that there is little for British Conservatives to savour. *The Spectator*, which has undergone more ideological somersaults in my reading lifetime than a Rumanian gymnast, is currently wearing a fluffy deep pink tutu, unsure whether to dance with Cameron or Clegg as the best political beau.

In truth, dear reader, only the organ you are now holding – *The Salisbury Review* – offers thoughtful, principled and yet pragmatic arguments for real Conservatism. But, with the best will in the world, a quarterly magazine, at a time of chronic national peril,

cannot fly the flag alone. What is missing in current conservatism – apart from a political leader, and a philosophy for him or her to draw upon – is a will to power, a belief in Conservative values, and a roadmap for translating them into an attractive and workable alternative to Dave and his principle-lite supine brand of managed decline and submission to Euroland.

Perhaps optimism and Conservatism are not natural bedfellows. After all, our political philosophy springs from a deep scepticism about utopian schemes to improve the fundamentally unalterable nature of humankind. Our default mode is a wary refusal to invest in facile instant solutions which begin by promising equality, freedom and a shining city on a hill, and end up in misery, poverty, tyranny and a mountain of murdered corpses.

Nonetheless, we must start somewhere, and if the Tory trumpet is once more to sound a clear and attractive note, it must rid itself of the grumbling despair that too often is its prevailing note. When Mrs Thatcher rode the last blue wave into power, she did not do so on a tide of gloom and head-shaking despair: she and her supporters had a philosophy, a plan and an optimistic belief that it could be realised in the real world. We need to rediscover that self-belief today and put a smile on the sad visage of British Conservatism once again.

Nigel Jones' book, Tower, *an epic history of the Tower of London will be published in September (Hutchinson).*

"You're wasting your time forging UK passports. All you have to do is ask and they'll give you one."

Nuclear Panic

Christie Davies

Japan's recent tragedy had little to do with nuclear power but was an act of that deadly and unpredictable deity of the greens – nature. The vast majority of those who died in Japan died not of radiation but were drowned or buried by a tsunami, a huge tidal wave from one of the biggest earthquakes ever recorded in or close to Japan. Nature is not benign. It necessarily destroys what it has created and the destruction is part of the creation. Were there no earthquakes, there would have been no Japan. Japan's mountains and its deep surrounding seas are, like earthquakes, a product of the shifting of the tectonic plates that make up the thin outer layer of the earth. Yet we now have in Europe a panic about the safety of nuclear power and a call to turn to nature's 'safe' energy.

The damage done to the atomic power plant in Fukushima and the leaking of radio-active material that followed have no direct implications whatsoever for the people of Britain or the rest of Northern Europe; our geology is utterly stable and has been for a very long time indeed. Occasionally a slight shift on a fault line rattles windows or displaces a chimney pot and injures an unfortunate passer-by but that is all. We are safe from earthquakes and tsunamis and so are our nuclear plants and so will be the new and better constructed plants we build in the future. The Japanese should certainly review the safety of all their nuclear installations built in such a dangerous earthquake zone but there is no reason at all for Britain or its neighbours to do so, nor to reconsider or postpone their plans for building many more nuclear plants to generate electricity. If anything we should think that if the Fukushima accident is the worst that can happen to a nuclear power station, then it is safe for us rapidly to construct many new ones and to expedite the entire process of doing so by sweeping aside the present planning restrictions. I have no objection to there being one in my back yard. I have lived for decades about half way between Harwell and Aldermaston and have never lost a moment's sleep. I do not want to be woken up by the noise of a wind-turbine.

Nuclear plants such as Wylfa and Sizewell may be unsightly but they are nothing like as damaging to our countryside as the rows of windmills being planted around the edges of many of our areas of outstanding natural beauty. In Spain they often ruin a fine skyline – come back Don Quixote, all is forgiven! Wildlife can benefit from the lack of new housing development and trips-a-shilling excursions near a nuclear plant and the fish and seals of the sea gain from the warming of the waters; wind turbines merely kill bats.

What has been most disgraceful about the reporting of the nuclear difficulties in Japan is the fear stirred up by both the popular and by the 'progressive' press. The former did so because fear sells copies, the latter because it might help to drive us back to their idyllic world powered by wind and wave in which we would live cold, dark and happy. Whenever ultra-sensitive detectors recorded that radioactive particles from Japan had reached Britain, it was headline news. Only in the small print were the scientists reported as saying that the amounts were trivial and the effects on our people non-existent. One headline read 'Tens of millions live in nuclear 'danger zone''. All the headline meant was that this is the number of people worldwide who live less than twenty miles from a nuclear power plant, the size of the zone around Fukushima from which people were evacuated, and that half a billion people live within a fifty mile radius. 'Don't panic! Don't panic!' shouted Lance Corporal Jones, now promoted to editor. It is all in marked contrast to the disciplined stoicism with which the Japanese people have coped with disaster. The European panic peaked when the Japanese accident was placed in the top 'danger category' alongside Chernobyl. But such a category is merely subjective and on an ordinal scale, not a true measurement. There have been and will be some fatalities and a degree of contamination from Fukushima but they will be far lower than those associated with Chernobyl. No doubt they will be exaggerated by green agitators but then so were the consequences of Chernobyl.

People drew the wrong conclusion from Chernobyl and assumed that nuclear power was intrinsically unsafe. Nuclear power was not the problem there. The problem was socialism. Socialism is unsafe. It is a system that has no concern for the safety and welfare of ordinary individuals.

People drew the wrong conclusion from Chernobyl and assumed that nuclear power was intrinsically unsafe. Nuclear power was not the problem there. The problem was socialism. Socialism is unsafe. It is

a system that has no concern for the safety and welfare of ordinary individuals. All is subordinated to the grand plan of creating a new, ever more perfect society and if millions die on the way, that is merely unfortunate; for true socialists it is not even that. At Chernobyl only fifty people died directly from the accident, less than in a methane explosion in a coal-mine, and in the years that followed and will follow, perhaps four thousand will have died before their time, mainly in Ukraine and Belarus. This compares with the six million who died of starvation in and close to the Ukraine in 1932-3 when grain was ruthlessly confiscated from the peasants to be exported cheap to countries who did not need it in the interests of fulfilling economic plans decided at the centre. Even if we restrict ourselves to the supply of energy in a socialist economy, well, a quarter of a million Chinese drowned or died of hunger and disease when the Banquia dam, originally built with Soviet advice, broke in 1975. The amount of power generating capacity wiped out in this catastrophe was equal to a third of the UK's entire peak demand. The communist government dam builders had ignored the advice of their own chief hydrologist Chen Xing and did not install the safety features that he knew were vital. He continued to speak out and was purged as a 'right-wing opportunist'. Chen Xing has since been rehabilitated. Under socialism ideology always trumps rationality. Political imperatives are more important than the operating rules and regulations provided by the scientists and as at both Chernobyl and Banquia the latter can be ignored and discarded in the interests of speed and power. There are no free and independent institutions outside the socialist monolith that can provide independent comment. The mode of energy supply is irrelevant. Safety is ignored everywhere. Corners are cut. Disaster follows. Sometimes 'wreckers' are falsely accused of sabotage.

The Banquia dam was a marvel of green renewable energy depending only on Nature's bountiful rain. One day it rained much more bountifully than the planners had bargained for and far, far more people were killed than after Chernobyl. Also with the loss of electric power all the lights went out for many millions of people, just as will happen here if the greens prevail. The irony is that most greens are 'watermelons' – green on the outside and red within. They have a double red-green hatred of capitalism and individual choice. They stand for soviet power plus the de-electrification of the entire country: the minimalist version of the authoritarian road to serfdom.

The panic after the Fukushima leaks threatens to have the same effect as the Chernobyl disaster, which led to the ending of programmes for constructing nuclear power stations in many European countries. Only the counter-panic over climate change led these countries to consider returning to nuclear power. The rational argument in favour of the rapid expansion of nuclear power in Europe was won long ago. What then is the basis of the phobia about it? The answer to this question must, and indeed can only, be sought by comparing the differing attitudes towards nuclear to be found in its various countries. The Finns, the French, the Slovaks are happy to depend on nuclear energy. There is no universal fear, nor is the fear rooted in local experience (which is why the Japanese have so many nuclear plants). The clue lies rather in the electoral difficulties that the level-headed nuclear-power supporting Angela Merkel has been facing because of a surge in German support for their 'watermelons', some of whom also have a rotten brown core. What are the cultural traits to be found in Germany that give rise to such an unbalanced and irrational politics of risk?

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These traits are even stronger in Austria, which voted in 1978 against having nuclear power stations at all. Not content with this, the Austrians even libel and try to interfere in the nuclear policies and programmes of their Slovak and Czech neighbours, whom they still seem to see as mere subjects of old Procházka, the Emperor Franz-Josef. In 2008 the Czech ambassador made a strong official protest about a film on Austrian state television denigrating his 'mendacious' government's response to an utterly fictitious accident in the Czech nuclear reactor in Dukovany near the Austrian border. In the cold January of 2010 the Russians cut off gas supplies to the Slovaks and they urgently needed to start up a nuclear plant that had international but not EU approval. The Austrians strongly opposed this, taking the view that the wretched Slavs could freeze. The Austrian paranoia about radiation is all the more odd because many of them go to relax and inhale in the 'Curative Tunnel' in the spas of the Gastein valley near Salzburg, an old deep mine working full of radon, a radioactive gas. No doubt it is one more proof that a short exposure to low levels of radiation is harmless and even beneficial but these same Austrians panicked when low levels of post-Chernobyl radiation were found in wild-boar meat in a supermarket. If they were to eat huge Teutonic helpings of it four times a day for a hundred and fifty years, it just might do them some harm. Their keenness to inhale 'nature's good radon' underground is the clue to their irrationality, which is rooted in a dichotomy between an almost pagan

nature worship and a fear of the modern, the artificial, indeed in the past 'the Jewish'. Pure Danube water, pure radon, pure race. Purity is a prejudice. It has no scientific support.

The same nature worship is to be found in Germany, even manifesting itself in a love of nudist camps and the absurd Karlsruher Nacktradeltour (naked cycle tour), where the loving sun of the *Atomkraft nein Danke* (atomic energy, no thanks) badge of the Greens provides skin cancer for all. The obverse was their highly politicized outrage and panic in the 1980s about the *Waldsterben,* the imagined 'dying of the forests' in Germany due to evil industrial pollution. It had never happened. When forests develop, the trees that grow taller deprive the stragglers of light and they die. Nature green in tooth and claw. The growth of the trees in Central Europe is in fact stronger than ever before. Likewise, Germany is the country where the great delusion of homeopathy was invented, where it is held in highest respect and is well-funded by the health service. Those who believe that infinitely diluted medicines can cure them are the same people who fear that tiny doses of radiation will destroy them. They have abandoned all sense and understanding of quantity.

What has this to do with us? The problem after Fukushima is that the Germans and the Austrians are once again in irrational fear of contamination mode; this will lead them to use the EC to thwart the building of nuclear power stations in other countries, including our own, much as they have already done for some time in the poorer countries of Eastern Europe. They will try to strangle the nuclear programmes of others by means of over-regulation. The French (upwind from Germany) will take no notice but our spineless British politicians will dither and will try to reason with them. To do so is pointless because we are not dealing with a modern scientific mindset but with people in the grip of a primitive and symbolic fear of pollution. We must achieve an anthropological understanding of their nonsense in order to outwit and outplot them. Otherwise the lamps will go out all over Europe. Our descendants will not see them lit again in their time – a truly grey future.

Christie Davies is the author of Jokes and Targets (*May 2011) and of many wide-ranging analyses of purity and danger and of 'techno-moral panics'.*

Ulster Unravels?

Charles Bennett

Ulster will not return to its pre-'Troubles' state, not only because things very rarely repeat themselves exactly, but because society has changed in Northern Ireland. This was starting long before the Belfast Agreement, and was nothing to do with the political so-called 'peace process', the 'peace' of which, like processed peas, had very little in common with the real thing. A serious increase in the level of terrorist activity is, however, almost inevitable.

Irish Republican terrorism has a cyclical pattern, going back to the 1920s. First there was the split that resulted in the Irish Civil War, then a quiet period after which part of the IRA 'came in from the cold' under de Valera (half Spanish, half Irish American!) and became Fianna Fail. Further IRA terrorist campaigns followed in the late 1930s/early 40s, including attacks on the British mainland, and another quiet period until the 1950s 'Border Campaign'. By 1969 the IRA split again with the opening of a new terrorist campaign in the North and the 'Official' IRA rapidly abandoned violence and gradually faded away, leaving hardly any political residue, with the new 'Provisional IRA' taking up the 'armed struggle'. Splinter groups like the INLA & IPLO emerged, and in the time-honoured Irish Republican tradition attacked each other as much as anyone else. Further divisions in the 'Republican movement' emerged as Sinn Fein/PIRA decided to contest elections and follow a dual political/terrorist strategy rather than just the latter. This was the origin of the 'Continuity IRA' that is now one of the elements of the current 'dissident republican' movement.

The broader Irish Republican movement saw the peace process as a tactical move that suited them at the time. (Note the distinction between them and Irish Nationalists, who are constitutional, respectable politicians) They never renounced violence or admitted that it was unjustified. To do so would undermine the tribal fascist 'blood sacrifice' nature of their thinking. Certain members of Sinn Fein and the Provisional IRA who have done well out of the 'peace process' are now too embedded in 'snout in the trough' Stormont (and Irish Dail) politics to return to terrorism even if they wanted to, and many deluded Ulster Catholic voters who have supported Sinn Fein in recent

years would reject violence. The hard core of Irish Republicanism remains unchanged, and although many took advantage of the lull in terrorism to 'retire' others only ever regarded this as a breathing space. So-called 'de-commissioning' was a fraudulent farce for the political PR machine to use as identifiable PIRA munitions and weapons continue to appear in dissident hands in arms finds and to be used in terrorist incidents. Since Americans have now woken up to the reality of terrorism, financial and political support for 'hardliners' from the USA will remain small, but had ceased to be important long before the Belfast Agreement. Criminal activity had always provided the bulk of Irish Republican funding and the remaining PIRA weaponry and munitions can always be replenished from international criminal sources.

The dissident IRA (CIRA/RIRA/Oghlaigh Na Eirann – the last is the name adopted by one faction but is also what the IRA, including PIRA, have always called themselves in the Irish language, as do the legitimate Armed Forces of the Republic of Ireland) have been growing in strength for the last ten years. As the PSNI have indicated during their investigations into the recent murder of Constable Ronan Kerr, the distinctions between these groups are often blurred, but whatever labels they use they are the latest of several incarnations of the IRA. These so-called 'dissident' groups have recently been gathering a growing trickle of support from experienced PIRA members, strengthening their ranks, which have been weakened by many young and unskilled terrorists. Demonstrated ability to construct and use effective UVIEDs/UCBTs (Under Vehicle IEDs/Under Car Booby Traps) is only one sign of more competent effectiveness, although the 'dissident' IRA still suffers from limitations compared to the PIRA of the past, not least of which is diminished support among Ulster's Catholic population. There has been more Nationalist support for the Police, and a general change in atmosphere in many areas. More people are willing to be seen talking to me (an ex-UDR Officer locally known as such) after mass at my local Parish Church, which years ago only a few would be brave enough to do. Unfortunately this does not mean that the IRA cannot operate successfully anywhere that it did before, because their reduced support is largely counter-balanced in the reduced strength of the security forces.

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The security forces now consist of the PSNI on its own, with only EOD (bomb disposal) support from the Army, and Security Service (MI5) Intelligence operations in the background which as predicted are incapable of having the same reach and depth as the RUC's Special Branch and various military Intelligence organizations in the past. The old RUC has been neutered in terms of anti-terrorist capability by its transformation into the politically correct PSNI who continue to do a good job in spite of losing the local intelligence network and the organizational memory of Special Branch. The recent disbandment of the remaining full time Police Reserve inherited from the RUC has been particularly damaging when things are getting worse. The British Army has gladly slipped away from any operational role except bomb disposal, and has neither the will nor the ability to return to Ulster and grapple with the same problem again. The British establishment and media have fooled themselves into thinking they have played a clever game and solved, or at least slipped away from the 'Ulster Question'. They lack the political will to do anything much more quite apart from the obvious absence of sufficient military force to intervene.

The vicious theory of Irish Republicanism does not depend on democratic support or even consent except when it is convenient. Irish society, especially in the Republic of Ireland, has changed dramatically over the last thirty years and is less likely to tolerate, let alone to support the IRA – in whatever form it exists. It can only fall back on its murderous, self-appointed hard core whose violence is the main part of its whole bizarre philosophy. In 'pure' Irish Republican terms the so-called 'dissidents' are correct; helping administer British rule in Northern Ireland, albeit in a neutered and un-British form, is not what it was or is meant to be about. Adams and his friends played a clever game and duped Irish Nationalists as well as most Unionists and the British Government. They have made as much pseudo-political progress as they can, and since no further concessions can be expected, a return to terrorism is not just the logical but the only choice for 'pure' Republicans of the myth-believing variety, however unpopular it may be even with many of their former supporters. This situation creates a growing gap between a 'political republican' Sinn Fein and the 'retired' terrorists of PIRA, led by Adams and McGuinness, and 'hard-line' republicans of the purist – and active terrorist – variety, which is sometimes convenient politically for Sinn Fein, but is also often publicly and philosophically embarrassing for them. Eamon de Valera found himself in the same quandary in the 1920's when he formed Fianna Fail, leaving Sinn Fein itself and the IRA behind in politically pure but democratically unpopular isolation. Most of Sinn Fein's electoral support has been gained at the expense

of the decent but inept SDLP, which has been left high and dry by the machinations of its inexplicably lauded former leader John Hume. It is no more attracted to traditional 'pure' (and violent) republicanism than are most of Sinn Fein's voters in the Republic. Most of them are 'protest voters' disgruntled with the performance of the established southern parties, and with Fianna Fail in particular. This protest vote sits strangely with the IRA terrorist background of the senior part of the Sinn Fein hierarchy now comfortably ensconced in Dublin and Belfast, but Irish electorates are adept at ignoring such contradictions.

It is laughable to hear people say that the 'dissident' IRA have 'only 300 or 400 active members', and now 'only 500 or 600', or '600 or 800 active members', when the latter figure was often quoted as being PIRA's active strength at its height. I certainly do not believe that they will succeed, but there will be a resurgence of Irish Republican terrorism, however hopeless their cause may be. British policy and the political and economic greed of Ulster politicians has made this likely to be even more dangerous.

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Northern Ireland has been 'hollowed out' in military and British constitutional terms, and even with very limited local support must make a tempting target for a terrorist 'revival'. Weaponry and funding are either already there or can easily be acquired, so the British and Northern Irish political establishments and their hangers-on have left themselves no cards to play with. Especially in border areas little has changed except for an absence of effective security. Outside the prosperous and educated districts a vicious sectarian element with the same old mentality remains and laps up the funds of the 'peace process'.

Over the last two or three years there has been an average of a terrorist related 'incident' in Northern Ireland every day. Many of these have been hoax devices, but these are often as disruptive as actual IEDs, and not only create a steady and damaging drain on Police (and Army ATO/Counter-IED) manpower, but are useful intelligence gathering exercises on Police reactions and drills for the IRA. Over time it becomes impossible for the Police to avoid setting a pattern and so to enable 'secondary device' traps to be set for them. Political and media complacency has meant that until serious or fatal casualties occur these have either been down-played or totally ignored, doubtless to the relief of the British Government, and even of most of the Lilliputian politicians at Stormont, for whom the posture of the three wise monkeys has been a comfortable alternative to realism. Even the many UCBT incidents that have narrowly failed to kill have had little if any attention paid to them by the British media. Far more attention and publicity is lavished on the threat of 'Islamist' extremism in Britain even though terrorist incidents from this quarter remain relatively rare.

Most of the terrorist-related incidents in Northern Ireland are related to the 'dissident' IRA groupings, but there are also a few incidents related to pseudo-'loyalist' gangs. These usually involve minor thuggery, 'punishment attacks', or pipe bombs and are often related to ordinary, usually drug-related criminality, if they are not purely sectarian in motivation. We also have the 'traditional' summer 'marching season' and the associated 'recreational rioting' to look forward to. In the last couple of years the Sinn Fein/PIRA leadership in 'republican' areas is increasingly unable to restrain youthful mobs in the way that they might have in the past (and usually did in the 'peace process' years). Public order difficulties for the PSNI and the resultant violent disorder and disruption are likely to continue in future, or even to increase.

In spite of pious hopes and much talk the number of so-called 'Peace Walls' in Belfast remains higher now than at the height of the 'Troubles' (the troops that often had to stand in their place are long gone), and in Londonderry the tiny beleaguered Protestant minority on the west bank continues to suffer from mob violence and harassment.

Most 'dissident' IRA activity has taken place in the same areas that were hotbeds of PIRA activity, but their main centres outside West and North Belfast have been in Londonderry city, the Lurgan/north Armagh area (where the murder of PC Carroll in March 2009 was the bloody highpoint of a steady stream of violence), South Armagh, which has also seen considerable 'dissident' activity but has not been as prominent as in its PIRA heyday, and County Fermanagh. Until the murder of Constable Ronan Kerr the republican heartlands of mid-Tyrone have been relatively quiet on the surface, as has West Tyrone apart from Strabane, but this may be changing. Parts of south County Antrim have also seen considerable activity as well as the well publicised murder by shooting of two soldiers in March 2009.

Here are some of the events of the first half of April 2011:

Friday 1st April – Controlled explosion on stolen van in West Belfast, hoax devices at Rosslea and Londonderry Court House where a 50 kg IED had been placed the previous Sunday, after earlier hoaxes there.

Saturday 2nd April – UCBT murder of Constable Ronan Kerr in Omagh.

Monday 4th April – Rioting and petrol bomb attacks on Police in Lurgan, County Armagh, hoax device in Lurgan, Craigavon and Toome, County Antrim and North Belfast, suspect object under car near Tennent Street Police Station in Belfast, terrorist suspect arrested in Armagh.

Tuesday 5th April – Find of weapons and ammunition, Semtex, incendiary bombs, in stolen vehicles in buildings near Coalisland, County Tyrone (East). Graffiti celebrating Constable Kerr's murder in the Bogside in Londonderry – but encouragingly this was promptly painted over by local people. Terrorist suspect arrested in West Belfast.

Wednesday 6th April – Controlled explosion on hoax device in West Belfast. Terrorist suspect charged in relation to Coalisland find. Suspect arrested in Scotland and in County Tyrone about Constable Kerr's murder.

Thursday 7th April – 'Punishment' beating in East Belfast. House search by the Garda in Dublin in relation to Constable Kerr's murder.

Friday 8th April – Terrorist 'punishment' shooting in North Belfast. Police warn of continuing 'dissident' IRA targeting of Policemen in spite of widespread public revulsion at Constable Kerr's murder.

Saturday 9th April – 500lb bomb abandoned in a van under the main Belfast-Dublin A1/M1 road near Newry, possibly because of Police operations in the area, perhaps thwarting an attack on a town centre or other urban target. Considerable disruption for three days. Police wariness of secondary devices results in many motorists ignoring a 'cordon' of cones and tape and driving past the van.

Sunday 10th April – Shooting injury in brawl in West Belfast.

Monday 11th April – Controlled explosion on hoax device in Antrim. Terrorist suspect arrested in West Belfast.

Tuesday 12th April – Suspect device in central Belfast – false alarm.

Wednesday 13th April – Sectarian arson attack on Crumlin Road Orange Hall in Belfast. Hoax device at a school in Lurgan. Garda in Donegal arrest a second suspect in the 2006 murder there of PIRA/Sinn Fein informer Dennis Donaldson – both later released.

Thursday 14th April – PSNI searches in Newry, Rostrevor, and Warrenpoint in relation to Newry van bomb, arrest of terrorist suspect. Arrest of 14 year old boy in Lurgan in relation to hoax devices etc, terrorist 'punishment shooting' and attack on house in Londonderry, petrol bomb attack on SDLP election canvasser's car in Coagh, County Tyrone (East).

Friday 15th April – Arrest of two men in Londonderry in relation to graffiti about Constable Kerr's murder. SDLP candidate's car attacked in Lurgan – damage and minor injury sustained. Small arms and ammunition found in Lurgan. Five pipe bombs found in Antrim and Newtownabbey, County Antrim.

Saturday 16th April – Possible hoax device in Bangor, County Down.

This pattern of events has not been unusual in the last two years, with the exception of a successful murder attempt, and should be expected to continue if things do not worsen in the short term. Although many arrests of terrorist suspects take place, most of these are released without charge sooner or later, and even fewer result in convictions. The pressure on Police to make arrests quickly after incidents like the murder of Constable Kerr is of course considerable.

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Although at the time of writing three suspects are still in custody, having had their detention extended, this is no guarantee that charges will be brought successfully.

Will these 'dissident' IRA terrorists achieve the same public support and political success as their PIRA predecessors? No, one can confidently say. Will they continue and intensify their efforts, with an eventual impact of some sort on the 'political process' and the nature of policing (and on Catholic recruitment to the PSNI in particular) in Northern Ireland, and will they sooner or later succeed in extending their campaign to the British mainland? One can only say equally confidently, yes, they will.

Charles Bennett is a former Ulster Defence Officer and has worked for an MP on the Northern Ireland Select Committee.

A Plateful of Platitudes

Parveen Chhibber

The Pharaoh instructed his chief architect to construct a tall tower so that he could gaze upon the God of Moses. India in its sixty-fourth year of independence, reaches for the stars on a staircase built on platitudes.

There is a quiet desperation on the streets of Mumbai, a feeling of psychological deprivation. No one is happy, as the indices climb higher, warming the cockles of the economics boffins. As the great divide deepens, there is an underlying sense of having been had, gently but surely. It's taken sixty four years, but realisation is finally beginning to creep into the hearts and minds of over a billion sentient beings, seventy one per cent of whom don't even have basic facilities. The Global Hunger Index ranks India 67th out of the 84 (worst affected) developing countries. It no longer matters who rules us. Martians would be welcome, and they probably already are. The visible ten per cent, those with an annual income of over INR two hundred thousand (about GBP 2800) at 2001 prices, make a sizeable enough chunk to attract international attention. Yes, there's a market here.

And, the fault lies in us. The corruption is so deep seated, India ranking in the top ten most corrupt nations of the world, as per Transparency International (TI), that there seems no visible cure. The pre-reform era, when the Ambassador car was the height of middle class aspiration, seems like the Golden Age. Yet it was this period of socialist rule, known as the licence-permit Raj, which created the great divide. Now, it's visible. The great Indian business class (GIB), never one to give up on a trick, cornered licences and subsidies, including those meant for the very poor, and fixed the markets to create wealth for themselves and stash it in tax havens, flouting all laws made with pious intent. Earlier they had colluded with the Empire to grow rich, while famine stalked the land. They worship wealth as a goddess, and think nothing of human lives, unless from their caste or community. And strangely this transcends religion, which provides only a veneer, while they dedicate themselves to Mammon.

Global Financial Integrity, from Washington, says that the unaccounted portion of the Indian economy is now 43 per cent and growing. They should also add the round tripping from tax havens, which comes in the accounted portion; a miracle known as turning black into white. With a trillion dollars in banks abroad, the loot of many decades, maybe over a century, the Supreme Court of India has called it a plunder of the nation. The Indian economy is about one point three trillion dollars US, being nearly the size of the cash stash.

The *modi operandi* of acquiring wealth are as varied as the wonderful imaginatings, which the corporate heads can think up, and execute. From taking a suitcase full of cash to bribe the PM in the last years of the licensing era, to favour a policy change for a product raw material, to registering a deal in Mauritius, to evade taxes, is a simple matter for the moneyed mavens. One, of which I have personal knowledge, from about 1976, having joined the company as a rookie for a week, involved a start up, now a top IT company. The Director, who took our training, which mostly involved chats around a dining table, told us about his Doon school days (some apparently spent squeezing tooth paste into the orifice of a scion of a political dynasty), and their business model. This was to smuggle in ICs (integrated circuits), priced at one US dollar a piece in Singapore, pass them off as buttons, or some such, and assemble the hardware for sale in India; ICs being the most expensive component after the prohibitive customs and taxes. The company's growth was phenomenal.

The times they are a-changing, as are the ways of the wicked. A US senator has called them chop shops. Sweat shops and body shops are other names for the phenomenon. Big companies registered in India and acquiring outsourced business from abroad, bypass all rules, regulations and evade taxes, paying less than sustainable wages and providing working conditions reminiscent of Roman copper mines of yore. They are the ones making sanctimonious speeches and lecturing the Government on good governance. Very rarely, as has happened, one of them gets caught in a fraud, from too much greed and overreach. But there are sufficient loopholes to get the unlucky one out in due course. The management that had succeeded him has its own questions to answer, from its guiding hand on an industrial tragedy from 1984. That he nearly got away with a mild rap on the knuckles could possibly also provide useful tips on finer aspects of escaping the law.

Cherry-picking through the many scams of 2010-11, I would like to settle for a relatively small one in money

terms called the Adarsh Housing Society Scam. Six retired high-ranking army officers have been charged along with a former Chief Minister, who's accused of forgery, cheating, corruption and gross misuse of power, along with a motley group of other public officials and property developers. A prime residential property meant for war widows and defence personnel was allowed through collusion to be sold to civilian relatives of politicians and civil servants. The shock factor here is the army men, from an institution that has been seen to be clean, and stealing the rights of war widows, who are in abject conditions. The rest of it is an old story repeated.

This 16th century doggerel:

> Cog, lie, flatter and face,
> Four ways in Court to win men grace,
> If thou be thrall to none of these,
> Away, good Piers! Home, John Cheese!

describes a useful set of manners and mores to get ahead in the new century for Indians, whose necessary plea is GIMMME MORE. There's a sense of resigned fatalism to the questions of economic crimes being committed, both past and present.

The bureaucrats like all good rats are the first ones to draw the correct lessons from the condition of the ship of state. Their advice to their only begotten children is simply this: 'Go West Young Man (Woman)!' A straw ballot should suffice to prove the point. Though Non Resident Indians (NRIs), including the most famous one, are largely a boon to the nation. Mahatma Gandhi lived in South Africa for twenty-one years and perfected his principles before coming back to India, and putting them into practice here.

And there's the theory of karma, or a useful near facsimile of it. Commit the blackest deeds, drive people to economic desperation and starvation, as long as you earn a profit for yourself and your future generations, who'll thank you for it, and in the end do a little charity. The large number of schools, hospitals and foundations in their names, and those of the fathers, mothers and wives of the rogues from the past two hundred years bears testimony to the attempts to curry favour with the fates; the angel of death who metes out justice in the afterlife. The spate of billionaires divesting themselves of some of their wealth, a small pittance to the total, is a step in the same direction of balancing the karmic scales. The West has much to learn, or perhaps has already learnt this essential dodge.

The press quotes from an international summit of business and national leaders in Europe have all of them speaking with one voice: everybody is saying nice things about India, and no one talks about the corruption, or the great divide. Perhaps, the next summit should be on the streets of Mumbai or the jungles of Chhattisgarh.

Parveen Chhibber is a journalist in Bombay.

The Cosmic Reaper

Caroline Martin

The diversity of life on Earth has never been as rich as it is today. Every year biologists and botanists discover thousands of new species, many of which have properties spurring advances in research in fields as diverse as medicine, industry and gastronomy.

However, as ecological space on Earth is limited this abundance of new species comes at the expense of their predecessors. In order for new species to evolve, existing species, in a tantalising balance of death begetting life, must vanish. Indeed, of the four billion species estimated to have evolved throughout Earth's history, 99 per cent are now extinct. It was the extinction of the top dogs on the planet, the dinosaurs, some 65 million years ago that paved the way for the current Age of Mammals, and an opportunity for ourselves, *Homo sapiens,* to step, for a cosmic blink of the eye, centre stage. At any moment, it seems, we could be gone.

Viruses and other bacterial agents are responsible for the greatest pandemics known to man, some, like HIV, so far having no cure. Why such an infection would visit the earth every 62 million years we can never know because viruses leave no trace in the fossil record.

This intimate see-sawing of speciation versus extinction normally takes millions of years and is generally peaceful. However, perturbations to natural systems are occasionally so immense and abrupt that the delicate balancing exchange between life and death grinds almost to a halt, and instead an accelerated tsunami-like destruction, a Mass Extinction, places life on Earth on a knife's edge.

Mass extinctions are defined as the cataclysmic loss of at least 75 per cent of all species in a geologically short period of time, around 10 thousand years. Just like earthquakes, landslides, volcanic eruptions, tidal waves and, as the world has recently witnessed, tsunamis, they

are considered to be random acts of nature.

But are they random? A palaeontologist at the University of Chicago, the late Jack Sepkoski, compiled a global compendium of all ocean-dwelling creatures known to have existed in order to find or eliminate the possibility of a pattern in the diversity of life through deep time. He found five dramatically large and catastrophically abrupt declines in species' diversity meeting the criteria of mass extinctions. However he was only able to glimpse a weak 26 million-year pattern in these events.

Sepkoski's mass extinctions known as 'The Big Five' were believed to have been the result of natural disasters such as glaciation and drastic changes in sea level 443 million years ago during the 'Ordovician Event'. Other examples might be the eruption of Siberian volcanoes and the consequent stripping of the world's oceans of oxygen during 'The End Permian Event' 251 million years ago or the elevated global temperatures and acidification of the oceans in the 'Triassic Event' 51 million years later. Finally, 65 million years ago, came the combined effect of a huge asteroid impact and the volcanic eruption of the Deccan Traps in India known as 'The End Cretaceous Event'.

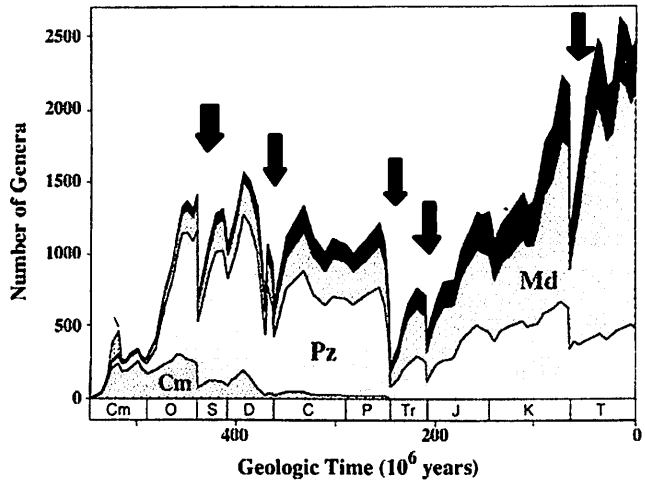

Figure 1. Sepkoski's Curve. The arrows indicate the position of the 'Big Five' on the timeline.

When Sepkoski died in 1999 physicists Robert Rohde and Richard Muller from the University of California re-examined his findings. They were out to test if his 26 million year cycles of extinction were random events with no statistical basis rather than some unknown but vital mechanism in the process of evolution. Instead, after adjusting the data to eliminate species whose age could not be accurately determined, they discovered that all 'Big Five' occurred at regular 62 million-year cycles.

Clearly something seemed to be at work here and, after eliminating Earthbound causes the Berkeley scientists decided the best place to look was the universe. The Milky Way hides within the Oort cloud, a gathering of comets made of ice and dust encircling our solar system a light year out from the sun. Every now and then the arms of the Milky Way sweep through this cloud displacing some of the comets which are then drawn by gravity toward the sun. Occasionally one will strike the earth causing dramatic climate shifts by sending up dust clouds that block sunlight. Another possibility was a disturbance in the inner asteroid belt that surrounds our solar system. Neither of these theories, however, held up to close statistical examination.

How then can these 62 million year cycles of destruction be explained? A lethal virus is a possibility. Viruses and other bacterial agents are responsible for the greatest pandemics known to man, some, like HIV, so far having no cure. Why such an infection would visit the earth every 62 million years we can never know because viruses leave no trace in the fossil record.

Viruses and bacteria are not the only small-scale indiscriminate killing agents. Go an order of magnitude deeper into cellular activity, where radioactive particles execute their DNA massacres, and ponder the possibilities of cancer having a cosmic rhythm. For whilst the same argument against preservation in the fossil record for viruses can be made for alpha particles, gamma rays and their activity, flooded pulses of the latter reaching earth could very well be related to cyclical astronomical forcing. Could waves of them, related to unknown astronomical events far away in the cosmos, be responsible for these 62 million year cycles of extinction? In which case could we be even now in the midst of what African anthropologist and popular science writer Richard Leaky describes as the sixth extinction? Regardless of how random and indiscriminate it may appear in our efforts to prove it as such, are we simply following our destiny?

Caroline Martin is a graduate student at St John's College, Cambridge.

Hating the Truth

Theodore Dalrymple

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

US Constitution, First Amendment

Since it is often the progenitor of evil, and since the appetite for it sometimes grows with the feeding, public expression of hatred might seem a suitable case for prohibition. Do away with hate-speech, that is to say speech that is intended to bring designated protected groups into hatred, ridicule or contempt, and you do away with hatred.

However he who will attend to the motions of his own mind (to use Doctor Johnson's wonderful, but sadly disregarded, formula for real and searching self-examination) will discover that hatred is by far the most powerful and durable of political emotions. One's feelings for one's political enemies are warm and lively, while those for one's political friends are cool and torpid. It is obvious that the rich and the foreigner are in general hated much more than the poor and the fellow-countryman are loved; while hatred of oppression is much stronger than love of freedom, especially when it is other people's freedom. To hate injustice is easy, to love justice, or even to know what it is, is difficult. Hatred, in short, makes politics, and much else besides, go round; and while Freud spoke of the narcissism of small differences, he might just as well have spoken of the hatred caused by small differences.

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Nor is hatred exhaustible. On the contrary, it is indefinitely expandable. It often increases with its own expression, becoming more virulent with every word uttered; it is not a fixed quantity like fluid in a bottle. It is very easy, as most people must surely know, to work oneself up into a fury of indignation and insensate rage merely by dwelling on some slight or humiliation. Above all, hatred is fun: it gives a meaning to life to those who otherwise lack one.

The idea therefore that hate speech can be banned, is of course, is a sign of impatience with the intractability of the human condition. It wants to legislate people into kindness, decency and fellow-feeling. It appeals to the sort of people who forget (or never knew) that supposed solutions to human problems frequently throw up further problems that are greater than that which the solution is designed to solve. For its protagonists, it has the advantage of creating a bureaucracy of virtue with pension arrangements to match.

Only the United States, with its constitutional commitment to free speech, has held the line against the encroachments of the professional purifiers of our utterances. In Snyder v Phelps (09-751), 2 March 2011, The United States Supreme Court.....

> upheld by an 8-1 majority the First Amendment right to free speech in respect of a Baptist congregation who had for 20 years been protesting at military funerals to communicate its belief that God hates the United States for its tolerance of homosexuality, particularly in America's military. The Judges ruled. 'As a Nation we have chosen a different course – to protect even hurtful speech on public issues to ensure that we do not stifle public debate.'

The US constitution thus avoids obvious problems with the whole concept of hate-speech and with the enforcement of its prohibition. The first is of defining the groups to be protected. They are usually those of race, ethnic origins, religion or sexual orientation. But why only those? After all, each of us belongs to many other groups, for example those of class, age, locality, occupation, intellectual and cultural interests, tastes, and so forth. As post-modernists are fond of pointing out, our identities are multiple, and which of them comes to the fore is dependent on circumstances. In a war I define myself primarily British; in a medical congress I define myself primarily a doctor, and so forth.

The answer to this would no doubt be that those groups with a history of persecution or ill-treatment in any given society should be entitled by law to special protection from hate-speech. But this means that a history of persecution has to be defined, both in extent and duration. It is obvious, moreover, that many jurisdictions – such as Iceland, for example – protect groups that by no stretch of the imagination could ever have been persecuted there.

The answer to this would be that, if a group has

shown itself liable to persecution anywhere, it should be protected: for intolerance is contagious and can spread internationally. But this is too broad, for almost all conceivable groups have been persecuted somewhere. Does Lenin's mass-persecution of the clergy mean that virulent anticlericalism should be outlawed? I have twice in my life been called 'Four-eyes' by unpleasant people because I wore spectacles; alas, people who need spectacles have been viciously persecuted both in North Korea and Equatorial Guinea, in the latter case executed wholesale. Even more seriously, because more commonly, whole social classes have been viciously persecuted: should aristocrats and the upper classes be protected from speech that brings them into ridicule and contempt?

It is difficult not to conclude, then, that the protected groups are protected for reasons of political fashion and with the aim of creating a political clientele. No one seeks to protect paedophiles from expressions of ridicule and contempt (or worse); therefore, laws which claim to protect people from hate-speech regarding their sexual orientation are at best euphemistic, at worst an outright lie. Since the number of sexual orientations is large, if not infinite; and it is inconceivable, at least so far, that some of them will not continue to be illegal; any law that protects people from hate-speech on account of their sexual orientation must be – oh, horror! – *discriminatory*. And to declare close season against some is to declare open season to others.

The American approach is best (of course, American universities, with their speech codes, are trying to subvert it). We have laws against incitement to riot and other crimes, and laws against insulting behaviour. That should be enough.

Then, of course, there is the question of where hate-speech ends and legitimate commentary starts. It is generally easy to recognise the vilest abuse that is intended only to inflame and not to argue, just as it is easy to recognise pure pornography (I use the word 'pure' in its chemical, not its moral sense, of course). But often matters are much more complex than this.

For example, I recently saw the following statistic in a serious article on the internet: that Nigerian immigrants to Switzerland are seven times as likely to be convicted for a crime as Swiss citizens. Surely no one who wrote such a thing could think that it was calculated to create warm feelings in the hearts of the Swiss towards Nigerian immigrants, except those very few of Fabian mentality, who see in serial killers a cry for help (from the killers, of course, not from their victims).

The statistic – let us assume – is true. But then let us ask whether it has been corrected for the different sex and age structures of the two populations, that of the Nigerian immigrants and that of the Swiss population. If it has not (and the article does not say), it is easily conceivable that a better, or at least different, statistic would be that Nigerian immigrants are only twice or three times as likely to be convicted for a crime as Swiss citizens. And if this were in fact the case, would the man who published the article be guilty of hate-speech, or merely of intellectual error? Is the test of hate-speech to be whether something does in fact bring a group into hatred, ridicule and contempt, or whether it is intended to do so?

It is easy to multiply examples. In this country, young Moslem men far out-fill their quota in prison, while young Hindu and Sikh far underperform where criminal conviction is concerned. Is this an interesting and important sociological fact, or an incitement to hatred, ridicule and contempt, or perhaps both?

A further problem is that of judging how sensitive people actually are or should be to perceived slights and insults. Just as the expression of hatred can be self-reinforcing, so can the sensitivity to slight and injury. The more you are protected from it, the more of it you perceive, until you end up being a psychological egg-shell. The demand for protection becomes self-reinforcing, until a state is reached in which nobody says what he means, and everybody infers what is not meant. Temperatures, or tempers, are raised, not lowered. The disgracefully pusillanimous (and incompetent) Macpherson report into the killing of Stephen Lawrence demonstrated the risks we run: it suggested that a racial incident should be defined as an incident which any witness to it believed to be racial, without there being any need for objective evidence that it was. Where a British judge can be so pusillanimously unattached to the rule of law, we can be sure that one day hate-speech will be defined as any speech that anyone finds hateful.

The American approach is best (of course, American universities, with their speech codes, are trying to subvert it). We have laws against incitement to riot and other crimes, and laws against insulting behaviour. That should be enough.

Theodore Dalrymple's latest books are The Examined Life *(Monday Books) and* Mr Clarke's Modest Proposal *(Social Affairs Unit).*

Politically Correct Shakespeare

Ralph Berry

The universal Shakespeare changes with a politically correct era. I discovered this when a book of mine on social class was published by a reputable American firm. American copy-editors are a notorious breed, the literary equivalent of pit bulls. Mine was malignantly opposed to language that smacked of sexism, or perpetuated the class divisions I wrote about. The three words that drove my copy-editor to fury were *lady*, *mistress* and *man*. I had used these provocative terms rather often.

Lady (and *ladies*) may give offence in current social usage. The *Guidelines for Nonsexist Language in APA Journals*, for example, disapproves of 'lady lawyer' and would substitute 'female lawyer.' But Shakespeare is the past, and the word has fixed standing. Does one retain it? In the text, necessarily. There's no choice. The dramatis personae are something else, because these lists are made up by editors. Only seven plays in the Folio come with dramatis personae, and all require a judgment to be made. What does one call Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*? Dover Wilson chose 'a lady of Belmont'. Today's editors have dropped this provocation, replacing it with 'an heiress', or, rather oddly, 'a rich heiress'. (Can you have an heiress who isn't rich?) *Ladies* are out, except (in the New Cambridge) as a direct allusion to the Third Quarto's 'the rich Italian lady'. I had to work for *lady* in my MS, even in 'my lady's chamber' (presumably because disadvantaged readers might be deprived of nursery rhymes).

Another American copy-editor made a hilarious emendation to my sentence, 'Titus Andronicus is the spokesman for patriarchal values'. The key word was changed to 'spokesperson'. Was Rome, I enquired, an equal-opportunity employer?

Much worse turbulence had as its epicentre *mistress*. This word has now the singular property of being inappropriate wherever applied. Nobody admits to being a mistress, much less to having one. It is felt to imply ownership, and to cast doubt on the independence and moral standing of the person so called. Burchfield (*Modern English Usage*) prefers to look the other way. But what is a Shakespearean, even of a pacific nature such as mine, to do with Timandra and Phrynia? These, er, women put in an appearance in the 4th act of *Timon of Athens*. They accompany Alcibiades, the victorious warlord whose campaign is taking him to the gates of Athens. I cannot help my suspicion that their relationship with Alcibiades involves money and sex, in what order it would be imprudent to speculate. Alcibiades is of a great military tradition that extends to Kutuzov and Massena, leaders whose campaign baggage included, well, baggages. Timon calls Timandra and Phrynia 'a brace of harlots,' also 'whores' and 'sluts.' They don't contest this trade description. Timon may have jumped to conclusions but he seems to have got it right. A present-day newsreader, drawing on the fashionable euphemism, might call them 'women working as prostitutes.' What does an editor call them?

In the old days, there was no problem. All the Fat Shakespeares agree that Timandra and Phrynia can be listed in the dramatis personae as 'Mistresses to Alcibiades'. The Arden 2 editor went along with the consensus. But Stanley Wells, editing the Oxford Shakespeare in 1986, was sensitive to the winds of change, and listed Timandra and Phrynia as 'whores accompanying Alcibiades'. The inoffensive 'whores' seems to have solved the problem. *Mistress*, as I guess, remains on the Index of banned words. The social ambiguity attendant upon 'mistress' is unsuited to camp followers. I should add that Bianca, in *Othello*, is invariably listed as a 'courtesan'. She seems to have more polish than Timandra and Phrynia.

In *Timon of Athens*, I referred to Alcibiades as 'the necessary man', which ran into the cult of 'person'. Alcibiades is the necessary *man*, I replied, because in this context *woman* is inconceivable. Or did Ancient Athens teem with aspirant female warlords, unjustly prevented from staging a military coup by oppressive male structures?

Another American copy-editor made a hilarious emendation to my sentence, 'Titus Andronicus is the spokesman for patriarchal values'. The key word was changed to 'spokesperson'. Was Rome, I enquired, an equal-opportunity employer? Did the authorities sanction gender-neutral hiring practices? Could not a patriarch be spokesman for patriarchy? 'Spokesperson' (and later, 'spokespeople') is an absurd smuggling of contemporary values into a context where it makes no sense.

A levelling tendency was plain. Of the French Army in *Henry V*, for example, I wrote that 'there are no

officers and no men,' which my copy-editor wanted to amend to 'there are no soldiers'. This missed the point. I used 'men' in the restricted English military sense ('officers and men'). There are no dramatic equivalents to Captain Gower and Michael Williams on the French side. 'Soldiers' doesn't improve matters, because the combatants are soldiers too. The root problem is *man* (*men*), a word that comes with flashing red lights.

Henry V is a difficult play for today's directors to feel at home with. The hero is a successful warlord, not at all the type one wants to encourage or glamorize. He threatens the civilian population of the besieged Harfleur with rape and pillage, once his troops are let off the leash. He orders French prisoners to be slaughtered. What is to be done to bring Henry within our fold? Cut, of course, but what else? Adrian Lester, the Henry for the National Theatre (2003), offered a curious take on the Agincourt address. 'He simply talks to his men and tells them that they are here to do a job, and that the job may go well for us, or it may not go well for us, but the point is the job and how we carry it out.' (*Players of Shakespeare 6*, p.159.) The key word here is 'job', a word unknown to Shakespeare and not strikingly apt for fighting. As a Duty Manager's address to a group of disaffected council workers at the start of the day's toil, this approach might serve well enough. It hardly seems up to the onset of a great battle. When Lester says on the Agincourt address, 'it's not (even though it's always been thought of as such) a particularly rousing speech,' we can be sure that he did his best to bring out the non-rousing qualities in 'This day is called the Feast of Crispian'.

As for the troops, did they not enlist for loot? As Pistol puts it in his coarse way, 'Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,/To suck, to suck the very blood to suck!' (2.3.50-1) Nothing would give greater pain to Henry's soldiery than the thought that Harfleur would surrender, thus diminishing sharply the prospects of pillage. This is the primal fear that Captain Macmorris voices:

> By Chrish, law, tish ill done! The work ish give over, the trompet
> sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the
> work ish ill done! It ish give over. I would have blowed up the
> town, so Chrish save me, law, in an hour. (3.2.80-4)

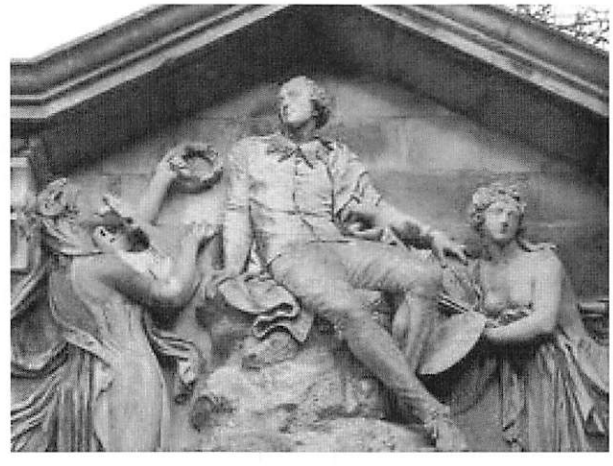
You might argue that this is mere professional enthusiasm on the part of the Ulster explosives expert. (The name 'Macmorris' suggests that he comes from the Northern region of Ireland.) He has laid the train and wishes to set a match to it, as one does. But he goes on:

> So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame, by my hand!
> And there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish
> nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, law!
> (3.2.101-4)

'Throats to be cut' and the significantly blurred 'works to be done': I think Captain Macmorris is missing not just the cathartic bang. The modern resonances of Macmorris's Lament are not hard to decipher. I have never seen them spelt out. They would offend too much in today's thought. *Henry V* is the most intractable of all problems for Shakespearean modernizers. Whatever Shakespeare's own values, his characters do not always think like us. The attempt to coerce his plays into our own way of thinking may have a moment's success, but the text recoils at the absurdity. *Shakespeare is not our contemporary.*

Whatever Shakespeare's own values, his characters do not always think like us. The attempt to coerce his plays into our own way of thinking may have a moment's success, but the text recoils at the absurdity.

Ralph Berry spent most of his teaching career in Canada. He has written extensively on Shakespeare.



Woe Unto Thee, O Land Where the King is a Child!'

Margaret Brown

A man of 27 will soon rule North Korea, 'a kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care'. Kim Jong-un is not Pitt the Younger, although both followed fathers to the top. The orderly transition of the succession of power is one of the cornerstones of stability of any community, although often the 'selfish gene' drives the sovereign to transmit it lineally, irrespective of the apparent form of government. In pre-historic times, people did not live long enough for their children to acquire the necessary strength and skill, so a tribal chief of 28 would be succeeded by a 26-year-old brother, not a son of ten. As more people reached middle age, the picture changed. In more stable communities child monarchs, such as the infant pharaohs, reigned but rarely prospered, despite the additional royal DNA contributed by consanguineous marriages.

Theoretically republics should be spared some of these drawbacks. They are, however, subject to what could be called genetic gravitation. Two Bushes occupied the White House and, in Asia, more societies than just India and Pakistan know hereditary and dynastic rule. In South America, Argentina's Perons and Kirchners offer similar family holds on office. However there are crucial differences between these regimes and those of North Korea, which has no claim to popular influence over decisions. This has made it possible for Kim Jong-il to anoint an underage heir. Only here, potentially the first republican dynasty to last three generations, could nepotism be so blatant.

Edward VI became king at nine. It was at his accession that a sermon with the text 'Woe unto thee, O land where the king is a child!' (Ecclesiastes 10, 16) was preached by a Dr John Story. It put him in prison.

The original driving force for this unique compound was Kim Il-sung, the Great Leader following the Korean War. At his death his son and heir, Kim Jong-il, became Dear Leader, declaring his late father Eternal President. In Eastern cultures, revered dead ancestors are considered still part of the family. The dynasty institutionalised this. In an insulated environment, policed more thoroughly than Stasiland, reality can be easily distorted, and so Kim Jong-un's confirmation as heir-apparent must be the smoothest in the world, but to maintain it, North Korea must remain frozen. Hatred and hysteria must be whipped up and nuclear weapons developed to defend this latterday Brigadoon, so closed that until Barbara Demick's *Nothing to Envy* this year the best-known intimate portrait of real life was a book by the Kim family's cook.

The heir is the youngest son of the present ruler. No regard was shown for birth order, as in the Yi Dynasty (1392-1910). Then, confirmation of the heir's right was provided by royal womenfolk, particularly the widow and mother of the deceased. Naturally, the royal women jockeyed for pole position for their own offspring, resulting in civil wars and fratricide. Primogeniture makes civil war less likely. Kim Jong-il's eldest son is 39, an appropriate age. He ruined his chances by forging a passport to visit a Disneyland in Japan. Another brother lacked necessary assertiveness. The youngest, however, is alarmingly a chip off the old block. The Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces bestowed his blessing at the October celebrations. Kim Jong-il's sister and her husband General Jang Song Tack will be 'mentors' to their nephew.

At this point we might consider the fates of over-youthful heirs to military monarchies. Power went to the heads of Caligula and Nero and they were murdered. Nero's death led to civil war. After that most Roman emperors came to power as successful soldiers and administrators. Not that their skills protected them from would-be successors. In England young Saxon kings succumbed to the temptations of drink and promiscuity but William I was an exception. The bastard son of Duke Robert of Normandy, he was recognised as heir at the age of 7 when his father made the barons swear allegiance and departed to the Holy Land. Duke Robert died abroad. William had a long hard training in survival, war and administration. When he gained full control, he showed the ruthlessness he applied in conquering England. If he had behaved more dissolutely, he would not have lived. Early accession toughened him.

Richard II also ascended the throne at a tender age, grew up paranoid and tyrannical and was deposed and murdered. The next king to be crowned young was Henry VI, a year old in 1422. His long minority was followed by incompetent personal rule and periods of insanity. The vacuum at the centre led to The Wars of the Roses as nobles rushed to fill it. Edward V, king for three months at 13 in 1483, was replaced and murdered by his uncle, Richard III.

The development of nation-states did not immediately produce ordered succession independent of age. In the British Isles Arthur, Prince of Wales, died in 1502. His younger brother, Henry received his place in line to the throne. But when Henry VII fell ill, the young Henry at 12 was considered too young. No such uncertainty attended Henry VIII's deathbed. His son, Edward VI, became king at nine. It was at his accession that a sermon with the text 'Woe unto thee, O land where the king is a child!' (Ecclesiastes 10, 16) was preached by a Dr John Story. It put him in prison. The council appointed by Henry VIII quarrelled violently and proved ineffectual. At one point the king was virtually kidnapped. His uncle, the Protector, was executed, but civil war was avoided.

This inexperienced young ruler is being imposed on a rigid society without even a concept of choice, in a state whose nuclear missiles might reach 6,000 kilometres, worrying to all within that radius, particularly when one considers that older, supposedly wiser heads like those of Presidents Clinton and Carter at times mislaid the card holding America's nuclear launch codes.

In France feeble kings between 1559 and 1589 (Francis II, Charles IX and Henry III), debt and religious division led to seven conflicts. Henry IV (1589-1610) was the only king to succeed as a competent adult. In 1610 and in 1643 the accessions of minorities were followed by civil war. In both cases the monarch, when mature, consolidated royal authority. In 1715 Louis XV's regency involved the country in various disastrous schemes and he never acquired the necessary hardness to stabilise it as distinct from maintaining appearances.

So the success rate of pre-modern monarchs who succeeded to their thrones as minors is questionable. Many compensated for their childhood powerlessness when they reached their effective majorities. Accession as a child can lead to suspicion, paranoia, punishment of regents and delusions of omnipotence. It is not so much that power corrupts as that power goes to the head. This is also true of very recent accessions in some Central Asian republics, as well as North Korea.

There, social immobility also seems unaltered since the Yi Dynasty. People's prospects in life were and are determined largely by birth. Everyone had and has to have documentary evidence of status covering four generations. In former times those lowly born could not even enter the civil service, the fount of prestige. Marrying up or down was severely discouraged. This whole structure was put to the service of communism. In fact pre-1910 Korea was more responsive to class pressures and less devoted to blood kin than modern society. In today's North Korea those whose ancestors opposed communism, came from abroad, or enjoyed any privileges before 1948 have been kept down, a quasi-permanent underclass. Discrimination leaves individuals almost powerless to change their position. The power of women and the meshing of marriage arrangements and politics contribute significantly. Both Kim Jong-il's concubines must have pushed their offspring's claims. Kim Jong-un's late mother doted on her younger son. Kim Jong-il's sister's marriage has strengthened links with the army. The set-up would have been familiar to a 14th Century Korean.

One wonders how this apparently spoilt young man has responded to being given a rush course in management and administration. The party newspaper has described this new four star general, whose mental horizons have, until recently, been limited to language study, basketball and van Damme films, as having 'the qualities of an all-conquering great commander... expert in the arts of pen and sword'. It will be difficult for him not to let this sudden adulation go to his head. When will he feel able to dispense with his mentors? What will their reaction be? Will his brothers, according to tradition, be removed, just in case?

This inexperienced young ruler is being imposed on a rigid society without even a concept of choice, in a state whose nuclear missiles might reach 6,000 kilometres, worrying to all within that radius, particularly when one considers that older, supposedly wiser heads like those of Presidents Clinton and Carter at times mislaid the card holding America's nuclear launch codes.

Kim Jong-un's lack of experience only adds one more danger, an unusual one. Acceptance can become a collective belief that a dynasty embodies the nation – particularly at a time of national crisis. Communism makes little difference. National independence is as fervently defended by the Workers' Party as by the former kings. Unlike the monarchy the communist regime is bizarrely important in the world at large, so different from the years between 1894 and 1945 when Japan inflicted damage and humiliation on Korea never since forgotten. In the 1950s the country was a battleground on which America and her allies fought China and Russia. Hence the novelty of inspiring fear now.

Moves have been made to conciliate world opinion, partly in order to prevent any more mass famines, with brief reunions between octogenarian family members allowed. But real liberalisation and integration into the world community would be more likely to usher in disorder and/or tyranny, such as followed Iraqi regime change, than a brave new world.

When a totalitarian regime falls, the extent of retribution often reflects the awfulness of the fallen regime. The present leaders of North Korea would be lucky not to be lynched and unlikely to be allowed to retire to the South of France. The North Korean government, whatever its need to import foodstuffs, cannot allow freedom of information and travel. South Korea is booming. It is more wired up than the US, its only food problem occasional shortages of long-leaved cabbage essential for ceremonial meals. Korean Christians are uniquely brave enough to try to proselytise in Pakistan. The Korean Grand Prix is world-famous. The contrast between East and West Germany pales by comparison. Limited liberalisation is almost impossible. As it is, the recent celebrations carry a risk of the creation of possible opposition. This is a greater danger than the presence of 1,000 foreign journalists, prevented from investigating the regime's claims by minders and their own ignorance of the language. The US is 'rock solid' (Hillary Clinton) behind South Korea but China is ambivalent. Shortage of women in China allows Korean women to serve as temporary 'wives' before moving on to South Korea, a mixture of indenture and sale and an interesting long term by-product of the imposition of the 'one-child' policy on peasant traditions.

So North Korea, a nation of 21-25 million, will be in the hands of a young man whose physical condition might well affect his consciousness. What if Kim Jong-un sinks into a diabetic coma? If he dies prematurely, either before or after succession, who would take over? Would he be able to produce an heir and live long enough to secure the dynasty? The leading party in South Korea calls the Kim succession 'an anachronism' but the transmission of power by blood or marriage alliance is common in the East. What distinguishes this anachronism is the extreme youth of its beneficiary, the destructive potential of his state and the lack of any well-known figure outside the dynasty.

Small countries have ignited great wars. So we must see how the Land of the Morning Calm fares under Morning Star. The 'selfish gene' has led Kim Jong-il to risk his country, and indeed the planet, to keep power in the family, although the bearer of his DNA is an unknown quantity. It might well be, as *Le Monde* suggests, 'an era of transition'. But to what? Caligula with his finger on the nuclear button?

Margaret Brown is a freelance writer.

Death knell for Egyptian Antiquity?

Jonathan Tokeley

There is a power struggle in Egypt. The military are busily accommodating the Islamicists, so as to retain their stranglehold of power. The outcome is uncertain, but whatever happens, it will affect Egypt's antiquity.

At present there is a wave of lawlessness, as the police withdraw into barracks. Sites and depots throughout the country have been attacked and looted, as was Cairo Museum in the first heady days.

It is the smashing that should worry us, rather than the looting. Is this a brief flare of resentment against the regime, and against what the ordinary people have come to regard as the regime's property? Is it, that's to say, comparable to the looting of Baghdad Museum? Or is it something more sinister, and more piously destructive, as we saw with the destruction of Kabul Museum?

For decades Western archaeologists have been appeasing the Egyptian regime. They have bandied the mantra 'Egyptian antiquity belongs to the Egyptians', as if this were a self-evident truth, and ignored the fact that the regime's nationalization of Egypt's antiquity has actually been – *de jure* as well as *de facto* – a simple confiscation, which has progressively forbidden the ordinary Egyptians any least contact with 'their' antiquity, their supposed heritage, and denied them any benefits whatsoever, other than the nebulous one of mass tourism.

The regime's assumption – an assumption rather snobbishly shared by Western archaeologists – has been that the Egyptian peasantry are too stupid and venal to be trusted with antiquities, because they'd only sell them to foreigners. This was certainly the reasoning of the regime, who have always feared an affluent countryside, feared it as subversive.

But the ordinary Egyptians – the long-suffering fellaheen, the fifty millions who stand apart from the Westernized cities of the north – they are nobody's fools, and they know very well that the regime has been using antiquity as a resource, in many cases a personal resource with which to line their pockets. And they resent this.

When I was working in Egypt, working with what was still called the *black-market*, although it was increasingly being run by government officials – that inner circle of generals who have all the power in Egypt, plus the Antiquities Police and the Antiquities Commission – and for their own benefit, and where most 'smuggling' was effected with their paperwork – it was generally assumed that time was running out. At some point, all the dealers and the generals were convinced, their cosy symbiosis would be interrupted. Mubarak would be assassinated, or there would be a coup.

However it started, and however innocuously, it would end with the Muslim Brotherhood gaining power. The whole of the South was radicalizing, and under curfew, and increasingly hostile to the Westernized cities of Cairo and Alexandria. The South's attitude towards antiquity was ambiguous. If it turned nasty, then the sites and the iconic pieces would be in mortal danger.

It may be useful, therefore, to consider the opposing forces: those who stand for antiquity, and those against. But before that, a little historical background.

Kabul Museum, in retrospect, was a simple case.

It was smashed by the Taliban, after UNESCO had sniffily ignored the Museum Director, when he pleaded for the contents to be evacuated. This was a simple case of Islamic piety on the rampage.

Baghdad Museum was rather different. The assumption was that the looting was the work of organized gangs, working for corrupt western collectors. This rapidly became the orthodoxy, although it has now been disproved, shown to be opportunist nonsense. The Baghdad looting had nothing to do with the West, or with the wider antiquities market. Most of the exhibits had been hidden by the museum staff before the War, but they were reluctant to admit this until Saddam was safely off the scene. This meant that, within a few months, the 'Crime of the Century', with at least 170,000 'priceless' antiquities stolen, had shrunk to several dozen un-recovered items, and an unknown number of cuneiform tablets (unknown because nobody knows – or nobody is telling – how many there had been before the war broke out, and after a decade in which Uday Hussein had used the closed museum as his personal larder). Perhaps most interesting was the ease which the looted material was recovered, either by amnesty or by negotiation. The simple truth is that ordinary Iraqis had been taking their revenge on a thoroughly unpleasant dictator. The Museum – like the hospitals and government offices – were an obvious target for retaliation, in that first flowering of revengeful joy.

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But now for Cairo Museum. This institution has a long history of 'losing' artifacts. Until the late seventies, it was still possible to purchase antiquities directly from the display cabinets. The Dutch parliamentarian who described the process to me – himself a beneficiary – explained how he would negotiate with the curators, and once a price had been agreed, he would return the next day, to find the objects in the cabinet rearranged, and 'only the traces in the dust' to suggest there had ever been another object. And for important objects? 'Ah, for them', he replied, 'you needed to talk to the Director'. Proof of this came in the mid-eighties, when the then director was sacked for 'losing' 326 objects from the museum, including a three-metre sphinx. He claimed that he'd been moving them around for better effect, but the consensus was that he'd been moving them out altogether.

Then there were the free-enterprise attempts. The Coptic jewellers, for example, who hid themselves in the large sarcophagi that line the lower vestibule, in those days with their massive lids supported by wooden blocks (the gaps are now closed with Perspex). They waited until nightfall, and then emerged with screwdrivers and a shopping list.

Sometime in the early nineties the custom arose of having soldiers literally sleeping in the museum. This produced a scandal, in 1994, when they themselves simulated a break-in – forcing open a window, and cutting the seals on a display cabinet – so as to get their unpopular officer sacked (the ruse worked, incidentally, to general amusement).

But none of these episodes damaged the objects. Thieves who are stealing for money do not destroy, they do not smash. The notable thing about the recent events has been the extent of the damage, apparently censored by our own media, but faithfully reported elsewhere. Oh yes, there was the much-lauded 'human-chain' – linked arms across the entrance to the Museum – but these were people who made their living from the museum, the taxi-drivers and the innumerable tourist-guides, who could see their livelihood being destroyed. As I have said, it is the smashing which is more significant.

On the face of it, therefore, Cairo Museum and the subsequent events stand midway between piety and revenge, somewhere between the examples of Kabul and Baghdad.

Now consider the opposing forces in Egypt, those for and against antiquity. Be it clear, firstly, that no Muslim polity can have any interest in antiquity *per se*. Quite the opposite. Antiquity is anathema to Islam. It is everything that is hateful. The reason for this is simple. God is considered the great *musawwir* (fashioner or shaper) and anyone else who makes images of living things is thought to be arrogating god-like powers to himself:

> Those who make these images will be punished on the day of judgement. They will be instructed: make alive what you have created, or be tossed into hellfire
>
> Hadith

Such texts were originally aimed at pagan idols; at the objects and images used to worship other gods, and the sites sacred to those gods:

> Oh believers...Idols (taswir) and divining arrows are an abomination, some of Satan's work; then avoid them (Sura 5:92)

When the Prophet announced that *Islam destroys all that preceded it,* he was clearly referring to polytheism, to the *jahillayyah*, 'the time of ignorance' that went before the Prophet, and to everything that smacked of idolatry. Islam has always hated idols, because they

supposedly challenge God's omnipotence.

This is not mere theory. It has been reaffirmed by the Fatwa of 2006, issued by the senior Egyptian Imam, which reversed the previous Fatwa of 1904, and has again branded antiquity – and all who work with it – as '*jahillayyah*', and worthy of destruction. This is the writing on the wall.

The idea, therefore, that any *Islamic* authority might claim polytheistic images as their 'cultural heritage' is grotesque. The very idea, if spoken aloud, would be apostasy, and punishable by death. At best, antiquity has been ignored, at worst destroyed. Indeed, throughout the medieval period there were periodic forays of destructiveness, interspersed with periods of lassitude. Ashmunein, for example, was intact in the twelfth century, but has now vanished.

Hence any Middle-eastern government that claims antiquities – pagan polytheistic relics and idols – 'for the nation' can only do so as a secular regime, and must tread a delicate path. It may have its own reasons for claiming antiquity – using it as a mythic resource, to bolster an uncertain present with dreams of past glory, or as a touristic resource – and both of these apply in Egypt – but it flies in the face of the believers, and risks the sleeping resentment of Islam.

But what about the actual looting? Where are these pieces going, and to whom? Firstly, be it noted, they are not heading West. Since the attack upon the Anglo-American market for antiquities, the shipping containers packed with antiquities that leave Egypt – about a dozen a year – have been heading for the Gulf States. And secondly, it is now impossible to export antiquities from Egypt without government connivance. For example, a shipping container of antiquities – the standard method for transport – costs approximately $45,000 to send abroad – and of that a mere $3500 represents the shipping cost. The remainder is for paperwork provided by the Antiquities Police Secretariat, which certifies the contents as mere '*pharoni*', or blameless reproductions. This is a market that is controlled by corrupt officials, although the term corruption is hardly correct here, since what they are doing is enjoined upon them by the Koran.

It follows that the so-called 'looters' are either proxies for officialdom, or must reach an accommodation with officialdom. There is no other way, nor has there been these last twenty years.

So much for the regime, old and new. Antiquity has been treated as a mere resource. The sites are being destroyed by tourism – 'consumed' would be more appropriate – with no real attempt at protection, and not even the most basic of management regimes – and the reserves in the depots have been shamelessly filched.

But what of the ordinary people, the *fellaheen* who still form the majority, and who will be voting overwhelmingly for the Muslim Brotherhood in the coming elections? Why have they apparently relished Egyptian antiquity? For ordinary Egyptians are the only Islamic people that have shown any real interest in pre-Islamic history. The answer also lies in Islam, in the underlying folk traditions of Islam.

Until Napoleon arrived in 1798, it's clear there had been no reason for ordinary Egyptians to feel anything but loathing for pharaonic monuments and artefacts. The best antiquity could expect was a melancholy contempt, an indifference tinged with poetic sadness at the '*transience of the day*', at the follies of pomp and glory.

But when the Westerners arrived, they brought their wallets with them. Antiquities began to have a monetary value. What had been worthless could now be sold. And this triggered another native tradition, also grounded in the Koran, that '*the earth belongs to the believer*'. This has clear implications under Islamic law, for what is found in the earth also belongs to the believer. And if it benefits him and his kin, it is regarded as a '*Gift from God*'. I have dealt with many hundreds of Egyptians, from all walks of life, from poor farmers to government ministers, and none of them had any doubt that what they were offering was not theirs to sell, and most of them had this deep-felt sense that it was theirs to sell because it came from their soil. It was their *Gift from God,* and destined to benefit their families.

The West may have disturbed antiquity from its long sleep in the sand, and its occasional sacrifices to Islamic piety, but the West also gave it a security it had lacked since the Roman era, the security of the cash-nexus. This is very important to grasp, because the West now seems determined upon making antiquities unsaleable again. And this may not be such a good idea. Removing cash-value will remove the security that a cash-value gives.

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The effect of the regime's nationalisation, however, a process completed by Law 117 of 1983, has been to deny the people this Gift, and remove this security.

Consider a farmer, who finds an antiquity in his soil. Law 117 demands that he relinquish it, within 48 hours;

> Whoever finds a moveable antiquity or part or parts of an immoveable antiquity must notify such to the nearest administrative power within 48 hours... The antiquity becomes the ownership of the state (Article 24).

But this won't benefit him. Oh yes, if the antiquity is important enough, the 'Competent Standing Committee' may recompense him, but I've never known this happen. And there's another risk. If he finds more objects – if the site is obviously important – the 'Competent Standing Committee' will declare it 'archaeological Land' and requisition it, but only for its agricultural value. No account is taken of the value of the antiquities:

> Lands owned by individuals may be expropriated for their archaeological importance. The possibility of the presence of antiquity in the expropriated land is not observed in the compensation. (Article 18).

In short, the farmer risks being thrown off his land. Although the law doesn't pay him for his antiquities, however, it does pay anybody who denounces him (and denunciation, I should explain, is a common pastime in Egypt):

> In estimating the value of the expropriated land, the value of the antiquities found on said land is not observed. But the authority may grant whoever guided to the antiquity a recompense... (Article 23).

And if the farmer fails to disclose within these forty-eight hours? This is the worst case of all. His land can be seized without any payment, and himself thrown into prison:

> Whoever steals an antiquity...or fails to declare said antiquity...that is owned by the State or hides the same...In this case the sets, instruments, machinery property and cars used in the crime are to be confiscated...and shall be punished by imprisonment for not less than five years (Article 41).

The result of this legal nastiness? That farmers, when they find an antiquity on their land – unless they are bold enough to contact the black-market, and risk denunciation from their neighbours – will simply destroy it. Law 117 has alienated them from antiquity, which they formerly regarded as their *Gift from God.*

The same applies to all those involved with the building trade; the contractors, the entrepreneurs, and the site-workers. The last thing they need is to find antiquities on their site, for that will freeze their project, and probably bankrupt them. The standard practice, therefore, is to destroy the evidence, and quickly pour in the concrete. Which is rather a pity, since these are the people most likely to discover new sites. They are the first to dig deep holes in the soil, for the standard pillar and platform concrete buildings that now surround the towns and cities. Again, a direct result of Law 117.

There is, clearly, a formidable opposition to antiquity. Some hate it on religious grounds, some resent it as something that's been stolen from them by the regime – something that is 'theirs' and not 'ours' – and others simply regard it as a threat to their livelihood. And these are the people who are entering into power, and must be accommodated.

When the Muslim Brotherhood gain power, therefore, they will be faced with the crucial decision, whether to destroy antiquity because it is *taswir*, or whether to continue merchandising it as the prime source of Egyptian foreign earnings. The unfortunate fact, however, is that modern mass tourism only requires a mere fraction of what is presently available: the Pyramids, the Sphinx, Luxor Temple and Karnak, Abu Simbel and a couple of museums, Luxor and the new 'museum of treasures' at Giza. All the other sites, and the vast repository that is Cairo Museum, these are superfluous to requirements. They are dispensable.

As for Western archaeologists, for a decade they have been running scared, like rabbits caught in the headlights, because they know that any comment that departs from the party-line will have them summarily banished from Egypt – or denounced by their own kind, for not all Egyptologists are benign, and *sauve qui peut* is the order of the day – and their careers effectively ended (if you can't excavate, you can't publish, and if you can't publish you can't become professor, and you can quite forget about your knighthood).

I do not know what will happen in Egypt. I can only conjecture, and from my own experience. But it seems clear to me – and I speak of our own academics – that moral cowardice, naivety, and priggishness have sown the whirlwind, which future generations of archaeology must reap. Antiquities will be destroyed in their thousands, beautiful things sacrificed to bad theory. And it could all have been avoided.

Jonathan Tokeley is author of Rescuing the Past. *His website is www.jonathantokeley.com and his memoirs* A Smuggler's Story *are being translated into Russian.*

Conservative Classic – 43

Thomas Hinde: *A Field Guide to the English Country Parson*

John Jolliffe

This fascinating book is a 123-page anthology of the most remarkable parsons on record, well laid out and illustrated with line drawings. The author starts with a useful outline history of the role of the parson since the Middle Ages, and goes on to describe a huge range of individual clerics, both on and off duty. Of course we find the great divines including Cardinals Newman and Manning in their Anglican days; also Keble and George Herbert. Manning would have preferred a political career, but settled for the church when his father's bankruptcy made that impossible. We also find colossal self-interest side by side with heroic poverty and generosity on the part of the clergy to those even poorer.

The Reverend Frederick North, afterwards Earl of Guildford, was given three livings by his father, the Bishop of Winchester. He 'earned' £3,400 a year from the livings themselves, with another £1,000 as a Prebendary of Winchester. In 1808 he also became Master of the Hospital of St Cross, where he sold long leases for over forty years, his profits accruing to the then fabulous sum of £305,000. The sale on his departure from one of the parishes included sixty-two dozen of port, claret, madeira and champagne. Other parsons lived in dark, leaking hovels, one of them trying to bring up a family of five children on a stipend of £80 a year. A firm hand was often in evidence in unruly parishes, none firmer than that of John Fletcher (1729-1785), a friend of the Wesley brothers, who bravely took on a poor parish with two thousand irreligious colliers in it. Some of them claimed that they did not come to church on Sundays because they overslept, so he would get up and ring a hand bell round the entire parish at five o'clock in the morning. Like other Methodists he annoyed neighbouring parsons by preaching in their churches without their permission. William Grimshaw (1708-1763), at Howarth in Yorkshire, went further. He sometimes drove his parishioners into church with a whip, and a visitor once passed a public house on Sunday morning and saw 'several persons escaping from it by jumping out of the windows'. The visitor thought the house was perhaps on fire, but it was explained to him that the fugitives 'had seen the parson coming.' Astonishingly, his strong-arm methods were said to have increased the number of communicants from 12 to 1,200.

Many incumbents were younger sons of local landowners, prevented from earning their own livings by custom that was almost unbreakable. Naturally, country sports played a huge part in their lives, and their physical energy was often remarkable. On a single day in 1839 the Rev Hugh Costobadie rode forty miles, took four services and shot a brace of wild ducks on the way. Absenteeism was common. The Rev Henry Dudley (1745-1824) lived in London, away from his Essex parish, and became editor of the *Morning Post.* Out hunting one day, he helped to kill a fox on the chancel roof. The Rev John Russell (1796-1882) became a household name by having as an Oxford undergraduate spotted a terrier bitch in the village of Marston. She was perfection in his eyes, and in due course was said to have become the ancestor of every Jack Russell in the country. A more recent and more eccentric animal lover was Rosslyn Bruce (1871-1956). Told as an undergraduate that dogs were forbidden in his Oxford college, he hired a cow and grazed it in the quad. He also kept an illegal terrier bitch which produced a litter of nine puppies under his bed on the day when he was elected President of the Union. At one time he kept a young elephant in a shed, and helped to pay for its keep by buying stale buns from a baker and selling them to visitors to feed it.

John Russell's friend and neighbour John Froude (1777-1853) was complained of for his obsession with hunting, and when the Bishop of Exeter came to inspect the parish he found six fox brushes in the dining-room, two of them used as bell-pulls, engraved with Tally-ho! Froude pretended to be ill in bed, but as soon as the Bishop left pulled on his boots and went off hunting. The Rev John King bred racehorses, including Apology which won the 1,000 Guineas, Oaks and St Leger in 1874, whereupon her breeder died, a happy man, and Apology survived to win the Ascot Cup two years later. There were several notable botanists, including Henry Ellacombe, whose garden in Devon contained 5,000 plants, many of them exotic. He died aged ninety-three in 1885.

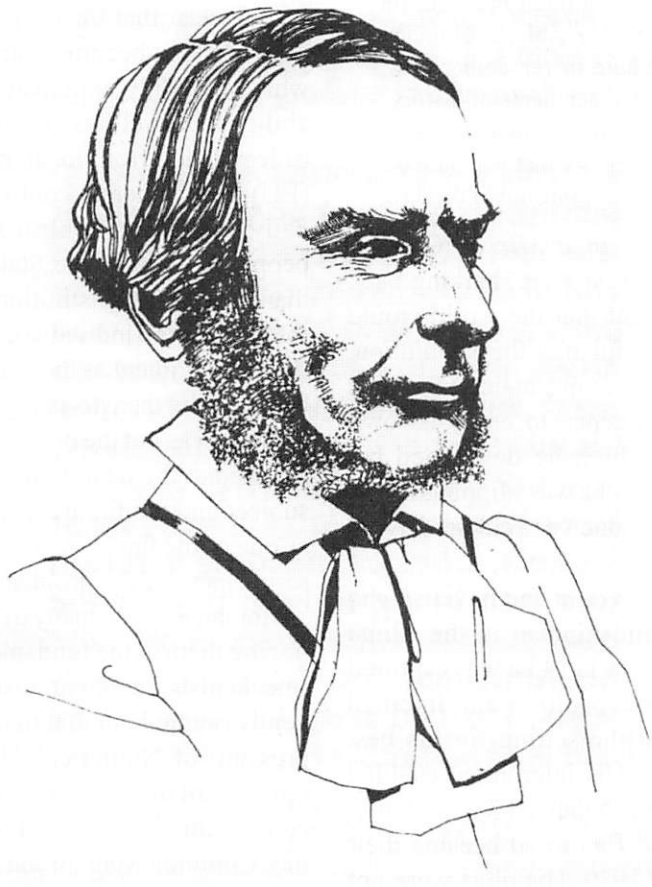
Others were more philanthropically minded. Sydney Osborne (1808-1889) was a passionate campaigner for Free Trade, sanitation, and women's rights and fought hard against cattle plague and cholera (one of the worst curses of village life). In Dorset in 1860, Henry Moule

invented 'a dry earth closet' in the fight against the same disease. Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was the author of *The Water Babies* and *Alton Locke,* both with a strong social message, and once very well known. James Adams (1839-1905) won the Victoria Cross in the Afghan War and brought back his portable altar to his parish in Norfolk.

Politics occasionally arose in parish life, usually on the Tory side; but as well as the Methodists there was the Rev Conrad Noel, who was a Christian socialist, flew the Red Flag and supported the Russian revolution in 1917. Crime also crops up occasionally in these splendid pages. Edward Free (1765-1843) was found guilty of a wide range of offences, including stealing the lead from the roof of his own church, as well as possessing indecent prints and books and seducing a series of maidservants. Another, with the connivance of his wife, was murdered by his curate, who was hanged, while she was burned as a witch.

There were several notable inventors. William Lee invented a stocking loom in 1589, and from it presented a pair of silk stockings to Queen Elizabeth. However she refused to approve the machine because it would discourage hand knitters. He set up business in Rouen, but died without finding the patronage that he had been promised. Seven of his workmen returned, and became the founders of stocking manufacture in England.

Many of the best loved English hymns were composed in remote parishes. Henry Lyte (1793-1847) wrote *Abide with Me* and *Praise my Soul the King of Heaven* as a curate at Lymington, and Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924) wrote *Onward Christian Soldiers* for the children to sing at a Whitsun procession in a poor parish in Yorkshire. He was astonishingly prolific, composing a sixteen-volume encyclopaedia of the biographies of 3,600 saints, though not altogether surprisingly his publisher went bankrupt during publication. What is said to be his best novel, *Medalah*, was set in the area round his Essex parish at East Mersea, 'a tale of hatred, violence and passion.' Driven by 'an enormous family, extravagance, generosity and financial incompetence' he had by his mid-eighties published 159 books, and no less an authority than Gladstone thought well of *The Origin and Development of Christian Belief.* Among many clerical authors of secular books, Francis Kilvert wrote diaries that have given huge pleasure, though they were not published until sixty years after his death in 1879. The Rev W V Awdry (1911-1997) wrote *Thomas the Tank Engine* to entertain his three-year-old son who had measles. It was followed by twenty-five others, and he became a household name, known even to booksellers. Finally, one cannot omit the great linguist and dialect poet William Barnes (1801-1886), son of a tenant farmer in Dorset, who taught himself eight languages and even produced a Dorset dialect version of the Bible, having been ordained at the age of forty-six.



The Revd Charles Kingsley

It is impossible to draw any conclusions from all this, except that 'the spirit bloweth where it listeth', and no two country parsons have been alike. Easier communications have reduced the scope for eccentricity, and most of today's parsons have to cover a number of parishes, not in the old spirit of pluralism but from the shortage of vocations. But occasional oddities still reach the local newspapers. Long may the originality and independence of the clergy survive.

John Jolliffe is the author of many books, including Eccentrics, English Catholic Heroes, *and* Raymond Asquith: Life and Letters.

Reputations – 32

Charles Morgan 1894-1958

J F Elvy

> You seat yourself, after a journey, in front of a wayside café in provincial France, and are given a coffee and a 'fine'. It is near evening; the great heat is gone from the day, the angle of the sun draws a thread of light downwards, through the stem of the tasting-glass, into the marble table, cool under your hand; the time has come to remember how continuous, how defiant of the accidents of history, how stubborn against misfortune is the gentleness of being alive – and how necessary that it should be valued.....and the great heat has gone out of the day.

In his essay *Reflections in a Mirror* Charles Morgan used *La Douceur de Vivre*, harking back to Talleyrand who thought that the world would never be the same or as beautiful after the Revolution, to illustrate the importance of having an untrammelled mind, free from outside influence to enjoy its own creative ideas, and from which he developed his concern that freedom of thought was slipping away, producing a way of life not conducive to cultured living and elegant writing.

Charles Morgan was a playwright and novelist who began his adult life as a midshipman in the China fleet. On the outbreak of war in 1914 he was captured after the abortive Antwerp expedition and interned in Holland which provided the setting for his best selling novel *The Fountain*. His internment enabled him to acquire a patient and balanced view of life. After Oxford he joined *The Times* and became their principal drama critic until 1939. His plots were not unusual but his control of language was exceptional and no doubt contributed to his appointment as literary critic for the *Times Literary Supplement*. Morgan enjoyed an immense reputation during his lifetime and won the James Tait Memorial Prize for fiction in 1940, but is now rather neglected. Certainly he was unashamedly writing for the educated reader and many of his opinions would be considered right-wing today. His reputation has always been higher in France and he was awarded the Legion of Honour in 1936.

Morgan made the apt distinction of the essential difference between Liberty of the Person and Freedom of the Mind. The obsessive concern of Western thinkers and statesmen with democratic liberty for the person and for nations, which was so much a part of the Victorian social conscience, was accelerated by the advent of the evil totalitarianism of Germany and Russia in the 20th century which caused the overthrow of liberty in most of Europe. Although much of it has been regained, their concern was not unfounded as it is now clear that liberty in the last fifty years has not expanded but become dramatically curtailed in a way which was only anticipated by the few. Although the ability to travel has become easier, the multiplicity of legislation from local, national and supra-National (EU) governments, controls or forbids much of our daily life. State Control has conditioned European people to think of the State as their master, whereas, thanks to their Constitution and their total belief in the freedom of the individual, the Americans still think of their government as their servant; consequently liberty has survived there to a far greater extent than in Europe. Morgan was not the only thinker of his time to become alarmed at the near complete political silence on this subject and the failure of progressive democracy, but as one of the finest writers of the day he expressed the seriousness of the problem most dramatically.

Morgan foresaw many of today's disastrous mistakes, tracing them to the fundamental argument between the 'mechanists' or oligarchists and the 'humanists'. He gently pointed out that man was being reduced by the pressure of Numerical Thinking. Subjection to the opinions of the majority had come about as small local communities were absorbed into urban sprawls and the 'Common Man' or the 'Man in the Street' became simply a unit in a numerical mass, or as Morgan put it a 'numerical clot', dehumanised and more importantly de-spiritualised. His clotted opinions were formed by the trite expressions of 'they say' or 'it is widely believed' inserted into his mind by the continual repetition of 'news' which in the hands of politicians and zealots becomes propaganda. Individual opinion was being replaced by collective opinion leading to the corruption of personal thought; the abominable and sterilising cult of the Little Man who is told that his whole virtue consists in mediocrity and his only hope – equal opportunity. Morgan asks 'Is Equal Opportunity to mean, when we have it, only a ticket for an increasingly prosperous soup kitchen?'

> The teaching that man is not just an economic unit lay at the root of the original Labour Movement and gave it its moral strength. That the teaching has to so great

> an extent been submerged by the alien and enemy principle of Communism is the tragic consequence of a force that has driven out of its course, not the Labour movement alone, but the whole of civilisation – the same force of numerical thinking which has distracted the world and defeated its goodwill.

Most voters now see virtue only in numbers and consequently regard those who differ as parasites, anti-social, or snobs. Democracy, which was intended to safeguard minority views, now allows them to be persecuted, or to allow single issue fanatics to wield power derived from 'industrial action' and political lobbying in its many forms (the argument on hunting is a recent case in point). It follows that democracy is well on the way to oligarchy. Morgan maintained that liberty is not irretrievable, until the desire for it is lost. John Buchan illustrated how this happens 'It is when a people loses its self confidence that it surrenders its soul to a dictator or oligarchy, or in Walter Lippmann's tremendous metaphor, it welcomes manacles to prevent its hands shaking'; this condition is quite evident in Britain since the crash of 2007.

He worried about the great difference between the two kinds of law, the one that forbids, and the other that requires. The oligarchists prefer the first so as to increase their power to compel men to conformity, the excuse for compulsion of the individual being to act for his own good. Education must conform to their conformity, and education authorities must deny exceptional opportunity to exceptional children, thus reducing the number of talented people capable of the great offices of State while compelling half the population to higher education beyond their abilities. The paucity of competent people in the Commons today inhibits any Prime Minister from carrying out sensible legislation and the politicisation of the Civil Service renders it subservient to short term political advantage.

'However restricted the area of political liberty may have become in Britain and however threatened by the extended power of the Executive to make regulations with the force of law, liberty still exists and will continue to exist and be extensible

> so long as Governments may be peaceably removed, so long as judges are not the servants of the Executive, and so long as no external organisation or pressure group is able to overawe the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary.

This is exactly what has happened; Parliament is subsidiary to the European Union, the Commons has control of the executive by politicising the Civil Service (once renowned for its integrity), the Judiciary is subservient to a foreign Court where judges are selected by an unelected bureaucracy.

Morgan was a great admirer of Montesquieu:

> If we want a people to be honest we must not so oppress them with taxation that honesty becomes the worst policy. Nor must we exasperate men by constant interference with 'la Conduite interieure'. It is very bad policy to change by laws what should be changed by custom. Laws may become so many, so confusing, so impossible to obey, that ordinary citizens shrug their shoulders and put the forms in the waste paper basket. What is the good of saving? Savings are capital. They will all be taken from you. Formerly the wealth of individuals was the public treasure, but now the public treasure is paid out to private persons. Nothing is left but the power of some citizens and the licentiousness of all.

He was not a religious man in the accepted meaning of the word, an Anglican but not a churchgoer. He was nevertheless very much concerned with the spirit of man, a socratic platonist. Mechanists and materialists he considered lived in a spiritual vacuum and his novels all stress the importance of the role of nature and the need for a meditative attitude to life. In his later years he became much concerned with the threat to man's ability to think independently and to search the great truths for himself. Some of us are aware of this and try, consciously, to resist. One can think of many ways in which the population as a whole is being conditioned or prepared for further mental change and this loss of individuality and identity. The two views of 'what man is', that he is a spiritual being or that he is a progressive political animal, have been debated for many years, but one has to conclude that the latter is winning, which is what Morgan most feared. Currently the media elites, mechanists to a man, are attacking all religions: Catholic, Anglican and Islam.

> In the modern world, not only the liberties of conduct but the liberties of the mind itself are in peril. This is a hard and unfamiliar saying. The reader, as I did, will perhaps resist as long as he can the possibility of it being true, just as many scientists could and did hope that some principle would emerge which would prove that atomic bombs were inherently impossible. He may say incredulously:' No one can stop me from thinking what I like or make me think against my will.

One only has to attend almost any dinner party to realise the overwhelming power of the television. Ideas are repeated, often without the vaguest idea of who promoted them, and 'they say' is omnipresent; the whole discussion depends on shared information from a single source. The influence over the mind can be computed financially when advertisers are prepared to pay a fortune for a minute of time to sell their product; government gets it free by manipulating news editors with 'spin'. Morgan died shortly before the days of television, but he explained his fear of regular viewing: 'There is bitter and destructive harm in going twice

or three times a week to a programme *selected for them*. Film going is habitual acceptance of ready-made imagining, designed to require a minimum effort of the receiver ... a response estimated numerically. "Film fan" is applicable to great masses of the population. It implies fanatical and undiscriminating habit. It has almost the servile meaning of addicts. It is a submission to the powers of evil, which seek to debase the currency of the imagination wherever they find it.'

In his day it was widely believed that increased speed of communications was an unmixed blessing which would lead to peace between nations. Even he failed to foresee that it would produce unnerving harassment by instant world-wide news, bringing the depressing misery of others into the home quite unnecessarily. He did predict the disastrous influence of uncensored programmes on young children, the classic example of what he most feared: that the human mind could be 'switched on' to evil or immoral behaviour. Attacks upon the mind have become as overt as former attempts to imprison the body without trial.

Morgan with his great belief in the existence of goodness and the indestructible spirit of man, which came to him partly as a result of being interned in the war, was not without hope and he was able to take the very long view, which comes out strongly in his novels, particularly *Sparkenbroke* with its obsession with death, the life thereafter and the spirit. In his essay 'The Liberty not to Despair' he wrote; 'Each spring life permits April even to sinners, each night sleep even to philosophers, each autumn a vintage even to heretics, and in the end it leaves us alone'.

Roy Kerridge

In the nineteen thirties most of my mother's school friends had solid, cosy pipe-smoking fathers, skilled working men who lived in Mock Tudor houses. Pastel shades were the fashion, and interiors abounded in doilies and pink lampshades. These genial fathers would amuse their families with card tricks, songs and recitations. Kipling verses were popular, as were Robert W Service's *The Shooting of Dan McGrew* and Percy French's *Abdul the Bulbul Ameer*. Proverbs heard in these families included: If there's room in the heart, there's room in the hearth. A creaking gate hangs the longest and Promises are like pie-crusts, made to be broken.

Proverbs and sayings are among life's calmest pleasures. Here are some that I have picked up in the very different Britain of today.

Shut mouth don't catch fly (Barbadian)

It better to joke than to quarrel (Jamaican)

The baboon is a gazelle to its mother (North Nigerian)

Prayer is the key to Heaven and Faith opens the door (American Negro)

One for strength, two for joy (Irish, said when seeing magpies)

English people say one for sorrow, to their sorrow if they only see one magpie. The Irish way is better.

As rare as a black swan (Polish)

When this saying was invented, no one except Australian Aborigines thought that black swans could exist. People were confounded when such swans were introduced to the West from Australia. The identical saying was current in Elizabethan England and must have died out here when black swans eventually became common additions to noblemen's parks.

In harsh modern England, sayings and proverbs have grown cruel and cynical: it's a jungle out there. One old saying struck me by its modern tone: the weakest go to the wall. I was surprised when I learned the origin of this saying. Apparently, at one time some churches had no pews or chairs. The congregation stood throughout the service, but those who tired easily rested against the walls. This saying must have changed its meaning to suit the Age of the Survival of the Fittest. Now it means that the weak don't get a rest, but perish.

There is no law so far against updating old sayings and proverbs. Always eager to speed-up or falsify 'the folk process', I have come up with two brand new London proverbs.

As itchy as a London Fox

The fear of riots is the beginning of new sports centres

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The *Daily Worker* view of the entertainment industry, swallower-up of tradition, used to go something like this: 'Mass entertainment drugs the masses, so that they accept work and do not revolt. It is the invention of capitalism.'

If this were true, capitalism would have defeated its purpose, for the world of entertainment is so all absorbing that those who permanently plug themselves into it cannot work at all. I am baffled by the appeal of 'Entertainment'. Whatever do people see in Elton John? Or Lloyd-Webber? Or any of them?

ETERNAL LIFE

Easter Day marks the beginning of the Christian era. And it has been glorious. Christianity has nurtured the flowering of a civilisation spectacular in its achievements. The philosophy of Augustine, Aquinas, Anselm and Duns Scotus has created a metaphysical understanding which made possible an enduring perspective on the nature of humankind and, through its doctrine of the rationality of God, encouraged the development of science. Lest we forget, Copernicus was taught the heliocentric theory in a monastery.

In architecture, sculpture and painting, men inspired and nourished by Christian civilisation have uncovered a true sense of reality and its correspondence with all that is best and most genuine in human intuition and feeling. Western art has, throughout the Christian centuries, established a true relationship and balance between intelligence and emotion, an aesthetic as well as an epistemology and a sensitivity to beauty and the grasp of truth.

In building, we have the great cathedrals, witnesses to God in glass and stone, and to the faith of those who persevered over centuries in their making – a man knowing that neither he nor even his son's son would live to see the job finished. In every town and village in Europe, a parish church – demonstrating that we live our lives both in community and in praise of God.

The Christian church gave us modern music. In place of Greek monody, the glorious polyphony and counterpoint began a thousand years ago in places like Nôtre Dame and was developed by people like Perotin and Hildegard and the other medieval musicians, through Byrd and Tallis, Palestrina, and on to Bach, Purcell, Mozart and Beethoven and to the great composers of the 20th century.

In visual art Christianity preserves the Divine Presence in the icons and in the paintings of such as Giotto and the other medieval masters. In the great modern painters the sense of what is transcendent, the beyond in our midst, that brooding sense of reality within the appearances is encouraged. As with music, so with art, the barbarians are not merely at the gates, they are in the city, sitting at high table and feeding obscenely on its wares. Since Duchamp's *Urinal* dirt has been done upon art in the name of art – as in the blasphemous fraud of the pickled sheep and the unmade bed, or in the grotesque and dangerous distraction to passing motorists called *The Angel of the North* – known to the locals as *The Geordie Flasher.*

Christian civilisation has given us an intellectual and emotional life worth living. Poetry, drama and the novel are other examples of the word made flesh. We also derive our political liberties from the Ten Commandments. Our great tradition of philanthropy is based on the Christian teaching about charity. Health care for the poor owes its origin to the medieval institution of the hospice. Fellowship and friendship is based on the Christian notion of Philadelphia – love of the brotherhood.

Christian civilisation and history is not the result of an *idea*. It is the result of an event. You may think it's a tall story, but it's not so tall as all the alternatives. Or do you imagine the first disciples just made it all up – and then gladly went out to suffer persecution, torture and execution for what they knew to be a lie? Raising his Son from the dead is not beyond the power of God who made the heavens and the earth, unless of course you are seduced by the fashionable new atheism. This new atheism is simple-minded to the point of fatuity. In *The God Delusion* Richard Dawkins says that if God exists we ought to be able to detect him in our telescopes and other scientific instruments – as if God were orbiting the earth, up above the world so high, like a tea-tray in the sky. No Christian theologian has ever said that God is a mere object in his own universe.

One of the new atheism's outstanding claims is that God was not needed for the creation of the universe. The laws of physics did it all by themselves. This is like saying that the laws governing the operation of deck chairs on Margate sands were in operation before there was such a place as Margate. Well might T S Eliot say,

> On Margate sands I can connect nothing with nothing

Our supposed understanding of the laws of physics has changed so many times from Archimedes to Newton, from Newton to Einstein and from Einstein to the present. I have been reading the latest fashions in astrophysics where it is claimed that 96 per cent of the matter in the universe is missing, its so-called *dark matter.*

A recent book *The Trouble with Physics* by Lee Smolin tells us that there has been no improvement in our understanding of physics since the dominance of the so called *standard model* in the 1970s. Smolin points out that there are now more theoretical physicists than ever but they are all competing for research money. If there were enough money to go round,

physicists who disagree with the fashionable theory would also get some of it, but funding bodies play safe. If there are such things as the laws of physics, they are God's laws.

The life of the Church began at the resurrection and has been lived by Christians for 2000 years. We are called to continue this Christian era. To be a Christian means to live a life of joy while at the same time being involved in a fight to the death. Christians need grace and strength for the fight as they did in the early church; so we must prepare ourselves in prayer.

Peter Mullen is Rector of St Michaels, Cornhill

LETTERS

Sir

In your Spring issue Will Knowland destroyed the assertions in Ian Gilbert's book, *Why do I need a teacher when I've got Google?*

I admired everything Knowland wrote, especially the chasm between the maths exam questions set in 2008 and 1963, but I disagree with his condemnation of the use of the verb *quote* as a noun. I first heard that expression when I joined a weekly newspaper as a trainee in 1953. Today, any news editor who demanded of a reporter '*Have you got a good quotation from... ?*' [for example, a witness] ought to have the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* tossed on to the desk and be told to find one to match his/her prejudices.

In my copy of *Cassell's Modern Guide to Synonyms & Related Words,* published in 1971, I found this under the heading, '*Quotation blurb excerpt extract quote*':

'. . . *Quote* is an informal, shortened form of *quotation,* used in much the same way as the more formal word.

Its natural context is the field of journalism, where it suggests a brief comment by someone who has permitted its publication, either with or without attribution.'

English is a living language, and as a result is now the world's first language, however much we may deplore some of the corruption or inversion of accepted meanings (gay, or wicked, for example).

Don Briggs, Knutsford

Sir,

In the Letters section of your Spring issue Alexander Boot does a serious hatchet job on Ayn Rand: 'her philosophy is fundamentally pernicious', 'she is the Archangel of crude materialism', 'this objectionable woman', 'Rand fuses the values of cut throat capitalism with fascist philosophy', ' she matches the hateful rhetoric of her fascist contemporaries'.

No one is obliged to agree with Ayn Rand, but such an outpouring of insults, which are not accurate, suggests that Boot has some personal views involved. He does not make clear what he says Rand's theories are. Anyone who knows anything about her philosophy knows that her core belief was individual freedom. Why does Boot find that 'pernicious'? Why does that put her at the nexus of 'crude materialism?' It certainly makes her views opposite to all Fascist and Communist philosophies which are based on the elimination of all individual rights. So why is she this 'objectionable woman'? Boot then tries to blame her for the present crisis, on the grounds that she had a strong influence on Alan Greenspan. It is quite true that she did. However Greenspan, who was considered a conservative economist, made a complete U-turn once he had become Chairman of the Federal Reserve, and went the opposite of all Rand's theories. That is perhaps the reason for the present crisis.

Boot also tries to compare Rand to Marx: 'just like Marx, Rand creates an imaginary economic world that has little to do with reality'. Marx's economic world was certainly imaginary, because it was against human nature, but it was certainly opposite to Rand's because Marx envisaged the elimination of all individual freedom, whereas Rand stood for individual freedom, and a very free economic world. Boot says that 'she is as far from conservatism as it is possible to be'. Ayn Rand could not be more conservative. Is that not what conservatism is about – the freedom of the individual?

D P Marchessini, London SW1

Sir,

In the review of the book *The Big Society* by Jesse Norman (SR Spring 2011), there is no mention of the European Union. According to Anne Palmer, *Eurorealist*, March 2011, the Localism bill now going through parliament, which I presume is part of Cameron's 'Big Society', is yet another layer of EU Governance which will cost this country another £200 or so billion pounds.

If Cameron's 'Big Society is being pushed though with this localism Bill, it is just another Conservative trick in getting the UK to be a province of the European Union.

David Nixon, Newcastle under Lyme

Faith and Doubt

Ian Bradley

Souls in Torment: Victorian Faith in Crisis, Giles St Aubyn, Sinclair-Stevenson, 2011, £25.

As befits its author's status as a former head of history at Eton, this book is magisterial and Establishment-minded in tone. Its subject matter is much wider than the title suggests. It is a book about Victorian religious belief in all its facets, with lengthy sections on Evangelicalism and Anglo-Catholicism as well as on Positivism, spiritualism and atheism. There is far too much extraneous information and digression and it could have been usefully pruned. It is only on page 177, a third of the way in, that it begins to tackle the Victorian crisis of faith that is supposedly its main theme.

When Giles St Aubyn does eventually get on to this subject, he is covering ground that is already well trodden. Like others who have recently written in this area, he identifies three main reasons why Victorian believers slipped into doubt: inability to reconcile the idea of a good and benevolent God with the reality of suffering and evil – what he calls the morality of religion; questions over the historical credibility of the Bible in the light of Biblical criticism and the rise of the historical method; and the impact of science, especially the theory of evolution.

Although he has no substantial new revelations or ideas to offer, he covers the ground with thoroughness and clarity and is adept at the use of telling and moving illustrations. One such is the story of the dying clergyman in the early 1880s who sent for Edwin Abbott, a well-known liberal divine, and confessed that although an Anglican priest, he no longer believed in the Creed. He blamed his loss of faith on being 'taught to believe too much when young' and urged Abbott, who at the time was Headmaster of the City of London School, to ensure that his pupils were offered 'a religion that would wear'. Another moving encounter from the same period involved Queen Victoria and Tennyson discussing their belief that there must be another world 'where there would be no partings' and their mutual horror of 'unbelievers and philosophers, who would try to make one believe that there was no other world, no immortality, and who tried to explain everything away in a miserable manner'.

The book is delightfully peppered with quotations from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, although the numbers quoted suggest that the source here is the revised edition of 1972 rather than the original 1860 words-only edition cited in the bibliography. Overall, indeed, it has a rather charmingly old-fashioned quality. It relies almost exclusively on literary sources and shows a breadth and depth of reading. No use, however, is made of the statistical material which is so widely available for the nineteenth century and which might have been usefully deployed to confirm, or modify, assertions about levels of churchgoing throughout the period. It is also – and this is perhaps where the Eton Establishment bias comes in – very Anglo-centric and disproportionately focused on the Church of England. Nonconformity is treated rather cursorily and dissenting doubters not given their proper due. The contribution of Scottish churchmen to Victorian religious debate is not fully acknowledged. It is true that there are passing references to John McLeod Campbell, Hugh Miller and John Tulloch but there is no mention of the blind sage, George Matheson, whose 'Can the Old Faith Live with the New?' represented one of the most important attempts in the nineteenth century to reconcile Christianity with the theory of evolution.

There is also very little on Victorian popular and radical religion. Christian Socialism, which was as much a response to intellectual currents and rising religious doubt as it was to poor social conditions and inequality, receives much less coverage than it deserves and there is nothing about the revival in the latter decades of the nineteenth century of popular evangelical mission hall Christianity, epitomized by the Moody and Sankey rallies and Arminian rather than Calvinistic theology, which to some extent stemmed the tide of unbelief at least among the working and middle classes if not among the elite.

Despite its several lacunae and its excessive length, there is much to commend in this book. It provides a solid and readable guide through the many pathways of nineteenth-century religion and an eloquent reminder of just how seriously the Victorians took both their faith and their doubt. Indeed, the two were often intertwined. St Aubyn rightly reflects that 'one characteristic of Victorian doubt was its essential religiosity'.

I read most of this book with the sense that the author's own sympathies lay with the liberal Broad

Church figures who strove so valiantly and earnestly to hold a middle ground between Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic certainties and agnostic doubt and to embrace new movements of thought. In the concluding pages, however, while conceding that the 'Broad Church response to dealing with doubt achieved substantial success', he argues that the most satisfactory response to the Victorian crisis of faith 'seems to have been submission to authority'. The concluding sentence following a rather rapid run through some of the prevailing ideologies of the twentieth century, also seems to suggest a prevailing conservatism that will chime with many readers of the *Salisbury Review*: 'In matters of religion, as in other aspects of life, not every change is necessarily for the better'.

All Heaven in a Rage

Celia Haddon

Elephants on the Edge, What Animals Teach Us about Humanity, G A Bradshaw, Yale University Press, pbk, 2010, $18.
Nature Crime, How we're getting conservation wrong, Rosaleen Duffy, Yale University Press, hdbk, 2010, £25.

Happy, a thirty-something elephant in Bronx Zoo, stood in front of an elephant-sized mirror and investigated a mark on her shoulder. This single gesture moved her species into a very special category. Elephants are among the very few animals (including dolphins, whales, great apes and magpies) that are able to recognise their reflection in a mirror. Most animals and children below the age of 15 months cannot do this and mirror self-recognition suggests that the animal has a sense of self.

Why does it matter? The mirror test, together with a growing body of research into the firing of the brain, suggests that animals and humans have similar emotional make-up and that we can look at some of the similarities without being unscientifically anthropomorphic. This is the starting point of *Elephants on the Edge.*

One similarity between humans and elephants is their dependence on proper nurture by adults to grow up with the behaviour normal to their species. Almost all mammals require parental care to survive and most need help from other adults to learn the proper adult behaviour. Abused or neglected babies, whether human or elephant, may grow into disordered adults.

When mysterious rhinoceros corpses started appearing in a South African national park in the 1990s, they were testament to the importance of proper elephant parenting and nurture. The dead rhinos had not been shot by poachers: they had been gored to death by young bull elephants. One male had even been filmed copulating with a rhino. The young males had been moved from another park into this one, without any older elephants to mentor them. Like feral children, they had not learned proper elephant sexual and social behaviour. The park authorities, by simply dumping a lot of surplus youngsters in the park, had ignored the way their society was organised.

These intelligent beasts have been and still are abused and mistreated by humans. A head keeper at a reputable American zoo in the 1980s organised four men to chain and beat a female elephant for two days to 'discipline' her. The poor creature fell on her side and moaned with pain. Despite an outcry, he was not convicted of cruelty and he kept his job. G A Bradshaw asks how humans can bear to treat their 'pachyderm kin' in this way. Ironically our very love of elephants leads to cruelty. Asian elephants, used for temple ceremonies or for begging from tourists, are drugged with opium and sometimes die from exhaustion in the street. Zoo elephants that weave from side to side are responding to boredom and stress by so-called stereotypic movements, behaviour that is never seen among their wild relatives. Tourists may be cooing over baby elephants, while the parents are literally going mad in imprisonment.

Elephants in circuses suffer both confinement and pain. Circus elephant workers and mahouts still train their charges by the infliction of severe pain, because traditionally that is how it has always been done. Only now are some zoos (like Twycross in the UK) beginning to train their large animals using rewards instead of punishments. At last in Thailand a charity is educating mahouts in kinder training methods.

Elephants on the Edge is an extended essay on the relationship between man and elephant, which teaches us much about the arrogance and cruelty of *Homo sapiens*. Those who believe that man is the superior species and animals are just there for his use, will not enjoy G A Bradshaw's reflections on the way mankind can simultaneously enjoy the sight of these highly intelligent animals while colluding in their abuse.

Even successful elephant conservation throws up ethical questions. When the population in the Kruger Park, South Africa, increased from 8,000 to 12,000 elephants, the authorities announced that they would start culling them. The outrage from organisations like International Fund for Animal Welfare and the Humane Society of America was, according to *Nature Crime, How we're getting conservation wrong,* a good example of Western hypocrisy. These organisations

protested but would not pay for more humane alternatives.

Rosaleen Duffy's book is an attack on the animal conservation movement. Her thesis is that the rich Western world 'saves' iconic animals like elephants, tigers and rhinos at the expense of the indigenous poor. In order to set up parks for animals, they ruthlessly expel the local people, stop them hunting and eating local wildlife, criminalise them as poachers, and rarely provide good alternative employment. Her claim that 'violent methods can be used under questionable authority leading to serious human-rights abuses' is probably correct. However, she is remiss in building her case. For instance, she claims that in just two years between 1998 and 2000 the staff in Malawi's Liwonde National Park were implicated in 300 murders, 325 disappearances, 250 rapes and countless instances of torture and intimidation.

These figures struck me as so outrageous that I tracked down her reference. It turned out to be from a secondary source, which in turn led to an African news service report. A quick flip round Google then found a BBC report saying even the report's author subsequently admitted that only some of the allegations were true. Of course, even one rape or murder by park authorities is shocking. However, repeating unlikely figures from a science paper without checking up on their origins is academic recklessness.

One of her criticisms of conservation bodies is that they blame local poachers rather than pointing the finger at criminal gangs, rebel armies or the rich whose demands sustain the illegal wildlife trade. 'The factors that underpin and sustain conflict in central Africa need to be resolved before gorillas can be made secure,' she writes. This is possibly true but it's unrealistic to expect the World Wildlife Fund to fix peace in Africa!

Professor Duffy questions whether tourism can benefit the local people; neither is she keen on the idea of game preservation for rich hunters. She is unhappy with the idea that national parks are 'wilderness' areas, with animals rather than people, even though the success of the Kruger Park in reviving the elephant population suggests that this template works, if conserving animals is what you want.

She has no alternatives except unrealistic suggestions like the end of conflicts, a halt to international trafficking gangs and the end of the demand for banned animal products. She ignores many of the efforts that *are* being made to change that demand. For instance, scientists have established that buffalo horn works as well as rhino horn as an anti-inflammatory, and can thus be substituted for it in traditional Chinese medicine.

Even if elephants are saved from extinction, their future seems grim – kept as lifelong prisoners in tiny zoo enclosures or paraded on the streets for tourists. It says something about zoos worldwide, incidentally, that the same head keeper, who organised the two-day beating of a female elephant, now offers elephant consultancy services to other zoos. Bradshaw offers 'Ten Things You Can Do To Help Elephants' at the end of her book. Read it and do them.

Unintended Consequences

Anthony Daniels

The Servile Mind: How Democracy Erodes the Moral Life, Kenneth Minogue, Encounter, 2010, £15.99.

One of the main French national newspapers is *Liberation*, or *Libe* as it is colloquially known. Whatever the Maoist intentions of its founder, Jean-Paul Sartre, it is now, with the participation of Edouard de Rothschild's capital, a journal strictly for the bourgeois bohemian. It is not that a proletarian wouldn't be seen dead with it; it would never occur to him to buy it in the first place.

From what, or whom, does the bourgeois bohemian seek *liberation*? Can liberation be free-floating, without a definite object? The bourgeois bohemian is not in want, nor does he fear the midnight knock on the door, yet still he manages to feel that he needs liberating from something. That something is the sense of limitation that life itself places on us, for temporal and other reasons. You cannot remain young forever; if you go down one path, you cannot go down another; many opportunities are missed irreparably and for good; excitement and security are incompatible, and yet one feels a desire for both; the companionship of marriage destroys the freedom of unattachment; joy is fleeting and happiness is not appreciated while it is experienced; suffering is inevitable, almost a precondition of all that is most valuable; people are intractable and the best-laid plans go astray. There is a worm in every bud; this is unacceptable to people without a religious sensibility. The liberation that the bourgeois bohemian seeks is from the frustration, dissatisfaction and disappointment that is the inevitable concomitant of man's existence. Strangely enough, the nearest to a liberated man that he can think of is Silvio Berlusconi, a man more limitless, perhaps, than any since Tiberius.

The bourgeois bohemian is important because we are all bohemians now, at least in our minds and attitudes, even if we are proletarian and even if the exigencies of life sometimes (and oh how unjustly!) require that

we sometimes repress our inner bohemianism, and reduce it for a time to a rebellious earring or nose-stud that demonstrates that we wear a uniform only under protest.

In this bracing and frequently amusing book, Professor Minogue traces the origins and consequences of democratic liberation – not all of the latter being bad, except in the sense that, human existence being what it is, every benefit brings in its train some unforeseen unpleasant consequences.

It is the irony of democratic politics – that of universal suffrage – that politicians are compelled in the competition for power (or office) to offer the population more and more positive benefits and protections from the unpleasantnesses of life. If you belong to a group that is disdained by others (and, after all, we are each of us members of a group disdained by *someone*), the politicians will offer us protection from that disdain by making its expression illegal, and by the supposedly proper training of children, so that they can never even feel it when they grow up, if they ever do grow up. Starting from unlimited freedom, we end up with unlimited – if soft – despotism.

All the protections from various kinds of suffering, risk and inconvenience require large structures of regulation and control, so what starts out as a pious wish ends up as a bureaucratic monster with the replicatory powers of the Triffids in John Wyndham's novel. Hurt feelings come to seem as important and as traumatic as broken legs, and indeed are increasingly treated as such by the courts. They are grist to the bureaucratic mill. As more and more benefits and protections are offered by omni-benevolent politicians in search of votes, so official regulation enters ever more corners of our daily existence. Of course it remains a gross exaggeration to compare our situation with that of people living under a real Gestapo but there must by now be few of us who never watch *p*'s and *q*'s for reasons other than mere good manners. Successful self-censoring obviates the need for an obvious external apparatus of censorship. Our minds become servile.

Minogue traces the profound psychological and cultural effects of benefits distributed *as of right*, that is to say indiscriminately, to recipients. Quite apart from an oppressive tax-gathering system that such distribution necessitates, those who receive the benefits develop a new personality type, that of the permanent adolescent. With so much taken care of without any personal intervention or effort – pensions, education, health care, unemployment insurance, and frequently housing – income is akin to the pocket money children receive from their parents, to be spent on whimsical incidentals such as drugs and nightclubs. Desire becomes impulse; like the *Access* credit card, social security takes the waiting out of wanting. The family becomes redundant; the state is father to the man. Indeed, mothers come to see sturdy independence not as a family unit paying its own way in the world, but as a complete lack of contact with the man who inseminated her.

Democratic politics has changed the locus of moral concern of much of the population. While we litter our streets we expatiate on the harm mankind is doing to the environment (with a few fanatics hoping that man will die out so that the worms and the beetles can get on with it without the interference of DDT.) We are not only bohemians, we are all Mrs Jellybys. There is now almost an inverse law of moral motion: we feel responsible for things in inverse proportion to the square of their proximity to ourselves. This is simultaneously grandiose and belittling. It is grandiose because it suggests that we are responsible for everything, including what happened in the past; but it is belittling because we know in our hearts that we cannot make much difference. It also dissolves the true moral life because it allows us to behave badly while continuing to believe that we are 'ethical'. If I care so deeply about the fate of Darfur, or the Polar Ice cap, or the supposed genocide of the Tasmanians, does what I do in my little private sphere matter very much? Only *dépassé* Victorian moralists would even bother with such a trifle.

In what Minogue calls the 'politico-moral' view, it is morally vital to have the right opinions about such matters as poverty and global warming. This, in theory and often in practice, involves imposing restrictions on others from which those in the know are frequently able to benefit economically. In the process, they make an economy into something approaching a zero-sum game, but this is all right for them; there is no pleasure, after all, in being rich if others are not poor.

This book is that of a diagnostician rather than of a therapist, of a pathologist more than of a physician or surgeon. It is obvious that we cannot return to any past: to try to do so would be as utopian as to try to reach a futuristic blueprint for a perfect society. Our modern society is in many ways beguilingly comfortable, offering the most fortunate among us – those, for example, who read the *Salisbury Review* – many of the advantages of the past without its physical discomforts. But there is no disguising the underlying pessimism of Minogue's book, his distaste for the thinness of character that modern life seems to encourage *en masse*; however, there is a lot of fun to be had from cultural pessimism (far more than from optimism), and Minogue is both gloomy and full of fun. This is my favourite combination, for fun without gloom is like beef without horseradish.

Everlasting Discussion

David Conway

The Immortalization Commission, John Gray, Allen Lane, 2011, £18.99.

John Gray's highly readable book is about three misguided attempts to evade what he considers to be 'Darwin's lesson'. That lesson, Gray tells us, is 'that humans are animals, with no special destiny'.

The first attempt occurred at the turn of the nineteenth century, made by a group of eminent Victorian and Edwardian Englishmen interested in psychical research. They include such luminaries as Henry Sidgwick, Frederick Myers and Arthur Balfour. They hoped to establish the continuation of human life after death by sending messages to their living associates after their own demise via the automatic writings of mediums. They believed the elaborateness of these messages could irrefutably attest to their survival. Such 'cross correspondences', as their alleged communiqués were called, plus what their believed contents unwittingly disclose about the credulous psychical researchers who so construed them form the subject of the first chapter. With customary acerbic acuity, C D Broad explained how flimsy was their evidential value in a passage, written long after his early interest in paranormal psychology had waned, that Gray rightly quotes at much greater length than the following extract:

> If there be an after-world, the scripts must present an extremely narrow and peculiar corner of it. All the persons whom we meet in them are particularly cultured and intelligent members of the English upper or upper-middle classes... If all or most human beings survive the death of their bodies... they must be very unlike those gentlemanly and academic English... to which alone the scripts introduce us.

The second attempt to evade 'Darwin's lesson' was undertaken by the so-called 'God-builders', a group of early Soviet intellectuals who sought to perfect and indefinitely extend human life this side of the grave. Prominent among them was Anatoly Lunacharsky, the first Commissar of Enlightenment and also founder of the Soviet Committee for Psychical Research. A one-time theosophist and devotee of Nietzsche's *Übermensch*, Lunacharsky was among those Soviets for whom the goal of their revolution was 'the development of the human spirit into the "All-Spirit"'. They include rocket engineer Konstantin Tsiolkovsky who believed humankind would eventually not only colonise the Milky Way, but also overcome the constraints of embodiment and thereby death. As he put it in 1928:

> The conquest of the air will be followed by the conquest of ethereal space...[C]reatures will be born citizens of the ether, of pure sunshine and the boundless expanses of the cosmos... Thus, there is no end to life, to reason, and to the perfection of mankind. Its progress is eternal. And if that is so, one cannot doubt the attainment of immortality.

According to Tsiolkovsky, humankind's perfection required the 'liquidation of imperfect life', a stage in socialist omelette-making the Soviets turned into an art-form. For the few pages in which he recounts the still insufficiently widely appreciated enormity of their barbarous social experiment, Gray's book is worth buying alone. Not least among the God builders was Leonid Krasin, head of the so-called Immortalization Commission from which Gray derived the title of his book. Upon Lenin's death, it was charged with preserving his remains for possible resurrection, once the appropriate technology emerged. Other Soviet God-builders include Felix Dzerzhinsky, the first head of the Soviet secret police, the Cheka, forerunner of the KGB. He once candidly divulged:

> We represent in ourselves organised terror – this must be said very frankly – such terror is now very necessary in the conditions we are living through... It is useless to blame us for anonymous killings.

The third attempt to evade 'Darwin's lesson' that Gray considers is currently under way in America. It takes the form there of cryonic suspension, the freezing of cadavers to await eventual reanimation, plus the futuristic speculations of inventor Ray Kurzweil concerning eventual human-machine hybridisation by which, he supposes, humans will be able to endure indefinitely in computer-generated virtual realities of their own devising. Gray considers this latest attempt to evade 'Darwin's lesson' in the third and final chapter of his book. By far the shortest, it contains all the metaphysical meat. Gray argues not only that all such 'techno-immortalism' is implausible: humankind is likely to have destroyed its environment long before such technological feats become possible. He also argues the very attempt and wish to live forever to be misplaced. He concludes:

> We might live more calmly and also more pleasantly, if we could see more clearly that the self we want to save from dying is itself dead. Unhappily, we are too glued to the image we have made of ourselves to think of living in the present... If you understand that in wanting to live for ever you are trying to preserve

> a lifeless image of yourself, you may not want to be resurrected or to survive in a post-mortem paradise. What could be more deadly than being unable to die?

The trouble with Gray's conclusion, indeed a flaw vitiating his entire argument, is his uncritical assumption that Darwin did establish human life not as special, but destined to end individually and at the level of the species. That is how materialists and naturalists construe the implications of his theory but not how Darwin did, or Alfred Russel Wallace, the simultaneous co-discoverer of natural selection.

As Gray notes, Darwin expressed relief upon learning that the strange apparitions he witnessed at a séance were faked. Likewise, Wallace remained a fervent champion of spiritualism and of posthumous survival long after embracing natural selection. Furthermore, as Gray himself observes, Darwin's agnosticism sprang less from his biological theorising than from the untimely death of his daughter. Darwin's theory of evolution by no means establishes human mentality as insufficiently special or unique to make it plausible that we might survive bodily death. If so, whether we do, and in what form, might well not be up to us.

In supposing Darwin's theory establishes the non-uniqueness and purely material basis of all human mentality, Gray displays remarkable ignorance of the challenge posed to his own materialistic viewpoint by the research findings of Harvard evolutionary biologist Marc Hauser, and by the hylemorphism recently revived by the neo-Aristotelian philosopher, David Oderberg. Hauser observed in 2009 that:

> mounting evidence indicates that, in contrast to Darwin's theory of a continuity of mind between humans and other species, a profound gap separates our intellect from the animal kind.

Oderberg argues that abstract thought cannot be materially embodied, so that, unlike animals, the human mind must arise from some immaterial element.

Gray's book makes entertaining reading, but to be a serious voice in current scholarly debate, he needs to sets his sights higher than the pedestrian level of Richard Dawkins. He might yet then discern intimations of his own immortality and thereby reason to consider human life of greater value and significance than he does now. Consider these misanthropic remarks: 'A glance at any human should be enough to dispel any notion that it is the work of an intelligent being' and 'It makes more sense to ascribe intelligence to the unknowing planet than it does to witless humankind'.

Strangers in an exotic Land

Bernadeta Tendyra

Poles in India 1942-1948. Second World War Story. Based on archive documents and personal reminiscences, Association of Poles in India, 2009, £20.

This 'story', with its depths of horror and few cosy endings, traces the brutal wartime deportations to the USSR of between one and two million Polish citizens, followed in 1942 by the exodus to Persia of 110,000 soldiers and civilians – some of whom found refuge in the British Raj. This collective, weighty tome highlights aspects of Polish, British and Indian history forgotten by all but the exiles, for whom the 'Jewel in the Crown' became a blessed haven and an 'awfully big adventure'. There are well-sourced historical chapters as well as memoirs. Significantly, the Raj is seen through the eyes of exiles, who while grateful for sanctuary, empathised with the natives' quest for independence.

The 'ethnic cleansing' of Polish citizens of pre-war eastern Poland, which Stalin absorbed into the USSR in November 1939, is not so well known as the previous agonies like the Katyn Forest massacre. Harrowing journeys in windowless cattle trucks of whole generations of families to Siberia preceded their 'slow extermination' through cold, hunger, hard labour and disease. Contributors write movingly of robbed childhoods, starving babies with old men's faces, collective farms hundreds of miles from medical aid, and of survivors owing their lives to their mothers.

For a few, salvation came with Hitler's Panzers in June 1941. Operation Barbarossa triggered an alliance between London and Moscow, followed in July by a Soviet-Polish Pact between Stalin and Sikorski, the exiled government leader in Britain. A Polish army, formed in southern Russia and later Soviet Central Asia, lacked food, arms, equipment and ammunition, and departed for Iran in March/April and August/September 1942. In its wake went 36,000 dependents, including 20,000 children and youths.

For those who managed to flee the Soviet 'Eden', India and other British colonies became 'The Promised Land'. Yet London (and indeed the Indian government) was initially loath to receive civilians, as the British archives show: 'Are we going to get nothing but women and children? We must have the men.' Britain faced a grave Axis threat in the Middle East; hence it welcomed Polish soldiers but not thousands of dependents. Yet

the issue could not be avoided. The fate of army families threatened Anglo-Polish, Polish-Soviet and hence, Anglo-Soviet relations, and inflamed opinion within the 70,000-strong Polish forces evacuated from Central Asia via Iran to Iraq, amid concerns over their willingness to fight for King and Empire.

Why was the matter so pressing for the Poles? In her well-sourced chapter, historian Eugenia Maresch highlights youth's 'great potential for regeneration of the Polish nation', given Nazi-Soviet 'ethnic cleansing' of the Polish lands. At a June 1942 conference in Nairobi, Britain and the East African colonies, the two Rhodesias and South Africa reluctantly agreed to take the Polish children. India took 5,000 including carers, and later agreed to a further 6,000 (although the latter never materialised) – a collective figure deemed by one Delhi official the 'Polish invasion of India'

India and other British colonies undoubtedly spelled salvation for the war-torn Poles. For the first time in years, traumatised humans achieved the semblance of a 'normal' life, albeit in exotic surroundings – a slow, painful process that the book describes well. Skeletal youngsters rescued from collective farms and children's homes, covered in sores and lice, some not knowing their name, age or parentage, and with faces 'sad like death itself', began to flourish and grow. 'If not for war, its consequences and uncertain future', writes one ex-deportee, 'we would almost have been happy'.

The speed with which the Poles sought to reclaim their national identity, and to recreate their past lives – through language, customs, schooling, religion – testifies both to the pain of loss and the strength of roots. Witnesses to horror could begin to recover and grow. Schools, libraries, youth clubs, scouting, church, sport, culture, community – all helped to heal physical and mental scars, to fill huge learning gaps, and to give people joy and hope for the future.

Amidst their longing for family and roots, the young Poles could not help but marvel at enchanting India – their 'accidental' wartime home. There were such contrasts, from the baking heat of Sind to the monsoon deluge of Kolhapur. One former resident of the 'Country Club' writes of vultures swooping down to steal someone's dinner. Other deportees extol the 'fragrant flowers, the scent of which could cause headaches', the jungle flame trees that were 'literally ablaze', and the 'sugar cane plantations. Others compared India's splendour with their deeply missed if more prosaic homeland: '...even though surrounded by exotic Indian vegetation, we were drawing Polish poppies and marigolds, or snowy winter scenes'. The July 1943 death of Sikorski, the May 1944 Battle of Monte Cassino (in which many Poles perished), and the failed August-October 1944 Warsaw Uprising, deepened the sorrow of war.

Few young Poles fathomed the complex politics of vast, diverse India, or foresaw the bloodbath following the sudden end of the Raj. Many instinctively supported Gandhi and independence, so much so that in 1943, the Polish ambassador had warned his consul in Bombay against gestures of solidarity with the natives, which could impede the Allied war effort. With partition and independence in 1947, London in any case began reducing its commitments, particularly financial ones, to Polish refugees living outside their homeland. Officials of the communist government in Warsaw now staffed the Bombay consulate, albeit without jurisdiction over the camps. People with close family in Poland and/or with a burning desire to rebuild their shattered country, made their minds up quickly. Yet the *Kresy* (pre-war Poland's eastern borderlands) were now inside the USSR; hence, most deportees had nowhere to which to return. And few could accept the post-war order and a communist system that had wrenched them from kin and hearth. According to the book, just 473 *'Indiani'* opted for repatriation.

In London, Churchill supported the Poles but had lost power, while Attlee's Labour government urged them to go home to protect British jobs. Mercifully, the 1947 Polish Resettlement Act provided sanctuary for around 200,000 displaced Polish troops, who had fought under British command in various theatres of war, and who opposed the Soviet takeover of their homeland. It thus paved the way for transports to Britain of dependents – in India and other colonies – of soldiers already transferred to the United Kingdom. Some 17,000 family members had arrived by the end of 1947. Many Poles thus exchanged the wonders of the tropics for the harsh winters of a grey and straightened Britain.

This book resurrects a neglected subject, introduces the Polish experience of the Raj to an English-speaking audience. The primary sources are rich and varied, and include documents previously inaccessible in Poland, available after a 50-year gap in Britain, and derived from official collections in the USA and the archives of the 'Association of Poles from India'. It also features a list of Indo-Polish publications, a superb photographic record of the Indian sojourn, and some fine sketches by an artist who accompanied the returning *'Indiani'* to the sub-continent. The range of subjects, from world history to food management, gives a broad picture of the Poles' stay in India, while personal accounts convey warmth, atmosphere and colour. This 'marriage' brings the subject to life while preserving truth and memory.

It is a pity that the English language version is too long and repetitive and needs a professional editor speaking both languages to pull the thing together.

Some of the writing is superlative and tugs at the heart; elsewhere, petty grammatical errors mar the text. A list of archives consulted, a bibliography and an index covering subjects as well as names, would have been useful. Such flaws are regrettable if they discourage readers from tackling an important book. Not only does it present the novel Polish experience of India (and thus highlights the contrasting British perspective), but it is also an invaluable secondary source for historians in Poland and the West, who are beginning to explore this aspect of the war, Anglo-Polish relations and the Raj. The generation of young Poles who populated the camps is passing away, and with it disappears a repository of fact and memory that archives alone cannot recreate.

A shortened version of this review is on Amazon.

The Eastern Question

Penelope Tremayne

Levant, Philip Mansel, John Murray, 2010, £25.

This is a skilfully assembled book dealing not with contemporary Middle Eastern problems but with their origins. It outlines the disintegration of the western fringe of the Ottoman empire in the nineteenth century and the emergence of the Young Turks' revolution, which began in Salonika (where Kemal Ataturk was born); the formation of the independent states which fought each other in the Balkan wars of 1912 and '13; the vertiginous changes of status and aspirations, and the shifts from Oriental to European education and manners. Ataturk intended to weld Asia Minor on to Europe from the start; his successful seizure of power in 1918 meant the final destruction, and within twenty years the complete renovation, of the old Turkey. At the same time the abolition of the Caliphate, which was essential to that achievement, set the Arabs against their Turkish masters: Moslem against Moslem.

The author lays emphasis on the trade and communications on which the wealth of the Levant has been built, and highlights the political as well as the financial power wielded both by the European consuls and also by the great European import and export families, some of whom had lived in the area for generations. They directed much of the business of the Levant, somehow surmounting disasters and keeping the economic wheels turning. Something of their presence (I gather they have included some of Philip Mansel's kin) can still be felt in the seaboard countries, older and newer, that face each other so warily to-day.

Levant gives us glimpses of what was in many ways a golden age for this enclosed world, despite a history spattered with bloody episodes. In the backwash of the Greek War of Independence for instance, Chios, which was at the time a major Mediterranean port and not very nationalistic, indulged in a minor dust-up with Samos – a rather half-hearted affair: less than ten Turks were killed. Constantinople replied by massacring twenty-five thousand Chiots and enslaving fifty thousand others, mainly women and children: more than half the total population of the island. Mansel cites this episode as the first example of 'a phenomenon which would transform the Levant in the 20th century: the unmixing of people'. This is a striking phrase. One is aware of a very strong urge towards unmixing today, disastrous and horrifying as most of such processes have turned out to be.

Of the three cities, Smyrna, Beirut and Alexandria, chosen to illustrate these themes Smyrna perhaps emerges the most clearly, with its incomparable setting and the predominating Greek and Christian and French influences that formed it. Smyrna was sacked and burned to the ground in 1822, was re-born, and was again sacked and burned, even more devastatingly, in 1923. ('Prosperity', Mansel remarks, 'had been growing at the same time as the nationalism which was to destroy it.'

Modern Egypt 'was the creation of one man: Mohammed Ali'. This son of a Turkish tobacco-merchant from Macedonia was raised in Kavalla and first came to Egypt in 1801, as a lieutenant in an Albanian regiment sent to fight the French. There he 'saw an opportunity to use one province of the Empire to conquer the rest. This he did, always nominally on behalf of the ineffectual Khedive in Cairo but in practice entirely on his own authority. In 1822 he wrote with glorious condescension 'The Turks are members of our race' and described his conscripted Egyptians as 'Wild Beasts'. When he finally retired, after 48 years in power and with his mind failing, he was able to hand over to his son, who had already for some years been his Chief of Staff, a 'province' which encompassed as well as Egypt much of the Sudan, nearly all of the Levant and a substantial slice of Asia Minor. Perhaps Mohammed Ali was the forerunner of the European dictators of the twentieth century, though he was not a mass exterminator on anything like their scale.

Mansel, not a harsh critic, finds little to say in favour of modern Egypt, but what he does say is to the point and sometimes surprising. Of Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* he remarks that it 'is a political novel' in that 'a central theme is the minorities' determination, as the grasp of France and Britain weakens, not to be engulfed by the Arab (Muslim) tide. I doubt that Durrell, a deeply apolitical writer, saw that

as a central theme, but it is certainly a relevant one to today. Much in *Levant* confirms that Greeks and Turks, when they were not actually fighting each other, have managed on the whole to rub along without insulting or interfering much with each other's religion. Not so with Arabs, whom Greek and Turk alike seem always and everywhere to have detested (I have heard Greek peasants using 'Arabs!' as an even worse insult than 'Bulgarians!'). And Arabs do seem themselves to detest and despise all other breeds at all times, though they have always fought enthusiastically against each other and seem likely to go on doing so, whatever hopes there may be of a pan-Islamic super-glue.

The eastern Mediterranean region was the cradle of western civilisation; Mansel asks whether its inhabitants until recently believed 'that they were truly cosmopolitan, possessing that elixir of coexistence between Moslems, Christians and Jews for which the world yearns?' Perhaps they did briefly possess something like it. But does the world so yearn? Today it is claimed that London is, or is fast becoming and ought to be, a cosmopolitan city; and nothing is plainer than that the arrangement is displeasing to all sides and is driving their differences deeper year by year. In the Levantine countries meanwhile, many leaders concentrate upon destroying as many of the others as they can reach. Mansel describes vividly and heartbreakingly the senseless destruction of Beirut during the last four decades by self-proclaimed rival 'liberators' skilled in finding how to use the creeds for political ends. In the 1970s a government in desperation made it compulsory that the holder's religion be declared on every identity card. This told every gunman whom to shoot. 'Confessionalism – the foundation of the country – was literally killing its people. By November 1976 forty thousand had been killed and four hundred thousand or more Lebanese had fled to work in North America or the Gulf.'

Now and then to keep our spirits up Mansel allows himself a sardonic smile. Of one despairing situation he tells us that to an observer it might have been 'moustache against moustache. The Left wore thick moustaches, the Royal Right, thin ones, the Religious Right, Islamist beards.' (Information like this could be helpful almost anywhere nowadays.) And equally, referring to an earlier incident: 'Bloodstained brigands laid down their arms (or rather, those too old to be useful) and proclaimed their love of Liberty, Fraternity and Justice.' In how many places has that become a familiar scene? To read about all these things is like turning over the pages of a scarcely-faded old album, at other times like a preview of tomorrow's newspapers.

This book is contains very clear warnings – not less effective for their frankness – about the misuses that both religion and patriotism can be put to but it is definitely not light reading for a Mediterranean holiday.

I wonder if anyone will suggest bringing out an Arabic translation?

More Equal than Others

Richard Packer

Feminist Myths and Magic Medicine: Catherine Hakim, Centre for Policy Studies, 2010, £10.

In the last 25 years the Left has suffered catastrophic defeats in the economic and political spheres all over the world. Communism has all but disappeared, collective farms are a historical curiosity and capitalism has triumphed even in China, although extraordinarily, something that calls itself Communist remains in power. In the UK even the far Left are rather half-hearted in their economic critiques though recent economic woes have given them something of a second wind. There is no sign, however, that even the Labour party will adopt a thoroughgoing Leftist economic policy as they did as recently as 1983.

It is now widely recognised that repression and control are essential if left-wing policies are to be at all effective. So the policies are rejected unless people are absolutely desperate as arguably they were in, say, Venezuela. Where genuinely free choices exist people overwhelmingly choose free markets and political freedom, though tempered by varying doses of welfarism.

One of the most important, and widely ignored, facts of our age is that this triumph of the Right in economic and political matters is not replicated in social policy. There Leftist doctrines are dominant – indeed fashionable. The Right is either not represented at all or finds it difficult to make itself heard. The Left regards educational policy as 'theirs' as demonstrated by the howls of anguish and vitriol directed at the present government's modest proposal to allow parents and others to set up schools if they think they could do a better job than the local state provision.

The idea of the family as a basic unit is still rejected as is the defence of those welfare provisions which encourage fecklessness. Those of us on the Right know that people respond to incentives so we are not surprised that incentives to fecklessness result in more of it. The Left might not positively approve of fecklessness but they think that the industrious, including the poor among them, subsidising the feckless is a small price to pay for a correct social policy.

These widespread and misguided views derive from

the belief in equality. Everybody is the same, not merely mundanely in the number of arms and legs, but in their capacity for achievement. Since at the level of the individual this is such palpable nonsense that nobody will swallow it, the doctrine is slightly tempered. In the revised version all large groups are the same on average, irrespective of sex, race, natural endowment, educational achievement or anything else. It follows from this axiom that all differences in outcome between groups result not from relative merit or interest but from 'discrimination'.

This doctrine is, of course, just as much nonsense as the view that every individual is the same. However, refuting it can lead to some awkward questions which many people prefer to avoid. If one group consistently does better than another on some significant measure are we claiming that the former are more talented and/ or motivated in terms of the relevant characteristic? If the matter is important and sensitive this becomes a heavily loaded question especially if the particular groups have vociferous supporters.

Many people not on the Left, whatever their private views, prefer to shy away from giving a straight answer to these questions, but to explain outcomes by referring to environmental circumstances. (The Left, of course, 'knows' the answer. No; the cause is prejudice and discrimination from which only they are fortunate enough to be immune). The difficulty with the polite answer favoured by most is that if the obvious answer – yes – is ruled out then one has gone a long way towards accepting that an illegitimate cause, such as discrimination, 'must' be involved.

Differences in outcomes between the sexes come in for this treatment. Many commentators assume that they are frequently a result of discrimination, though this thesis is not followed consistently. There is no outcry that women are 'under-represented' in jail or among deaths on the frontline in Afghanistan but it is accepted without demur, that women are 'under-represented' in company boardrooms. This is the latest fashionable social cause so it is unsurprising that that fashionable figure, David Cameron, has appointed a fashionable banker to report on the matter. Since the truth of the conventional doctrine will not be questioned by Cameron or the banker the nature of the eventual report is drearily predictable.

Catherine Hakim's paper comes as a refreshing breeze into these rigid unreflecting assumptions She dismantles the entire Leftist edifice from an academic perspective. It is well-established by empirical surveys that a large majority of women do not have the same work aspirations as the majority of men. Chapter and verse are quoted. Inequality of outcome in senior boardroom positions is only to be expected and reflects women's wishes and ambitions. Most women place more importance on domestic concerns and the upbringing of children and do not resent the effect this has on their careers. In Hakim's view it is unfortunate that those few motivated and high-achieving women whose aspirations are the same as those of ambitious men have been allowed to dominate the discussion from the female perspective. The problem is that they unreflectingly and wrongly assume that all women think and aspire as they do.

Hakim says that women do care about equal pay for equal work, but adds that the evidence shows this has been achieved. She thinks there is no real need for any further initiative for sexual equality in the workplace. Much of the current political debate on the subject is irrelevant to the real interests of women or anyone else – and taken to its logical conclusion can only result in injustice.

I doubt if you will find this paper featuring prominently in discussions on women in the workplace either in the media or in Parliament. Hakim's facts and findings clash completely with the current fashionable assumptions and will be ignored. A paper which formed the basis for this booklet was rejected by a leading European sociology journal; most sociologists assume the truth of Leftist axioms and are often unwilling to examine evidence contradicting them.

This publication will make those of us who prefer not to live in a world where the untrue is constantly being asserted by the unthinking as true, feel a little better. It will have to suffice until the worm turns – as it will eventually.

Mother Courage

Merrie Cave

Stalin's Schoolboy, Roy Kerridge, Custom Books.biz, 2010, £12.

Every school holiday my grandchildren look forward to a visit from Roy Kerridge with his fund of enthralling stories and animal drawing tuition. In an ideal world he would be reading *Jackanory* on the BBC. An original personality with a curious mixture of childlike innocence and wordliness, he delivers razor sharp, but benevolent observations on the failings and foibles of right of centre London scribblers among others. He started writing as a teenager with an article for the *New Statesman* and has now written twenty books and many pieces for newspapers and magazines. His brother Michael is equally talented; he works for the

World Bank and is always abroad sorting out some unfortunate country.

Readers of Kerridge's previous volume, *Triumphs of Communism*, may remember that Roy's grandparents exemplified the strange misconceptions that immigrants have about English life. Although the family were firm communists, Roy's grandfather Adolf embraced Engels' side of the business with fish paste factories and property dealing. He later bought, rented and sold houses on a large scale, two houses in Rutland Gate being among them. Thea worked hard for the Communist Party of North Wembley but her bossy and naive mother Magda gave her disastrous advice and continued to influence her long after she was adult. She wanted her to marry a 'lord' and was deceived by Roy's father Sam with stories of 'halls and landed estates in Suffolk'. From being told never to help with the housework as servants would always take care of it, Thea herself later became a cleaning lady. The marriage did not last long; Sam kept his family short of money so Thea suffered from malnutrition because she gave most of the food to her boys. Roy was delighted that his mother was getting 'unmarried'. In spite of having the communist barrister Platt Mills representing him, the dishonest Sam made the great mistake of saying his father was a solicitor when he was only a solicitor's clerk so the conservative judge declared that such a person was not worthy of having custody of the children.

Thea's communist background and generous nature brought her into contact with Africans and other immigrants who were pouring into London in the fifties. Her snobbish parents were of course horrified and Roy and his brother had to keep their mother's activities a secret from their grandparents. Roy hoped that her first boyfriend, Joseph, a kind man from Nigeria, would take them to Africa but he told Thea that he could not possibly return to Nigeria with a white wife. There were many meetings organized by eminent Labour party politicians and others who were campaigning to 'rid Britain of its greatest shame, the British Empire'. Thea met John at one of them and fell in love with his fiery oratory. Unfortunately, unlike the gentle Joseph, John was a supreme rascal, dishonest and unfaithful among other sins. Magda declared that she would never speak to her daughter again so Thea now had to survive on her own. From being a respectable educated young woman – she was a very good linguist – she was plunged into a world of poverty and uncertainty. Sam had reduced her allowance to £2 and she now moved from genteel suburbia into shabby flats in rough inner London. As they had been married 'by African tradition', she was subjected to humiliations and even beatings from John. He was rarely with her, mostly going out to agitprop in one of his twenty-seven suits or visiting other ladies: 'As President of LAPFIT maintaining my integrity must be my first priority. I cannot be seen living with a white woman'. She now had to go out to work as a cleaner or go hungry. Later she had a job with the *Daily Worker* but was promptly sacked when she enquired about the source of its funds. 'The only paper owned by its workers' always rejected the charge that it relied on Moscow Gold.

Roy's experience of growing up in this strange milieu has provided him with an encyclopaedic knowledge of London's various ethnic groups and their customs and habits. Some of these have been described in *Subjects of the Queen* (Duckworth): 'English boy appalled at the prospect of an African stepfather then won over by the warmth and affection of the African'. In this book he describes the true-life version, ' English boy ecstatic at the prospect of an African stepfather, but disappointed and finally appalled at the outcome, not an easy tale to tell'.

There are some illuminating glimpses into 1950s London. Rent control since the First World War had made Islington a slum like many other inner London boroughs. Middle class people had fled to the suburbs during the thirties and forties so schools reflected the general down at heel ethos. Roy was unhappy at Highbury Grammar where he was bullied while his gifts were unappreciated by his teachers who carried on a 'never ending game of poker, all agreeing on the staff room motto: "I'd rather face the Hun than 4b"'. Later Roy went to Holloway Comprehensive where he could enjoy his brother's protection and idealistic teachers like George Rude who believed in the changes. One of the reasons grammar schools were said to need replacing was that that 'they turn working class pupils into middle class children, cutting them off from their own families'. However, huge comprehensives, as we know, did not provide a learning atmosphere and began 'a giddy descent into hooligan factories'. The idealistic teachers soon became disillusioned and left.

Roy and Michael spent the weekends in Hove with their grandparents and certainly Roy might not have survived his bizarre domestic circumstances if he had not been able to enjoy their 'earthly paradise' at weekends. Adolf and Magda wanted to become the boys' legal guardians so Adolf actually visited Myddleton Square to plead his cause, but was attacked by John with a knife. After the third baby Thea at last realized the truth about John and asked her father for help. To his surprise she insisted on keeping her children. 'Adolf, she cannot live anywhere near us if she has those children', declared Magda; so, much to Roy's delight, Adolf bought them a bungalow in

the country. Some neighbours were kind and others unfriendly for the district was becoming suburbanized and the family was classed as a problem one. People who found out where Adolf lived bombarded him with requests to have Thea and the children thrown out. 'Coloured children bring down the property values. Can't you keep those children indoors all the time?' Thea discovered Colin MacInnes's novel *City of Spades* describing in graphic detail the world of pimps, brothels and white girlfriends from which she had fled. Roy learnt from this book that all human beings are a mixture of good and evil and was grateful to MacInnes from preventing him from yielding to his grandparents' prejudices. Thea promptly wrote to MacInnes about her experiences and he came to see her; they corresponded for many years.

Meanwhile the grandparents remained totally estranged from their daughter, even though Roy and Michael went to and fro between Hove and Pupworth. Had Magda and Adolf not been so stupid they would have loved Thea's girls who grew up with ladylike accomplishments in dance, needlework and music. Adolf would have enjoyed listening to classical music with Musa, the boy who later became an architect and loved visiting Paris.

Thea is now over ninety and lives quietly with Roy in London. One would not think this sweet old lady with her bright intelligence, never fully exploited, had survived so many stormy emotional experiences. 'Courage, Mother Courage', wrote MacInnes in one of his letters.

Although this book is a good read, it needs some judicious pruning. There is so much detail that it becomes difficult to follow the narrative. The typography is slapdash and should be improved in the next volume.

The Philistine Temptation

A W Purdue

Lost Victorian Britain: How the Twentieth Century Destroyed the Nineteenth Century's Masterpieces. Gavin Stamp, Aurum Press, £25, 2010.

In St Pancras Station a sculpture of a benevolent-looking John Betjeman stands gazing at what is a most effective synthesis of renewed Victorian grandeur and modern transport. Not a mile away from the masterpiece he did much to save from desecration is the place where once stood the magnificent Greek revival Euston Arch, or more properly, Gavin Stamp tells us, a propylaeum rather than an arch, a masterpiece that Betjeman and other conservationists failed to save.

The photographs in this fine book remind us of an inheritance that was wrested from us by the architectural vandalism which began shortly after World War II. What the *Luftwaffe* failed to do, the destruction of Britain's towns and cities and their best buildings, was achieved by the architects, planners, local authorities, property developers and politicians in the post-war world.

Stamp has written an excellent account of the way this destruction was allowed to proceed and why until the 1980s there was so little opposition to it. He focuses upon the way in which Victorian architecture was perceived, particularly by architects, architectural historians and town planners, as aesthetically hideous and somehow morally suspect for much of the twentieth century. Such views were part of a wider reaction against all things Victorian. Never has there been such a reaction against the values and achievements of a period than that which was begun by the children of the Victorians. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* was one of the most influential debunking exercises of all time and sounded the trumpet for a charge of the intelligentsia, which destroyed for decades any admiration for what Bloomsbury saw as the stern and unimaginative figures who had created the world, which it was its mission to destroy. In architecture the reaction against Victorianism was extreme and a new aesthetic demanded plain lines and truth to materials, while the historicism and ornamentation in which Victorian architects had delighted were to be eschewed.

Even many of the heroes of the long struggle to preserve Victorian buildings came only gradually to a commitment to preservation and had to struggle with their own earlier convictions. So innate had anti-Victorianism become to any definition of a right-thinking modernist and so loud were the cries of derision at the most modest attempts to defend examples of Victorian architecture that careers could founder as a result. Few young scholars or professionals enjoy being considered old-fashioned. The young Betjeman was not alone in having to shed the blinkers imposed by the anti-Victorian zeitgeist before he found his voice as defender, not just of major Victorian buildings, but as the champion of nineteenth-century suburbia, while Nicholas Pevsner only gradually discovered the virtues of hitherto despised buildings. The Victorian Society, founded in 1958, realising the horror evoked by the very word 'Victorian', was careful to disavow any intention of supporting the preservation of the period's architecture as a whole but only those examples which were 'great works of art', some of them 'landmarks in our architectural and artistic history'. As Viscount Esher told members, it

was exciting 'to be just in time to save what will be admired tomorrow'. There was, indeed, just enough time to save many fine buildings and a great debt is owed to the society for their preservation, but it was just too late to save many others.

This lavishly illustrated book shows us what we have lost: railway stations, schools, hotels, public and private institutions, churches, and houses. An almost random selection from the book's photographs includes fine buildings from many towns and cities such as: the Coal Exchange, the Imperial Institute and New Zealand Chambers in London; Birmingham Central Library and Town Hall; Queen's Park Church in Glasgow; and the Swan Arcade in Bradford. All are now demolished.

Stamp concentrates rather too much on one side of the equation, the lack of respect, almost even hatred for Victorian buildings by supposedly informed opinion, as opposed to the obsession with the modern which completed it. The demolition of so many fine buildings was part of a zeitgeist that went deeper than a prejudice against Victorianism and was a desire to escape from the past. In politics Marxism was a manifestation of this trend. In literature and in all the arts rules and conventions were abandoned. A totally new environment was needed before a less individualistic society could grow, so the destruction of fine public buildings went hand in hand with the post-war demolition of acres of terraced housing in towns all over Britain and their replacement by bleak blocks of flats. Town dwellers must be trained to live in high-rise flats rather than yearning for urban cottages with gardens. The influence of Corbusier was pervasive.

Of course many of the buildings discussed in the book replaced earlier buildings and the Victorians themselves can be accused of philistinism, but few ages that have confidently torn down established buildings have had so little of value to put in their place. Nor was it only Victorian buildings which were demolished with zest. Newcastle upon Tyne is described by Stamp as a 'great Victorian city' but in architectural style there was very little about Newcastle that was Victorian for the classical style which marked the development of central Newcastle in the early nineteenth century (1830s and 1840s) was continued in later Victorian developments. Nevertheless, in the late 1960s, the notorious T Dan Smith, presided over a re-development of the city which involved the destruction of some of its best Regency and Wilhelmine buildings.

Among the worst villains in this sorry saga were politicians, local and national. If Labour councils set about this task with zeal, Conservative administrations were no better; Conservative governments seemed determined not to conserve. As Stamp demonstrates 'modernist-inspired utopianism' accompanied a boom in property development during the Macmillan era with destructive effect; Geoffrey Rippon as Minister of Public Buildings and Works had plans in 1963 to demolish the Foreign Office. The Victorian Society did much to save that fine building and most of Whitehall.

Thanks to the Society, the remorseless urge to destroy much of the urban environment was flagging by the 1970s. That St Pancras Station was not just saved but reborn owed much to widespread regret at what had gone and in particular to the lost battle to retain the Euston Arch. Gavin Stamp's *Lost Victorian Britain* pays tribute to those who worked so hard to save much of the architectural heritage, while its illustrations and photographs remind us of what was senselessly destroyed.

In Debt we Trusted

Christopher Arkell

The Crisis Behind our Crisis, Alexander Boot, St Matthew Publishing Ltd, 2011, £10

'A church debt is the Devil's salary'. Henry Ward Beecher's apothegm does not appear in Boot's meditation on the world's current condition, but it is apposite to his dominant theme – that the debt crisis of 2008 is simply yet another gross manifestation of the moral collapse of the formerly christian West. Boot's broad brush paints a vivid, if stark, canvas on which Europe and America have become virtual simulacra, lands of cloud capp'd palaces on buy-to-let mortgages founded on the airy nothings of bits of paper covered with complicated but nonsensical calculations.

This state of affairs has come about, according to Boot, because Christendom has abandoned – at first gradually, then in the last century or two, increasingly rapidly – what he calls the 'first metaphysical premise', which is that mankind is created in God's image and has been created to fulfil a mission assigned by God. 'As this mission is eternal, it does not end with physical death. Thus there is no such thing as a happy end to one's life. If it is to be happy, it is not the end.' Instead, we have whored after the now no longer strange gods of materialism. 'A man lives his three-score years and ten and then becomes fertilizer.' Materialism encourages us to pursue happiness in this world, with the toys and gewgaws we make for ourselves or find around us. The world's latest economic crisis is therefore not economic but spiritual and this point is driven home on each of this book's 321 pages.

As readers of his previous book-length essays will

know, Boot is at once a forceful polemicist and a historian of ideas with an aphoristic turn of phrase. Sometimes this habit can lead to short-cuts which will take a reader's breath away. 'Perfect life can only be achieved by perfect people, and few of us fit that description.' The rest welcome any excuse to practise what they do not preach. As a result, many Protestants used their religious freedom to steer clear of the more taxing demands on their lives. In heeding Calvin's simple explanations, they slit their own religious throats with Occam's razor.' The only response to such verbal shadow-boxing, is St Antony's famous examination paper exhortation – 'Discuss'.

Nevertheless, Boot achieves his overall purpose with vigour and much wit. He shows, clearly enough, that Christendom has been defeated by materialism to the great detriment of any form of civilised society. His remedies might be argued over in their details but his final plea has the astral clarity and simplicity of a man whose faith is firm and whose convictions are honourable. 'We shall be able to do all those things [that the materialist claims will bring us contentment] without destroying either our souls or our societies. I claim this on good authority: '.... With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible.' (Matt. 19:26).'

TELEVISION

All Sheikhed Up

Myles Harris

Until recently the only alternative to the BBC TV news, Sky and CNN has been Channel Four or ITV. Channel Four News is professional and informative but broadcasts at an awkward time. ITV is like watching the *Daily Mail.* Now thanks to Britain's switch from an analog to a digital TV signal the choice of serious news channels has expanded. You can watch the news in English from Moscow, Paris, America or the Middle East. The most striking and surprising of these stations is Al Jazeera, broadcasting from Doha in Qatar.

Al Jazeera was founded in 1996 when a joint venture between the BBC World Service and Saudi TV collapsed due to Saudi demands for censorship. The new station which began broadcasting in Arabic was funded by the Emir of Qatar, Sheikh Hamad bin Khalifa, 'who believed that a free press complemented his vision of the emirate as a centre of commercial development and progress'. The English service began in 2006 and broadcasts from Qatar, Washington, London, and Kuala Lumpur on a daily cycle.

Tune in and you will find yourself watching a well-informed and professional news service. The presenters are either Arabs with British or Australian private school accents, British middle class men or women plus a handful of Americans, Asians and Africans. They are of all colours, shapes and ages, all highly educated, well informed, enthusiastic and, it appears, even handed. The dress is western, smart suits for the men and fashionable dresses for the women. The English is faultless and there is not a burka in sight. The station's coverage is not confined to Asia and Africa: it airs European stories and those from the Far East and the Americas.

Al Jazeera's coverage of the Arab revolt is striking. It relies on its own reporters when it can place them, and if not on a web of local contacts. The reporters do not seem to be easily frightened. The sight of one of the station's young British female reporters, scared but determined not to appear so, reporting on the NATO bombing of Tripoli was inspiring.

Her job, and that of every journalist, is to get something into print (or on TV) which somebody would prefer you not to see. Al Jazeera does this with panache, and in the process had made many enemies. Algeria famously switched the power off in five cities to prevent one of its broadcasts. The Americans bombed their offices in Afghanistan, while Saudi Arabia has tried to strangle the station by using its influence in the Gulf to prevent anybody advertising on the new channel. For good measure Al Jazeera is also loathed by Israel, which has accused them of being the mouthpiece of Hamas and occasionally banned their reporters. In the programmes I have watched Israel does not feature often and the reporting seems even handed. The last report I saw was footage of an alleged killing inside an Israeli jail. The Israelis will not love them for that. Nor is Al Jazeera popular among African despots. It recently broadcast footage of President Museveni of Uganda declaring there would be no demonstrations on his streets alongside pictures of his police beating stall holders and opposition politicians in Kampala.

Why is Al Jazeera better than the BBC? The BBC is Labour's mouthpiece and makes almost no attempt to

hide it. This results in its overseas stories betraying a distinct twist, a twist that reinforces the importance of multiculturalism, closer union with the EU, but above all lays the blame for disease, death and poverty in the Third World squarely on the shoulders of the West. Foreign news stories on the BBC as a result tend to be a search for evidence of that guilt.

The BP oil rig explosion in The Gulf of Mexico was a good example. Here was a very symbol of Britishness – although BP is not a British company – caught damaging the pristine natural and racial ecology of the Gulf of Mexico. To the jaded western palates of the metropolitan left the fishermen living on the Gulf were pleasingly 'authentic' looking. Even though they fished from massive crayboats, drove air-conditioned Chevvies and processed fish faster than a Japanese super trawler, they had had their living snatched from them by a wicked Western Oil Company and were therefore perfect victims. There was much footage of an oiled sea bird, except that it was one of only a handful of oiled seabirds on a coastline thousands of miles long, and of the rig which was operated not by BP but by a US company, and interviews with people making ludicrously exaggerated claims clearly egged on by greedy lawyers. Now, a year on, the natural ecology of the region has almost completely reasserted itself, and it is no longer clear that BP was directly responsible for the disaster. Nor was any attempt made by the BBC to investigate whether many of the claims made against BP were justified, or to speculate whether President Obama, as he crouched on an oil-stained beach for a photo opportunity, was engaged in Brit bashing to boost his election prospects or to cover up the failings of US companies.

Al Jazeera's fresh, less politically incestuous style has paid off. It is fast becoming the station of record in the Middle East. Whether its clarity of delivery will last is hard to tell. TV is a medium which by its nature either descends into triviality, like British TV, or becomes so saturated with advertising it is impossible to watch as in the US. So far this has shown no sign of happening, but will depend if it can hold its audience and how willing Europeans and Americans are to change ingrained viewing habits. Conservatism can hide political lethargy. It is comforting, even addictive, to have a left wing punch bag like the BBC no further away than your TV remote. With somebody else to blame you don't have to do anything yourself. People should change their viewing habits and begin looking around this new electronic landscape.

"If the NHS is to remain free at the point of delivery then we must make the point of delivery increasingly inaccessible."

Beauty among the Beasts

Jonathan M Paquette on Classical Realism

Everyone has opinions on Western art and its current state. Among traditionalists, one need only utter the phrase 'Turner Prize' to gain a pained look or acid comment on Tracey Emin or Damien Hirst's latest creation. Conversely, cultural leftists and Tate Modern mandarins often deride nineteenth century academic painting and representational portraiture as dull, or reactionary. That which is perverse and calculated to shock often finds great favour in their eyes. Francis Bacon kept a photographic still of the screaming nurse in Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* in his studio. Her wide-open, screaming mouth and blood-soaked eyes apparently inspired him to paint more pictures of writhing, tortured figures. Although perhaps appropriate for the jacket covers of Clive Barker horror novels, they are certainly not 'perspectival inquiries into late capitalist modernity' as pompous curators would put it. The Young British Artists of the Nineties took this trend to an extreme with Damien Hirst's *A Thousand Years* and Marc Quinn's *Self*, which incorporated the hitherto neglected media of maggots and human blood. Calculated to shock, these works stand in radical opposition to a longstanding tradition of European art beginning in Classical aesthetics and reaching its peak in the late nineteenth century.

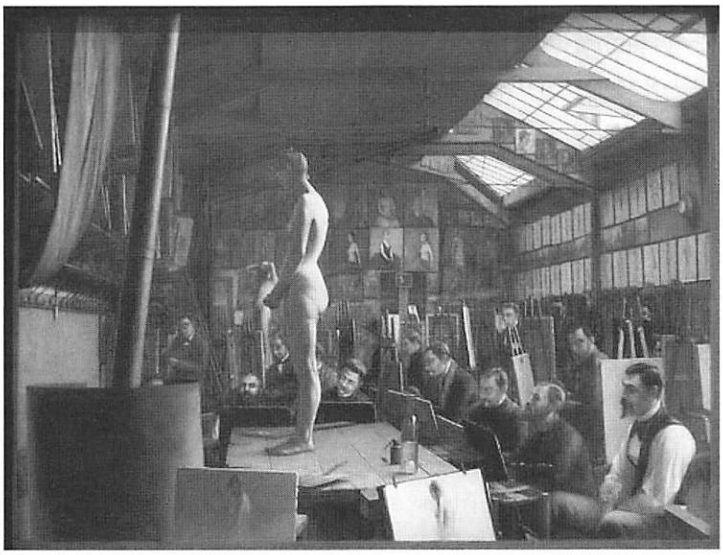
Fortunately, contemporary art of this sort does not hold absolute hegemony over the art world. In the sixties a small movement arose in America, which sought to recover a lost heritage of both formalized artistic training and technique. Dubbing themselves 'Classical Realists', these artists sought to revitalize traditional painting by incorporating elements from previous golden epochs of Western art. Respectful of what past accomplishments teach us, Classical Realist artists replace disorder with graceful symmetry and bring a keen sensibility focused on beauty and human dignity to their works. If art is to be rescued from its current dearth of talent and aesthetic sensitivity, it must come about through a recovery of older artistic traditions and methods. Classical Realism offers a new renaissance within representational painting, portraiture and sculpture. Largely ignored by the art establishment in New York and London, it has ensured that honest artistic creation and criticism still exist as a credible subculture. If one knows where to look, art worthy of the *École des Beaux-Arts* can be found and appreciated.

Although largely scorned as backward reactionaries and nostalgics by elite art critics, Classical Realists have successfully breathed new life into almost forgotten practices and made gallery visits palatable for traditionalists. This art movement started in provincial, conservative Boston instead of New York or London. Artists who had originally studied at the *École des Beaux-Arts* successively trained other Boston artists, which created a generational tradition of realist artistic representation. Protected against radical art movements by the traditionalism of elite Yankee patrons, these artists cleverly taught the techniques of academic painting to their protégés. Establishing the *Classical Review Quarterly* in 1982 and creating a network of sympathetic ateliers, their efforts have created a vital subculture of traditional art for discerning collectors.

Classical Realism offers a radically different approach to artistic training because of its hierarchical pedagogy and respect for past masters. Contemporary art often places undue emphasis on the artist as a spontaneously creative individual who need not be fettered by past traditions. In contrast, Classical Realism recognizes that the art student needs to be taught by experienced instructors and the Classical Realist schools imitate the formalized atelier training of the nineteenth century. Students begin their education with intense observation of both nature and the human form with a keen emphasis on classical symmetry. Influenced by Johann Winckelmann's conception of Hellenic art, Classical Realists seek to emulate the achievements of the ancient world. Examining both ancient and neoclassical sculpture, students learn the fine points of detailing the human body and its movements within their artwork. Intensively studying skeletal and musculature construction, they soon understand man's and nature's physical complexity and effective ways of representation through charcoal and oils.

For the first year, students complete master copies of works and practise drawing using charcoal or graphite. Often cast drawings are created, which are usually representations of a sculpture from classical antiquity.

Students learn to translate three-dimensional forms on to a two-dimensional surface. While they practice, the atelier master demonstrates finer points of detail and shadowing and then how to organize their drawn lines into recognizable shapes. The combination of lines into fixed forms creates images, which are decoded by the eye and identified. Students also learn to measure proportions and distance within their work in order to ensure accuracy. In the second year, they focus on grisaille, which is painting with a monochromatic palette of black and white allowing for greater fluidity of style. The subject matter alternates between life models and still life in order to keep in practice with multiple forms. The experience of paint and brush the second year provides a transition between beginning and advanced studies.



In the third year the students are provided with oils and canvases to begin painting in detail. Copies of increasingly complex paintings show the finer principles of chiaroscuro and trompe l'oeil. Frequently the examples depict classical or medieval settings so that students learn costume and architectural details for future works. Working six hours a day for five days a week provides an intense education that will last a lifetime and is invaluable in encouraging natural artistic talent to fully blossom. For the final year, students combine the techniques they have learned to create original works of art. This allows the student's own tastes to influence his depiction and sense of colour, for example preferring darker pigments to create specific moods while others enjoy lighter elements. Styles like Rococo may be preferred to Gothic Revival. All Classical Realist artists have passed through the same rigorous training and can talk about many techniques and forms. This creates a sense of camaraderie like the art schools of Europe before the 1870s.

Although their paintings are recognized by conservative art connoisseurs, Classical Realists are sneeringly described as reactionaries and antiquarians. Many critics prefer the plasticine superficiality of Jeff Koons or the deviances of Grayson Perry. In any age including our own decadent times, many people still appreciate the Western artistic tradition and think the talents seen at the National Gallery and the Met do not exist today. Classical Realism assures us that all is not lost within the art world. A network of persevering ateliers provides the training to artists who want to 'paint as the Old Masters did'. The Grand Central Academy of Art and New York Academy of Art in Manhattan and the School of Representational Art in Chicago offer the best training for emerging Classical Realist artists. There are also smaller ateliers in Seattle, Minneapolis and Philadelphia. In the UK the London School of Representational Art in Clapham provide a traditional subculture within British art. In Europe, Charles Cecil Studios and the Angel Academy of Art in Florence and Studio Escalier in Paris offer training for Continental artists. These ateliers regularly communicate with one another and are united by their love for traditional painting and continue to provide an alternative for those weary of the Tate Modern's collections. Classical Realist artists are also represented by an array of galleries in America and Western Europe. Hirschl & Adler Galleries in New York and W H Patterson Gallery in London are the major sellers. W H Patterson successfully represents major traditional painters including Trevor Heath and John Batty. Hirschl & Adler does the same in Manhattan. Graydon Parrish and Frederick Brosen are a refreshing change from the contemporary art of Chelsea galleries.

The quality and nature of representational art has become degraded. What was once considered hideous and gauche now sells for millions of pounds at leading auction houses. Often adhering to radically leftist beliefs, artists peddling mass-produced junk are considered geniuses by foolish curators. Since the end of the nineteenth century, Europe's artistic heritage has been challenged by those who consider traditional painting to be obsolete. The struggle is not over and right-thinking people must not abandon this cultural battlefield to be taken over by the Left. Classical Realism allows us to escape the labyrinth of deviancy and self-indulgence.

Jonathan Paquette is a graduate student at Brown College.

Double-breasted Flair

Nigel Jarrett

Cardus: Celebrant of Beauty, A memoir by Robin Daniels, Palatine, £25.

Professional music critics claim some authority for useful discrimination – useful to their readers, that is. Yet in the ranks of newspaper critics there are people, like me, who have no advanced executive ability as musicians. This is particularly true in the provinces, where one is always being asked if one plays a musical instrument or sings, the implication being that, if one doesn't, any authority claimed must be forfeited. That the question is asked indicates that times have changed.

Although the Jungian analyst Robin Daniels received formal instruction in piano-playing and composition, he is more widely known as a writer on music, and as a young man was music critic of the *Coventry Times*. His idol was Neville Cardus, of the *Uber*-provincial *Manchester Guardian,* the successor as music critic on that newspaper to Ernest Newman and Samuel Langford. Cardus, of course, the son of a prostitute and a school-leaver at thirteen, was a man in whom most expectations of the kind here noted were rendered complex. The niceties of one's own abilities as musician did not detain him. He was after deeper stuff, and with profundity and aesthetics he was at home in a region beyond the ken and interest of most performers, minor and stellar. As Bernard Shaw the music critic spluttered in a similar context, the joke was not that he (Shaw) knew nothing about music but that, contrary to the evidence, he knew everything. However, Shaw was always a basket case.

As with music, so also with cricket. Cardus once told Kenneth Loveland, my predecessor as music critic of the *South Wales Argus* and a keen sportsman, that a cricket match resembled a symphony, with its drama, architectural span and restful *longueurs*. (The short, twenty-over game would presumably have been a scherzo.) Cardus, too myopic to play the game at any kind of level, was nonetheless knowledgeable enough to be coach, commentator and theorist. He counted the great Bradman among his top-flight cricketing friends. Daniels recruits Andrew Flintoff, Dennis Silk (remember him?), Colin Davis and Daniel Barenboim among a multitude of forewordsmiths.

One thus looks for, and generally finds, evidence that Cardus had something important to say about aspects of both disciplines. Dare one also suggest that the book's welter of adulation might conceal the kind of evidence about him that a latter-day Lytton Strachey would employ to subvert his eminence? Cardus's 'advice' to Kathleen Ferrier on what to do with her hands during a recital has always seemed to me to be ludicrously preposterous; either that, or his expertise and renown were greater than anyone could have imagined. Today, the internet allows everyone to be a critic, and newspapers suddenly seem to be not bastions of authority but obstacles to plurality, the *Guardian* included. What to do with one's hands is, for singers, now a question to be answered by multiple, accessible and expert voices worldwide, not to mention that of one's anonymous singing teacher. In any case, what the singer's hands are doing in the middle of a Schumann song seems immaterial.

Daniels, having been a personal friend of Cardus and in thrall to him, accepts his subject's virtues as unsullied and sets them in the context of what other luminaries have said about them in different epochs: Pater and Hazlitt on style and eloquence; Santayana on experience; Schopenhauer on original thinking; Walter Scott on enthusiasm. And the enumerated qualities find echoes in the art of others, from Shakespeare to Matthew Arnold to Keats, not necessarily as comparisons but as illustrations. The reader doesn't have to take Daniels's word for it, as there are quotes aplenty from Cardus himself to prove the points, at least to the author's satisfaction. Daniels is nowhere dissatisfied with his hero, often displaying a variety of what Mark Twain called 'the leap exuberant' in referring to him sometimes as 'Cardus', sometimes as 'Neville'.

One hates to be churlish about such an informative and well-produced book. Cardus wrote three volumes of autobiography, is himself the subject of a biography and holds forth in Daniels's *Conversations With Cardus*, published in the 1970s just after the older man's death. There are also many books on music by Cardus himself. From all these we have been able to arrive at our own conclusions and make redundant what in this book tends towards hagiography. But enough is patently not enough. Most of the book is about Cardus the music critic. The balance, for one who thinks of sport nowadays as aggressive, ungentlemanly and

in no need of literary finesse to describe it, seems about right. In the same way, Cardus's dichotomy of interest must be reflected for modern readers in the relationship between his work as a writer for newspapers (tomorrow's wrapping-paper) and the form (now largely absent from the public prints and referred to pejoratively as 'fine writing') in which he was allowed to express himself.

Perhaps it is to Cardus's credit that he can not only inspire undying devotion and hero-worship but also find himself vindicated by his intelligence and level-headedness. This is despite the book's plethora of prefaces and testimonials, over which an editor might have hovered with more brutal intent. Daniels's own thoughts on musical aesthetics and criticism are as interesting as anyone else's, and the greatest service he does the reader is in opening up a vast area for reflection and discussion of music (not so much of modern cricket, one feels), at the centre of which is one of its legendary expositors. Exposition, even for one as stylish and questioning as Cardus, had its line in the sand, and this was drawn below the Second Viennese School and atonality. For readers who are being told that the man's insights were extraordinary, the information comes as a shock but is noted only briefly on page 127 of a 452-page book. It is surely of greater significance; not that it rendered Cardus's views on music he liked any less authoritative. Stockhausen took him to task over his prejudices, but Cardus's riposte that he would pay the composer for lessons if he could teach him to write like Franz Léhar now seems pompous and ill judged.

Most of Cardus's heirs in the printed Press, though denied the temptations of generous column lengths, do appear to recognise that the Emperor is not always and unconditionally in the buff. They are not only celebrants of beauty but also advocates of broad-mindedness and perseverance. Even so, Cardus is still one of my heroes too; I salute this book as a compendious tribute to him. Yet his stature, prose style and double-breasted sartorial flair, if not his understanding, belong to what Sir Harold Evans calls 'vanished times'. Many would will their return, if only to re-establish a relationship between reader and writer that was not infected by cynicism from both parties. Newspaper music critics today often feel that they are being outflanked and outsmarted by their internet colleagues, and the newsprint on which their words appear is looking more and more obsolete. When one belongs to a select bunch of pontificators, one's authority can appear impregnable. However, a typewriter's obsolescence does not mean that one can no longer write great prose on it.

Half the royalties from the book's sales are being divided equally between Lancashire County Cricket Club's Academy for promising young players, and the Charles Hallé Foundation for spreading enjoyment of music through concerts and education. Neville Cardus would have approved.

Nigel Jarrett is a freelance writer and music critic, and winner of the Rhys Davies Prize for contemporary short fiction.

IN SHORT

Big Brother Watch, Alex Deane (ed), Biteback, 2010, £9.99

While I have been reading this book on civil liberties in Britain today, the newspapers have been full of debate on the rights of prisoners to vote. As I read, an image of a prison came to mind but it was no prison ever built. *The Panopticon* was designed by Jeremy Bentham in 1785 as a prison in which an observer can see all the inmates without their knowing they are being watched. There is much evidence in this book, that there is one surveillance camera for every fourteen people in the UK. There are over forty pieces of information which airlines have to give on anyone leaving the country so that this country is set on becoming the first Panopticon nation.

Of course, many of the limits on our freedoms come from Europe, as this book makes clear. Others are hangovers from the Blair/Brown years. It seems the jury (if we are still entitled to those) is out on the extent to which the coalition intends to put things right. Damian Green, who has in a short time gone from being arrested for making a fuss about immigration to becoming Minister for Immigration, has a unique perspective on these matters and contributes an encouraging essay on the role of freedom and individual responsibility in creating a strong society.

However, few of the writers here are prepared to accept at face value that the government will improve things without being held to account and it is heartening to read of the organisations which are taking on this task, from No2ID to Privacy International to the

Manifesto Club.

They have their work cut out but there is some cause for hope. If a tougher line is taken with the biggest bully of all in Brussels the message of a culture change may filter down to those referred to by Alex Deane as the 'man from the council on steroids' spying on people putting out their rubbish. There is thankfully some evidence here that the British people are too unregimented to put up with much of this. The alternative is unthinkable. As Guy Herbert reminds us, in *1984*, Winston Smith came to love Big Brother. Fortunately, there seems little danger that Britain will be the first nation to submit en masse to the Stockholm Syndrome.

Brian Eassty

A Partial Vision: English Christianity and the Great Betrayal, Peter Mullen, 2010, £10, (The Watch House, 10 Giltspur St, London EC1A 9DE).

The Rev Peter Mullen is of this parish – his *Eternal Life* column a regular feature, his church, St Michael's Cornhill, plausibly considered *The Salisbury Review* at prayer. Last year the Rev Mullen celebrated the 40th anniversary of his ordination and collected here are some of his reflections on the church to which he belongs.

The book is in two parts, either of which could stand alone. The first, an outline of the Christian faith, tackles such fundamentals as the existence of God, original sin, freewill and the problem of pain. Classic arguments are rehearsed and original illumination shed on matters which, if unlikely to be resolved to the satisfaction of all, are approached with a thought-provoking directness and simplicity. The author's text is enlivened by his humour and his telling use of quotation.

Mullen emphasises the importance of the spiritual imagination and the saving of the faith from 'empirical fundamentalists'. We are more likely to come to an understanding of what is beyond space and time with the aid of Bach and Mozart, Sophocles and Shakespeare, Rembrandt and Raphael, than with forensic science. Our aesthetic needs and desires, along with our capacity to appreciate form and beauty, are cited as evidence for an ordered and designed universe.

Parallel and complementary with this stress on entering the Christian story imaginatively is an emphasis on its incarnate nature. This is a religion of material things – blood and wine, earth and ashes, bread and flesh – and not a disembodied and purely spiritual affair. We cannot live by abstract ideas alone; 'as well as thoughts we need things'. Our treasures are spiritual but in earthen vessels. Commentary is provided on pivotal biblical events and the main festivals of the church year, while practical advice is given about prayer, because 'if correct judgement is crucial in ..... temporal affairs, how much more crucial in matters affecting our eternal destiny'.

Part two, the Abandoned Heritage, looks at the mind of the church during the last 50 years, the reader being asked 'to allow for a note of personal disquiet, and even outrage'. The author's concerns are various but all analysed with poetic sharpness. Recent translations of the bible receive particular scrutiny along with new forms of liturgy 'of such poor quality that they are often blasphemous or risible, and sometimes both at the same time'. Plentiful examples are given of the euphemisms, gooey phrases and touchy-feely language that have succeeded in turning wine into water.

The endless innovations of the Church of England are described along with the political correctness and authoritarianism underlying them, as well as a church establishment in thrall to a secular agenda and with 'a virulent hatred for all our traditions and a petulant desire to remodel the world'. Financial incompetence, women priests, bureaucracy, the positioning of altars and modern sacred music are all uncompromisingly assessed. The hits are palpable, and clearly the result of learning and imagination blended in a profound spirituality; it is this which makes the lament for so much the church has wilfully neglected so heart-felt.

Yet the author is not without hope, and is prepared to fight his corner, believing the traditional faith has not been expunged entirely and that there are pockets of sanity which will prove resilient.

For those familiar with Peter Mullen it is a treat to have so many of his insights gathered in one volume for those not, it is an introduction to a compelling theological and social commentator.

Mark Watterson

Private Views: Voices from the Front Line of British Culture, Peter Whittle (ed.)2009, Social Affairs Unit, £10.

One of the most depressing parts of modern British life has been the entrenched position of the Left in cultural life. Partly this is the inevitable outcome of the indirect state subsidization of so much of the artistic world. Done through that appalling quango, the Arts Council, which has long ago abandoned any link to the original institution as founded by Maynard Keynes, the money pays for a large bureaucracy, lots of pointless and often unfinished or botched projects, and a great deal of left-wing writing, exhibiting, producing, directing. The extent to which this has been taken for granted is breathtaking. The most extraordinary part of it is the fact that people who would never call themselves left-wing calmly accept the artistic point of view of this

entrenched establishment.

The good news is that the rebellion is slowly gathering strength. One front of it is the New Culture Forum, whose Director, Peter Whittle, has edited this book of interviews with various important personages in the arts world on the subject of the left-wing establishment and assumptions as well as how they can be overcome. Naturally, the interviews vary in interest (does one really want to know what some arts bureaucrat like Munira Mirza, the Mayor's adviser on the subject, thinks?) but most are very well worth reading. The ones with Lionel Shriver, Michael Burleigh, the sculptor Alexander Stoddart and the playwright Richard Bean are particularly to be recommended.

Helen Szamuely

Stalin's Genocides, Norman M Naimark, Princeton University Press, 2010, £18.95

Better late than never, a Russian presidential commission has recommended opening state archives for full documentation of communist crimes, including the 'graves of terror' victims. Although enough KGB papers and 'gulag voices' exist already to reveal the wide range of victims and the calculated cruelty of perpetrators, future disclosures may help settle current debates over their statistical scale, and furthermore the semantic and juridical propriety of using the term 'genocide'.

Genocide implies the attempt to 'liquidate' any group, however small, because of its biological or ethnic categorisation, but not the mass-murder of innocent people, however numerous, just because of their ideological convictions or position in an economic system. However, as Professor Naimark argues, several Soviet actions closely approached 'genocide' by demonising and destroying entire groups whose status was 'deemed inheritable'. So-called kulaks, for example, were first dehumanised in vicious propaganda, then either shot or sent to inhospitable destinations eventually to perish from exhaustion and disease. Many thousands of 'social aliens' were despatched into starvation conditions, prisoners on one particular prison-island being reduced to an animal state and hunted accordingly.

The 1937-38 Great Purge, which increasingly targeted by arbitrary quota not only political 'enemies' but also their families, was presented in public as the total 'extermination' of capitalist lackeys but often implemented in secret at forest killing sites. Executions disproportionately affected ethnic and religious minorities. The children of millions of 'repressed' parents suffered in special settlements. And obviously the elimination by internal 'class war' of aristocrats, entrepreneurs and intellectuals had adverse genetic effects on society.

Moscow's systematic offensives against various nationalities – Germans, Poles, Ukrainians, the Baltic and north Caucasian peoples, Koreans, Finns, even Iranians – had ethnic 'cleansing' features. An estimated third of Crimean Tatar families died in exile or during deportation.

Hardly surprising then that Stalin ensured that 'social and political' communities were excluded from the post-war UN Genocide Convention, but sadly not surprising that some are still anxious today to exonerate him, because he operated in the 'name of the higher ideals of socialism and human progress'.

David Ashton

The Salisbury Review

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

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BRUGES GROUP MEETING

WEDNESDAY 22nd JUNE 2011 6.45pm for 7.00pm

The EU and the Undermining of Democracy

The Bruges Group spearheads the intellectual battle against the notion of "ever-closer Union" in Europe and, above all, against British involvement in a single European state.

ZAC GOLDSMITH MP

Conservative Member of Parliament for Richmond Park

KATE HOEY MP

Labour Minister for Sport (1999 – 2001)

DAVID NUTTALL MP

Conservative Member of Parliament for Bury North

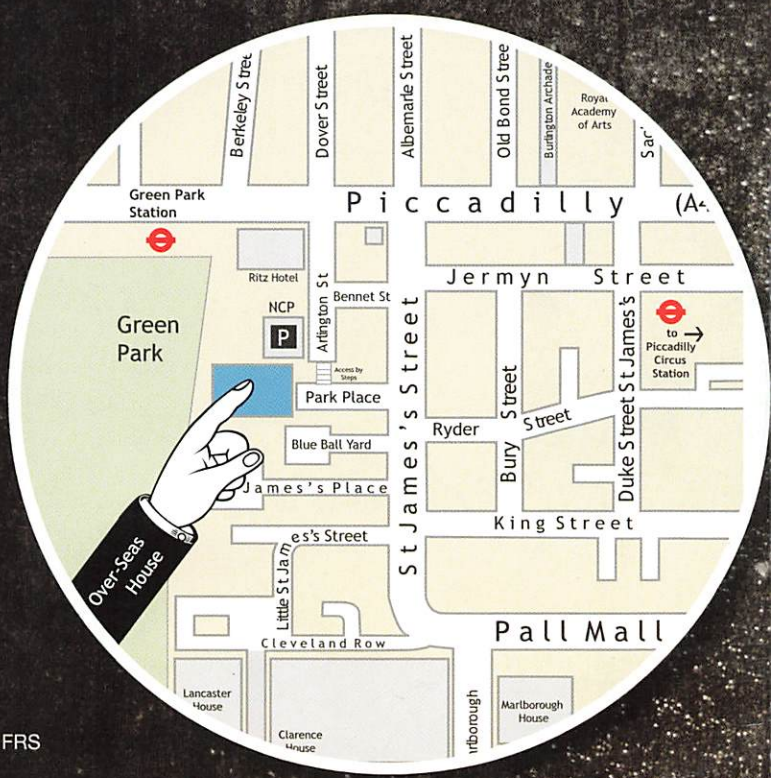
AGENDA

Lectures: 7pm – 8pm **Discussion:** 8pm – 8.30pm

Wine and refreshments: 8.30pm – 10pm

Location: Princess Alexandra Hall, Royal Over-Seas League Over-Seas House
6 Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1A 1LR

ADMISSION: £10 payable on the door or in advance



The Bruges Group

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For further information, details of the speeches and tickets contact:
The Bruges Group, 227 Linen Hall, 162- 168 Regent Street, London W1B 5TB
T: +44 (0)20 7287 4414 E: info@brugesgroup.com
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