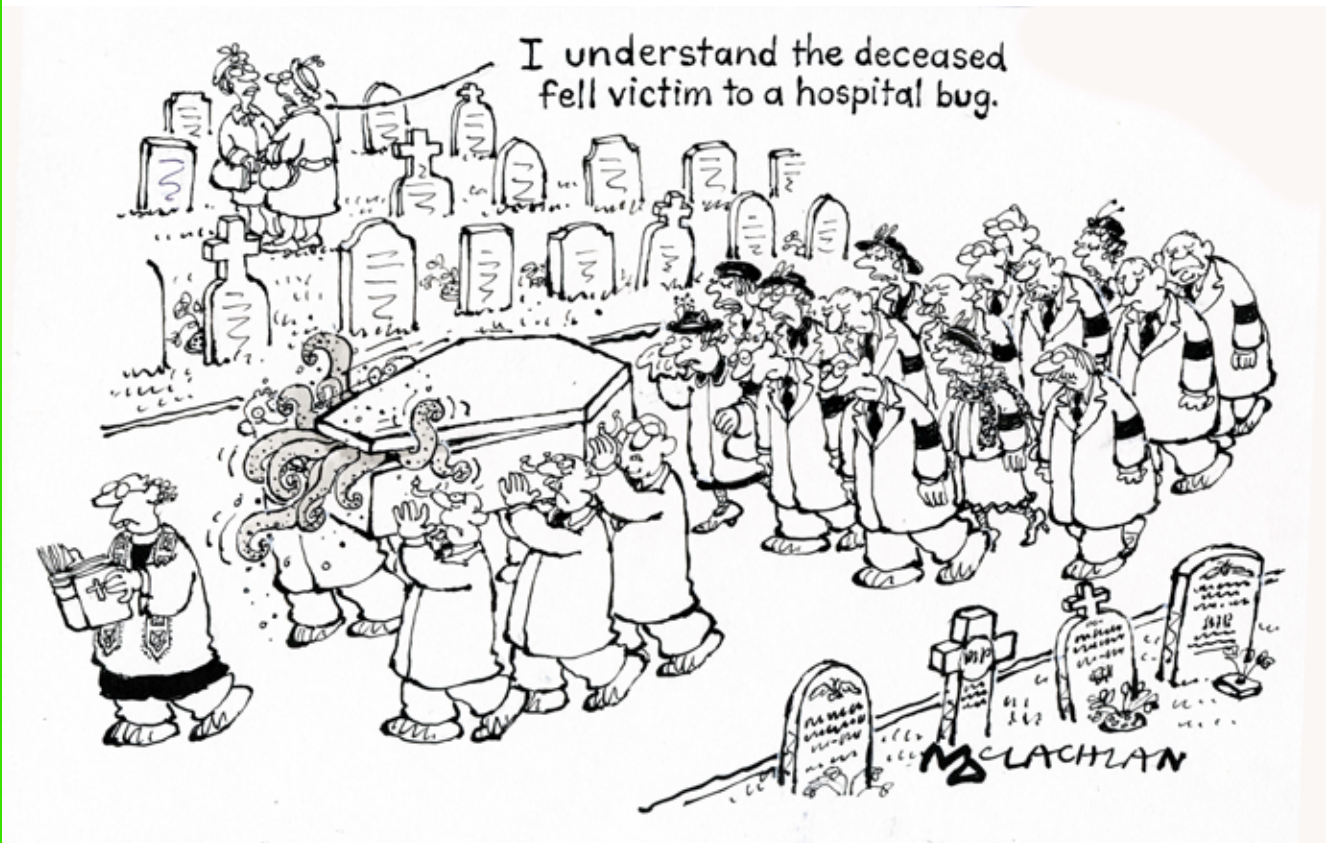


The

Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



Loving the *Daily Mail*

Jan Ball

Pointing the Racist Bone

Jane Kelly

The New Spice Road

Sam Aldred

Scotland's Blessing?

Christie Davies

Confessions of Eeyore

Theodore Dalrymple

Egypt's Copts

Bishop Angaelos

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On 13th August 1940 Herman Goering launched *Adler Tag*, Eagle Day, the Luftwaffe's all out assault on Britain. Thanks to years of denial by British governments that Hitler intended war, an ill-equipped RAF suffered terrible casualties. By the 31st of August it looked as if we might lose. As a last resort and down to a handful of Hurricanes, Air Vice Marshal Dowding ordered the mobilisation of the 303 Polish squadron at Northolt. It was an act of pure desperation. The RAF establishment considered Poles to be reckless dreamers. Hadn't they lost their country by sending string and wire biplanes against Hitler's Messerschmitts?

Extraordinarily brave, on their first sortie 303 Squadron shot down a record number of German planes. At the end of the Battle of Britain Polish pilots accounted for 15 per cent of the German 'kill'. If Polish aircrews did not win this great air battle, it would not, it is said, have been won without them. People clapped them in the street.

They fought fiercely because they knew the price of appeasement and weak government, and what it is like to lose your country. When the Nazis and Soviets invaded Poland thousands of young men made their way first to France and then Britain in order to carry on the fight. By the end of the war, Poland's army was the fourth largest of the Allies. A Polish flag flew over that symbol of crushed Nazi ambition, the ramparts of Monte Cassino.

It did the Poles little good. At Stalin's request they were specifically excluded from the Victory Parade in Whitehall. Every other nation, even Tonga, marched, but no Poles. Seeing a young man in a Polish pilot's uniform next to her in the crowd in tears, an elderly woman asked him 'Why are you crying?'

Many left for America, Canada and Australia while post-war Britain embarked on a programme of encouraging non-European settlement. While it was very difficult for an Australian or American to obtain permanent residency, those with the least cultural links with us were encouraged, the door being opened ever wider to Africans and Asians to come in their tens of thousands as dependents of the state. The latter were told their hosts bore a secret animus toward them, felt guilty and were anxious to pay them large amounts of social security in reparation. The newcomers were encouraged in a form of social apartheid called

multiculturalism.

When, five years ago, the Poles returned under EU rules, we were confronted by something we had forgotten, immigrants very similar to us, so like us that until they spoke you would not know they were not British. Broadly classed as Eastern Europeans but mostly Polish, they were young and able-bodied, often well educated, extremely hard working, polite, from a religious culture close to ours and prepared to do the most menial jobs, even pulling vegetables from the frozen fields of East Anglia.

Nor were they here to free-load on our social security system. While the British took 11 per cent more in social security than they paid in tax, Poles made a net contribution to the exchequer of 34 per cent while our most favoured immigrants, non-Europeans, managed a contribution of 2 per cent.

Our reaction was to treat the Poles exactly the same way as before. 'Polish women four times more likely to offer risky sex!' screamed *The Daily Mail*, while the anti-white racist BBC sent reporters to Norfolk to ask local British benefit recipients, once they bothered to get out of bed, if they felt discriminated against by the hard-working newcomers. Meanwhile the arrival of a far smaller number of Romanians and Bulgarians allowed press and politicians to conflate all Eastern Europeans into a single army of menacing Slavs. The aim of both Tory and Labour Policy is now to severely restrict Eastern European migration, and therefore that of the Polish majority, while leaving migration from the third world unchecked.

Just as in 1945 Stalin's moles in Whitehall ensured Poland's contribution to victory was written out of history, so our present rulers have not lost their addiction to repressive socialism of which multiculturalism is a powerful weapon. Cheap, uneducated labour means a captive workforce, low factory gate prices, high profits and a stagnant economy. Educated, mobile workers mean a growing economy and rising wages. What is terrifying is that the ordinary population do not see this and are being led by the nose into an act of appalling bad manners towards those who were our allies in the worst of times, and would be our allies again. We are now truly part of the third world.

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Culloden, Scotland's Blessing?

Christie Davies

The Hanoverians were the most successful of all Britain's dynasties: German monarchs chosen by the British people. When George I became King exactly three hundred years ago, it was not by divine right but by the Act of Settlement of 1701, passed by both the English and the Scottish Parliaments. This Act had led inexorably to the Parliamentary Union of 1707 that fully united Scotland with England and Wales to ensure that there would be no remnant of support for the displaced Stuarts. The attempt by James II's son, the Old Pretender, to supplant George I by invading North Britain, the home of his Scottish ancestors, in 1715, ended in farce. The Union is a corollary of the Hanoverian succession and the Hanoverian era was the time of England's long and productive love affair with those two models of Protestant probity and intellectual eminence, the Germans and the Scots.

In 1714 Britain was a small, unimportant, offshore island on the edge of Europe. It had only recently emerged from decades of internal strife and political instability. But by 1837 when Queen Victoria came to the throne Britain was the world's first superpower. Britain dominated the trade of the entire globe and her powerful navy, as big as that of any two of her rivals put together, policed the oceans. When Queen Victoria died the British Empire was the largest ever seen, with a bigger population than China and a bigger land mass than Russia, an empire with a reach and impact that made those of Macedon, Rome or Spain seem trivial. Under the Hanoverians Britain became the world's very first modern commercial and industrial nation by the end of the eighteenth century and went on to be the workshop of the world in the first half of the nineteenth century and the world's great banker and investor in the second. The Hanoverians were our golden age. Everything before them was provincial and everything since them has been decline.

The Hanoverian monarchs were successful not because of what they did but because of what they did

not do. They refrained from meddling in the lives of ordinary people and allowed them freedom to trade and manufacture, to speak their minds, to travel and to create their own institutions. The great merit of the first Hanoverian, George I, was that he was a German who could speak no English and was more interested in his native Hanover than in Britain. He did nothing and the British people did everything. George I knew full well that the terms of his being chosen as King in preference to the descendants of James II were to guarantee that Britain would have a Protestant monarch who accepted the constitutional limits on his power and he very sensibly kept out of things. George II was also

born in Germany; he spoke English, but as his third or possibly fourth language. He spent his summers in Hanover where he proved to be a capable soldier, took little interest in British domestic politics and followed the advice of his sensible and intelligent German wife Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach. She was Regent when he was away and worked closely with the leaders of the British parliament. German hands-off meant

good and minimal government for Britain.

The reigns of the first four Georges were good for England but even better for Scotland. Had there been no Hanoverian stability and prosperity there would have been no Scottish Enlightenment, no great age of Adam Smith, David Hume, Colin Maclaurin, Robert Adam, Joseph Black, James Hutton and Allan Ramsay. It was an age of remarkable Scottish achievement rooted in the Scots' distinctive systems of education and religion (now long defunct) but it required English governance and German kings to allow it to emerge and flourish.

George II's German-speaking younger son and godson of the King of Prussia was William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. By his victory at Culloden in 1746 and the forceful Prussian pacification of the Highlands that followed he made God-fearing, civilized, thriving, commercial Lowland Scotland safe



"Good to see some signs of integration."

for ever from the raiders, plunderers and extortionists of the wild North. The last remnants of tribal and feudal Britain had been extirpated and Britain in its entirety became a modern market-based society. Culloden and Adam Smith made Mrs Thatcher not just possible but inevitable.

George III was not really German enough and his strong British patriotism and sincere Anglicanism caused problems. Yet as a man he embodied the virtues of his age through his passionate interest in agriculture and science. Farmer George was a keen sheep breeder, who had Spanish merinos illegally smuggled out of their native country to cross with British sheep and improve their genetic stock, and he wrote about improving the land for agricultural periodicals. He founded the Royal Academy of Arts and his vast collection of books today forms the heart of the British Library. He was well educated in the arts and the sciences, could mend a watch and turn a lathe, and had his own astronomical observatory. George III's virtues are summed up in a single portrait, Johann Zoffany's *John Cuff and his Assistant*, 1772, showing the king's telescope and microscope maker grinding a lens in his workshop. How many kings of that era would have honoured a scientific craftsman in this way? We should cherish the memory of the quiet and frugal domestic life of George III, a king with no mistresses, no bastards and no debts. It was in George III's reign that James Watt's improved steam engine with its condenser made possible the industrial revolution. Watt was a pure Scottish genius but it took the Englishman Matthew Boulton's entrepreneurship and capital to bring his invention to market. It was another Anglo-Scottish triumph and today Boulton and Watt appear on the Bank of England's £50 note while their godfather Adam Smith is there on the twenty, a tribute to the Hanoverian Scots.

The culmination of Britain's greatness occurred under Queen Victoria. It was our final era of Caledonian and Teutonic glory. Queen Victoria herself was a strong upholder of the cult of the Germans and the Scots. Most of Victoria's ancestors were German, since the little kingdoms of Germany provided the only sizeable reservoir of Protestant princesses and princelings who alone were suitable spouses for British royalty. Victoria's mother was a German princess and her governess the daughter of a Lutheran pastor. It was not entirely surprising when at the age of twenty Victoria fell in love with, proposed to and married her most worthy cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Albert the Good, with whom she always spoke German at home. Albert was the very embodiment of German industriousness and earnestness, well shown in his planning of the Great Exhibition of 1851 that

celebrated Britain's industrial supremacy. King in all but name, Albert was a keen supporter of science and technical education and had he lived longer would have helped to head off many of the problems that now haunt us.

Victoria and Albert were obsessed with the Scottish Highlands and made a home at Balmoral with tartan linoleum and a full-sized statue of Albert in a kilt. Albert the German loved shooting and he loved Scotland. The descendants of the hapless crofters, evicted from their holdings by their old clan chieftains, who after 1746 had turned into profit-seeking landlords, now found new employment as stalkers and ghillies, gamekeepers and beaters. These new tame Highlanders had been converted by Lowland missionaries to a strict Calvinism and proved enthusiasts for the creation of the Free Church in 1843. Their fundamentalist adherence to the Bible was to lead to the heresy trial of William Robertson Smith and his retreat to Cambridge. They were rigidly sabbatarian and foes to all ungodly fun. They were the most Scottish of the Scots and the Scots were in turn the most Victorian of the Victorians, the most British of the British in their fierce adherence to Protestant morality. Scotland, the very embodiment of Max Weber's Protestant ethic, produced engineers, missionaries and doctors and provided the world with ships, locomotives and cotton thread. The British Empire was thoroughly Scottish from Nova Scotia to Otago. Scots ran commerce from the jute trade in Bengal to the fur trade in Canada. The Scots saw themselves as confidently superior and loudly proclaimed the fact whenever given the chance. 'Here's tae us; Wha's like us.'

It is no accident that one of the greatest Scotsmen of all time, James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879), a born-again Christian, flourished in this golden afternoon of the Hanoverian era. Maxwell explained the rings of Saturn, made thermodynamics precise and invented colour photography. The whole of modern science and technology is based on Maxwell's equations, which unified our understanding of electricity, magnetism and light in a single system. The equations predicted the existence of radio waves and X-rays and the constancy of the speed of light in a vacuum, the basis, as Einstein himself recognized, of the theory of relativity. The Nobel prize-winner Richard Feynman has written that ten thousand years from now 'there can be little doubt that the most significant event of the 19th century will be judged as Maxwell's discovery of the laws of electrodynamics'. Yet it took England to nurture Maxwell, who when a student at Edinburgh University was seen as a teuchter, a dumb rustic, and was later sacked from his professorship by the unappreciative University of Aberdeen, which forced him to move first

to King's College London and then to Cambridge. A leading poet writing in Scots in our own time, Professor Keith Moffatt, has lamented that:

*They ca'd him 'dafty' at the scule,
An' that, we'd think was awfie cruel...*

*Redundant in the granite city
An' spurned by En'bro', mair's the pity,
He ended up awa' doon South.*

Without England Scotland is nothing. With England it has been everything. The union of the two countries during the Hanoverian years was the most fruitful in human history. Today the political leaders of an enfeebled Scotland with its collapsing national church, predicted to die in 2033, and a bankrupt economy are seeking to turn its back on the glorious days of Hanover and go back to where it was in 1700. Scottish nationalism is both an admission of Scotland's failure and an attempt to deny it.

Within thirteen years of the death of Queen Victoria, the grandmother of Kaiser Wilhelm II, Britain was at war with Germany, a fratricidal war that ruined both countries. Behind it lay the malice of the wayward and decadent Edward VII, who earlier in life had wilfully dropped out of the moral and intellectual educational programme designed for him by his wise German father Albert the Good. Edward was jealous of Germany's economic and scientific success and loathed his nephew. He was a lover of the decadent culture of Paris where in his favourite brothel, Le Chabonais,

he liked having sex with two women at once, though on account of his excessive portliness only with the help of a special chair and ropes and pulleys. It was Edward VII, a great meddler in foreign affairs, who was mainly responsible for the alliance with France, the *Entente Cordiale* of 1904, the details of which were not debated in parliament or revealed to the public. How much better for the world it would have been if Edward had been gay and sought the company of the Kaiser's confidential associates, his *camarilla of cinnaedi*, who were very much that way inclined. As it was, Edward's intrigues led Britain into the First World War, the first conflict since the Hundred Years War to lead to debt and decline.

Today Britain is back where it was in 1714, a tiny offshore island whose share of the world's total trade and production is about what it was three hundred years ago. The official state newspaper of China, the *Beijing Global Times*, forcibly pointed this out to our chief commercial drummer, Mr Cameron, on his visit to the world's new leading country when it called Britain 'just an old European country, fit only for tourists and students'. The Hanoverian glory has gone and political correctness decrees that past greatness should not be mentioned, which is why we should now make a point of celebrating their memory – our memory.

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

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Mush

Penelope Fawcett Hulme

I first came across Max when I saw a youth pinning up a photo of his long mournful face and questioning blue eyes, on my local bus stop in west London. The lad hardly spoke English but explained that he had been looking after the dog for friends in far-off Croydon, but it had escaped.

'You can't have them indoors', he said, sounding very impressed. 'You can't train them', he said excitedly, 'these dogs do whatever they like'.

He obviously loved that idea. Apparently a lot of people who might be described as the poorer members of society now favour the Husky as the dog of choice. It's large, can't be easily trained and looks like a wolf, what more could an urban city dweller in a tiny flat want in a pet? Later I rang the number on the poster. Although it was lunch-time the voice on the phone sounded very sleepy, almost comatose, and very young.

I explained that I was ringing up to find out about Max.

'I don't know why we got him', she said. 'My boyfriend wanted him, I think because it's brown and looks like a wolf.'

She told me she was seventeen, unemployed and living with her boyfriend who works in 'events management'.

'It's a bit of a hassle really', she said. 'You can't leave them on their own. Max has got a stress anxiety. If we leave him alone he tears the place to pieces. He costs at least £20 a week to feed.'

I said that from what I know, Huskys are pack dogs and really like to be with other Huskys. She didn't reply. I asked her if she regretted getting him. 'No', she said, 'but you have to be dedicated'.

Perhaps she and her boyfriend are committed to Max, but other British people are not so bothered

about their Arctic pets. At Christmas, Battersea Dog's Home magazine reported that they had rescued 26 Akitas, a Japanese hunting dog with a double coat like a Husky, 16 Malamutes, Arctic pack dogs, 65 Siberian Huskys and one Northern Inuit, a new breed designed to look like a wolf. Since the New Year, they've taken in another Akita and four more Huskys. All these interlopers need good homes, somewhere.

Senior re-homer Rebecca Norris, 28, who's been at Battersea for six years, showed me around their premises near Windsor. First I met Foxy, a one-year-old Japanese Akita, bred for hunting with the Shogun, and guarding property. She's been there since February 3rd, 2013 and shows no sign of finding an owner, after being dumped on a London street. As she is their longest serving resident, Rebecca gave her a good, hard sell.

'She's clever and obedient', she said, 'she likes watching TV'. Documentaries are probably as near as she'll ever get to the call of the wild.

She is also sometimes known as 'Foxy the wonder dog'. On her daily walk she alerted her handler to a weak and severely emaciated Great Dane puppy abandoned in a ditch, just hours from death. That dog, renamed Faith, was re-homed thirty days later. Perhaps Foxy's lupine grin counts against her with the five hundred or so people who visit Battersea every week, looking for suitable pets to take home.

We moved down the long corridor, with its barred doors, which rather resembles a wing in Wormwood Scrubs. Pleading black eyes and wet noses peeped out at us, until we reached the puzzled blue gaze of Persephone, a four-year-old, grey Siberian Husky. She'd been there for a month, after being abandoned at a boarding-kennels. 'A bit depressed now', said Rebecca.

The notice on her cage described her as 'Large'. 'People have no idea how much it costs to keep these dogs in fresh meat, or how much attention they need', said Rebecca.

I think they might guess. It was obvious to me when I saw Dexter's elongated face peering, if not leering at me round his bars, looking exactly like his brother wolf. A boisterous red and white dog, he arrived from Wales on November 11th. Battersea recently received a Husky bitch and six pups and have re-homed them all, hoping that none will be returned.

Described on Wikipedia as 'An ever changing cross-breed between domestic dogs and wolf, one of the fastest dogs', Husky comes from the same word once used for Arctic people in general. Eskimos were once known as Huskys, a contraction of Huskimos, used by English sailors on trading vessels.

Once these dogs were quite happy living in the Arctic, pulling fast sledges and hunting large game for their Inuit masters. Readers of Jack London and

viewers of BBC Nature programmes would have been struck, if they ever thought of such a thing, by how unsuited those gorgeous-looking dogs would be for any British home, especially in cities. They have not been intensively bred away from their wild origins like most domestic dogs, are very hard to train and ideally need to run miles, going at the speed of a motor scooter, every day.

Twenty years ago people would have laughed at the idea of taking one in, seeing it as no more sensible than adopting a Bengal tiger or grizzly bear. But according to Battersea, they have had a 93 per cent increase in the number of these animals coming into the centre in the last six years. The Alaskan Malamute, not even a recognised breed, is now the fastest growing strain in the UK, outnumbering Poodles, Basset Hounds and Corgis.

The reason is the influence of popular culture with its demand for instant gratification, even the demands of fantasy. The trend started with *The Golden Compass*, a 2007 fantasy adventure film, based on Philip Pullman's trilogy *His Dark Materials*. It showed decorative wolves alongside the decorative Nicole Kidman in a sleigh. Then came *Twilight*, a Vampire series from novels by Stephanie Meyer. Vampires are a huge cult with the young, and these books also became films featuring a pack of beautiful Werewolves, which many people would also take home if they could. The final rise of the Husky came with the popular American TV series *Game of Thrones*. This featured a 'Direwolf', a mythical extinct wolf, including scenes with adorable fluffy cubs.

'Real education is needed to stop people going along with the whims of fashion', says Rebecca.

Dogs have always been subject to fashion of course. Two years ago, the success hit of the silent film *The Artist* led to a Jack Russell mania. But they are not so hard to keep and are English to the biscuit bone; a lot of people have experience of keeping them. There was also the film *Legally Blonde* in 2001, which led to a lot of chic young women carrying Chihuahuas in their Louis Vuitton handbags.

For many people animals represent a throw-away novelty. But small dogs, representing luxury and sometimes standing in for human infants, obtained from reputable breeders, are not so readily abandoned; but who can say what large fighting dogs represent in the minds of their, usually male, owners? In this dog-loving nation many people want dogs for status, and that status is low. Owning them is about being a pack leader, it's a form of aggressive display.

The Dangerous Dogs Act of 1991 bans wolf hybrids but this has not been applied to Arctic dogs. The Act has made little difference to the welfare of dogs as men who buy them to use them as weapons are abetted by the on-line culture, particularly sites like Gum Tree,

where breeders can sell fighting dogs and unsuitable breeds for thousands of pounds. At Battersea they say it is increasingly easy to get a dog of any kind, no matter how wild or dangerous. They want legislation to close down internet sale of animals. They are promoting a group called the Pet Advertising Advisory Group, (PAAG) to warn people about the on-line wolves in

sheep's clothing posing as dog breeders.

Up against a culture of instant self-gratification, the growing participation of the young in fantasies provided in cyber-space, one can only wish them well.

Penelope Fawcett Hulme is a social observer.

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Letter from America

Matthew Walther

I have just finished the last volume of George Santayana's letters, which means that I must find something else to do with my spare time. I thought the other day that I might take up 'vaping', which is to say, inhaling a heated-up mixture of nicotine and other chemicals from a battery-charged plastic tube designed to resemble a rather large cigarette. As neologisms go, 'vaping' for the use of e-cigarettes is not half bad. 'Smoke' is after all what one exhales when 'smoking' the real thing, just as vapour is the product of a drag from one of these gadgets, so at least the words are parallel. It only remains to discover what the language-mad Quebecois will call this extraordinary new device: 'cigarette-t-el', after the manner of 'courriel', does not quite work, at least to my mind.

For someone who came of age with cigarettes in an era of workplace bans and dirty looks from colleagues, there is something exhilarating about the idea of enjoying a nice legal smoke-substitute in so many public places. I can vape virtually anywhere: in trains and buses and friends' cars, in elevators and supermarkets, at my office and my officially smoke-free apartment, on the metro or the roof of a family-owned restaurant. Time, too, is now on my side. A few puffs over my morning coffee, during my too-expensive salad lunch, before and after my quiet dinner at home, while trying to fall asleep without, for once, the sane, civilized voice of the author of *The Last Puritan* singing in my ears – why not?

Nothing gold can stay, of course, and I wonder if I do take up the habit how long I shall be able to get away with it. When the freshly-inaugurated mayor of New York City has made the banning of horse-drawn carriages a top priority, what hope could there be for vaping? Anything that gives ordinary people a minute or two of pleasure is automatically suspect. Already legislators in the California assembly are calling for use of e-cigarettes to be restricted according to the terms

of the state's austere anti-smoking laws. They claim to be very worried about the possible adverse effects of scentless, tasteless 'second-hand vapour'.

California is one of 20 states that currently allows residents to use cannabis for so-called 'medicinal' purposes. This drug, which is now completely legal in Oregon and Washington state, used to be only for the long-hairs and flunkies whom Nixon persecuted so gleefully. Now in many parts of this country it is much easier to obtain than tobacco, and in urbane liberal circles its consumption is far less frowned upon than that of the plant without whose cultivation and export my new home state of Virginia would not have been founded. (I live only five miles north of the site of George Washington's plantation.)

About cannabis I am afraid that my opinions are unfashionable in the extreme. For one thing I do not like the idea that something illegal under federal law is not only tolerated but promoted, regulated, and, in the form of heavy duties already being collected in Colorado, made a source of profit by state governments. From a legal perspective this is a disastrous state of affairs. It makes a joke of the federal government. One can only hope that before too long the Supreme Court will either strike down the states' legalization measures or declare the nationwide ban on cannabis unconstitutional: either outcome would be preferable to the present situation in which millions of Americans are made to think that the rule of law is a laughable fiction.

When it comes to cannabis I do not share the knee-jerk pro-legalization attitude that has somehow become ubiquitous in the last decade or so, even among self-described American 'conservatives'. I do not think that it is grossly unjust if dope peddlers are put in prison. Nor do I think that there exists any abstract, unalienable 'right' to use this or any other drug simply on the grounds that its use does not harm anyone else. (I am not a scientist or a physician, so I cannot speak credibly

about the dangers of cannabis; but to my knowledge recent studies have suggested that it may not be as safe for individuals, especially those suffering from severe mental illness, as has often been assumed.) A dying man short of cash might easily sell posthumous rights to his body to a gang of necrophiliacs or an anthropophagite dining society without harming others, and no doubt there are some libertarian purists who would defend to the death the supposed right of both parties to engage in such a debased form of voluntary economic exchange. The often-made comparison with our disastrous prohibition of alcohol is nothing short of idiotic: a majority of the adult population of the United States regularly drank when the Volstead Act was passed, while cannabis was almost unknown when it was formally banned in 1937.

The problem is not, as data-crunching opinion columnists often claim, that we are currently jailing far too many people for possession of the drug; it is that the law against possession is so rarely enforced that whenever it is it appears to be an act of gross injustice. The point of imprisoning convicted cannabis users is not to punish but rather to deter. At present we are putting just enough people in choky to justify keeping laws against cannabis on the books but not nearly enough to discourage anyone with half a brain from using it. We are spending billions of dollars prosecuting people – usually dealers rather than users – for admittedly non-violent offences.

This, I think, is the crux of the matter. For anyone but

the most callow post-adolescent anarchist, the cannabis issue has nothing to do with rights and everything to do with costs. But the billions we spend imprisoning people for drug use is nothing in comparison with the trillions we are spending on entitlement programs, an over-active military, and public pension schemes – to say nothing of the trillions more we will spend if we do not repeal President Obama’s healthcare law and defeat so-called ‘comprehensive immigration reform’.

The above sounds suspiciously like an agenda, and a serious one at that. I did not mean to make this quarter’s column the occasion for a harangue about fiscal policy, of all things. Really, beyond the basic threat posed to the rule of law by the gulf between federal and state policy, I do not much care about cannabis or the laws governing its use. I would like it to remain illegal and, eventually, become unfashionable again. But, like cannabis users, I am fundamentally selfish. Given a choice between a country in which all forms of smoking are illegal and one in which I can light up my Marlboro Blend No 27s and my foul-smelling neighbour can get blitzed out of his mind on cannabis, I should certainly choose the latter.

Alas, things are never so simple. Oh well. I need to look again at prices for the New York Met’s upcoming performance of *Prince Igor*. Perhaps I shall hire a carriage when I am in town. The driver might even allow me to vape.

Matthew Walther is Assistant Editor at the American Spectator.

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Bad Manners in Barking

Don Beech

The London Borough of Barking and Dagenham lies approximately nine miles east of the City of London. Its housing is composed of the largest number of local authority dwellings in London, plus housing association, privately rented and cheap privately owned stock. Historically it has been and remains an economically deprived region with little social mobility. Its general culture was always straight forwardly East-End industrial working class: drinking (often very heavily in working men’s clubs and traditional spit ‘n’ sawdust pubs), football, a liking for a fight (including on the part of many of its womenfolk) DIY, angling and until relatively recently, *working*. Extended families were and still are very common. And as someone who grew up and was in part educated there (yes, we even had our own University) I would

describe it as an aesthetically grim and potentially depressing place. Other than being the site of the Ford Motor Company, what at one time – and not so long ago – set it apart from other London boroughs was its ethnically stable and homogeneous white population – originally an overflow from the old East End.

But notwithstanding this less than flattering description, one thing you could never say was that its residents lacked identity or didn’t share a sense of community or continuity. In my experience there was always a feeling of prosperity in belonging to a place which, although undoubtedly rough by any standards, was at the same time like no other in London. In other words, it felt like it was ours. And whilst acknowledging its many shortcomings, for me it captured the essence of what Roger Scruton calls

oikophilia or love of home.

But during the last fifteen years or so, a multisocial and multicultural revolution has taken place. You only have to walk the borough's streets to see this. So, seemingly having escaped the worst excesses which occurred elsewhere in London, the borough's libraries and council offices have now been transformed into advice and translation centres largely for the care of three social groups: immigrants who have recently arrived in droves; the indigenous state-dependent and truly poverty-stricken white community; and the bewildered elderly who have no option or energy but to remain. To put this transformation into some perspective here are some simple but telling demographics. And bear in mind these figures apply to legal immigration only. By their own recent admission no government department, local or national, has any idea how many 'illegals' there are in the borough.

Contrasting national censuses for the years 2001 and 2011, the total overall population has grown from 164,000 to 186,000, a growth of 13.5 per cent. This figure includes a 50 per cent growth in 0 to 4 year-olds (the highest in England and Wales) and a 20 per cent decrease in 65 year-olds (the highest in London). This breaks down ethnically as follows: in 2001 the figure for 'White British' was 133,000 (80 per cent of the total population) whereas by 2011 it had fallen to 92,000 (50 per cent). During the same period the figures for 'Africans' were 7,000 (4.5 per cent) and 29,000 (15.5 per cent) meaning the African population increased by 293 per cent as the White British fell by 30 per cent. When you bear in mind that by 2011 the national figure for Africans was 1.84 per cent (contrasted locally to 15.5 per cent) the speed at which this remarkable concentration of so many Africans in one smallish London borough must give pause for thought, especially when considering the possible consequences for social and cultural cohesion. But Africans aren't the only incomers; because of cheap private housing Eastern Europeans and South Asians have also arrived in great numbers. Under the heading 'Born Outside of the UK', whereas the figure for 2001 was 19,000, by 2011 it had grown to 58,000, a 205 per cent increase. By any rational standards these are eye-watering numbers. In conservative eyes the problems this raises are many, varied and potentially highly dangerous; especially for feelings of belonging which problems of social cohesion can mobilise.

Guaranteed to be unnervingly exacerbated by the recent lifting of EU immigration restrictions on Romanians and Bulgarians, the acute and growing shortages of housing, transport, education, health, and social services are well known, extensively documented, and in no need of rehearsing here. But

what about the existential dimension? What is it now like to live in Barking and Dagenham for a member of the now fast dwindling white population? What does it feel like for an old cockney like me?

Until relatively recently Barking town centre was a model of 20th century civic pride; although during the 1960s things started to go awry when it got a 'state of the art' railway station and a modernist library building to add to the tasteful Edwardian architecture of its existing municipal buildings. These included a typical 'Dixon of Dock Green' style police station (with blue lamp) and a Town Hall and Magistrates Court arranged thoughtfully and in pleasing proportions around a large traditional town square, generally used by workers in their lunch break, resting shoppers, and for the occasional local ceremonial (for instance, Armistice Day). There was also a highly rated theatre which was well used by the local population, a cinema, and a good range of quality shops and lively, if old fashioned, pubs.

Even Barking Town Football Club ground was centrally located just a stone's throw from the town square; so there were plentiful activities and facilities to encourage a strong sense of local pride, belonging, identity and feeling of being at home.

But during the last fifteen years or so, a calamity has been visited on Barking's buildings and public spaces, which, in Milan Kundera's phrase, have been well and truly 'uglified' in line with the so-called 'values' of the most extreme pole of socialist-redemptive modernism. In this permanently socialist local authority, the main road which once cut east to west through the town centre was replaced by a meandering one-way public transport system which turned public enterprises and private dwellings into 'pools' of isolated activity on the edge of town, and in so doing re-created the town centre as a pedestrians-only precinct. The already brutalist concrete library has physically become the base for two additional stories of glass and steel flats as part of an 'award winning' and 'aspirational' redevelopment of the centre; which has also seen the symmetry of the town square destroyed by the expropriation of some of its 'excess' space for even more modernist Mediterranean-style flats and (unoccupied) offices for rent. The local football ground no longer exists, having given way to a shopping mall development. And to put the cherry on the cake many local pubs with long histories have called time, in some cases because the areas they served have been dried out by Islamification. Decisively for the pre-existing population, the 'progressive' architects and socialist bureaucrats responsible for this cultural vandalism have shown no care for or understanding of indigenous customs, culture, and yes, feelings.

And one last thing; when it comes to the now fully

pedestrianised town centre street market, what stands out is its now almost total Africanisation. Encounters with the sight and smell of salted fish are now an everyday experience, and the rump of the white population who brave the market and fancy a cup of tea and a (London) cheese cake, are now ‘kettled’ in a single ‘caff’ exclusively for their own use and culturally cut off from the rest of the market: a case of what Muslims call the *dhimmi* or an indulged concession to an alien culture. But of course, if you want goat curry, halal meat, or yam to go with your salted fish there are plenty of street merchants to choose from and barter with. And if you need a shiny new Bible or a DVD giving you advice on how to drive out demons or interpret tongues, well you’ve most definitely landed on the right planet.

Doubtless, enforced multisocialism and multiculturalism is the borough’s future whether an old cockney like me wants it or not. And of course, given the fertility of the ethnic minority the kind of internal

exile typified in the situation experienced by the ‘caff’s’ customers can only get worse. But as is usual, those who don’t count and are no longer wanted – members and descendants of the old industrial working class – get no say. And nowhere is this better illustrated in my home town. But something I learned when I was very young was that manners count. When enjoying the hospitality of neighbours the first consideration is to the feelings and norms of those neighbours. In this, my experience of being a member of the traditional working class is in complete accord with the normative fundamentals of conservatism. What has happened to people like me is nothing short of a tidal wave of bad manners, and those responsible for it ought to be ashamed of themselves and one day brought to account.

After all, who would blame the rest of the world for knocking on the door of our prosperity? Certainly not me!

Don Beech is a new contributor.

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Demography and Destiny?

Russell Lewis

One of Margaret Thatcher’s shrewdest reactions to events was in her refusal in 1989 to join the celebration of the bicentenary of the French Revolution. As she said at the time, in an interview with *Le Monde*, it didn’t do us any good and it certainly didn’t mark the birth of human rights. What she didn’t go on to say was that it was not an occasion for rejoicing for France either, but rather marked the start of declining French power, in which the French Revolution played a decisive role. Far and away the most important factor was population change. At the beginning of the 19th century France had 20 per cent of Europe’s population. By 1848 that share had dropped to 10 per cent and that trend continued until the 1890s when there were four years in which the number of French deaths exceeded the number of births. Meantime the populations of Germany, the UK, Russia, etc. were growing fast. These changes were momentous and fatal for France. Yet, according to Wikipedia, if the French population had grown between 1815 and 2000 at the same rate as Germany’s, France would have 110 million people today. Then again, if France’s population had grown as fast as that in England and Wales from the time of Louis XIV, then it would now contain as many people

as the United States. If those calculations are anywhere near the mark, they powerfully support the dictum: ‘Demography is destiny’. For, if things had worked out that way, the history not only of France and Europe but that of the whole world in the twentieth century would have been transformed.

Yet why blame the Revolution because France does not now rule the roost? Could it just be chance that Gallic decline coincided with the end of their revolutionary era? – I am assuming that the Revolution and the reign of Napoleon were all of a piece. Well, of course, part of the trouble was the wars, civil and foreign, of the period, which led to the deaths of 2.4 million French men and women – a big loss out of 30 million! Even that, however, could not have caused the huge change which actually occurred. In fact Napoleon took rather a light-hearted, if also appallingly cynical, view of the population issue. After the battle of Eylau with the Russians in which the French suffered dreadful casualties, Napoleon remarked ‘One night in Paris should repair the carnage’. Yet what he and his contemporaries completely overlooked was how one of the least controversial legal changes wrought by the Revolution – the inescapable law of equal inheritance

– which seemed to be such a rightful assertion of the ideal of equality – was breaking the peasant backbone of France. An early critic of this measure was the notable historian Alexis de Tocqueville, who said it was a machine for chopping up the land. That's exactly what it turned out to be. Here are the figures for landholdings from 1815 to 1860: large proprietaries up from 20,000 to 40,000, small proprietors up from 3 to 4 million. Or take the number of landholdings, which went from 12.4 million in 1850 to 13.8 million twenty years later. Nor was this a period of improving agricultural productivity. In the Midi in these years they were still using the same plough that was common in the Roman era. Even in the north of France in 1848, they were still employing the triennial rotation: winter wheat, summer wheat and fallow, which the English economist Arthur Young, in the previous century, had criticised as typical of the *Ancien Régime*.

This carving-up of the land into ever more diminutive plots may have appealed to those who cared for nothing more than revolutionary justice, but it spelt disaster for agricultural productivity and was even more fatal for the French rural birth rate. For what peasant farmer would wish, when he died, for the family farm to be divided up into little strips between all his offspring? Much better, surely, to have fewer kids. This was a prime example of a law having unintended consequences. The Revolution was supposed to release the energies of the people from the shackles of the kings, priest and nobles rather than hamper their growth. To adapt the famous pronouncement of Rousseau – the peasant was reborn free but everywhere he was economically in the chains of inheritance equality laws imposed by the Napoleonic code. These inhibited his reproduction and gradually, generation after generation, reduced his plot and drove him into economic stasis. Yet, while the peasant from an economic point of view was being preserved in aspic, there was an intellectual drive, by the historian Michelet and many others, to adulate him as the embodiment of French national virtues, which played well with the French public. This myth provided the popular basis for a policy of agricultural protectionism which, at France's behest, (and favoured by Germany's numerous part-time farmers) duly morphed into the Common Agricultural Policy of the European Union. The CAP is an economically reactionary policy which swallows nearly half of the EU budget. It reveals its scientific backwardness by banning GM foods – mankind's best hope for meeting an expanding future global food demand. The CAP originally supplied its farm support through maintaining food prices but that has since turned, through income support, into an agri-welfare state. This has no connection with productivity whatsoever, as it is based on acreage, or, if you prefer, hectares.

Nor was it just France's sons of the soil who were

put off having babies. Right at the dawn of the Second Empire (1848), The French Academy of Science gave its official approval to a thoroughly Malthusian warning of the dangers of overpopulation. In 1852 the municipal council of Versailles instituted a prize for temperance, that was for having a *moderate* number of children. So the bourgeoisie joined the fashion, just in time to exploit the new techniques of contraception that were then becoming available (in this respect the French were always ahead of the other nations of Europe). In other respects it was far from timely: a generation or so later, the French political elite was panicking about a declining birth rate. Yet the damage was done: swooning fertility rates are unforgiving and not swiftly or easily reversed.

If demographics have wreaked the sharp decline of France, the country which had dominated Europe for over a century, what do they promise for the rest of us? If we cast our minds forward to 2060, it looks as if the demographics are hell-bent on putting recent history into reverse. According to the EU's 2012 Ageing Report, by 2060 Germany's total population, for long the mightiest in Europe, will drop from its present 82 million to 66 million. The UK and France, on the other hand, will be making a comeback: the UK from 60 to 79 million and France from 62 to 74 million. However 14 of the 27 countries in the EU will have smaller populations by 2060, with the most depressing prospects held out for the Mediterranean countries, and those in Central and Eastern Europe.

The most worrying thing is that across Europe as a whole the population is ageing, which means that the labour force is shrinking. For the EU in general those of working age, who currently outnumber those over 65 by four to one, will, by 2060, be only two to one. In the light of this trend it is hard to see how existing pension and retirement arrangements can survive. Even so, there seems no reason why people who live healthily for longer should not go on working for longer – indeed there is evidence that it helps them to stay the course better. Also there are huge possibilities of substituting capital for labour, whether in the form of robots or simply more clever machines. The most encouraging new development, which must become widespread not so far ahead, is the driverless car – a real boon for the ageing toiler.

We are constantly told by pessimists in the press that Europe will fade out in competition with the more energetic nations in the rest of the world, notably the BRICs – Brazil, Russia, India and China. Well, certainly, Brazil and India have large, growing populations and should do well if they can curb the corruption at home. Population growth is potent, but it is not fate: it will not redeem you from a breakdown

of government. And what on earth is Russia doing in a list of growth stars? Its population is on the slide! 142 million today to 133 million in 2060 and plunging. In due course on present trends Moslems will be half the population. Then there is China, favourite of popular forecasters as the next leading world power. Yet the population of China, 1370 million today will have shrunk to 1262 million by 2060. This will be the unsurprising result of the crazy one-child policy, still being pursued (crazy because rising living standards would have made the adjustment without any state intervention) which is also creating a serious sex imbalance, so that in recent decades there have been 80 girls for every 100 boys born in China. There is, besides, a serious ageing problem – the working population there peaked early – in 2012. Thus, it is said, China will grow old before it gets rich.

What are we to make of all these population changes?

Frankly forecasts are very varied and therefore very confusing. Moreover here's another statistic – which are the ten nations in the world with the fastest growing populations? They are all in Africa, quite a few of them, like Mali, in the most war-, or otherwise grief-stricken areas. At the other end of the scale take Japan. Not that long ago, many thought it was poised to take over from America as lead nation. Yet a headline in the *Daily Mail* a month or two ago announced 'Falling birth rates mean Japan won't have any children under 15 by 3011'. Of course even for Japan there is still time before it becomes extinct, but watch out! Demography may not map the route forward with the finality of Calvin's predestination but it's still the most potent guide to whither we are bound.

Russell Lewis worked for the Daily Mail.

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Time to Embrace our Inner *Daily Mail*

Jan Ball

I used not to be a *Daily Mail* reader. It isn't difficult to find fault with the newspaper, with its celebrity-obsessed glamour stories, its sanctimonious headlines and easy populism. The front page will be screaming about tax payers' value for money one moment, bemoaning cuts in pensions the next; or launching a personal attack on some unsuspecting pop star because of this or that life choice. Why oh why is she wearing pink to her wedding? How dare he say that to her about them behind my back! At its best, the paper is highly entertaining and readable. At its worst, it can be horrid, targeting individuals, well-known or otherwise, with malicious slander, ruining careers and relationships on the back of questionable journalism.

Others make further

criticisms. Medhi Hasan's BBC attack in November 2013 typified the anti-Mail feeling of so many liberals, calling it 'immigrant-bashing, woman-hating, muslim-smearing, NHS-undermining and gay-baiting',

his words ringing slightly hollow when it emerged he'd applied for a column – 'I have always admired the paper's passion, rigour, boldness and of course, news values', he fawned.

Yet debates about the worthiness of the paper were not what kept me away originally. Rather, like many people, I'd lazily followed my own parents' choice and plumped for *The Telegraph* – we are such creatures of habit, aren't we – and played it safe. Numerous forays into *The Independent* left me several times bitten and forever shy, *The Times* and *The Guardian* came and went, the former



"We've always been a decent, liberal family but we keep finding copies of the Daily Mail under his mattress."

when there came a pay wall on their website, and the latter when it treated the 2011 rioters as noble protesters with a perfectly valid point to make actually thank you very much. It was time to make the homeward journey back to the warm bosom of the family paper, and the comforting breast milk of Charles Moore. *The Mail*, on the other hand, simply passed me by.

It was impossible however, as anyone with a pair of eyes and ears will attest, to avoid the constant derogatory comments made about the *Mail*. In dinner party conversations among the young, metropolitan movers and shakers that I considered myself a part of, the average *Mail* reader's primitiveness was always a safe conversational reference point, like the importance of doctors and nurses, or the idiocy of having football at the Olympics. Yet after hearing a dozen *Guardian* readers execrate it, and after witnessing time after time those slightly lame BBC comedians lampooning *The Mail* 'Immigrants cause house prices to plummet!' – I thought that it must be pretty good after all and got stuck in – my enemy's enemy and all that. What is more, the breathtaking, relentless attacks that one witnesses week in week out against it on every terrestrial news programme and panel show going, appealed to a fondness for the underdog.

Perhaps the experience that I remember best was about a year ago, at a party held with a girl who was being mildly flirtatious, OK very flirtatious, and with whom I'd already made several, what a psychic reader might have called, 'hits'. We both preferred the *Lord of the Rings* part one to parts two and three, and had been to Valencia, 'the mullet capital of Europe', I chortled. Then I asked her, a student, what masters she was studying. 'Politics', came the reply. 'Wow, that sounds interesting.' I braced myself for what I knew was coming. 'So where do you stand?' she eagerly inquired. 'Pretty much on the right', I replied. I'm not exaggerating when I say her face twitched in horror. 'What, so you read *The Daily Mail* do you?' 'No, *The Telegraph* mainly', 'well it's basically the same.' There followed a display of righteous indignation, and several exclamations of the word 'disgusting', amid half-successful attempts by me to get a word in edgeways.

After a conversation that established that, incredibly, despite her background, she couldn't name a single writer on either paper, I was left to reflect on the irony of the situation. It is precisely those that attack the *Daily Mail* most for its alleged ignorance, intolerance and scare-mongering, that are often most guilty of those same traits. Why would you complain so much about a medium whose contact with the general public depends entirely on that public's willingness to encounter it? It's not like *Newsnight*, *Question Time*, *Panorama*, *Have I got News for You*, or *Mock the Week*, all of which

are easily accessible to anyone flicking channels on a TV, and paid for by an obligatory license fee. No-one accidentally picks up a copy of the *Mail*. It is read by people enjoying a freedom of choice which the left always claims to be so keen on, except when it's not.

So why else does the *Daily Mail* come in for such abuse? Some of the accusations that are levelled at it are fair, such as that of a tendency to hyperbole, but then, it *is* a tabloid for goodness sake – that is its *raison d'être*. Other accusations are further from the mark, like the firmly-held belief in some quarters that it is misogynist and racist. It is far too successful a publication to be either, and when you consider that most of its readers are women, and that it was the *Mail*'s campaign that brought Stephen Lawrence's killers to trial, such charges are laughable.

What self-professed *Mail* haters perhaps object to most is that, as the girl at the party correctly identified, it is right-wing, and worse still, popular. The *Mail*'s nastiness, if we can call it that, is a direct result of being on the right, yet it is precisely that nastiness that is its strength, as well as its weakness. The whole appeal of the right is in the Shakespearean idea of being cruel to be kind, and in holding incompetence, hypocrisy and vanity to account. The truth hurts. It is not just easy targets, such as the police, politicians, bankers and Catholic priests who should be scrutinised, but protected groups, like nurses, teachers, social workers or disability benefit claimants. How dare anyone suggest otherwise. Of course, if you do openly criticise those from the 'special' group you won't win any brownie points at any smart social gatherings, but then as Peter Hitchens, that icon of *Mail on Sunday* enthusiasts, wrote recently, 'the truth is its own reward.' The funny thing is that if you go to *The Guardian* comment page on the website, you will read the following quote from a former editor: 'Comment is free, but facts are sacred'. As if. The modern day *Guardian* wouldn't know a fact if it punched it in the face. Try telling any unpalatable fact to a *Guardian* reader, such as the fact that mass immigration has driven down pay for low earners through flooding the market with cheap labour, and stand back and watch the fireworks.

The great thing about *The Mail* is that it is constantly, and pluckily, pointing out that the emperor has no clothes, and does not treat an issue with the reverence of some of its broadsheet cousins. An example came recently at the inquest into Mark Duggan's death, which found the police had not committed an unlawful act in shooting him dead, an act which sparked the aforementioned riots. Some commentators implied neutrality 'Mark Duggan: Calm, devoted family man or drug-dealing gangster?' led the *Metro*, whereas

others came out against the boys in blue : ‘No justice, no peace’, read the headline of Al Sharpton in *The Guardian*. *The Mail*, on the other hand, through Richard Littlejohn, adjudged, ‘Duggan was a gangster, not Nelson Mandela.’ Such a headline may be crude, facile, sensationalist and inflammatory, but speaks for millions, and is effective in its simplicity. Why should the strong views of Duggan’s family and supporters be the only ones that are allowed to be expressed on an issue which is of national importance, particularly when theirs is totally unrepresentative of the silent majority?

The Mail, though far from perfect, is nothing less than the right’s front line troops in the battle for public opinion. When the Russell Brands of this world display a thinly disguised hatred for its readers, there is a very strong political agenda at work. The publication deserves the vocal backing of those who share the main thrust of its commentary on current affairs, not simply a cowardly claim of indifference. I am a *Daily Mail* supporter. Are you?

Jan Ball is a new contributor.

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Operation Sovereign Borders

Daryl McCann

On December 15, 2010, Australians watched in horror the televised account of a leaky Indonesian fishing boat, with its human cargo of 89, breaking up on the rocks of Christmas Island. At 5 am locals had begun hearing cries for help from those aboard. Islanders defied the treacherous swell on rocky cliffs to throw life jackets in the direction of the shipwrecked passengers while the Royal Australian Navy launched rescue boats. Their efforts were mostly in vain. Fifty souls perished at sea that morning, many of them women and children. The night before the captain had disembarked for another vessel leaving the fate of his charges in the hands of Abdul Rasjid, an Indonesia fisherman without appropriate experience or expertise. Such is the perfidy of the people smuggling trade.

People drowning on the high seas in attempts to reach Australia became a regular feature of news reports between 2007 and 2013. The Indian Ocean can be treacherous; the waves sometimes 5 to 6 metres high and on occasion as much as 12 metres. Eight people drowned off Java in December 2011 trying to make it to Australia, another 8 died off Malaysia in February 2012, and so on. The greatest single disaster occurred in December 2011 when as many as 200 people drowned after their boat capsized in the waters off eastern Java. Even these calamities might not tell the whole story of the catastrophe that ensued after Prime Minister Kevin Rudd undid the tough border policies constructed by the conservative government of John Howard (1997-2007).

The first four years of Howard’s programme mostly consisted of increasing the number of detention centres throughout Australia, a programme initiated by Paul Keating’s Labor government (1993-97). However, the

second phase involved something far more dramatic. The so-called Pacific Solution sought to relocate asylum-seekers arriving courtesy of people smugglers in detention centres on island nations in the Pacific Ocean. The Australian Defence Forces had the task of intercepting incoming vessels so the passengers on board never made it to Australian territory in the first place. The government, in addition, excised thousands of islands from Australia’s migration zone to enforce their audacious policy. Anyone paying money to a people smuggler operative was far more likely to wind up on Nauru and Papua New Guinea than Australia.

The Pacific Solution not only brought a halt to the people-smuggling business but enjoyed bi-partisan support among the mainstream political parties, despite infuriating Australia’s leftist commentariat. Labor (Australia’s centre right Socialist Party) stayed the course until Kevin Rudd became Leader of the Opposition in 2006. Rudd has something of the Tony Blair about him, plausibly pragmatic on the surface and yet a progressive at heart. He might have wanted Howard’s working class ‘battlers’ voting ALP again, but in practice he was less a traditionalist than a trendy, globe-trotting internationalist who coveted the top job in the United Nations. Border security was all well and good but Labor, in the opinion of Rudd, needed a vision that reached beyond Howard’s reactionary populism. He went to the 2007 federal election as a fiscal and social conservative who was more liberal-minded than John Howard on border security. In early 2008, Rudd’s liberal-minded Labor administration abandoned the Pacific Solution, deeming it cynical, unnecessary and costly.

The people smuggling industry took a while to

recover from the Howard years. In 2008, for instance, there were only 161 irregular maritime arrivals. By the time Labor was thrown out of office in 2013 the total figure ran to an astonishing 50,000. Labor apologists refused to concede any causal relationship between Rudd's ill-conceived policy change and a resurgence of the people smuggling industry. Nevertheless, an acknowledgement of sorts came when Julia Gillard mounted a coup against Kevin Rudd and went to the 2010 federal election pledging to build an Australian-financed detention centre on East Timor. There would, of course, be no return to Howard's Pacific Solution under any government she led. East Timor, as we know, is not located in the Pacific Ocean. After grabbing back the prime-ministership in time to lose the September 2013 election, Kevin Rudd was promising to re-open detention facilities in New Guinea. Neither Rudd nor Gillard ever admitted the dismantling Howard's Pacific Solution had been a mistake.

More than a thousand people drowned at sea during the Rudd-Gillard years. This had a sobering effect on some sections of the ALP and accounts for the party's belated attempts to initiate ersatz versions of Howard's policy. On the other hand, the Australian Greens, Labor's more radical coalition partner between 2010 and 2013, countenanced no criticism for their part in the dismantling of the Pacific Solution. Any attempt to stem the arrival of boat people, in the opinion of the Greens, marked Australia out as racist and xenophobic. The Greens and their supporters confuse the 50,000 asylum-seekers with the millions classified by the United Nations as refugees. The ALP dropped this *canard* in their final year in government and began using the more accurate term 'irregular maritime arrivals'. Refugees do not pay thousands of dollars to disreputable businessmen and then fly halfway around the world to such countries as Indonesia.

Abbott announced Operation Sovereign Borders immediately after winning the September 2013 federal election. His first overseas destination was Djakarta, to enlist President Yudhoyono's help in ending the people-smuggling trade. Abbott assured Yudhoyono that the Royal Australian Navy's assignment to tow unscheduled seaworthy vessels from whence they came would not infringe Indonesia's sovereignty. The rapport between Abbott and Yudhoyono was obvious, but the meeting occurred before the ABC, in conjunction with the *Australian Guardian*, revealed that a branch of Australia's intelligence service had eavesdropped Yudhoyono and his wife during Rudd's time in office.

The campaign against the government's tougher border policy has been waged by the Left on two fronts, the Greens concentrating on the iniquity of Operation Sovereign Borders, thus allowing the (relatively) more

pragmatic ALP partisans to focus on the supposed technical flaws of the policy. The latter have had the worst of it simply because Operation Sovereign Borders has already started to achieve the same kind of results as Howard's tough border control. Common sense should tell us that people smugglers are always going to find it harder attracting customers when their high-priced service not only involves the possibility of death on the high seas, but also the likelihood of spending years in a remote detention centre a long way from the shores of Australia.

Labor envisions Operation Sovereign Borders damaging Abbott by causing a breakdown in relations or even a war between Indonesia and Australia. During his brief return to power in mid-2013, Kevin Rudd made the following claim: 'I am very concerned about whether if Mr Abbott became prime minister and continues that rhetoric and that posture and actually tries to translate it into reality. I really wonder whether he is trying to risk some sort of conflict with Indonesia.' There are moments, such as the Royal Australian Navy accidentally breaching Indonesian territorial waters, when Rudd's dark fantasy seems not entirely unfeasible. Fortunately, there appears to be a growing appreciation on the part of President Yudhoyono and his advisors that Abbott's plan to thwart people smugglers is a matter of Australian sovereignty no less than Indonesian sovereignty. Operation Sovereign Borders, in other words, could improve relations between the two countries rather than undermine them. Labor politicians are hoping that will not be the case.

The Australian Greens might only attract 10-15 per cent of the nation's voters, but their advocates dominate virtually every cultural and literary institution in the country, from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) to the Australian Council for the Arts. Unscheduled maritime arrivals are dwindling and Australia has not gone to war with Indonesia, but this is all beside the point for the supporters of the Greens. Operation Sovereign Borders, according to these ideologues, is a war against refugees. Australians are racist, goes the cry, even if the nation annually welcomes more than 100,000 newcomers from all parts of the globe, including actual UN-registered refugees. Greens Senator Sarah Hanson-Young and her chums are on constant alert for any mistreatment of the asylum-seekers being towed back to Indonesian waters by the Royal Australian Navy. The failure to substantiate any such abuse does not prevent them treating each new risible claim made by a thwarted asylum-seeker as genuine.

ABC personality Daniel Golding has not been alone in making this analogy: 'Australia's refugee problems should be compared, regularly and specifically, to

Nazism and the Holocaust.’ Ideological purity serves as both a weapon to bludgeon the xenophobic foe *and* as a shield against the slings and arrows of outrageous reality. After the December 2011 tragedy, in which 200 people lost their lives, Hanson-Young was asked if she accepted any responsibility for the deaths: ‘Of course

not. Tragedies happen, accidents happen.’

Daryl McCann is a frequent contributor to Quadrant and other Australian magazines. <http://darylmccann.blogspot.co.uk>

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The Recantation of Eeyore

Theodore Dalrymple

Conservatives should enjoy life: for if they do not why should they wish to preserve anything from the ravages of incontinent change? The only alternative is the Eeyore position, that bad as things are they can only get worse: yet such a position cannot possibly survive honest reflection. We do not live in the worst of times in all respects, or even in any respect; for in many respects things were worse only a few short years ago and all were worse at some time in the past. A wise providence, therefore, has given us much to be thankful for, but with still enough to complain about that our faculty of disgruntlement – that constant source of delight and amusement – need never wither.

Conservatives often rather regretfully concede that technical improvement has indeed taken place, but believe nevertheless that the quality of life has declined, mainly because manners and morals have declined. There is substance to this complaint, and even technical improvement or material enrichment brings its own discontents. For every hour that we do not spend nowadays trying to coax life into or out of our unreliable motor cars we spend two in traffic jams. Every car the more is a parking space the less. The easy accessibility of beautiful landscapes or once-remote cultural treasures destroys their charm. To enjoy peace, beauty and solitude at the same time has become very difficult in mass society and the privilege of the extremely rich.

Yet it is not true that the quality of our lives has in all humanly important respects declined, not at least if we are wise. Modern technology is capable of enriching our lives enormously, and if it does not do so the blame is with us, not with the technology. There never was a time when wisdom in the use of means was unnecessary and a rich life came by itself;

I have a small collection of books on the dangers of immoderate reading by those who do not know why they read, or who read to waste the time that will soon end by wasting them.

This brings me naturally to *Richard II* who complained that in his earlier life he wasted time and time was now revenging itself upon him (of which of us is this not true?). The play is a favourite of mine and, thanks to the technology that relays trash and tradition with equal facility, I was able to attend, within two hundred yards of my home, a wonderful production of that play by the Royal Shakespeare Company in a cinema called the *Majestic*. For once the name seemed appropriate.

I was fearful that the relay of a play direct from the theatre to the cinema would give but a pale simulacrum of the thrill of the live theatre and that the immediacy of contact with the stage would be lost; but my fears were groundless. I have seldom had so Aristotelian a catharsis watching a play. It was necessary that the performance be live for the effect, but it lost nothing in the electronic transmission; on the contrary.

One saw close-up – and for myself I was lost in admiration for the actors who were of a superb standard, and who passed this most exacting test of their skill, for their every gesture was under the unforgiving eye of the camera, mostly quite close-up. They had to get it right there and then, and they did. One saw, as if for the first time, acting as the great art that it is. At the end of the performance I, and everyone else in the audience in the *Majestic* Cinema, felt privileged to have seen it.

It helped, of course, that the director of the production, who is also that of the company itself, obviously considered Shakespeare greater than himself, and so viewed his task as bringing the greatness of this play

It takes an imaginative knowledge of history, and also a conscious willingness to consult one's own memory, to be grateful for advantages presently enjoyed.

– its poetry, its pathos, its political subtlety – as fully into the minds of the audience as possible. In this I have no doubt that he succeeded. The scenery, apparently, took advantage of technological innovation, but not in the spirit of drawing attention to itself so as to arouse the crude wonderment of the audience, as Victorians attending a freak show; rather it was used to enhance the aesthetic effect of the whole, as good prose (in the opinion of some) should be as a pane of glass that one does not notice as what lies beyond enters one’s mind. Since nothing in this world partakes of perfection I had one or two quibbles: Bolingbroke’s diction, for example, was not the equal of that of all the other actors; but so excellent was the whole that I preferred (unusually for me) to overlook a fault that in a lesser production might have loomed large.

It was also pleasing that the audience was large, one in thirty of the population of the whole town. (In another, much larger town, the demand for tickets to two performances could not be met.) The thirst for cultural excellence has not been entirely slaked, then, even in seemingly remote corners of the country; and the fact that everyone who saw it felt privileged to have done so, that they had been vouchsafed something valuable in itself, that they were not just customers receiving something in return for their money, was psychologically and even morally uplifting. Here was something that could not just be taken for granted, as technical progress tends to be taken for granted the moment it has been made. Who is grateful that whooping cough is a disease (among many others that could be cited) that is now a thing of the past, not even for most people a distant memory? Who is grateful that the internet is no longer dial-up and responds so rapidly to our requests (and who is not infuriated when the internet fails to work as we have come to expect it to work, overlooking entirely its quasi-miraculous quality)?

If I am not mistaken, then, the audience for this production came away feeling gratitude to the actors, to the producers, and even to, or for, the technology that had made the experience possible: they had not merely paid for it. And gratitude, it seems to me, is a feeling essential to an enjoyable life (Cicero, I believe, said that it was the virtue from which all other virtues derived). To count your blessings and not just your curses is to know that things might have been different, and indeed were different in the past; whereas to count your curses is always to look forward to a future happy state that never arrives because curses are like the heads of the Hydra, and prevent appreciation of present happiness.

It takes an imaginative knowledge of history, and also

a conscious willingness to consult one’s own memory, to be grateful for advantages presently enjoyed. I hope I will be forgiven a small example from my own experience. I feel fortunate indeed to have lived through the development of the internet without having grown up with it, thus quite fortuitously having had the best of two worlds without having done anything to deserve it. (We have done nothing to deserve most of what we enjoy, we receive it as a legacy rather than as a reward.)

For one reason and another I often have to consult the *Dictionary of National Biography* and other works of biographical reference, for example *Munk’s Roll* of the lives of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians. I remember all too vividly the days when to do so I had to trudge to the nearest library that had these volumes. Often when I returned I would realise that I had omitted from my notes the (or at least a) very fact that I most needed, an omission that necessitated a return. The gathering of elementary information was thus laborious and time-consuming. Now all of this information is available to me at the touch of a few keys, I can even enjoy a glass of wine as I learn about the biography of William Wadd (a doctor whose book *On Corpulency* I possess, with its wonderful illustrations by him) or Caradoc Evans.

Of course, the internet is still inadequate for research in depth, but then I am not a scholar and what I find on it will do for my purposes, superficial as they often are. And it is true that I miss expressing my gratitude to one of our excellent municipal library staff who cheerfully (and efficiently) brought me an obscure volume of reference from the bowels of the reserve, and who reassured me that even nowadays not everyone does his job properly in the hope of earning a great deal.

All the same, I would not go back to those days and would experience the implosion of the internet, were it ever to happen, as a wound. Thanks to it, how much I have been able to explore that I would never have been able to explore before! So each time I look up the *Dictionary of National Biography* I remember the old days, and I am not only relieved, but grateful and therefore not only contented, but happy. I am not sure whether, if I had grown up with the internet, I would have felt the same. I count myself lucky.

Theodore Dalrymple’s latest book is Farewell Fear, published by New English Review Press

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Pointing the Racist Bone

Jane Kelly

On January 2nd while most of us were enjoying the lazy gap before work started again, Ealing Councillor Benjamin Dennehy was preparing court documents, fighting to save his reputation and his idea of free speech. Last year he was accused of racism and breaching the council's code of conduct after he criticised the Indian community in Southall, west London. He was also expelled from the Tory party. In May, he lost his case against the council in the High Court. His new plea to the Court of Appeal, under the Human Rights Act in defence of free speech, in his next step for justice as he sees it in the UK.

His ordeal began on March 12th 2012, after a full council meeting in which David Millican, leader of the conservatives, discussed the impact of immigration on the Ealing Schools budget. According to Dennehy, who was then a Tory councillor, £291 million out of £427 million from April 2011 to March 2016 had been spent on schools. The Tories said this was, in the main, to create new school places, due to the pressure of immigration.

'At that point the whole chamber erupted in fury,' Dennehy recalls. 'Millican and the Tories were accused of racism. I got home at 11pm feeling rather fired up and wrote my blog.'

He wrote: 'Southall is a constant on the public purse. It is home to the worst concentration of illegal immigrants in the UK. It has gambling, drinking, drug, prostitution and crime issues unlike many other parts of London. He went on to comment on "a largely Indian community" who he claimed said that "they deplore this behaviour but that very same community" he suggested "exploits their own people in squalid third world living conditions in squalid bed shed, without paying tax on the rental income".'

He says he was particularly concerned about squalid 'beds in sheds' for illegal immigrants. 'I took the line about Indians exploiting their own community from a young Asian illegal immigrant, reported in a BBC London documentary,' he says. 'I was not being racist or insulting, I've been on the planning committee and seen the situation for myself. It's estimated that there are at least 5,000 outhouses with some 20,000 people living in them. It is more likely than not that those

taking rents from those people are not paying tax on that income. The police borough commander told me that if there is ever a fire there it will be catastrophic.'

Dennehy also complained about on street drinking, gaming houses, prostitution and harassment of women in the area. He had already made himself unpopular on the council by exposing fraud in the planning department, and criticizing an Asian candidate in a council election in Southall who's slogan was: 'Vote for me our you'll get a woman.'

The day after his blog went up, he received a call from the local conservative leader Millican saying he'd been contacted about a 'racist rant.' He said his 'best option' was to suspend him immediately. Labour councillors put out a petition calling on him to withdraw his allegations and apologise, while he says, sociologist Rupa Huq, parliamentary candidate for Labour, consulted a barrister to find out if his blog was illegal. He says received an email from an Indian Labour councillor saying, 'Dear Racist Dennehy, you are a coward and a shame to the borough.'

Dennehy reported him to the Standards Committee for abuse, but he was cleared. 'He was entitled to his

opinion but not me,' he says. Having been accused of the heinous heresy of racism there was only one way to go.

The on-line list of councillors and politicians in Britain recently accused of racism is long and varied, from the rural chap using

Facebook after a few drinks, to the highest in the land: March last year, an SDLP councillor in Ulster complained he couldn't understand a Scots accent during a debate. Sinn Fein immediately accused him of racism and demanded his resignation. In October, Roly Hughes, Cirencester, Lib Dem, was wrongly accused of putting a racist joke on Facebook. Last November Juliet Solomon, Lib Dem, Haringay accused of racism for saying Cypriot women should try to assimilate. UKIP were caught out in December, when an old video showed Victoria Ayling from Lincolnshire apparently saying she favoured repatriation. In January, Cambridge Tory Mervyn Loynes, resigned after being accused of racism against travellers. No one is safe. Last year the Attorney General Dominic Grieve hastily apologized after commenting on corruption in the

Dennehy was expelled from Tory party and a month after his blog was published, the council, where Labour has a majority, held a full meeting to discuss 'racism in the Tory party.' He asked to attend to make a statement, but was refused permission to speak.

Pakistani community.

A glance at the teaching profession shows a similar pattern. From Ray Honeyford in 1984 who was forced to resign after questioning the value of multi-cultural education, to Surrey Head teacher Erica Connor in May 2010, who left her job, accused of Islamophobia. The bleat of 'racist,' is now surely the best and easiest tool for destroying a career, if not a life.

Dennehy was expelled from Tory party and a month after his blog was published, the council, where Labour has a majority, held a full meeting to discuss 'racism in the Tory party.' He asked to attend to make a statement, but was refused permission to speak. 'The Tories on the council sat there and accepted it,' he says bitterly. 'They didn't put up a single speaker and sat there for over an hour being berated. A unanimous motion was passed ordering Dennehy to withdraw his comments and apologise. The council then hired a QC and issued a long report on the matter to which he wrote a lengthy response. They submitted a new report and he replied again. So the process of trying to destroy him got underway. The Council Standards Committee sat and said he had raised 'legitimate issues,' but his tone and style were 'unnecessarily provocative.'

English law states that ordinary people can express an opinion, but politicians are not allowed to indulge in common abuse. But no one accused him of being 'abusive' only 'inappropriate and provocative.' He felt that this was such a broad restriction that it could stop normal political debate, certainly Nigel Farage criticizing his EU colleagues.

Dennehy, 37, is fortunate that he is self-employed as a business development consultant, and already an outsider. Originally from New Zealand, is married to an Afro-Caribbean woman and is proud to have recently fathered a mixed-race child. Rather than meekly apologizing or stepping down, he is defiant. 'Throughout all this no one, not even in the High Court, has ever challenged the truth or accuracy of what I said,' he says. 'I still stand by every word.'

He joined UKIP in January 2013, but says he has not heard from Farage or received any support from them so far. He is alone fighter in a difficult battle he believes it may be hard to win. 'I am up against public policy,' he says, 'it's not just Labour but the Civil Service is very left wing.'

In the High court on December 20th, the council lawyers argued that his remarks were not political but a personal attack on a specific community and the judge agreed. Dennehy thinks the judge erred because personal remarks are still legal, and politicians should be allowed to make provocative, though not abusive remarks.

After an initial court appearance where he defended

himself, he recognized that he needed help and sent e mails to the legal departments in Oxford and Cambridge universities, hoping a student might come forward. His reply came from Conor Gearty, professor of Human Rights law at the LSE, who has agreed to assist him and even found him legal representation on a no win no fee arrangement. In August 2012 Gearty published a blog entitled, 'Do as I say and not as I do: hypocrisy and human rights British Politics and Policy.'

'I have shone a light onto the hypocrisy of the council,' says Dennehy who complains of double standards. 'If I'd been an Indian or made those comments about a non ethnic community it would have been acceptable.'

Although he now has an ally Dennehy has no illusions about the situation he's in. 'The council is already asking for the papers on my appeal,' he says. 'They have pursued this through the courts, turning up even if they didn't need to, spending £5,000 on it over the last year,' he says. 'They are asking me for nearly £16,000 in legal fees, determined to bankrupt me.'

To avoid bankruptcy, he says he might finally take the case to the European Court, which as a member of UKIP he 'hates.'

He will not back down on his belief in free speech, but he is more ambivalent about Britain, his home since 2003. 'This experience has soured my belief in the British dream,' he says. 'I am too outspoken for people in this country, and I'm not sure that I want my daughter to grow up here the way things are going. There is a culture of fear now, people on the council from all sides and many members of the public support me privately but are afraid to speak openly. Interest groups measure themselves by how easily offended they can be, and the state is getting deeper into people's lives. Can you still be free in modern Britain?'

Perhaps he should not entirely despair. In July 2012, in Poplar, East London, Labour expelled five Asian councillors who had voted against the party in a by-election. They immediately brought the charge of racism. As Jim Fitzpatrick, the MP for Poplar put it: 'The accusation is stupid nonsense.'

Many of us will shout 'Hear Hear,' to that.

Jane Kelly worked for the Daily Mail as a celebrity interviewer.

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Gove's Choice

Alistair Miller

Educational doves all over the world have been set a-flutter by the publication of the OECD's three-yearly league tables of educational attainment of 15-year-olds across 65 countries in mathematics, science and reading. The results seem to reinforce the idea that talent is a myth. All you have to do is to give everybody a chance and all will have prizes. How far does Michael Gove go along with this?

Known as PISA (Programme for International Student Assessment) – the OECD's findings put the likes of China (represented by Shanghai and Hong Kong), Singapore and South Korea at the top of its tables. European countries lag behind, with Finland, 'the great white hope' dropping down the table, while the Poles have moved up. Since instituting a series of radical educational reforms back in 1999, Poland has leapfrogged up the table to come in 14th place in Mathematics, 9th in Science, and 10th in Reading, with the promise of more yet to come. The UK came 21st in Science, 23rd in reading and 26th in Mathematics. No wonder that Michael Gove announced in Parliament that 'our performance in these league tables has been, at best, stagnant, and at worst declining' and that our children are being left behind 'in the global race'.

For Andreas Schleicher, the OECD's deputy education director (once described by Michael Gove as 'the most important man in English education'), the message is that the most successful countries are those that give all pupils, not just an elite, a good education – and this seems to be the general view. In Britain, something of a cross-party consensus is emerging that so long as there are suitably high expectations, all pupils can succeed academically; that comprehensive education founded on a common academic curriculum is the way forward. Gove has been particularly impressed by high performing Poland with its core academic curriculum: 'our introduction of the English Baccalaureate ... matches Poland's ambition by embedding an expectation of academic excellence for every 16-year-old'. And for Michael Barber, Tony Blair's former education guru, the PISA results reinforce the message that 'talent' is a myth: 'those countries that believe that some are born smart or bright while others aren't, and reinforce that through the education system, will never be among the top performers'.

But can it really be that talent is a myth; that effort and will always triumph over ability and intelligence? The problem is that the possibility of maximising PISA scores by imposing an academic education on all pupils has led the likes of Schleicher, Barber and Gove to believe that a romantic egalitarian ideal can be attained – that academic success is within the reach of all. Yet as Charles Murray, co-author of *The Bell Curve*, argues, the simple truth is that some children 'are just not smart enough to succeed on a conventional academic track'. Every teacher knows this, and to claim otherwise is glib rhetoric. In any case, the PISA evidence bears a quite different interpretation to the one put on it by Barber. Though there is a great effort made in China to ensure that all pupils attain the same basic standard at primary school, with whole class teaching the norm (something from which we could certainly learn), secondary education is selective at both junior and senior high school levels. In Singapore, pupils are selected at 11 by academic ability and placed in streams with the higher streams destined for university and the lower ones for polytechnic or technical college. True, the Poles have instituted a comprehensive academic education for all pupils – a common academic curriculum – until the age of 15; and since doing this, their PISA scores have improved dramatically. But in Germany, Switzerland and The Netherlands, who are among Europe's top PISA performers, pupils are streamed from the age of 11 or 12 according to their academic ability and attend a range of different secondary schools. There will therefore be 15-year-olds taking the PISA test in these countries whose education is predominately vocational; pupils who, in addition to being literate and numerate (and able to score well on PISA tests), will have begun to master a craft, develop practical expertise and judgement, and gain a sense of self-worth and self-respect.

In England, much is made of the academic success of the flagship academies, with Sir Michael Wilshaw, the Chief Inspector, going so far as to describe Mossbourne Academy – his former school – as 'a grammar school with a comprehensive intake'. But this assumes that gaining five or more 'good GCSEs' is the benchmark of academic success. When the benchmark is changed to five good GCSEs in the hard academic subjects of the 'English Baccalaureate', Mossbourne's score drops dramatically from 82 to 29 per cent of pupils; most

grammar schools and selective independent schools score close to 100 percent on both.

To many, the obvious solution is to re-introduce grammar schools. However, that the 11-plus was a very crude test indeed of academic ability and that those who failed it (necessarily the vast majority) were all too often dispatched to inferior secondary moderns for ‘warehousing’, is often overlooked. To call for a return to this system – for the casting of the majority of children effectively into outer educational darkness – has the makings of electoral suicide. Also overlooked is the impossibility of measuring with any precision a child’s aptitude for an academic education. Though it is fairly obvious that pupils with IQs of 85 and 125 (say) differ quite markedly in their academic aptitudes, this is not at all clear for pupils whose IQs lie either side of 115 (roughly the cut-off for grammar school selection) – and yet the two would get quite different

educations. If we take into account variability of IQ over time (IQ is relatively stable but not fixed), variability in pupil performance on particular tests on particular days, and the contribution of motivation and effort to academic performance (pupils differ markedly in these, as all teachers know), we have to allow that pupils within a considerable band width of IQ scores could have quite similar chances of succeeding at academic study – or might benefit from undertaking a mix of academic and vocational study. A band width as narrow as 107 to 123 (115 plus or minus 8) would encompass one quarter of all pupils.

Instead, therefore, of reintroducing selection by an 11-plus exam (as instituted in the 1944 Education Act), it would be much better to follow the example of Germany and the Netherlands. There, selection takes into account the views of parents, teachers and children as well as test results; and there is an orientation stage of some two years during which pupils follow broadly the same curriculum and can be transferred between schools. As George Walden noted in *We Should Know Better*, selection is practised ‘less on grounds of raw ability than of aptitude demonstrated in practice’. The other requirement would, of course, be to have a high quality alternative to grammar schools in the form of technical schools that offer, not half-baked state-run classroom-based vocational GCSEs or equivalents, but proper work-based apprenticeships. Alternatively, schools might well cease to exist altogether in their traditional form and pupils might attend different institutions on different days. A range of needs and

aptitudes could thereby be met and the trials of selection avoided.

Given Gove’s pronouncements on an academic curriculum, the chances of any of this happening would seem to be remote; and yet actions speak louder than words. In October, the government announced plans for 40 more University Technical Colleges (to supplement the existing 29) offering a mix of work-based training and core academic lessons for 14 to 19 year-olds. In effect, the government is instituting vocational education on the continental model at upper secondary level. Specialisms range from engineering and construction to ‘hospitality and leisure’, ‘gaming and digital media’ and ‘hair and beauty’. There is predictable opposition from teaching unions, who can recognise the thin end of a wedge when they see it; any deviation from the egalitarian ideal will not be tolerated. But having recognised that pupils do

in fact differ significantly in aptitude (at least from the age of 14), the logical next step would be to ‘roll out’ the programme nationwide, so that instead of a mere 30,000 pupils benefiting, all pupils would have the option of undertaking apprenticeship training. And having recognised that pupils differ in their aptitude for academic study, why not also institute state schools or colleges that offer a genuinely academic education? And since it is somewhat impractical to transfer from secondary school to college at 14, why not do what they do in Germany and The Netherlands, which is to transfer at 11 or 12, follow a common curriculum for two or three years, and then offer a choice of vocational or academic tracks?

Where does Michael Gove stand on all this? Back in 2010, he told a ‘Friends of Grammar Schools’ parliamentary reception that ‘my foot is hovering over the pedal’ about the expansion of academic selection. Since then, he has advocated an academic curriculum for all pupils. Now he is planning an expansion of technical schools for 14 year-olds. Sooner or later, Gove will have to bite the bullet and choose. Can he give prizes to all, or is the world, as it always has been, divided into rude mechanicals and their masters?

Alistair Miller is a teacher

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The New Spice Road?

S V Aldred

My first year out of university was spent selling perfume in Kazakhstan. I was offered the job on Oxford High Street by a Cypriot businessman named Typhoon. Trusting providence – I had no job lined up and as this fitted the bill of divine intervention rather smartly – I accepted. Shortly afterwards I found myself on a plane to the Kazakh capital of Astana with no formal training, no interest in perfume, and no knowledge of the native tongue. Anything to avoid moving back in with my parents.

I arrived with a few preconceptions. Kazakhstan was a dictatorship. President Nursultan Nazarbayev had been in charge since the collapse of the USSR and had recently been made *Kazakhbashi* (Father of all Kazakhs), putting the aging leader and his family above the law. Kazakhstan was oil rich – though this wealth was concentrated in the hands of the oligarchs and the President's friends, or rather the oligarchs who were the President's friends. Kazakhstan was also the setting of Sacha Baron Cohen's hit 2006 film *Borat*, which portrayed the country in such a negative light that it was banned until the ministry of tourism decided that any publicity was good publicity and thanked Borat for 'putting Kazakhstan on the map'.

Arriving by air allows the traveller to appreciate the extent of Astana's remoteness, and the vastness of the arid, featureless Steppe in which it sits. Formerly empty but for a Soviet era gulag, Astana has been entirely rebuilt since 1998 – seemingly modelled on what science-fiction writers in the middle of the last century anticipated the world would look like by the year 2000; all chrome and flashing lights and oddly tapering skyscrapers. It's all a bit *nouveau riche*; particularly the football-pitch sized 'dancing' fountain that spurts multi-coloured jets of water in time to Mozart. Or the Bayterek monument, where visitors are invited to 'shake hands with the president' by placing their hands inside an imprint of Nazarbayev's, causing the national anthem to play. President Nazarbayev himself claims personal responsibility for much of the city's architecture, which tells you a thing or two about the man's taste.

I fell for this ridiculous city and spent a very happy year there. I arrived alone but I was never left to be lonely. Although collectively suspicious of foreigners, Kazakhs are proudly hospitable to their guests, extravagantly so given their poverty. As a young Brit I

was treated as both VIP and curiosity, and was invited to be a talking point at parties almost as often I was stopped by the police on account of my suspiciously un-Kazakh clothing. One evening I was invited to appear on state television just so the presenters could boast of having a real live *Anglichanin* on the show. Then there were the ex-pats – garrulous oilmen and their charming, bored wives. Embassy workers and the US Marine Corps, always up for finding drinks and girls. The Sisters of Calcutta and Fr Pavel, administering to the homeless who were left to die in the Steppe. Missionaries, students, travellers and of course businessmen like me – looking to cash in on this vast new market.

Yet for all its exotic charm, and despite its status as an 'emerging economy', it soon becomes apparent that Kazakhstan is not an easy market to crack. Its economy is relatively strong, but even if one ignores the extent to which this is reliant on the nation's vast oil reserves (what Kazakhs call 'the Arab curse'), it takes more than the prospect of an untapped market to make an attractive business venture.

Firstly there is the suspicion of foreigners. One cannot blame the Kazakhs for this. During the Soviet era what is now Kazakhstan was used as a nuclear testing ground. Subsequent border disputes with the neighbouring 'stans and with China – as well as sneers and chortles from the West – have helped to solidify this distrust of outsiders. This makes it very hard to find willing business partners, especially when one considers the language barrier. Since independence the Kazakh language, forbidden under Soviet rule, has become the language of state. This has led to a confusing situation where the over-60s struggle to understand their own government and children. It is worse for outsiders, where knowledge of Russian is no longer always sufficient for business purposes.

Corruption presents perhaps the largest problem for the Western businessman. An awful lot of bribes, known as 'co-operation – incentivizers', get passed around in Kazakhstan, and within a year the venture collapsed under the weight of this attempted extortion.

Finally, one must consider how unattractive a prospect it is for Western businessmen to work in a city like Astana. Its artificiality is cloying. There are few bars and clubs. There are no cute cafés. There is one museum – dedicated to the story of the President's

rise to power. Soldiers patrol the city and will ask for bribes if you have forgotten your ID card. Astana is deceptively small for all its pretensions – the locals call it One Tenth of Vegas. If you walk far enough you meet the Steppe and realise how isolated you are; a claustrophobic experience. In the winter the temperature drops below -30°C and the pavements crack. Even the fish in the artificial river die when it freezes down to its bed. One gets the distinct impression that people are not meant to live here.

It is for these reasons that we ought to be sceptical when told for the umpteenth time that the future

lies in the East. The simple fact is that places like Kazakhstan are not attractive places for Western businesses to invest – their value lies in cheap labour and ready raw materials. Westernisation will cause the cost of the former to rise, whilst the latter will deplete. Economically as well as culturally perhaps our statesmen and commentators are too hasty in heralding the decline of the West and the inexorable rise of the East.

Sam Aldred teaches Russian History at Brighton College.

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An Ancient Church

His Grace Bishop Angaelos

The Coptic Orthodox Church is one of the ancient Churches of the world, founded by Saint Mark the Apostle and Evangelist in the 1st Century, and is currently the largest Christian denomination in the Middle East. The word ‘Copt’ is derived from the Greek word *Aegyptus* meaning ‘Egypt’ but is now more widely used to refer to the indigenous Christians of Egypt. Copts today consist predominantly of these indigenous Egyptians but are also joined by believers from various backgrounds and ethnicities who join the Church worldwide.

The Church starts its calendar in the year 284 AD, marking the beginning of the rule of Emperor Diocletian, during which hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Christians lost their lives for their Faith. The second strong wave of persecution then came with the Islamic conquest in the 7th Century.

Even throughout the 20th Century, the pattern of discrimination and systematic persecution at the hands of both state and non-state actors continued to exist, making Coptic Christians not only a minority in the numerical sense, but even more so in terms of the exclusion and marginalisation that have been at the heart of their treatment as citizens of Egypt. In recent decades, concurrent with the rising trend of Islamisation, there has been an increase in the persecution of and attacks against Christians.

While many are looking at the Middle East from a particular perspective, it is worth noting that the Christian experience is very different. It is one that is not purely based on current situations, political history or strategic theory, but on a knowledge and

confidence that their Faith is not merely lived within the walls of their Churches, but becomes both their compass and their protective reassurance through this historic journey.

As the years following the January 2011 uprising have shown, the Christian community and other minority groups such as Bahá’ís, Jews and Muslim groups such as Sufis and Shiites, bear an even heavier burden in times of political instability and changes in leadership. Their suffering seems to increase significantly, extending beyond ongoing persecution on a daily basis. The frequency of recent attacks on Christians and minority groups, their communities and places of worship is increasingly disturbing. Carried out by radical elements in society, these attacks are not merely on individuals but on the Christian and minority presence in its entirety. Those intolerant to religious minorities are partly enabled by the breakdown in law and order and the growing culture of impunity that Egypt has witnessed in previous years. Moreover, the persecution of religious minorities over the past decades has not manifested itself solely in physical attacks, but has frequently been embedded in process and policy.

At the end of June 2013, the discontent of the Egyptian people with Mr Mohammed Morsi’s short-lived presidency sparked nation-wide protests initially calling for early presidential elections, and once ignored, calling for him to step down. This was referred to by many as Egypt’s ‘second uprising’. After the removal of Mr Mohammed Morsi and the dispersal of protester sit-ins calling for his return, an unprecedented

wave of violence erupted against Christians. They became scapegoats and were erroneously blamed and accused of instigating or contributing to the violent dispersal of pro-Morsi demonstrators. These accusations subsequently led to the destruction, looting and burning of over one hundred churches and Christian properties across the nation in the space of only a few days.

In their commitment to living their Christian values however, Christians did not retaliate, demonstrating great resilience and an unshakable Faith.

In yet another transition of leadership following these events, a new draft of the constitution was put forth by a committee appointed under current interim-president Mr Adly Mansour, and was approved by 98.1 per cent of voters in a third constitutional referendum on 14 and 15 January this year. The turnout, 38.6 per cent of the electorate, was higher than expected. As this year's referendum results suggest, the new draft, while still not perfect, is viewed in many ways as a welcome improvement to the 2012 constitution, which was drafted by an Islamist-dominated Constituent Assembly and stood as a potential hindrance to the advancement of religious freedom.

To successfully lead Egypt into this new formative era, its reform agenda must be geared towards the unassailable principle of equal citizenship, meaning equal rights and equal accountability before the law. This development will not only prevent potential institutional discrimination, but set a clear precedent for those who may have previously enjoyed impunity. With prospective presidential and parliamentary elections drawing nearer, state delivery on its promise to uphold democratic principles must become a reality, which is possible only if these principles are not merely enshrined in the constitution, but are also reflected in the dealings of the state with its citizens. First and foremost, true equality would entail dealing with citizens on the basis that they are Egyptian before being anything else; man or woman, young or old, secular or religious, Bahá'í, Christian or Muslim.

Constitutional and leadership changes however are only the beginning. Change, deeply rooted in truth and justice, must occur in society as a whole, moving beyond the political and legal dimensions of citizenship. From a Christian perspective, true change occurs in and through Christ, for 'if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation' once 'old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new'. We see that newness or change in Christ ultimately leads to reconciliation. 'Now all things are of God, who has reconciled us to Himself through Jesus Christ, and has given us the ministry or reconciliation, that is, that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself'.

Throughout their contemporary history, Christians have often been accused of being traitors to their Egyptian homeland and portrayed as loyal to negatively perceived powers, whether domestic or foreign. Even in the midst of this, the Christian presence has, particularly in recent years, shown to be one that can bring true change towards peace, hope and reconciliation. There is no greater testimony to the peaceful presence of Christians than their restraint and lack of retaliation in the midst of waves of violent attacks and the hardship of persecution.

The Christian community has historically been and will remain an essential component and contributor to the well-being of Egypt. The great message of hope lived by Christians in the Middle East, first and foremost founded upon the love, goodness and promises of God, furthers their evident willingness to continue to participate in, and contribute to, the process of nation-building and reform.

For this reason Christians always remain hopeful. While experiencing the greatest hardships and facing the greatest obstacles, Christians in Egypt are mindful of the challenge that comes through living their Faith. They do not see themselves as victims, nor do they like to be treated as such, but are resilient in living their lives based on their Christian ethos and confident that they are supported and strengthened by a mighty divine Hand that has kept them for millennia. It is with this outlook that the words of Saint Paul become particularly pertinent, explaining the ethos of Christian life when he says:

We are hard-pressed on every side, yet not crushed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed – always carrying about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus also may be manifested in our body.

The Christian presence will continue to play a crucial role in Egypt, and in the wider Middle East region, not only as they join their fellow citizens in proactively working towards an inclusive and better nation, but as true ambassadors of Christ, being true examples of reconciliation and forgiveness; being light of the world and salt of the earth as requested of us by our Lord Jesus Christ.

His Grace Bishop Angaelos is General Bishop of the Coptic Orthodox Church in the United Kingdom

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Gray's Anatomy

Patricia Morgan

Not long ago we were told that our gardens were a refuge for wildlife because industrialized farming had banished it from the countryside. No longer. Concrete, paving, gravel and 'grandma's grave' slate chippings have taken over the sizeable front gardens where I live, and not because of cars needing the space. Elsewhere, in street after street, the only frontal features are hideous wheelie bins. Now they have hi-viz lids; perhaps to prevent people falling in? Never mind that I am supposed to be in a conservation zone. Instead, the abolition of greenery, despite its positive, proven effect on raising mood, damping aggressiveness and controlling pollution, turns everything to sludge. Never mind that water with nowhere to sink ends up dumped with sewage in the Thames.



There are no insects for creatures to eat and no blossoms for bees. Make your way to the back gardens and you will find a haven for foxes, grey squirrels and a diversity of crows. There were once begging blue tits, robins, blackbirds and sparrows outside the restaurant in Richmond Park. Now there are grey squirrels and assorted crows that have increased nearly 100 percent since the '70s. Foxes and dogs off their leads have demolished ground nesting birds, snakes and lizards.

My middling garden used to host a multitude of frogs, along with toads, newts, wood mice and hedgehogs. A solitary frog might now turn up looking for a mate but, otherwise, nothing. *The Great Disappearance* started when an elderly neighbour harboured three foxes that gobbled everything up while another woman put sandwiches out for foxes and now shudders at the resulting disembowelled hedgehogs. Our area is supposed to be a special site for stag beetles, but you

do not see these much because the foxes dig out any grubs the concrete has not suffocated.

Grey squirrels, unregulated by natural predators, have displaced the little reds because they are stronger, out-compete for food, are able to store fat throughout the winter and carry a deadly pox virus. There are programmes, such as one on Anglesey, to eradicate greys and allow red populations to recover but it is a losing battle. Grey squirrels harm native bird populations by eating their eggs and nestlings, discourage parent birds

from using nest boxes, occupy the nesting spots of owls and hawks and take winter foods. They cause increasing damage to broad-leaved woods, which end up as scrub, rather than timber, landscape and habitat. This is hardly an effective use of

grants. The destruction of species like oak and beech is a disincentive to planting while it is no longer possible to plant ash, which is relatively resistant to squirrel damage,

A report from the Royal Forestry Society to the Forestry Commission England in its survey of 755 woodland owners and managers, concludes that grey squirrels 'represent the greatest threat to England's broad leaved woodlands, marginally ahead of tree diseases and well ahead of deer' and recommends that their control be given the same priority, with funding for more effective, co-ordinated control. Woodland owners and managers who invest in a rigorous and intensive regime of shooting, trapping and poisoning are often able to minimise the damage greys do, even if it is time-consuming and expensive. The news that the EU will no longer allow the use of warfarin will make an unsatisfactory situation worse.

Richmond on Thames council has declared that all this evidence is wrong and Wildlife Trusts are wasting their time. The grey squirrel has nothing to do with the red's decline. People wiped them out, so that 'by the 1920s their population had been decimated'. Strange that I should remember them in Epping Forest. It then admits reds still exist 'in some areas', where they harmoniously 'coexist with grey squirrels', suggesting that greys are just harmless veggies, while avoiding mentioning their impact on birds. Richmond 'does not support or practice lethal control' which 'should never be undertaken by members of the public'. This statement contradicts the 1981 Wildlife and Countryside Act with its message of trap and kill grey squirrels, along with its reaffirmation of the illegality of their release.

The council is keen to emphasize that foxes 'are not vermin' so we must practice 'coexistence' with a natural part of 'our urban wildlife'. The story that foxes did not move into town, but rather 'mirrored the growth in urban sprawl' as we occupied *their* territory is frequently regurgitated. I have always lived in Victorian streets on different sides of London and, until recently, foxes were as rare as unicorns in Ilford or rhinos in Hounslow. I recall many people keeping chickens in the decades after WWII when foxes were as inconceivable as griffin vultures. I saw my first fox on Dartmoor when I was 23.

The council mouths the cliché that, if foxes are removed, another lot will just move in. Is it stupidity or contempt for their audience to fail to see that all control is a continuous process, as with rats? Only 'some people' are 'disturbed' by the loud cries of foxes while 'little can be done, and the nocturnal disturbances don't last long' – so fine to be kept awake by ear splitting screaming. Foxes 'pose no real danger to cats' and 'the actual evidence of them killing cats is extremely rare' and in 'most cat/fox encounters, it is the fox who comes off worse'. I found the remains of a neighbour's cat and collar outside my back door and a friend's sturdy tom recently escaped minus his tail. What *has* happened is that, as the well-meaning animal welfare people have neutered and homed the old colonies of feral cats, ecological niches have opened up for foxes making for town. You see this in Europe where, at tourist sites, feral cats have been replaced by packs of threatening and, possibly rabid, feral dogs.

Even if urban foxes are more likely to have mange, we are reassured that it 'cannot easily transfer to humans' despite a pest control expert telling me of a

number of local cases – spread by foxes' fleas. As if my council's nonsense cannot get any worse, it advises that The National Fox Welfare Society can help us provide many foxes with homeopathic treatment!

Sentimentality is the mask of callousness. The irrational, touchy-feely people invited by London Boroughs to write ignorant tosh only care about the immediately obvious 'adorable' foxes and grey squirrels while ignoring the plight of insects, birds, amphibians and small mammals. Charities like the RSPCA have become aggressive soft toy preservation societies. General Sir Barney White-Spunner, head of the Countryside Alliance, urges his members to stop giving in to such societies because they are only interested in animal rights issues such as fox hunting and badger culls. A BBC *Countryfile* programme blamed hedgehog decline on cars and edited out mentions of badgers; their numbers have doubled since 1970 as hedgehogs have plummeted from 30 million to one, along with birds from lapwings to nightingales

and other badger snacks from bees' nests to dormice.

There is a lack of responsibility for the protection and stewardship of creation. 'Thou has dominion over these' and it is entirely in human hands whether anything lives or

not. In a man-made landscape, there is no way to ensure habitat and species survival without active manipulation. I asked some societies who look after the welfare of endangered species in what way the animals they care was threatened by uncontrolled predation. Their reply was that 'the balance of nature' would someday spontaneously set all aright. If it must therefore be left to nature, why do these organisations exist? They are helping to kill what they are supposed to protect.

We need now to replace existing animal charities with new organisations that are not based on emotion. Since the grey squirrel threatens our bird life and woodland heritage, we must not be afraid of confronting an ill-informed public. If our backyards are to be homes for hedgehogs, frogs and stag beetles, we urgently need periodic shooting of urban foxes and fines for those who feed and otherwise encourage them.

Patricia Morgan's forthcoming book is Marriage: its purposes, limits and future, Wilberforce Publications.

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Conservative Classic – 54

The God of the Machine by Isabel Paterson

Alexander G Scott

The philanthropist, the politician, and the pimp are inevitably found in alliance because they have the same motives, they seek the same ends, to exist for, through, and by others.

When Ronald Reagan told the American people at the start of his presidency that ‘Government is not the solution to our problem: government *is* the problem’, he was (probably knowingly) echoing Isabel Paterson, an eminent Canadian-American book reviewer, novelist and political thinker who produced such gems as: ‘...the country which is least governed is best governed’, ‘Government... is solely an instrument or mechanism of appropriation, prohibition, compulsion and extinction’; and ‘History within nations consists of the struggle of the individual against government’. Today, in an era when an increasing number of politicians and commentators seem eager to describe themselves as libertarians (whether they are or not) such pronouncements seem relatively unexceptionable: 70 years ago, when Paterson made them, they must have sounded blasphemous.

1943 saw the publication of notable works by each of the three founding mothers of the modern libertarian movement: Ayn Rand’s *The Fountainhead*, Rose Wilder Lane’s *The Discovery of Freedom* and Isabel Paterson’s *The God of the Machine*. Taken together, they represent a concerted assault on collectivism, Big Government and the myth of the benevolent state.

Of the three books, Paterson’s history of human liberty is probably the most incisive, yet the least well known (possibly because she was dissatisfied with it and refused to sanction a reprint). She was undoubtedly the triumvirate’s guiding light. Ayn Rand (who said of *The God of the Machine* that ‘it does for capitalism what *Das Kapital* does for the Reds and what *The Bible* did for Christianity’) was an acolyte, and Paterson had a great influence on Rose Wilder Lane (at one point even telling her where she should live). What particularly distinguishes all three works from most conservative writings of the time is their clarity and originality (in Paterson and Lane’s case this might have been the result of not having undergone liberal brainwashing at a university), their unrestrained

enthusiasm for red-in-tooth-and-claw capitalism, and their verve and optimism: Paterson was convinced that the battle to reverse the enervating state’s wasteful diversion of energy away from the private to the public sector was winnable.

While all three writers targeted full-blown totalitarian systems, Paterson was particularly alarmed by America’s acceleration under President Roosevelt towards the sort of seemingly benign, smiley-face, coercive political system Jonah Goldberg has termed ‘liberal fascism’. For her, the New Deal, with its mass of interfering, big-spending government agencies staffed by an army of left-wing social ‘experts’, had resulted in a pernicious expansion of state power, leading to attacks on the Constitution, the principles of free trade, and personal liberty. Now, of course, we realise that the New Deal did much to retard America’s emergence from the Depression while creating the deluded view of government as responsible for – and capable of – solving everyone’s problems. Paterson, who grew up as one of nine children on a Canadian cattle ranch and had to leave school early to earn a living, was a fierce opponent of taxpayer-funded welfare: when she died at the age of 74, found among her effects was her unused social security card sealed inside an envelope with the words ‘Social Security Swindle’ written on it.

What’s most startling about *The God of the Machine* is how contemporary it feels: there is hardly a section that doesn’t seem as relevant today as it must have done when it was published. Perhaps because she was writing with the memory of a global economic upheaval still fresh in her memory, and as we’re still suffering the turbulent after-effects of the credit crunch, Paterson seems to be addressing many of today’s key political and economic issues. For instance, after the events of 2008, many modern commentators echoed her brutal advice about how to handle economic disaster: ‘The quickest and most drastic liquidation of a credit collapse would be the best and most equitable; because it would most rapidly reconnect the production system; but this is seldom allowed. Instead, the political power is called in to seize or depreciate money; the meter is falsified, and a general leakage all along the line is caused. After that, no genuine recovery is possible,

unless or until this power is revoked and the general leakage stopped.' Of course, many of those responsible for the credit crunch had studied economics: Paterson suffered no such disadvantage.

As for the public's suspicion that they – rather than the perpetrators – ended up paying the price for the near-collapse of the world banking system in 2008, the same thing seems to have happened in the wake of the Wall Street Crash of 1929, about which Paterson (an admirer of entrepreneurs, but no lover of bankers) had this to say: 'The first measure of "relief" was the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; and the first money paid out from it went to J P Morgan & Co. It was the non-productive rich who first went on the dole.' Nothing much changes, evidently.

Paterson appears just as contemporary on non-economic matters. She is a fierce defender of the American Constitution against attacks by judicial activists (a major Tea Party theme); she dismisses the obsession with 'human rights' as a nonsense, arguing that they are one and the same as property rights; she sees the family as the main bulwark against the encroaching power of the state; and she is against positive discrimination on the basis of race. She dismisses grandiose government plans to 'abolish poverty' or to guarantee 'freedom from want' as a mere confusion of terms: 'The only condition in which no one can experience poverty, want, or fear, is that of rigor mortis.'

Paterson is immensely sound on another of the great banes of contemporary life – 'progressive' education. After railing against the impossibility of sacking useless teachers, she outlines the principles of touchy-feely, non-judgmental, child-centric educational methods ('it forbids positive punishment; aims... to encourage self-expression' etc.) and goes on to contrast this sort of nonsense with old-fashioned teaching principles, which '...gave the teacher sufficient authority for any necessary discipline. It imparted positive facts and positive principles. It discouraged immature self-expression, sought to strengthen character by self-control against the social impulse; and attached personal responsibility to any degree of emancipation from the rule of obedience for children. It taught the child to think by the use of formal logic on impersonal examples; while contemporary issues were kept out of the schoolroom as far as possible.'

Paterson also addresses attempts by the liberal establishment to impose unearned equality by means of a system whereby a pupil's work was marked according

to how well he had performed in relation to his 'innate capacities' instead of judging 'the specific results of a specific examination' (i.e. the sort of sleight-of-hand chicanery routinely advocated by modern leftists in order to shoehorn increasing numbers of 'disadvantaged' children into top universities). She points out that one result of these methods is that 'the negligent child is advantaged, and the diligent, clever, and conscientious child is deprived of an earned benefit'. In fact, Paterson rejects the principle of state-controlled education altogether: 'A tax-supported, compulsory educational system is the complete model of the totalitarian state.'

Perhaps the finest chapter in her book is 'The Humanitarian With the Guillotine' in which she contrasts the teachings of major religions – that those who seek to raise and distribute charitable funds shouldn't profit from their activities – with the evident assumption of many secular compassion-mongers that they have a perfect right to fill their boots (with our

money) and to be regarded as morally superior to the rest of us while they do so: 'The politicians can get votes out of distress; the humanitarians land lucrative white collar jobs for themselves distributing relief funds; only the

producers, both capitalists and working men, have to take the abuse and pay the shot.'

I bought *The God of the Machine* after reading this intriguing quote from it: 'The humanitarian in theory is the terrorist in action.' Those who have long suspected that many of the world's problems are often made worse by those frightfully nice hand-wringing types who stand to gain the most by prolonging them will discover that Paterson agrees: 'What kind of world does the humanitarian contemplate as affording him full scope? It could only be a world filled with breadlines and hospitals, in which nobody retained the natural power of a human being to help himself or to resist having things done to him. And that is precisely the world that the humanitarian arranges when he gets his way.' (This would certainly explain why the number of people judged to be in need of state charity increases exponentially when socialists are in power.)

I am not a libertarian, but anyone who claims to be really should read *The God of the Machine*. Print and Kindle editions are available from Amazon, and it can be downloaded as a free pdf file from the Ludwig von Mises Institute website.

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Reputations – 42

F W de Klerk
Christie Davies

In 1993 the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded jointly to the South Africans Nelson Mandela and Frederick Willem de Klerk ‘for their work for the peaceful termination of the apartheid regime and for laying the foundations for a new democratic regime’. From the news coverage at the time of Mandela’s funeral, you would think that he alone had won the prize when in fact de Klerk had played as important, indeed possibly a greater, part in achieving that peaceful transition. De Klerk has been one of the great statesmen of our time.

Both de Klerk and Mandela had had to make fundamental changes in their political outlook to achieve what they did. Mandela, once a seriously violent terrorist with very strong communist connections, trained in guerrilla warfare by the brutal Ethiopian police, a friend of Castro, Gaddafi, Arafat and the IRA, had become, while in gaol, through reading and friendly interaction with his Afrikaner prison wardens, a flexible and moderate man willing to negotiate in good faith with de Klerk. De Klerk, once a strong exponent of a narrow Afrikaner nationalism that in practice set itself against all the other peoples of South Africa, had come to see the wrongs that stemmed from this ideology and became an upholder of the universal values and rights of a society based on democracy, property rights and the free market, with an independent judiciary with safeguards for minorities and a free press,

All of these were already present in some measure in the Union of South Africa first set up by the British South Africa Act of 1909 that sought reconciliation after the Boer War (1899-1902). However, the Afrikaner nationalists had sought to hold back and frustrate the development of these free institutions and, given that only white people could vote, that the majority of the whites were Afrikaners and that the franchise favoured the rural areas where the Boer farmers lived, they were able to succeed. Such very limited rights as the black Africans, Indians and Cape Coloureds had enjoyed in politics, land ownership or access to skilled work were taken away from them or

severely restricted.

De Klerk’s achievement was to reverse this process and to abandon the policy of highly unequal separate development known as apartheid. De Klerk held and won by a large margin a whites only referendum in 1992 that endorsed these changes. Crucially he had promised the whites a colour-blind security of property and continuity of government employment. A new constitution followed and elections in which all races participated. Mandela’s African National Congress won over 60 per cent of the votes and de Klerk’s National Party 20 per cent. Mandela became President but de Klerk became a Deputy President and served him loyally until his own retirement in 1996.

De Klerk had come a long way, for there is nothing in his early life to suggest he would one day become the dismantler of apartheid and of the Afrikaner civil and political order. He had very deep Afrikaner roots and he can only be understood by exploring his heritage in detail, its traditions, religious beliefs and ideology. His father had been secretary of the Transvaal National Party and had served in the governments of three determined upholders of apartheid, the Prime Ministers Hans Strydom (his brother-in-law), Henrik Verwoerd and Balthazar Vorster. These were the years of the triumph of Afrikanerdom, its high noon, the time when South Africa ditched the monarchy to become a republic and then had to leave the British Commonwealth with its hated English and multi-racial connections.

The formative years of F W de Klerk were spent in a strongly Christian-National social environment where the chief end of man was the preservation and strengthening of the identity and boundaries of the Afrikaner nation. The Afrikaners saw themselves as a holy people to whom God had given a special mission. They adhered to a Dutch neo-Calvinist theology, which asserted that God had created many separate spheres

of life, each with its own authentic nature and which was independent of the other spheres. In the Netherlands itself this view had led to the creation of a stable and equitable society, based on separate but equal and co-operating pillars: a Protestant pillar, a Roman Catholic pillar and pillars for the secular liberals and socialists. Each pillar had its own institutions including its own its own radio and television station. In South Africa a parallel theology underpinned apartheid, apartness not just for whites, blacks, coloureds and Indians but between the Afrikaners and English-speaking settlers and immigrants. Indeed the first use of the word apartheid was in a warning by an Afrikaner leader to his followers not to intermarry with the English. Backing up the theology was a sacred history of righteous suffering that proved that the Afrikaners were indeed an elect people. Their great trek with ox-wagons in the 1830s away from the liberal rule of the British government on the coast to settle and form a new nation in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State was identified by them with the exodus of the Jews from Egypt in the Old Testament. The British government was seen as Pharoah and the black Africans who attacked the trekkers as the Canaanites. South Africa was dotted with monuments to those heroic times and the Afrikaner peoples' past struggles were regularly remembered and celebrated next to them on special days each year.

Along with religion, their other crucial identifier was the Afrikaans language, which they saw as shaping a person's entire outlook in life. They wanted Afrikaans to stand apart from not just English but from the Dutch language from which it was derived. They set up exclusively Afrikaans-medium schools for their children.

In practice the black Africans were regarded as the sons of Ham, as hewers of wood and drawers of water serving the Afrikaner farmers and as unskilled labour generally. However, the high-minded proponents of apartheid wanted to create for each of the African peoples separate tribal homelands, the Bantustans, which would in time enjoy self-government.

This was the world in which de Klerk grew up and was a part of and, according to his liberal elder brother Willem, he was not inclined seriously to question it. De Klerk was a member

of the Broederbond, a powerful and secretive Afrikaner nationalist organization that sought to keep pure the Christian-national ideology and to promote Afrikaner power by placing its members in key positions in all of South Africa's institutions. English speakers who had served their country well were steadily ousted from or denied promotion in the armed forces, and in the railways and semi-state corporations. The latter were created to provide jobs in industry and commerce for Afrikaners as a way of challenging the English speakers' pre-eminence in these fields.

Then new visions emerged among the Afrikaners. They did so partly because the rigidities of apartheid were dysfunctional in a market economy and partly because those Afrikaners who abandoned their rural idyll to enter the expanding modern economy became perforce the enlightened, the *verligte* ones. As the enlightened Afrikaners became more powerful in the National Party, breakaway parties formed, first the Herstigte (Reconstituted) National Party in 1969 and then in 1982 the Reverend Dr Andries Treurnicht's Konserwatiewe Party, that went on to gain 40 per cent of the Afrikaner vote. De Klerk's main preoccupation at this time was to act as a unifier holding the different wings of the National Party together. His time of greatness was yet to come.

What made this time of greatness possible was the crumbling of the Soviet empire followed by the total collapse of the Soviet Union. Until that point radical reform in South Africa might well, given the ANC's ties with the South African Communist party and with Moscow and Cuba, have led to the country going Communist and becoming a Soviet client-state. The result would have been a disaster for black as well as white South Africans, as we can see from the horrible nature and consequences of the Communist regimes that after the overthrow of Haile Selassie ruled Ethiopia from 1974 to 1991. Communist rule in Ethiopia led to the total breakdown of society with repeated famines, forced movements of population and civil war. Apartheid was bad but Communism was worse, as we also know from the history of China under Mao Tse-Tung. Mrs Thatcher saw this point very clearly, which is why she refused to intensify sanctions against South Africa and held negotiations with de Klerk's predecessor, P

W Botha. John Major's recent criticisms of Mrs. Thatcher's policies, made when he was attending Mandela's funeral, are completely wrong.

De Klerk's great insight was to see that the collapse of Soviet socialism had changed everything and after becoming President of South Africa in 1989 he moved rapidly and decisively to negotiate an end to the old Afrikaner order with Mandela and the ANC. He abandoned completely the ideology of apartheid and dominance dear to the Afrikaners. It was a very risky strategy. Treurnicht's party had been winning by-elections in the Afrikaner heartlands where it upheld the old faith in apartheid. De Klerk's predecessor as State President, P W Botha, a tepid stop-start reformer, strongly opposed his new initiatives and de Klerk could have lost the whites only referendum that

endorsed his new policies. The agreement he came to with Mandela could have foundered and plunged South Africa into the poverty, backwardness and internal strife that characterizes much of the rest of Africa. But greatness in a politician is based on a willingness accurately to assess and then to take risks, coupled with the will and ability to succeed. De Klerk had these qualities. On this his reputation rests. He stands with such other noted conservative statesmen as Sir Robert Peel or Charles de Gaulle who, when the time came, also chose to break with the past.

Christie Davies is the author of the monograph Apartheid versus Capitalism: the South African contradiction, Reading 1988.

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ETERNAL LIFE



Christianity is concerned with the absolutes: life and death, good and evil. This is why the church proclaims its doctrines as *true*. They are dogmas. This is necessarily the case, for what would it mean to announce the words of life and death and to claim to define good and evil if what was being said were only relatively true, fairly true or, as the parody bishop in the satirical newspaper column has it, *true in a very real sense*? Sometimes I fear the parody is too much like the reality. For over the last century-and-a-half Christian theologians and authorities, speaking under the influence of the so-called *higher criticism*, have redefined doctrines and dogmas as metaphors or myths to be, following David Strauss (1808-1874) and Rudolf Bultmann (1884-1976), *demythologised*. Thus the bodily resurrection of Christ is identified with the disciples' *experience of new life* and the feeding of the five thousand is a pretty story telling us that if we share what we have it will go a long way. The Virgin Birth becomes a fairy tale to inform us, after the style of children's TV programmes, that Jesus was *someone very special*. These interpretations are banal.

Moreover, such reinterpretations are a travesty of the gospel and a repudiation of all that the church has stood for over most of the Christian centuries. Unfortunately the modern mind recoils from such a thought. It is far

too *undemocratic*. Surely everyone is entitled to, as they say, *their own opinion*, so doing as much damage to English grammar as to the theological deposit of faith. Usually this assertion is quickly followed by one that amounts to palpable nonsense: that *every opinion is as valid as any other*. So RE in state schools runs along these lines: *St Augustine thought this, Martin Luther thought that, Rudolf Bultmann thought the other; what do you think, Megan?* Megan is eleven years old and belongs to a family where no one has ever stepped foot in a church, and there are no books in the house. What kind of society would exist if this sort of intellectual licentiousness were endemic? It is our sort of society in which culture is a form of anarchy and governed, as it were, by the slogan *Absolute Relativism Rules OK*, and the word *truth* has no meaning. This is not a satirical remark: I could immediately name at least six international scholars, philosophers, theologians and literary critics who have publicly denied the objectivity of truth.

The alternative to this kind of nonsense is not nonsense of another kind: there can be no refuge in literalistic fundamentalism. Christ did not literally or physically *come down from heaven*, because heaven is not up in the sky. Neither did he ascend to the same sky. Nevertheless, the Incarnation and the Ascension remain

true. Only they are more true than the literalist would have it, not less. His coming down from heaven means what St Paul said in the *Epistle to the Philippians*:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Similarly, His Ascension is not a rocket-propelled ascent until he reaches escape velocity and disappears from sight. The Ascension is the certain truth that Christ departed this world into the nearer presence of God, that he returned to the realm he had inhabited before the Incarnation. Even St Paul's description of the event is not exhaustive, for Christian dogmas are inexhaustible and like icons in that they partake of the reality which they represent. Both demythologising and literalistic fundamentalism are forms of reductionism, and they both interpret Christian truth in terms that make no sense.

Dogmas, though necessarily expressed in words, go beyond words and they must be approached as we approach a great painting, a wonderful symphony or, as I said, the icon. No one would say, 'I've seen the Mona Lisa so I don't have to look at it again.' Or 'Oh yes, I heard Beethoven's opus 130 last Wednesday at the delightful Wigmore Hall. I now understand all there is to understand in it.'

We contemplate such marvellous works over our whole lifetime and still we cannot exhaust them. And dogmas are indeed figures, but in a sense more profound than anything conjectured by David Strauss and Rudolf Bultmann. Let us take two dogmas for examples and begin to scratch the surface of their inexhaustible depth.

The resurrection is a truth permeating the whole of creation and so we find types and shadows, hints and suggestions of it everywhere. It is there in our daily arising from sleep and in the return of the springtime. The resurrection was not, as so many theological-anthropologists of such as J G Frazer (1854-1941) of *The Golden Bough* believed, a pseudo-historical fact based on the ancient pagan ritual of the dying and

rising king, or a surmise about the eternal return. Rather the reverse is the case. Because the resurrection was from all eternity part of God's purpose, then it finds reflections and echoes everywhere. In the same way, as John Donne noticed, we find images of the crucifixion in the crosses which appear in our window-panes and in the outstretched arms of the swimmer.

The Trinity is an eternal truth and so it was unavoidable that it must have found representation, however unconsciously, in the rituals, customs and religions of many civilisations: in those of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon for example as well as in the thought of ancient Greece, in Plato and the Roman Virgil. The world's three dimensions are the natural imprint of the brooding

Trinity which we find also in the major and minor triads in western music. I am not saying these allusions were formed deliberately: rather the truth of the Trinity goes so deep that their emergence from a culture steeped in Christianity – as Europe once was – is unavoidable.

The fact is that dogmas are revealed by God to the custodianship of the

church. But they come alive only when we attend to them. We have to work at the dogmas. Revelation is provided by God. It is for us to make sure we attune our thoughts to them, for they are the soul of reality. We need to develop, by prayer, meditation, worship and the patience and comfort of God's holy word our eyes to see and our ears to hear.

Peter Mullen is a retired Church of England priest and a writer. His current project is a film script about St Paul.

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ARTS AND BOOKS

In Foreign Fields

Nigel Jones

Empires of the Dead, David Crane, William Collins, 2013, £16.99p.

This is a book as beautiful as the cemeteries and cenotaphs it celebrates. Its subject is the creation of the British War cemeteries that circle the globe wherever this country's soldiers, sailors and airmen have laid down their lives in the two world wars and other 20th century conflicts, but it returns again and again to the theatre and campaigns where the majority of the dead lie: the Western front in France and Flanders in the Great War.

The hundreds of cemeteries, great and small, that enhance rather than debase the landscapes in which they were laid down, as anyone who visits them in this centenary year can attest, are oases of peace and beauty resembling an English country garden. All, whether tucked into the suburb of an ugly, nondescript northern French or Belgian town or hidden in 'some corner of a foreign field' are a tribute to the organisation that conceived, created and maintains them – the Commonwealth (formerly Imperial) War Graves Commission, and in particular to the body's founding father, Sir Fabian Ware, who remained at its helm until shortly before his death in 1948.

For, as David Crane's meticulously researched and sensitively written book conclusively demonstrates, without

Ware we would not remember the war and the men who sacrificed their lives in the particular ways that we do. It was Ware's vision, allied to his driving energy, great political skill and determination, that enabled him to overcome what looked like overwhelming opposition to his proposals for dealing with the war dead, and shaped the CWGC into the universally respected institution that it remains today.

Ware, like two other early 20th century British

mavericks, the Satanist Aleister Crowley and the eccentric soldier Orde Wingate, came from a background rooted in the Plymouth Brethren, a small but fanatical set of fundamentalist Protestants. Endowed with brains and drive, Ware transcended his humble background to become, after college in France, first an educationalist; then an imperial administrator. He was one of Lord Milner's 'kindergarten' of bright young men running post-Boer War South Africa, then a journalist, turning the moribund Tory *Morning Post* into the leading organ of Edwardian Toryism, before finally finding his true mission in the Great War.

In 1914, Ware tried to enlist in the army, and after being rejected on grounds of age (he was in his mid-forties) he took charge of the Red Cross's ambulance service in France. He soon became aware that there was no co-ordinated policy for dealing with the mounting numbers of the dead, and resolved to fashion one

himself. Crane follows Ware as he meets and overcomes every obstructive hurdle thrown against him, and as, with single-minded drive, he fought to give what he considered dignity and recognition to the unimaginably lengthening death roll.

Ware's great idea was that the dead should all be buried or commemorated (since many had been physically obliterated by the destructive power of industrialised warfare) near where they had fallen. His second guiding principle was uniformity – or equality – that in death, as in the Toc H social club near Ypres, the General should rank alongside the humblest Private.

(Such egalitarianism led to angry and absurd aristocratic accusations

that the Tory imperialist Ware was a secret socialist).

As a first step, and using his knowledge of France and its language that few other influential Englishmen possessed – Ware persuaded France, in the shape of Marshal Foch, to cede Britain the cemetery plots in perpetuity. Next, he enlisted a team of distinguished architects – headed by Edwin Lutyens no less and including Sir Reginald Blomfield and Herbert Baker, to design the cemeteries and memorials, such as Lutyens's



*Lt P B Kehoe, Northants Regt, 11 July 1943,
Aged 23, Syracuse, Sicily*

imposing Thiepval memorial arch, dominating the Somme battlefield, where the names of more than 73,000 missing men are recorded on vast stone panels.

Finally, he persuaded the bard of Empire himself, Rudyard Kipling, whose only son John was among the missing, to give the Empires of the Dead their literary profile. Kipling obliged with the beautiful yet heartbreaking phrase that adorns so many headstones: 'A soldier of the Great War. Known unto God'.

Yet even with such influential supporters on his side, Ware faced determined opposition. Many people, especially those who could afford the cost, wanted to bring loved ones home from the battlefields to lie in English churchyards or ancestral vaults. One such who escaped Ware's clutches was William Gladstone, grandson of the Prime Minister, who was shipped back to lie with his forefathers at Hawarden after being sniped in the trenches.

Others objected to Ware's resolute refusal to mark graves with a Christian cross, though crosses were incorporated on the faces of the uniform headstones, and a large 'Cross of sacrifice' adorned each cemetery. Ware argued that the cemeteries needed to look tidy and identical, like soldiers on parade, and pointed out that many of the dead, especially those from the Empire, were not Christians.

He won this and every other argument and the results of his efforts are the unbearably moving cemeteries, originally looked after by the comrades of the dead, that thousands will visit this and every year. So long as memory holds, these graves are dear to us. In an age when more and more official organisations are coming into disrepute and derision, Britain can still be proud of the CWGC – and Crane's book is a fine and moving memorial to the extraordinary man who created it.

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Breakfast with the STASI

Jane Kelly

Red Love: The Story of an East German Family, Maxim Leo, Pushkin Press, 2013, £16.99.

In Maxim Leo's childhood in the 1970s, people privileged enough to own a car usually drove grey Trabants. His Communist grandfather Gerhard however owned a brown Citroen. Little Leo was sometimes allowed to sit in it as a treat and inadvertently gained a whiff of the capitalist world lying a few hundred feet away behind the Berlin Wall, or the 'anti-fascist protection rampart', as he knew it.

In October 1989, the fortieth anniversary of East

Germany (the DDR), the teenage Leo joined crowds in the centre of Berlin to greet President Gorbachov and other Socialist leaders. He found the Alexanderplatz full of people 'waiting for things to kick off', and so were the police. He saw them force the crowd back and Stasi agents drag people away. The following day he was caught with an illegal church newspaper, arrested, forced to stand in a stress position all night, and quickly broke down under interrogation. A month later, on November 9th 1989, the rampart against capitalism fell and his life as an East German abruptly ended.

'Forty years washed away within only a few days', he writes, still impressed at how quickly it all happened, and still exploring his new identity. 'The East clings to me', he says, 'like a big family that you can't shake off'.

Many of us who remember the DDR are also slightly surprised to think that the Berlin Wall and Check Point Charlie have been consigned to history. There were some recent reminders in the hit films, *The Lives of Others*, released seventeen years after the wall came down, and *Goodbye Lenin!* in 2003, about Christine, an East German mother who has to be protected from the news that her country had been dissolved. Leo's memoir of growing up in the DDR, illustrated with grainy black and white family photos, rectifies that fading memory. Leo takes the reader into the heart of the DDR socialist dreamland by looking closely at the motivations of his parents and grandparents who were shaped by the Nazi past and the illusions that followed.

With a pleasing irony he gives an entertaining picture of childhood in the worker's state. In a chapter called 'Collisions', he describes how, aged six, he had his 'first brush with the Stasi', when he was knocked down by a police car. In hospital he was kept alone for six weeks in a room with barred windows, only seeing his parents once a week. Later as a boy cycling in the wood he was puzzled to find areas where the public were kept out by high walls, and lakes where no one was allowed to swim apart from Party officials. He and his pals once dug a deep hole in some sand dunes. The next day they were greeted by soldiers with Alsatian dogs demanding to know who had dug it. After this trauma they invented a game called, 'Escape to the West', which they played with neurotic energy.

In school he was bored with rote learning the Soviet view of history, having to memorise the three determining factors of the revolution, ten reasons for the superiority of socialism, and the five points of the Party programme. 'Listless teachers wrote the tables on the board, listless pupils wrote them down, listless parents signed off the class work', he writes.

Trying to please everyone, Leo grew up a good revolutionary, after years of citizenship lessons.

Not easy in a state where anyone who wore jeans, a hair quiff or slip on shoes was a class enemy. He recalls a teacher explaining that a pop song had been banned because the lyrics referred to Party leader Eric Honecker wearing a leather jacket and listening to West German radio in the lavatory.

He also vividly describes his parents' childhood – the feral, fatherless children of the German defeat. His father Wolf treated bombed out Berlin as a giant adventure playground. Children made dens in the ruins, played football with American soldiers, found unexploded ammunition, lit fires, smashed windows, made fuses out of shoelaces and blew up chimneys. German parents were too busy trying to buy flour on the black market to notice. Wolf was cruelly beaten by his father Werner when he returned from a POW camp in 1947.

A poor farm boy, Werner had become a convinced Nazi. 'Nazism is posh communism', he said. 'Hitler makes small people big'. By 1950 in the new Germany he became a dogmatic communist. Leo's maternal grandfather, Gerhard, was entirely different. From a wealthy Jewish background, he came home a hero of the Party after fighting against the Nazis with French partisans.

The book contains fascinating anecdotes which show how different things used to be. Aged ten, Gerhard managed to have a love affair with a thirty-five-year old woman doctor he met in hospital. He spent hours alone with her at her flat, got her to agree to marry him if she was still single ten years on, and she remained one of the great loves of his life.

These disparate, damaged people, desperate to escape any responsibility for the Nazi era, met in the marriage of Wolf and Anne, Leo's parents. Because of the past, the grandfathers, who built the same state and joined the same Party, never met. Leo calls his parent's marriage 'a long love and a long argument'. Their first quarrel was about whether people trying to escape across the border should be regarded as traitors and punished. Anne, a journalist on a state newspaper, was a passionate, patriotic communist, believed in a rigidly controlled border, to keep the bad people out.

Leo's life was made more complicated because Wolf was an artist who favoured slip-on shoes, a goatee beard and strange haircuts. He never crossed the line and got into serious trouble but offended people in petty positions of power. He yelled at his son's headmistress, which resulted in the author being refused entry to extended secondary education. To take the 'Abitur', and stay at school, pupils had to show 'model behaviour'.

Apparatchik Anne declared that she would not allow the state to 'make a worker out of her son'. For the

first time she saw that the state was no good for her children, while the author, aged 15, recognised that the state was planning to determine his whole life and began to think about life on the other side of the wall.

Anne's reaction was to give up journalism and retreat into academic life, applying for a doctorate at the Humboldt University. As the daughter of a prominent party member she acquired a permit to enter 'the poison room', part of the library containing banned books, mostly by Trotskyites and Euro-communists. But she also discovered the truth about her own grandfather, Dagobert Lubinski, a Jewish left-wing journalist, later condemned by his fellow travellers as a 'right-wing traitor'.

She read how he had been excluded from the German Communist Party in 1928 and murdered in Auschwitz in 1943. No one had been willing to speak about him in her family, now she discovered the truth and with it the integrity of her own Jewish identity. She could not shake off this new knowledge. As Leo puts it: 'It was proof that someone could be right, and on the other side.' With Dagobert as her hero she began to sense that she could end her dependence on the Party and think for herself.

Maxim Leo, in the tradition of his family, is a great journalist, and he details the struggles and compromises of his family with great subtlety and humour. My only criticism of this lively, illuminating work is the attempt to make it even more vivid by the use of the present tense, a fad that is unnecessary and annoys many readers.

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A Musical Parson John Jolliffe

Music at Midnight. The Life and Poetry of George Herbert, John Drury, Allen Lane, 2013, £25.

The title of this book is explained by the following story. George Herbert is said to have arrived at a 'private Musick meeting' in Salisbury Cathedral with his clothes in a muddy and thoroughly uncharacteristic state. When criticised for this he related that he had met a poor man on the road with a horse that had collapsed under its load. Herbert had been an excellent Samaritan, and helped the owner of the horse to get things straight, at some cost to his usual presentable appearance. It was then objected that 'so dirty an employment' ill became a member of his family, only a mile or two from their home at Wilton. He is said to have answered that 'the thought of what he had done would prove Musick to him at Midnight'. It is possible

that the story is one of several inventions composed for him by his early biographer and admirer Izaak Walton. Nevertheless the cap fits well enough.

Much of George Herbert's early life was devoted to a worldly ambition which earned him the post of Public Orator at Cambridge, a possible stepping-stone to an important position at court. But he moved away from all that, to take Holy Orders, though worrying about his unfitness, and felt that:

*Only, since God doth often make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.*

It is the sheer freshness and originality of his ideas that is so compelling, and, for me at least, the idiom of the early seventeenth century, more arresting and exciting than the more suave and mellifluous style of the Augustans, Pope, and later, Gibbon and Horace Walpole in the following century

He moved on to the peaceful parish of Bemerton, half way between the palatial seat of his distant relations, the Pembroke Herberts at Wilton, and the glories of Salisbury Cathedral. The deep obscurity of some of his poetic imagery means that readers will often need a guide to light them through the darkness. Drury is the perfect guide, interweaving the details of Herbert's life and its context with the poems, and observing the interplay between the two. Drury writes with great charm as well as great seriousness, and succeeds in making what would otherwise be deeply difficult not only intelligible but wonderfully easy to appreciate. He is at first a little severe on Herbert's early, immature priggishness, his 'aloofness and self-conscious dress-sense, a type hard to know and hard to like.' From his earlier days as Dean of King's College, Cambridge, and later of Christ Church, perhaps he speaks from experience.

Although Herbert was only thirty-nine, it was a great mercy for him to die in 1633 and to be spared the traumas and tragedies of the Civil War, though who knows but he might have been inspired to compose admirable poems about the conflicting causes and the sacrifices that they entailed. We know from Izaak Walton that music was extremely important to Herbert, both in the choral performances in Salisbury Cathedral and at 'private music-meetings', and he was a competent performer himself. In an early poem 'Church Music', probably written in his Cambridge days, he said 'But if I travel in your company, you know the way to Heaven's door.'

Who reads Herbert today? Drury points out that 'the primacy of love over theology and everything else is a major reason for the hold Herbert's poetry has on modern readers, secular and even atheist though they may be'. The question remains whether it is

necessary, rather than preferable, to hold Christian beliefs to appreciate his poetry. Coleridge, who was a great admirer, said that only a Christian could fully understand Herbert. The crucial word is 'fully'. Drury generously claims that 'the reader only needs some experience of love's happiness, storms and conflicts ... to engage with such poetry.' The analogy is incomplete, but perhaps reading Herbert without sharing his beliefs is like reading a great Latin or French literary master only in translation, and enjoying it without fully getting the point.

Ultimately, it is the significance of the material that matters. Maurice Bowra's favourite term of approval in literature was 'big stuff', such as the works of Homer and Aeschylus. George Herbert's 'stuff' is bigger and more profound than that of any of Bowra's heroes. And Drury has such a strong rapport with Herbert that in this book it sometimes seems that it is not Drury that is speaking but Herbert himself.

Finally, a special word of praise for Allen Lane's production of the book: good paper, generous spacing, well chosen illustrations and endpapers, all at a generous price. Why cannot other publishers (other than the glorious Yale University Press) do the same? [back to contents](#)

Swan Song Celia Haddon

Birds & People, Mark Cocker, photographs by David Tipling, Jonathan Cape, 2013, £40.

Winged like angels and two-legged like humans, birds have inspired religious worship, poetry, folklore and scores of great TV nature programmes. Yet we kill them for food, feathers, game 'preservation', and sometimes just for fun. This beautifully illustrated book, encyclopaedic in its scope, covers every bird family in the world and traces each family's relationship with us.

For humans are both persecutors and saviours of these dinosaur descendants. Millions of birds live in factory farm misery so we can eat their cheap eggs or their meat. A fashion for feathers on hats in Victorian times nearly exterminated several species and millions of birds lose their habitat every year to urban development, logging or agricultural improvements.

Yet at the same time the USA is spending a fortune to rescue the California condor by captive rearing. Here in the UK we are currently trying to re-introduce the Great Bustard to the Salisbury plains. And in Bermuda one single-minded resident, David Wingate, has devoted his life to restoring the Cahow, the Bermuda petrel thought extinct by 1621. From eighteen pairs found on

a tiny islet in 1951 he has protected and encouraged the species so that there are now about 100 pairs.

Humans love some birds and hate others. Gamekeepers loathe the hen harriers and peregrines that prey on red grouse. Garden bird lovers hate the magpies that eat the little chicks of songbirds. Fishermen in the UK want a cull of cormorants calling them 'the black death'.

In the Far East, however, the same birds, cormorants, are domesticated and admired. They are leashed by fishermen and land their catch in the boat when a ring on their necks prevents them swallowing the fish. In haiku, those poems of seventeen syllables, 'cormorant' is a word denoting summer. Even in England the hunting-mad monarch, James I, tried to domesticate them, installing a Master of Cormorants on the Thames and a population of cormorants in St James's park.

Christmas cards, ad campaigns and nature films confirm that we love robins, p-p-p-penguins, peacocks (though we think they are vain), swans (once believed to sing as they died), toucans (a logo for Guinness), owls (though we are superstitious about their daytime cries), nightingales and larks. Human attitudes are as diverse as the appearance and behaviour of the birds themselves.

There are birds that walk on the water, fluttering their wings to stall while their webbed feet touch the surface. These storm petrels weigh less than two ounces but criss-cross oceans only coming to land under cover of darkness to crawl into burrows where they nest. Frigate birds are also long distance travellers. One frigate bird, fitted with a satellite transmitter, flew 2,500 miles nonstop over 26 days, sleeping on the wing as it went.

Another aerial acrobat, the swift builds its nest from detritus snatched from the air, then stuck to a cave or house wall with its own saliva. The spit of some species is so highly valued it is made into birds' nest soup. The weaver bird, as its name suggests, weaves dried grass into a pot shape dangling from a twig. Each avian species designs and builds a characteristic nest presumably following a pattern hard-wired in its brain.

The hamerkop in Africa takes six weeks to run up a gigantic nest made up of anything from discarded rags, old bones, and desiccated frogs to cowpats and even human faeces. One nest consisted of 200lbs of grass and sticks, and included a broken cassette tape, a glove, a plastic dish and a plastic cup, two peacock feathers, two socks, 45 rags, a human comb, a pair of

men's underpants, 10 plastic bags, some bits of hose pipe, and six bicycle tyres.

Birds also have elaborate sex and love lives. The bowerbird attracts a mate by building an intricate love pagoda of woven grasses decorated with bright objects such as feathers, bright pebbles, marbles, bits of glass and even sweet wrappers. While most birds pair for just one season, bald eagles and swans, despite the story of Leda, are monogamous and mate for life.

Much has been made of the way warm-blooded mammals raise their young with parental care. Most birds do the same, wearing themselves out to raise their offspring. Only the cuckoo avoids all effort by leaving its egg in the nest of another species. The cuckoo chick then ejects any other chicks using a special hollow in its back to heave them out. This behaviour seemed so unlikely that in 1788 Sir Joseph Banks refused to believe it when Edward Jenner submitted the first proven record.

The bright plumage of parrots has meant that millions have been kept in the solitary confinement of small boring cages despite their evident intelligence. In the Middle Ages they became a symbol of freedom from sin, a pet for popes, and appeared in paintings of the Virgin Mary. This led to parrots being named Mary, and from Mary to the name's nickname Polly. There is the treasure trove of this kind of information in this book.

In modern times the use of the painkiller diclofenac (sold as Voltarol in the UK) as a veterinary drug has nearly wiped out 40m Indian vultures. The crash in numbers has caused problems for the Parsees who relied on vultures to devour the flesh off the corpses of their dead in so called 'sky burials.' The vultures' digestive system could deal with the cholera, typhoid and smallpox bugs found in corpses but their kidneys could not withstand the diclofenac. Now Parsee bodies have to be eaten more slowly by kites and crows.

Most of the time humans kill birds, but some birds have killed humans. Pelicans, white storks and other large migrating birds have collided 6,000 times with Israeli aircraft and completely destroyed nine fighter planes, killed three pilots, inflicted as much as six million pounds worth of damage. Their destructive power was greater than any enemy action! Eventually the birds' migration routes were mapped and a radar early warning system established reducing collisions by about three quarters.



Modern human society has been good for some bird populations, like the red kites that thrive on road-kill along the M40 or the black kites in India who live off the rubbish dumps of Delhi. Swifts and swallows find our buildings ideal for their nests, while blue tits and other garden birds have nest boxes installed especially for them.

Birds and People is a delight to read, full of curious information, and with some splendid photographs. The author has been collecting personal stories and information since 1997, and it is this density and diversity of voices that makes for such a good read. It can be dipped into like an encyclopaedia but once started, the temptation is to continue reading, like the flying of a frigate bird, for hour after hour.

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Barking up the Wrong Neurones

Anthony Daniels

How Everyone Became Depressed: The Rise and Fall of the Nervous Breakdown, Edward Shorter, Oxford University Press, 2013, £19.99.

Broadmoor Revealed: Victorian Crime and the Lunatic Asylum, Mark Stevens, Pen and Sword, 2013, £19.99.

When I started out as a doctor, forty years ago, depression – meaning melancholia – was a rare and serious disease. Patients would be admitted to hospital and observed for two weeks without treatment to ensure that their symptoms were neither fleeting nor exaggerated. They would then be treated with drugs that really worked, occasionally only too well, for they would become the opposite of melancholic: expansive, euphoric, grandiose, overactive and often destructive. Sometimes we would have to intercept their letters to forestall disaster. Anyone who has seen a melancholic in full despair or a manic in full flight is bound to conclude that he is in the presence of true illness.

Since then, of course, depression has become so frequent, or at least so frequently diagnosed, that it is in effect the common cold of the mind. More than ten per cent of the adult population of western countries now takes antidepressants or drugs that are supposed to be antidepressants (in fact, they don't work very well in most cases, though they have side-effects). Does this mean that we are in the midst of a terrible epidemic of misery, or is something else happening? Edward Shorter, a renowned Canadian medical historian, believes that the latter is the case, and in his book tries

to explain what it is and how it came about.

His command of the history of psychiatry is impressive, indeed is probably without peer, but he is not an elegant writer. The very detail sometimes obscures the main point he is trying to make and the reader feels himself in the midst of a labyrinth without a lucid guide to help him escape. But Shorter is a scholar and certainly not the kind of crude polemicist who would conclude that there is no place for psychiatry in the world.

The classification of psychiatric disorders is inherently difficult because there are no objective tests for them except where they are produced by concomitant physical disease. While some disturbances of perception and behaviour appear to be genuine diseases, others appear more like exaggerated responses to circumstances. For reasons internal to the history of psychiatry, the diagnosis of melancholia which was categorical (either the patient had it or he didn't) was abandoned in favour of depression which was dimensional (the patient could have much or a little of it). The reasons for this abandonment had little to do with science and much to do with power struggles within the psychiatric establishment, but it occurred just before the drug companies launched a new category of supposedly antidepressant drugs, the *selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors*, the SSRIs. Though these drugs were of very doubtful efficacy, the companies that made them, assisted by complaisant doctors, managed to insinuate into the public's mind that unhappiness and discontent were not normal experiences but matters of disordered serotonin metabolism, correctable by pills. From the commercial if not the therapeutic point of view, SSRIs became the most successful drugs ever marketed, the triumph of superstition dressed up as neuroscience. Professor Shorter tells this story well.

He has his own axe to grind, however. He believes that, because of the mistaken way in which doctors have classified mental disorders they have been barking up the wrong neurones and the wrong neurotransmitters. He holds out the hope that, if only they could address themselves to the *real* neuronal source of all our discontents they could eventually discover an answer to them. This, it seems to me, would be to make exactly the same mistake all over again.

It is strange, then, to find in the history of Broadmoor, the Victorian institution for the criminally insane, the common sense so singularly lacking in modern psychiatry. The author, Broadmoor's archivist, is a very pleasant companion to the history of an institution that has so powerfully entered our nation's consciousness. He has no grand theory to propound and his book is all the better for it. He tells the story of some of

Broadmoor's more celebrated inmates, for example that of Richard Dadd, the celebrated painter who killed his father (I resisted the temptation to make a bad pun) but went on to paint some strange masterpieces, some of them in the Tate Gallery. The author also tells, often movingly, the story of the 'ordinary' inmates, if ordinary is a word that can properly be used of such a population. We learn of escapees and women patients who gave birth while detained, and also of the medical superintendents who suffered attacks, some of them serious, by patients.

Inevitably the stories told in so short a book are selected, but because the author has no grand theory he wants to propound one trusts him not to have selected them surreptitiously on grounds that he does not want openly to acknowledge. This is not to say that no general point emerges, and it is a point that surprised me greatly: namely that this asylum which could so easily have been a chamber of horrors was run, imperfectly as it might have been, with humanity and in a generally enlightened way. From the photographs in the book, it was certainly aesthetically superior to anything we have built for decades. I am far from convinced that we have altogether improved on the Victorians in humanity, and I think that if they were to judge present day psychiatric practice in Britain they would find much of it bizarre, irrational and even gratuitously cruel. For example, a patient today might, in the course of a single episode of illness, be treated by as many as four or five different psychiatric teams; this would strike the Victorians as the epitome of callousness. They would also comment adversely on the time-serving nature of the psychiatric establishment that did not protest against this assault on common sense and common decency. Stevens' book is modest in scope but is a model of its kind. It plunges the reader imaginatively into the world of the past, and one can ask no more than that. A further book by him is announced and I look forward to it eagerly.

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Sociology without Tears

Christie Davies

The Education of David Martin: the making of an unlikely sociologist, David Martin, London, SPCK, 2013, £25.

David Martin is a most unlikely sociologist but he is also a great one, a man who has made a profound and creative contribution to our understanding of the sociology of religion, the very core of sociology. Economic life is better studied by economists,

education by psychologists and social mobility by statisticians but the interaction of religion, morality and politics, David Martin's area of expertise, is the true province of the sociologist. The practical value of his insights and knowledge may be well seen in his campaign to retain the use of the King James Bible and the Book of Common Prayer within the Church of England.

David Martin is certainly unusual among sociologists, for he is a committed Christian in a profession dominated by Godless scoffers and mockers and infected by devotees of the absurd, secular pseudo-religions founded by Marx, Freud and Foucault. He is unusual in being a man steeped in high culture in a profession known for its philistines as well as its Philistines. Finally Martin is that rare Professor of Sociology who understands the value of loyalty, tradition and continuity in a profession known for its mindless radicalism. One great value of this autobiographical account is that it provides us with insights into where his distinctive achievements come from as well as into the man himself.

David Martin FBA's remarkable erudition is even more striking given his erratic education before he entered the LSE at the late age of thirty. A middling sort of school education from which he failed to get into King's College London, national service in the Non-Combatant Corps and a sentence in a teacher training college was followed by several years of teaching in a primary school, while receiving indifferent tuition for a London external degree on the side. Yet well before he went to university he already had the knowledge of poetry and philosophy and the skill as a musician that later made him a defender of the virtues of the Book of Common Prayer against the banal alternative on offer. However, by the time of this latter-day prayer-book controversy he had mastered from Durkheim to Douglas the sociological and anthropological analyses of the complex relationship between religion and language. He understood what was at stake with much greater depth and clarity than the bureaucratic prelates who opposed him. His later as well as his earlier publications on the nature of religious language prove this. What of any merit have those colourless suffragans ever written? They have left neither roots nor branches.

When at school, David Martin became a pacifist in the Tolstoy tradition; pacifism was a mutation of his experience of growing up in a fervently evangelical home. He sought to be a conscientious objector to National Service and ended up in the Non-Combatant Corps, along with a wide variety of Protestant sectarians which first stimulated his interest in the sociology of religion. This was an unpleasant period for him in

which he suffered the brutal absurdity of the army life of a conscript in peacetime, without experiencing any of the comradeship and sense of purpose that give it meaning for others. In his autobiography he writes about uninspiring contact with the pioneer corps and the military police in an amusing way, reminding the reviewer of a talk that he wrote for BBC radio, which everyone who read it enjoyed but which could not be broadcast because of its necessary obscene language. But it lives again here. The talk was, and his autobiographical account is, funnier than rival accounts of peacetime national service, like David Lodge's *Ginger You're Barmy*.

After several years as a primary school teacher, where at one school he subversively taught the children to whisper their multiplication tables because the progressive headmaster had forbidden this way of learning, he gained a post-graduate scholarship at the LSE. It was natural that he should now choose to study, as his PhD topic, pacifism in British politics in the inter-war period. He became aware that the strong ethical strand in left-wing politics at this time may well have made World War II more likely to happen, for it followed that the pacifists must share part of the blame for that malign time in European history. Martin's book *Pacifism: An Historical and Sociological Study* induced fury in those old pacifists still alive and in their lineal descendants of the 1960s; unreasonably violent emotions come easily to the espousers of peace and reason. His autobiography shows too how the combining of Max Weber's sociology with a detailed knowledge of English history led him to change his own philosophical and religious position. He writes:

More profoundly, I no longer felt the force of the analogy between the free self-offering of Christ and a refusal to resist the evil of force and the force of evil. The action of the Redeemer... is not a formula for deciding what we personally should do or what governments should do. In such dilemmas we are not deciding only for ourselves but have to take into account all the third parties likely to bear the brunt of our action or our failure to act.... Governments have to calculate the uncertain and long-term effects of their decisions, including pre-emptive strikes when the moral balance is dubious, rather than waiting till the moral balance is unequivocal and the encounter more likely to be very bloody and to favour the enemy.

David Martin was moving, in his own words, to 'the realistic approach accepted by the Magisterial Reformation looking back to Augustine'. This was the

essence of his long journey from the disillusionment of hearing Frank Cousins haranguing a CND rally in Trafalgar Square to his decision to seek ordination in the Church of England.

This does not mean that he abandoned his regard for the peaceable core of Christianity, whose non-violent manifesto, the New Testament, stands against the honour codes that have dominated human history and which greatly disfigure its main rival religion. It was this high regard for the Christian essence that in 1997 led him to write *Does Christianity Cause War?* a refutation of the accusations being made by the militant atheists of the time. The atheists had conveniently forgotten the careers of their co-religionists Lenin, Hitler, Stalin, Mao and Castro.

At the LSE David Martin was repeatedly confronted with the upholders of that 'infantile disorder', left wing sociology. One of its manifestations was a fanatical belief in secularization, in the inevitable withering away of religion with the advance of secular ideologies which had progressive material forces on their side: the 'here come science and industry, bang goes religion' brigade. Today, one wonders how these refuted prophets have coped with the collapse of Soviet socialism and the return of the Russian Orthodox Church or the rise of militant Islam. Yet they always seem to have holes to wriggle through, like the Bulgarian Marxist sociologist whom Professor Martin met in the 1960s who explained away the strength of Roman Catholicism in Poland by claiming that Poland had been 'artificially held back'. No doubt in the same way that Methodism had 'artificially' staved off proletarian revolution in Britain.

From his scholarly visits to many parts of Europe and beyond and his detailed knowledge of these countries' histories and social structures emerged the *magnum opus* for which David Martin became famous, *A General Theory of Secularization*, 1978. This book is one of the great studies in comparative sociology. In it he demonstrates why sometimes secularization happens and sometimes the reverse and why each of these processes takes on such varied forms. That great vision of the progressive atheists, a single, simple linear process of secularization, is a delusion.

Martin also became the great chronicler of the rise of Protestantism in Latin America in recent decades. The ordinary people of that continent found their revolution not in liberation theology but in Pentecostalism, a form of religion relevant to the modernization of their lives. Martin understood what had happened and what was happening in part because it took him back to his own roots. Alone of the visiting anthropologists, he could enter the life of the worshippers at a tiny chapel in Chile, share their bible-based religion and

tell them stories of the lives and faith of his father and grandfather that matched their own experiences. He had come home.

Yet his creative understanding is that of one who is not at home but has consistently stood outside the very institutions to which he has belonged. He has been in turn a pacifist in the army, a believer in education in a British state school, a sceptic among militant secularists and an upholder of traditional texts in a Church of England racing after pseudo-modernity. You don't need to be an Anglican to enjoy the journeys of David Martin any more than you need to be a Roman Catholic to identify with the Newman of *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. But Martin has a greater capacity for humour than Newman did. The sections of his autobiography about the army, his visit to communist Bulgaria, the bizarre 1960s conferences organized by secular theologians and university life in Texas made me laugh out loud.

This is inspiring account of the life of one who has walked with royalty and politicians as well as gifted peasants, professors and priests. It is written with insight and candour and, where appropriate, amusement. [back to contents](#)

A Passion for Reason Michael St John Parker

The Enlightenment, and why it still matters,
Anthony Pagden, Oxford University Press, 2013, £20.

What should we think about the European Enlightenment of the eighteenth century? *The Oxford English Dictionary* as it was published from the 1930s to the 1960s was in no doubt about the matter: 'Shallow and pretentious intellectualism, unreasonable contempt for authority and tradition, etc applied *esp* to the spirit and aims of the French philosophers of the 18th c.'

The Dictionary's verdict will have been coloured by the Romantic and post-Romantic rejection of everything that the eighteenth century was then thought to stand for – a barren classicism in the arts, a coldly heartless social order, a pompous formality of manners, a deathly dreariness of spirit, as portrayed in Browning's *A Toccata of Galuppi's*. By this account, the Enlightenment was no better than a broken marionette of the *commedia dell'arte*.

For some mid-century thinkers however, such as Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, the *Aufklärung* seemed to be not a marionette but a monster, spreading unrestrained brutality far and wide as it pursued its

inhuman logic to the ultimate, frightful conclusions advocated, and practised, by Hitler and Stalin.

This dark view lost its power as the horrors of the war years subsided, despite the attempts of Eric Hobsbawm and others to keep it in vogue. In the English version of a Europe-wide change of mind, aesthetes such as James Lees-Milne and sophisticates such as Harold Nicolson (*The Age of Reason*, Constable, 1960), re-asserted the glories of classical art, architecture and literature; an *Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment* was set up to celebrate the music of the period; serious historians such as Jack Plumb re-evaluated the achievements of eighteenth-century government; and philosophers such as Michael Oakeshott reinstated the rational tradition in their thinking. At the turn of the century, Roy Porter's majestic study *Enlightenment – Britain and the Creation of the Modern World* (Allen Lane, 2000) proclaimed something like a new orthodoxy of approval.

The trouble with orthodoxies, however, is that they can become self-regarding, and prone to overstatement. So now we have Prof Anthony Pagden, of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and California/Los Angeles, publishing a book in which he asserts that the Enlightenment brought about a conclusive and irreversible change in the mindset of the human race, an end to the fraudulent and frequently cruel power of religion, especially in the form of Roman Catholicism, and the triumph of rational tolerance and liberal attitudes, cosmopolitanism and internationalism. As a final flourish, he intimates the likely imminence of a system of world government, by way of the benignly idealist field experiment of the European Union.

It really is a pity that Pagden feels obliged to make such a display of other-worldliness in his account of the Enlightenment achievement, because it must cast doubt on the credibility of other parts of his story. Yet his knowledge of the intelligentsia of eighteenth-century Europe is encyclopaedic, his exposition of their systems of thought is lucid and skilful, and he writes in a manner that would have commended him to his subjects as a man of sensibility, fully in touch with their own modes of thought and expression.

Uneasy with Rousseau, Pagden is most happily at home with Hume ('the single most influential proponent of secular ethics ... the Enlightenment ever produced'). For him, Locke and Vico are the Prophets, and Kant is the Messiah of the 'project' (his own word). The contributions made to this project by all the obvious figures, from Pufendorf onwards, are explained with unhurried clarity, at note-taking speed; some interesting individuals of lesser fame – Feijoo, Wolff, Francoise de Graffigny, for example – are

given moments in the limelight. The characteristic contributions of England and Scotland are agreeably distinguished from those of France, Italy and Germany. The 'science of man' and the cult of the 'noble savage' are elegantly expounded, and suitably underpinned by such essential concepts as 'sympathy' and 'sociability'. In short, we are admirably instructed.

There is a recognisable flavour of the lecture-theatre about the book. We frequently receive advertisements about treats in store ('Montesquieu – to whom we shall come shortly'), and flashbacks to remind us of last week's work; there are little flicks of current material (mostly American) to rouse the somnolent, and occasional moments of mordancy to amuse the admirers (Pope Benedict XVI comes in for some very rough handling).

For someone who is at least a part-historian, Pagden allows himself some surprisingly superficial detailing; his account of the Jacobite rising of 1745, for example, is almost hilariously inept, and there is a painful lack of objectivity in his remarks about the Neapolitan revolution of 1799. One fears that he is playing to a Californian undergraduate audience in passages such as these.

The relative lack of sharp historical perspective is probably what makes it easy for Pagden to forget the difference between a lecturer's podium and a propagandist's soap-box, as he draws to his conclusion. He is troubled by the apparently inexplicable barbarities of the French Revolution, and manifestly prefers the milder rationality of the United States. He effectively ignores the *Sturm und Drang*, the irrational emotions, the blood-spattered nationalism of nineteenth-century Romanticism. And he simply denies the enduring and frequently destructive power of religion throughout the last two centuries.

As I write, Parliament is tying itself into procedural knots over a Government proposal to strip foreign-born terrorists of their British citizenship; a Henley town councillor, a devout Baptist, who has publicly surmised that the disastrous January floods may be God's revenge for the legitimisation of homosexual marriage, has been expelled from his political party (UKIP) and faces furious demands to resign for offending the gay lobby; a Lib Dem MP of Muslim faith has been assailed by death threats for saying on television that he is *not* affronted by a portrayal of the Prophet Mohammed on a t-shirt.

These are a few of the least significant items featured in English domestic news at the end of January, 2014. They are perhaps no more than trifles – certainly, when measured against the horrors that afflict the cradle of world civilisation in the Middle East, or anywhere else you may care to look. But they are telling enough

to make one doubt the final message of Pagden's neo-Panglossian guidebook to the philosophy of the Enlightenment.

(Envoi: has Oxford University Press ever published a volume containing more misprints than this one? Someone should have their knuckles rapped, sharply, for sheer slovenliness.)

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Killing Big Pharma

Richard Packer

The Drugs Don't Work: A Global Threat, Dame Sally Davies, Jonathan Grant & Mike Catchpole, Penguin, 2013, £3.99.

This book by the Chief Medical Officer for England and her academic collaborators shows a real threat to public health. Antibiotics are becoming progressively less effective so that the number of people dying from infectious diseases is now starting to increase. This development is in marked contrast to the previous sixty years when the numbers fell largely because of the discovery of antibiotics. On current trends the increase in longevity that has occurred in recent centuries and accelerated recently will stop before long and even go into sharp reverse.

Some of the relevant facts are half-appreciated by the public but some are not; overall the situation is sufficiently serious to warrant the attention of lay persons and not just health specialists.

The facts are clearly set out in this short book, but some of them are complicated and non-scientists will have to concentrate if they are fully to take on board every point made.

Penicillin, the original antibiotic, was first used clinically in the 1940s. In the following four decades numerous other classes of antibiotics were discovered and deployed. They transformed the treatment of infectious diseases and improved life chances, effectively eliminating the threat from numerous infections, especially in the West, but also elsewhere. It is estimated average life expectancy has increased by twenty years as a result.

But unfortunately no new class of antibiotics has been discovered for some thirty years, nor are any believed to be in the pipeline. Further, resistance to antibiotics among the pathogens they target is increasing steadily. The situation is patchy but for some diseases like tuberculosis, what amounts to drug-resistant strains are already well established in parts of the world.

We face three major problems. The first is the marked slowing of the discovery of classes of antibiotics.

The second is the misuse of antibiotics because of overuse – in some countries they can be bought over the counter – or from improper use – people not finishing courses of treatment which leads to pathogens surviving with increased risk of their mutating into resistant forms; and thirdly from widespread overuse in animal husbandry.

The third problem is the most important one. Even without misuse pathogens will develop resistance to antibiotics. As Darwin showed, *given time*, organisms change in reaction to the environment so that they have a better chance of survival and reproduction. If the environment contains antibiotics then the relevant organisms will, slowly, learn to live with them. (In the same way humans learn, slowly, to live with pathogens. That is why in the 1500s many thousands of native Americans died from measles and mumps when deaths from these causes were unusual among European populations. The Europeans had over centuries developed some immunity to the diseases while the native Americans, to whom they were new, had had no chance to do so.)

Even without the misuse of antibiotics we therefore have a problem stemming from the lack of new discoveries and the advance of resistance in pathogens. Misuse, however, means the problem will arrive much more quickly than it would otherwise.

Hence there are only two ways forward: to reduce the misuse of antibiotics and to encourage new discoveries. Unfortunately both require international agreements which present major challenges. Something can be achieved by reducing misuse at the national level, but given the extent of international movements of people, nothing like enough. The prospects for an effective global agreement specifying what is needed, banning the use of antibiotics as growth promoters in animals, requiring medical supervision for human use, appears slight. Even in Europe the need for such a policy is far from recognised, while attitudes in some poorer countries are positively hostile on the well-worn basis that you (the West) have used these things for fifty years and we want fifty years' use as well.

The authors put forward a number of ideas about new discoveries, such as large prizes for success, which might have some value. But the real need is to make it worthwhile for the big international pharmaceutical companies to invest the billions needed. In other words they need bigger profits and by far the easiest way of providing those would be to increase the length of patent protection. Even the companies are not arguing this case publicly, probably for fear of the criticisms they would be likely to receive.

This book explains a major problem which faces us all. It needs publicity at a global level which it is

not getting. One reason for that is that much of what is required, broadly making it more difficult for poor people to obtain medicines and increasing the profits of large multinational corporations, is difficult to present attractively, so nobody makes the effort. But sooner or later, preferably sooner, somebody must set about the task or many of us will be dying younger than nature requires. That ought to be sufficient stimulus for action.

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'I had them all shot'

Merrie Cave

Life and Death of the Spanish Republic, Henry Buckley, IB Tauris, 2014, £12.99.

A 19th century Spanish General was asked on his deathbed whether he would forgive his enemies: '*My enemies? I have none, I had them all shot*'. Henry Buckley's account of the Spanish Civil War, originally published in 1940, (the entire edition was lost in the Blitz and has only just been reprinted) describes the violence and backwardness of a country frequently on the verge of civil war. Since the Renaissance Spanish conflicts have also been part of European conflagrations in which foreign political ideas were received with enthusiasm by one group of Spaniards and opposed ferociously by another. With its arbitrary savagery, odd skirmishes and sieges on hill tops with antiquated weapons, the Spanish Civil War looked back to the Middle Ages. It also anticipated the Second World War with both sides inviting the assistance of foreign powers some of whom extensively bombed the civilian population.

Henry Buckley was the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Spain and his book is one of the best I have read on the subject, along with Brenan's *Spanish Labyrinth* and Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*. It is not a logical historical record – there are many omissions and a deficient arrangement of material, but it is a colourful eyewitness account and an exciting read. You feel you are there among the violence and suffering: 'On reaching the top (of the underground station) near the entrance lay a man without a head. It had been cut off as cleanly as if with a razor. Just beyond lay, very still, a girl, her silken-clad legs twisted queerly.' Buckley comes over as an attractive personality with a deep compassion for the Spanish people whom he lets speak for themselves rather than pushing his own ideas.

Unlike many of the newspapermen who dropped into Spain in 1936, Buckley had lived there since 1929 and had a thorough understanding of Spain's long-term problems: ABC (Army, Bishops, King).

He had no illusions about them. The army, overloaded with officers, had a long tradition of interfering in politics but their failure to hold on to Morocco had damaged their reputation. At the behest of the King, Primo de Rivera became the military dictator in 1923. He fulfilled the wish of every Spanish general to save Spain but his attempts to modernise bankrupted the country. The monarchy, along with a fictitious parliament, had always been unpopular and Alfonso XIII fled the country soon after Rivera in 1931.

Buckley was a fervent Catholic and a natural conservative, but shocked at what he found in Spain. 'Much as I disliked the mob violence and the burning of churches I felt that the people in Spain who professed most loudly their Catholic faith were the most to blame for the existence of illiterate masses and a threadbare national economy.' Religion was used as an excuse for the continuation of social injustice. His descriptions of the suffering of ordinary people are among his best: Spanish villages are as 'picturesque as any in the world, the houses look much as they must have done two centuries ago, but they are not nice places to live in'. Living on gruel and bread, their wooden ploughs 'would have been considered modern in the days of Julius Caesar. Absentee landlords built houses instead of growing wheat but some of them were nearly as poor as their tenants and couldn't afford the train fare to Madrid. That city consumed most of the national budget with an army of useless civil servants – a school lavatory seat could not be installed without a commission coming to and from Madrid. But Buckley found living there more comfortable than Paris or London, with cheap central heating, good meals and refrigerators.

Buckley supported the Republic but realized quickly that their leaders could not conquer the country's gigantic problems for they were well meaning middle class lawyers more suited to governing France or England. A divided Left wanted social revolution while those on the Right accepted the Republic but really despised it and were waiting for 'the man on horseback' to overthrow it. As Prime Minister, Azana had achieved great popularity by curbing the army and granting autonomy to Catalonia and the Basque provinces, but he failed to break up the *latifundia* (the big estates in the south and south-west). Buckley describes a big meeting in 1935, to which some people had travelled six hundred miles: Azana's address 'would have been more suitable for a Rotary Club luncheon'. He was terrified of the crowd because what they wanted to hear he could not deliver: that the Spanish Republic would act and not just talk. The country needed a great leader with inspiring oratory who could exploit that peculiar spiritual quality of the Spanish people.

Buckley gives incisive sketches of other actors in the Spanish drama: La Pasionaria was the only Spanish politician who impressed him 'as being a great person... and with more character in her little finger than Azana in his whole body' – not that he agreed with what she said. There was nothing revolutionary about Largo Caballero; he was just a good stolid trade union leader with a great dislike of Bolshevism and afraid that Spain would fall under Moscow's yoke. Buckley did not think the Russians could have achieved that at such a long distance. He found Juan Negrin the most interesting figure of the war, who stayed in power because of his un-Spanish talent for organization. Unlike others Buckley admired the International Brigades; even the 'good for nothings' all fought as heroes. The Germans were the best because many of them had been in concentration camps and death to them was not as horrible.

By 1938 and the Munich agreement, realists, like Buckley, knew that Franco would win. The Republic had never received the support to which it was entitled under international law for France and Britain thought such a policy would lead to a general war for which they were unprepared; this inaction suited the appeasers anyway. The tragic end to the eight year old Republic was the one story Buckley wished he had never had to cover: his description of the retreat into France is heartrending: ... 'thousands of people whose life was in danger, not because they had murdered anyone or robbed a single thing in their lives but just because they had fought for the progress and independence of their land, were left to face at the worst a firing squad and at the best a concentration camp.'

Unlike many contemporaries Buckley realised it was as wrong to label the 1936 revolt fascist as to describe the Republic as communist. The Falange was a very small party then and its leader José de Rivera was in gaol. The Army always remained in control and when a Falange leader, Hedilla, objected to Franco's policy he was tried and exiled. Buckley did not believe that Franco would be able to build a Fascist regime any more than the Republic was able to impose a democracy on a semi-feudal base. I wonder what Buckley thought later when this Army dictator saw Hitler off and ensured Britain's safety in the Mediterranean, and whether he would agree with Brian Crozier, Franco's biographer, that by a strange irony of history he had saved Europe from communism.

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The Dawkins Delusion

Peter Mullen

The Experience of God: Being, Consciousness, Bliss David Bentley Hart, Yale University Press, 2013, £18.99.

This is the most intelligent, perceptive, and amusing book of philosophical polemics I have read in many years. It is an antidote to the trivial slanging match which makes up the so-called ‘God debate’ between the new atheists such as Richard Dawkins and many prominent theologians. Both sides in this argument are so bad, says Bentley Hart, that they deserve each other. For instance, the somewhat intellectually challenged great zoologist Richard Dawkins has written that if God exists we ought to be able to detect him with our scientific instruments. Bentley Hart usefully points out that no theologian in the history of the world’s faiths has ever surmised that God is an object in his own universe. On the other side, creationists are wrong to suppose, as the deists supposed, that God is merely some version of the great architect who formed the world and then left it to run itself.

By contrast, Bentley Hart reiterates the views of the medieval theologians: that God does not exist, and he is not a being like other beings; rather he is the ground of being who bestows reality on to the natural order. That is, as the medieval thinkers said, God is the necessary first cause who makes actual and real what would otherwise be only potential. There is nothing in the merely natural order which could possibly account for the existence of the natural order. It is contingent and requires that necessary first cause here (and in Aquinas) identified as God. Some materialist philosophers argue that for its existence the universe requires only chaos and the so-called laws of physics operating upon that chaos. This fails to understand that, not only are the laws of physics constantly changing in the light of our new thoughts, if there are laws of physics at all, then there is already some sort of order and not a mere chaos.

So much for this illuminating study of being. The second part of the book is a discussion of consciousness by which we apprehend being. Bentley Hart shows the implausibility of the materialist view of consciousness as an epiphenomenon – a kind of accident – arising out of the material substance of the brain. The mind is not reducible to the brain and natural selection cannot account for the subtle uses of the brain which the mind employs (for instance) to contemplate philosophical theology or to listen to Bach. There was nothing in the process of evolution to programme the development

of the brain on these lines. The third part of this book concerns the intentionality of human intelligence: that is, the way in which our minds are attracted to the possibility of the truths of existence – Being.

It is refreshing to find a book so original and piercing so acutely the fog of so much that passes for philosophical theology. The originality here so brilliantly considered by Bentley Hart is in fact a representation of the insights of the great medieval metaphysicians which, as he shows, have a very wide ecumenical context, for they are what have always been taught by the mystical theologians of all the main religions. These profound insights into the nature of being have been forgotten and neglected since the Enlightenment, to the tragic impoverishment of philosophical understanding. Moreover, there is nothing obscurely technical about this riveting book. To read it is to have the scales removed from one’s eyes and the supposed revelations of the materialist philosophy seen at last for what they are: blinkers. And the vaunted Enlightenment itself is rather a clouding over. As a result, the philosophy of the succeeding four hundred years has been very dull, with a few notable exceptions such as Immanuel Kant and R G Collingwood. As a philosophical theologian, Bentley Hart is a man among boys. [back to contents](#)

Owning Jack Kennedy

Ron Capshaw

JFK: Conservative, Ira Stoll, Basic Books, 2013, \$20.40.

For 50 years, liberals have owned JFK. Bill Clinton, hailed as the heir apparent, showed a picture of him with Kennedy that implied a torch was being passed via a handshake. To cement the image of succession, Clinton laid a wreath at the Kennedy eternal flame before assuming office. Chris ‘Thrill Running Down My Leg’ Matthews once had a revealing slip of the tongue when he gushingly introduced then candidate John F. Kerry as ‘John F Kennedy’. Bolstered by Teddy Kennedy proclaiming him the second coming of Jack, Barack Obama emulates the former President by self-consciously giving speeches in Berlin.

This ownership is jealously guarded, for whenever Republicans have tried to invoke JFK, liberals have quickly attacked them. Ira Stoll, a former Editor of the *New York Sun* shows it was not Clinton, Kerry, or Obama who is the heir apparent; it is Ronald Reagan. Stoll digs up some impressive research to back this up and shows how Camelot peddlers have edited and

spun to stake their claim.

Kennedy did not extend the welfare state or end the Cold War as Oliver Stone claimed when he called Kennedy ‘an American Gorbachev’. Instead he supported across the board tax cuts like Reagan would in 1980, reducing the size of government because of the threat it posed to individual rights. Kennedy had definite libertarian leanings when he denounced communism as it made the individual the creature of the state trumpeting religion over godless collectivism. A dedicated Catholic, Kennedy even echoed the liberals’ *bête noir*, Whittaker Chambers, when he reduced the Cold War down to faith in God versus faith in Man.

Liberals have been aware of these statements, and have dealt with them in a variety of ways to retain him as an icon. Some, like Camelot merchants Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Ted Sorenson, have argued that once in office, Kennedy transcended his youthful conservatism and became a born-again liberal. Others, like Oliver Stone, charted this transformation after the Cuban Missile Crisis, in which Kennedy horrified by how close the world came to nuclear destruction, now wanted to end the Cold War. Kennedy’s bellicose rhetoric was the typical gesture of a politician telling audiences what they wanted to hear, while pursuing dovish actions.

Stoll demolishes this desperate spin. He traces a clear pattern of libertarianism and Cold War hawkishness when Kennedy’s career began in 1946. In 1962-63, Kennedy passed the first capital gains tax cut, which was not a temporary measure to prime the economic pump, for Stoll reveals that the President wanted this to be a permanent fixture. Indeed, Kennedy regarded tax cuts as his most important goal in a second term. Stoll also shows that Kennedy was deeply committed to defending South Vietnam and by his death had increased the number of advisers there from 2,000 in 1961 to 15,500 in 1963. He told Walter Cronkite that he intended to stay the course and that he admired Diem, much maligned by liberals then and now, as ‘an extraordinary character’ who ‘held his country together’ under ‘very adverse conditions’. He was shocked by Diem’s death during a coup.

For those who argue that Kennedy was merely staying on script and not expressing his true feelings, Stoll shows that Kennedy heavily edited and added to his speeches. His departures from the script, a gauge of his true feelings, revealed anti-communist sympathies. Even Ted Sorenson, his most liberal speechwriter, revealed that he did not write Kennedy’s 1962 promise to Cuban exiles that one day their flag ‘would fly in a free Havana,’ (a promise he repeated in a 1963 speech, proof that his emotional outburst was not a temporary moment) nor his comment during his famous ‘Ich Bin

Ein Berliner’ speech that you couldn’t work with the communists. His anti-communism was so strong that he turned American sporting events into arguments that athletic talent was not a result of state, but of individual initiative.

Stoll embarrasses Camelot merchants by showing how much they doctored their research. Left out of their retrospectives about the televised Cuban Missile Crisis speech with its restrained tone was the bit directly addressing the Cuban people. He declared that they were living under a puppet regime controlled by the Soviets and promised that one day they would be free.

Courtiers like Schlesinger and Sorenson reversed the order of his American University speech calling on Americans to ‘re-examine their attitudes toward the Soviet Union’ to his more bellicose Berlin Speech, creating the impression that the latter preceded the former. Left out of their coverage of the American University speech were Kennedy’s attacks on communism:

‘As Americans, we find communism profoundly repugnant as a negation of personal freedom and dignity. The Communist drive to impose their political and economic system on others is the primary cause of world tension today.’

Oliver Stone only shows Kennedy’s remarks to Cronkite that it was up South Vietnam to win ‘their war’ without showing his other pledge not to withdraw American troops. Theodore White in 1964, interviewing Jackie Kennedy left out her wish that the President wanted to be known for getting ahead of the Russians, her dislike of those ‘wild-eyed’ liberals, and that Kennedy had no illusions about the ‘gangster’ Khrushchev.

Camelot historians cite Kennedy’s 1963 Nuclear Test Ban treaty as proof of his liberalism, but do not mention that underground tests of nuclear bombs were still allowed. His creation of the Peace Corps was a Cold War strategy; he wanted this organization to win hearts and minds in countries uncommitted to either side, and place them in the American camp.

For a book that condemns these omissions, Stoll occasionally commits his own. He spends one paragraph on Operation Mongoose, the Kennedy-backed assassination plots against Castro, and mentions CIA involvement, but does not say that the Mafia was also part of the operation. However, Stoll’s book is ‘perestroika’ to the official liberal history and he fairly admits that the Camelot myth had a basis in reality, but it didn’t apply to Kennedy. There *was* a President who met their qualifications, who favoured higher taxes, national health insurance, wage and price controls, and transcending ‘simplistic’ anticommunism before he was removed from office. This president was Richard Nixon, the *bête noir* of the Camelot camp.

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FILM

This Happy Breed

Director David Lean

Scripted by Noël Coward (play) (uncredited),
Anthony Havelock-Allan, David Lean, Ronald
Neame (adaptation)
Scott Grønmark

This Happy Breed, the most successful British box office film of 1944, began life as a Noël Coward stage play. The play's London premiere was cancelled in 1939 because of the outbreak of war, and it was first staged in Blackpool in 1942. The director, David Lean, in his first solo outing as a director, produced the film version two years' later.

As the film opens, the First World War has just ended. Londoners Frank and Ethel Gibbons and their three children are moving into a terraced house in suburban Clapham. Frank, who served in the army, has found work in a travel agency: the family is joining the lower-middle classes. The film ends on the eve of the Second World War as the couple, now empty nesters, prepare to retire to a flat. Most of the great events and social and political trends of the period are covered, including the Empire Exhibition, the General Strike, the Depression, the Abdication, Munich, mass broadcasting, mass tourism, and the rise of the motor car (one of their children dies in a car crash). Lean's skill as a director ensures that the scene in which the family receive the news is one of the most mutedly heart-rending in all cinema.

As a depiction of lower-middle class English life between the wars, the film is fascinating: as pure entertainment, it is enormously satisfying. Because its Shakespearean title isn't intended ironically, it's no wonder that the film tends to make conservatives purr with pleasure.

A glance at the names involved in the film would suggest it really shouldn't have worked at all. David Lean went on to become the master of epic tales shot in exotic locations. Noël Coward was, of course, the chief purveyor of brittle, upper-middle class repartee of the 'terribly flat, Norfolk' variety. Celia Johnson's accent

was so cut glass, anyone she spoke to probably needed stitches. Robert Newton was the sort of fruity, scenery-chewing actor one can imagine demolishing a small suburban terraced house like the one occupied by the Gibbons family simply by walking through it. Indeed, a glance at most appraisals of the film by present-day liberals suggests they tend to review the credits rather than the film itself. For instance, the Film 4 website accuses it of conjuring up a 'toff propagandist's England', refers to its 'peculiar patrician tones', and dismisses its view of British history as 'unreal'.

The truth is that, remarkably for its time, *This Happy Breed* is entirely bereft of toffs: every character in it is dead common. The tone isn't in the least patrician, and the only peculiar thing about it (from a leftist perspective) is that it doesn't treat the Gibbons family as either victims or exploitative class-traitors. One suspects the script is convincing largely because of Coward's genius for dialogue, and his humble origins: his father was an unambitious piano salesman in Teddington. Coward made no bones about his upbringing: 'I was a suburban boy, born and bred in the suburbs of London, which I've always loved and always will.' His fondness for, and understanding of, these people is evident in every line. Coward isn't mocking the lower orders – he's paying affectionate, accurate homage to the milieu in which he was raised.

What critics find unsettling about *This Happy Breed* are the political assumptions underlying it – Coward was deeply conservative, as becomes obvious in the scene where Frank Gibbons clashes with his son, Reg, during the General Strike (Reg has been involved in some street violence, while Dad has been out helping to keep basic services running). After they've agreed to differ, Gibbons père has this to say:

I belong to a generation of men most of whom aren't here any more. We all did the same thing for the same reason, no matter what we thought about politics. Well, that's all over and done with, and we're carrying on as best we can, as though nothing happened. But in fact several things happened, and one of them was this country suddenly got tired. She's tired now. But the old girl's got stamina, don't you make any mistake about that, and it's up to us ordinary people to keep things steady. Now, that's

Remarkably for its time, This Happy Breed is entirely bereft of toffs: every character in it is dead common. and the only peculiar thing about it is that it doesn't treat the Gibbons family as either victims or exploitative class-traitors

your job. And just you remember it!

Coward's high regard for the English character is evident in Frank Gibbons's disappointment at the public's reaction to the Munich Agreement (I think it's safe to assume that Frank, or 'Frenk' as it's pronounced throughout, is a mouthpiece for the playwright's own views). When his sister (Aunt Sylvia) accuses Frank of being a warmonger because he isn't celebrating 'peace in our time', he tells her that the sight of people – 'English people, mark you' shouting and cheering with relief earlier that day made him 'sick to my stomach'. He, and Coward, expected better of them.

The playwright demonstrates his contempt for the formulaic rhetoric of leftist compassion in the scene where the Gibbons children celebrate Christmas with Reg's pompous young Marxist chum, Sam Leadbetter. In proposing a toast, Sam, having accused them of being members of the bourgeoisie (with whom, he explains, 'it is really against my principles to hobnob to any great extent') continues: 'As you know there are millions and millions of homes today where Christmas is naught but a mockery, where there is neither warmth, nor food, nor even the bare necessities of life, where little children, old before their time, huddle round a fireless grate....' to which the feisty Queenie tartly responds, 'Well, they'd be just as well off if they stayed in the middle of the room then wouldn't they?'

One is reminded of the emetic rhetoric of ersatz compassion employed by left-wingers whenever the subject of food banks crops up. (Pleasingly, the fiery young socialist, Sam, ends up marrying Vi and turning into a contented member of the complacent bourgeoisie.)

Coward's conservative and deeply approving view of English attitudes is clearly expressed in a conversation between Frank and Ethel, who have escaped to the back room to avoid Aunt Sylvia's terrible singing. Ethel is fretting about Sam's revolutionary posturing: 'But it's wrong isn't it, all this 'down with everything' business?' In response, Frank delivers one of the film's main themes:



Where they go wrong is trying to get things done too quickly, and we don't like doing things quickly in this country. It's like gardening. Somebody once said we was a nation of gardeners. And they weren't far wrong. We like planting things and watching them grow, looking out for changes in the weather.... What works in other countries won't work in this one. We got our own way of settling things. It may be a bit slow, and it may be a bit dull, but it suits us all right. And always will.

This Happy Breed might have been intended as propaganda, but it paints a surprisingly realistic

portrait of family life. Aunt Sylvia and Ethel's mother bicker and row throughout. Ethel is constantly exhausted, tetchy and somewhat joyless. As for the children, the teenage radical, Reg, is a bit of a handful, and the flighty middle child, Queenie, who despises her family's dull, respectable existence, proves to be more than a handful: she runs off to France with a married man.

After being deserted by him, she eventually comes crawling back home, having been rescued by her faithful admirer, sailor John Mills, who has saved her from ruin by marrying her. Unsurprisingly, perhaps, given that there was a war on, the importance of doing one's duty is the film's key message.

It would be too easy to dismiss *This Happy Breed* as a mildly entertaining slice of sentimental jingoism produced by a lightweight social-climbing reactionary who ultimately revealed a lack of patriotism by spending decades as a tax exile. I prefer to see it as a masterly portrait of the English before they were subjected to decades of social engineering by those who treat the concepts of national character and a homogenous culture as synonyms for racism. Sad to think that a film with the title *This Happy Breed* produced today (probably with lottery funding) would inevitably turn out to be a vicious satire on all the values so wholeheartedly celebrated by Noël Coward and David Lean seventy years ago.

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Battle Music

Ralph Berry



War is difficult for music. *Battaglia*, a type of work descriptive of battle sounds, dates from the 16th century, and Monteverdi composed in it. Beethoven's *Wellington's Victory* – *Vittoria* – extends the tradition but is seldom performed. Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture (with real cannon for *son et lumière* occasions) clearly aspires to the condition of film music. The programmatic elements of conventional music pressed against the constraints of form: I would class the opening of Richard Strauss's *Don Juan* as the finest cavalry charge in music. But still war, which is chaotic, is opposed to music, which defines order.

Film was the great artistic innovation of the 20th century, with sound from the 1920s. At once a new field was open to composers, which they fell upon with huge relish. Music, for the first time, could openly illustrate and enhance the visual aspects of battle, and the programme became manifest. It is clear that music does two aspects of war supremely well: the charge, and the elegy for the fallen. The second is easy, for elegies demand only the talents of the composer. The first is much more challenging. Is the charge in 6/8 time, for example, or 4/4? I place the two great champions of the genre, Walton and Prokofiev, as co-equal. Walton's Agincourt charge in *Henry V* (1944) is brilliantly creative. Opening with a zither (an idea he got from *The Third Man*) he moved the French charge through the four phases of walk, trot, canter and gallop before the arrow-flight climax. Prokofiev, in *Alexander Nevsky* (1938), stuck to a repetitive two-stroke motif for the Teutonic knights in their disciplined advance across the ice, combined with a sardonic Latin chant for the invading Teutons, while Eisenstein secured his effects from cuts to the close-up, synchronized shots of the armoured knights. The two-stroke motif, which is deeply menacing, was later purloined by John Williams for *Jaws* – and to the same effect. The battle itself swiftly descended into incoherence once the enemies had closed. Walton and Prokofiev stayed with 4/4, but Hans Zimmer, in *Gladiator* (1999), chose the more obvious 6/8 for Maximus's cavalry.

To those memorable charges I add the opening credits

of *The Battle of Algiers* (1965). Gillo Pontecorvo and Ennio Morricone provided the percussive soundtrack, as the paras debouch from their transport and swarm over the Casbah in their hunt for Ali. The soundtrack has more than an echo of *Shane* (1953), as Alan Ladd rides to his shoot-out with Jack Palance. In *Spartacus* (1960), the steady advance of the Roman legions with their rectangular mass complements Alex North's soundtrack. There is in it no special excitement but a remorseless, cumulative effect. And advance has potential beyond cavalry and infantry: Klaus Doldinger's attack music in *Das Boot* (1981) is telling – submarines can charge too.

If one broadens the preliminaries to battle beyond the charge, then *Waterloo* (1970) has a nice example. Wellington's aide incites the troops to a rousing sing-a-long:

Oo's the lad who leathers the French?
Oor Ally!
Oo makes the parlay-voos to run?
Oor Ally!

Opera, which is confined by its nature to static staging, can still manage the rousing march-past of the Russian infantry before Borodino in Prokofiev's *War and Peace* (1942-3). The Committee for the Arts had demanded that the war scenes receive a more heroic and patriotic emphasis, and they got it.

Kenneth Branagh's *Henry V* is a good pairing with Olivier's, who admitted no musical background to his 'trumpet-moaned' Crispin Crispian oration. Branagh made the speech into a great operatic aria. Everything comes together in the music, by Patrick Doyle. The repeated, minor-key questionings of the pre-Agincourt soliloquy are resolved into the major-key serenity of 'What's he that wishes so?' What follows leaves the personal and broadens into a public anthem. This, the accompaniment to Crispin Crispian, is music for a great State occasion, such as Parry or Elgar could have composed. It swells into a noble, aspiring and passionate acclamation for the British soldiery, and what they stand for. Henry's achievement is to unite the army, and himself, through the key word 'brother.' Doyle's music is a celebration of that achievement.

Conventional music turned more and more to programmatic elements that dealt openly with battle. Shostakovich's Symphony No 7 (*Leningrad*) featured the German advance through Russia in 1941, in a long and tedious second movement which repeated, *Bolero*-like, the War theme of the first movement. Bartók derided that movement, and I have to agree. Vastly superior is Shostakovich's 11th Symphony, a programme symphony titled *The Year 1905* (1957). The massacre of the unarmed workmen in the square of the Winter Palace, St Petersburg, is presented with graphic realism. The

music portrays the scurrying of the people before the sabres and the horses' hoofs, and the firing of cannon and rifles. No one does gunfire like Shostakovich. After this comes the adagio, the elegy for Russia itself, which the BBC used for its monumental TV series *The Great*

War. Shostakovich's 11th has been dismissively regarded as 'film music'; I cannot see that a great symphony can be downgraded on that account.

Battle itself remains the ultimate challenge, but it can be met. John Barry managed the battle passages in *Zulu* with a brooding, repeated four-chord phrase. I propose Walton's air battle in *The Battle of Britain* film (1969), a sinister ballet in waltz time that somehow catches the swoops and bursts of fire of aerial combat. Walton's score for the film was rejected by the producers, much to his chagrin, but they kept, rightly, the air battle. And there is the astounding imaginative leap of Francis Ford Coppola, who in *Apocalypse Now* (1969) used Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries' for the helicopter flight that strafed a Vietnam village. That came from a US Cavalry unit (led by Robert Duvall, with his notorious 'I love the smell of napalm in the morning'). The cavalry charge had yet again found its musical correlative.

This takes us back to the delicate question: where does the composer stand? Or the film director? Wagner knew nothing of film and was not writing music connected with war. Coppola chose the *Ride*, which everyone remembers, because it realizes the glee, the sheer enjoyment of cavalry on the rampage. That is



what the lithographs of the *Cherry Pickers at Balaclava* capture. Tough on the losers, but it is not the function of 'copter cavalry to purvey compassion. To bring in the sense of pity is to editorialize, always a snare. Shostakovich avoided it by a simple separation: action in the second movement, elegy in the third. To meld is a classic error, like backing action in Vietnam with the Barber Adagio. The director wants us to know that he *too* disapproves of war, or at least this war. Can we not take that for granted?

For all the triumphs of film battle, nothing surpasses

Holst's supreme evocation of war: *Mars, The Bringer of War*. The battering five-four rhythms foreshadow mechanized warfare, while the trumpets and tenor tuba pursue each other upwards without reaching a resolution. The music sinks to a desolate

weariness, before the storm returns to a heavily repeated dissonance and a shattering, poised yet unconvinced end. You could call the final chord of *Mars* an armistice, rather than peace. Holst wrote this movement of *The Planets* in May 1914, and the first public performance was in September 1918. The premonitions of art were a trailer for history.

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

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Viennese Portraiture

Andrew Wilton

Facing the Modern: The Portrait in Vienna 1900, Edited by Gemma Blackshaw, with contributions from Tag Gronberg, Julie M Johnson, Doris H Lehmann, Elana Shapira and Sabine Wieber, Yale University Press, 2013, £35.

There has recently been a positive plague of art exhibitions touting themselves as dealing with the phenomenon of ‘the Modern’, as though no period of history were comprehensible except in relation to the present day. Even ‘Ice Age Art’ of 30 thousand years ago was billed by the British Museum last year as the ‘Arrival of the Modern Mind’.

Facing the Modern: The Portrait in Vienna 1900 was published to accompany an exhibition at the National Gallery in London, from 9 October last year until 12 January 2014. It was the largest, so far, of a series of exhibitions mounted there on topics related to aspects of European painting generally neglected in London. The book is fully illustrated so it can be read independently of the show. ‘Vienna 1900’ is the shorthand phrase used to denote the city of the Secession, of Freud and Richard Strauss in the 1890s and the first decade or so of the twentieth century, so for once the conceptual opposition of ‘Modern’ and ‘Traditional’ is appropriate. We only have to think of the music of the time to see the point: Richard Strauss composed *Salome* and *Rosenkavalier*, the lushest of late Romantic works, just as Arnold Schönberg and the composers of the New Viennese School were beginning their experiments with expressionism and atonalism.

It was a standoff between the old Imperial capital of

Austria-Hungary and the multi-cultural melting-pot that Vienna had become in the closing decade of the nineteenth century. The walls of historic Vienna had been demolished in the 1850s, to be replaced by the great encircling boulevard of the Ringstrasse, with its grand houses of the new rich, the haute-bourgeoisie or *Burgertum* who gave the city its fin-de-siècle character. This was to be embodied in the blowsy and technically rather dubious flamboyance of Hans Makart, the ‘new

Rubens’, with his patent garish ‘Makart red’ and gorgeously chromatic acres of allegorical canvas.

With the removal of the walls the restrictive culture of Metternich’s post-Napoleonic Vienna relaxed, and immigrants flocked into the capital. They were often Jewish, often very talented, yet often very unsure of their standing in a still traditionalist and aristocratic order. Should they assimilate, fit in as best they could, or should they assert a proud independence, using a language that was deliberately alien to the *Burgertum*? This social turmoil was reflected in large numbers of cases of madness and of suicide, notably among Jews. It was no coincidence that Freud developed his practice and theories in ‘Vienna 1900’.

As the book makes clear, there operated on the side of conservatism a predictable nostalgia for the past: just as British Romantics looked back to ‘Sixty Years Since’ in Scott’s first novel, *Waverley* (1814), so the fin-de-siècle Viennese thought of the middle-classes of the Biedermeier, painted with such glossy refinement by Amerling and Waldmüller, as embodying an irretrievably comfortable world in which civilised folk escaped from the harsher realities



Oskar Kokoschka, Lotte Franzos, 1909, *The Phillips Collection*, Washington DC.

of an authoritarian regime by enjoying innocent family life and the pleasures of the great outdoors. The new Vienna seemed to repudiate domestic innocence for psychological turmoil, the beauties of nature for claustrophobic urban life. When the Secession was set up in 1897 as an artists' exhibition space and centre for championing new theories of art and design, this repudiation took very self-conscious forms.

A leading figure of the Secession was Gustav Klimt, who had already established himself as a formidably gifted painter working quite happily within the boundaries of classic Academicism. His *Young girl seated* of 1894 could not be mistaken for a work of the Biedermeier period, yet its exquisitely finished rendering of a calmly sedate, waxen-faced middle-class young woman is a logical continuation of the Biedermeier mood. By 1897, though, Klimt was decorating the Secession building and producing portraits of beautiful Jewish women in a startlingly different style. The faces are lifelike, but simplified and staring like those of icons, set amid flat patterns of red and gold ornament that are partly costumes and partly just background patterns. It's clear that Klimt is making a conscious, indeed self-conscious, statement about the aims and objects of art and particularly of portraiture. The portrait has ceased to be primarily about the sitter and is much more an expression of the artist's cast of mind and his private preoccupations.

This was inevitable, perhaps, in the culture Freud was describing: subjective self-analysis has become the *lingua franca*; the objective delineation of another's likeness, respectful and subservient to their individuality, has been banished. Yet there was in the new portraiture a potential for far-reaching exploration of the psyche of the sitter. With the early paintings of Oskar Kokoschka (born 1886) we have a pitiless exposé of the neuroses of fascinating but deeply disturbed personalities. Kokoschka's methods embody this frank exploration: disjunct areas of paint, unfinished brushwork with exposed canvas; the faces contorted, the hands flickering or twisted in strange gestures of bewilderment or aggression. This is not 'Society portraiture', though it is, in a startling new sense, the portraiture of a society.

These developments were summed up in the brief and precocious career of Egon Schiele, who was ten years old in 1900, and died of influenza only nine years later. There is indeed something irredeemably adolescent about his work, but its tortured introspection and blatant eroticism have always seemed to encapsulate the neuroses of the time. It's a quirk of the book that its wish to relate the present to the past takes it so far as to compare Schiele's truly ghoulish self-portrait, showing an apparently flayed face painted in tones

oddly reminiscent of the late Lucian Freud, peering over what looks like the stump of a shoulder, with Anselm Feuerbach's suavely urbane *Self-portrait with a Cigarette* of over thirty years earlier peering over what looks like the stump of a shoulder. The Feuerbach is described in terms that include words like 'tense', 'theatricality' and 'transgression' – terms that might make sense in a totally different cultural setting, but in comparison with the Schiele are absurd.

Schiele died in 1919 as a consequence of the flu epidemic that claimed Klimt: there was a sense of fatality about their hectic, overwrought view of the world and of themselves – though Klimt never produced an explicit self-portrait; and in the last year of his life Schiele was moving towards a decidedly more conventional style. Schönberg on the other hand was to live into the 1950s, having emigrated to America and converted from Judaism to Christianity and back again – an endlessly inventive and exploratory personality who seems unlike the others to have had few doubts as to his talent or his historical importance. In the experimental context of Viennese painting in the 1910s, his sense of mission and of purpose may be understandable; the authors hold him up as a great artist in the league of Klimt and Kokoschka (who did not die until 1980). One of his pupils expressed the feelings of his admirers: 'These pictures ... reveal to us the soul and lot of an artist possessed of almost supernatural power ... They must be judged by a standard other than that applied to merely pleasant, enjoyable works of art. We must expect no dainty, toying rhythms, but the utterance of a passionate soul, harrowed by doubt, often indulging in sarcasm, but always feeling deeply.'

When we turn back to the pictures themselves, we find an artist of limited expressive authority, an amateur indeed, whose directness of approach makes for a certain stolid or forthright honesty, but with almost none of the truly disturbing technical daring of his colleagues. It was obviously only too easy to read into the paintings what one knew of Schönberg the revolutionary – yet like so many revolutionaries, passionately conservative – composer.

The survey of the subject includes separate sections on women artists, on Jews as artists and patrons, and on a fascination with death that had been a long-standing Austrian preoccupation which acquired new significance in the heated atmosphere of 'Vienna 1900'. It's a pity that the writing throughout (and, oddly, all the contributors are women) is flat and uninspiring, except for a lively short introduction by Edmund de Waal: the subject surely calls for some flair in bringing this fascinating and still enigmatic period to life.

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IN SHORT

Quack Policy, Jamie Whyte, IEA, 2013, £10

Evidence-based policy is used in medicine and many other fields. A new drug or treatment is compared with an existing drug or treatment or with no treatment at all, to see which cures a condition more quickly, or prolongs life for longer. Evidence-based arguments can be misused, particularly by those wanting more state interference in our lives.

Jamie Whyte looks at four examples: alcohol pricing, passive smoking, global warming, and happiness. Researchers looking at alcohol pricing found that a minimum price of 50p. (ie around 75p. for a glass of wine) would reduce alcohol consumption, and should reduce the harm caused (by ill-health, crime, unemployment and absenteeism) by 12 per cent over ten years. Such calculations ignored the value of the well-being the consumers felt, which they must have valued above the cost of their drink.

Passive smoking is alleged to cause an increase in lung cancer among non-smokers. The US Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) analysed thirty studies of passive smoking, and, by eliminating nineteen studies it did not like, and reducing the confidence level from 95 per cent to 90 per cent, concluded that there was a 19 per cent increased chance of cancer in non-smokers. Since about 0.3 per cent of non-smokers get lung-cancer in their life-time, passive smoking would raise the rate to 0.36 per cent. The EPA did not believe that passive smoking could not be harmful, so it juggled with the statistics to obtain the 'right' answer because it 'knew' it would be the best way to avoid confusing the public.

Climate change has a long history, with another ice age predicted in the 1970s, and now global warming, said to be caused, or increased, by increased man-made greenhouse gases (carbon dioxide, methane etc) in the atmosphere. Climate scientists have used the laws of physics about the absorption and propagation of heat (from the sun) to predict changes in atmospheric temperature from increased CO₂. They have then used assumptions about heat transfer to land, or the oceans, and the effect of the heat energy on winds, ocean currents, clouds, etc. Many different climate models have been developed, and used on powerful computers, to predict effects in fifty or a hundred years. The laws of physics are certain, but the further assumptions are not, and will not be until predictions made now, or recently, are checked in fifty years time. Nevertheless, green

taxes are being used now to increase our energy bills.

In 1972 the then King of Bhutan announced that 'gross national happiness' would be the most important factor in planning the development of Bhutan, and complicated methods of measuring it were developed. In 2011 David Cameron followed this example and asked the Office for National Statistics to develop such a measurement. They asked a British sample to rate their satisfaction with life, happiness, anxiety, and worthwhileness of their activities, each on a scale of 0 to 10 (the average result was 7.3 out of 10). There is no way of knowing what each person means by complete happiness, or by zero happiness, so these ONS results are meaningless.

Whyte has looked carefully at four ways in which science can be abused in studying policy options. The suspicion is that it is often used to give the answer the authorities want.

Robin Cave

How We Invented Freedom and Why it Matters, Daniel Hannan, Head of Zeus, 2013, £6.99

The Anglosphere as a name dates back to the mid-'90s with entries in the Merriam-Webster and Oxford English Dictionaries, but Daniel Hannan explores its ethos beyond its narrow definition. Bringing together the struggles for Common Law from the Saxon past and the Civil War fought for parliamentary supremacy, he identifies the key features of the Anglosphere inheritance: the rule of law and personal liberty, and contrasts them with European countries and other systems.

The book includes many quotations, some of which readers will know and some which are new. For example, 'government of the people, for the people and by the people' originates in the prologue of the Wycliffe Bible. John Adams, in describing the common law system, says 'the universal happiness of individuals, were never so skilfully and successfully consulted as in that most excellent monument of human art, the common law of England'. There is a link between the 1689 Bill of Rights and the American Declaration, for many clauses, were reproduced in the latter without amendment. The US Bill of Rights and amendments of the constitution flow from the same source; the Fifth Amendment owes much to Clause 29 of Magna Carta. No wonder it is so revered by Americans.

Hannan identifies the two Anglosphere Civil Wars,

the English Civil War and the American War of Independence, as having common roots. He shows that both sides in the American War of Independence would have considered themselves patriots and the present use of the phrase, only for those wanting independence, is a modern contrivance. Paul Revere would never have said 'The British' are coming as he considered himself British, but would have either said 'The Redcoats are coming', or 'the Regulars are coming'. The American Civil War also had roots in these two conflicts.

The present day global Anglosphere is based on English being an international language but also on a common inheritance of values. Even India, despite all its difficulties, has survived as a democracy. Hannan is not wholly pessimistic about the future despite threats from the European Union and the misguided centralism of the Obama administration.

In an ideal world this well researched book should be available in every school; politicians would also benefit from reading it as they could all too easily give up what our ancestors fought for: freedom, the rule of law and representative democracy.

Keith Miles

The Sock Doctrine: What can be done about state-funded political activism? Christopher Snowden, IEA Discussion Paper No 53, 2014.

In real life a sock puppet is a hand inside an (embroidered) sock. In the internet world it means a misleading use of an online identity. In two previous

publications Christopher Snowden has written about government, or specifically the European Commission, paying a lobbyist or group for favourable influence. Snowden identifies two problems with many of Britain's larger charities: some receive a significant or even large part of their income from government – national, local and/or the lottery – and spend effort and money lobbying government to do what they are themselves set up to do. Other charities, though not directly state-funded, derive income from claiming Gift Aid money back from the state, and are mainly engaged in political campaigning, to get more state expenditure on their objectives, or to change the law in particular ways, eg for minimum pricing on alcohol or plain packaging of tobacco. The Charity Commission states that political campaigning may not be the main activity of a registered charity, but in practice does not appear to enforce this rule.

Many charities, such as ActionAid, Oxfam, and CAFOD, are part of the IF Campaign, otherwise known as the Enough Food for Everyone IF campaign or Make Poverty History 2, which was accused of being 'secretly orchestrated' by the government to support the policy of donating 0.7 per cent of GDP in foreign aid. Many people think that in our present situation we should not be giving so much to rich people in poor countries.

Government (and local government) should withdraw money from politically oriented organisations, particularly those claiming to be 'progressive', and stop funding lobbyists.

Robin Cave

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The Old English



St Mary's Church (14th century), Yatton, Somerset

The New Barbarians



'Can o' Ham' Banks and Offices (planned 2016) St Mary's Axe, London E1