

The

Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



“We always allow parents to bring children over 5 years old into our restaurant”

Vulgarian in Chief

Theodore Dalrymple

The Burkini Offensive

Alistair Miller

Fifth Column

Don Beech

Women for Sale

*Penelope Fawcett
Hulme*

Article 50

Peter Smith

Cold Comfort Campus

Charles Mackay

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The
Salisbury Review

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Donald Trump is everything the British don't like about Americans, too familiar, too loud. He has funny hair, he talks like a second-hand car salesman and if he sat near to you in a café, you would want to move away in case he began talking to you. He is a product of the hatred and frustration of working-class Americans at seeing their country stolen from them by a sneering intellectual élite who have made fashion plates of black gangsters, ignored Islamic atrocities and persecuted Christians who oppose gay marriage. We too need a Trump if anybody is going to listen to us.

Nobody is. A people smuggling racket was recently discovered in Calais in which abandoned children hoping to come to England under an amnesty were being pushed aside in favour of young men of between 16 and 32 years of age claiming to be 'children'.

It was so blatant many believed the scheme had fallen into the hands of smuggling gangs who were manipulating or deceiving the social workers involved. But a social worker dismissed complaints that the public was being duped. Every refugee had the right to come here and we should not complain. One got the impression that it was simply none of our business.

This is the standard post-Marxist agenda of many of the people involved in our social institutions. If we British think that somehow we own our own country then we are monstrously deluded. The colonial west exploited the third world for centuries and it is now restitution time. We seized their lands now they will seize ours. So when the ordinary British react by voting to leave the EU, or demonstrate against admitting hundreds of thousands of immigrants from some of the most backward countries in the world, they can be dismissed as racists, stupid, or the law can be turned on them. This is the message of Remain. We do not deserve our country. Rich foreigners have seized it.

Which is why those great achievements of British history: free speech, liberty, freedom of religion as well as the right to privacy have been turned on their

heads. Now the only people allowed to speak freely are our conquerors, the only religion to be defended is one that preaches medieval barbarity, while our notions of privacy have been monstrously twisted so that foreign killers and rapists are allowed to remain at large in the country, while the law-abiding go about in fear. None of these facts are any the less true because of Donald Trump's election as US President – quite the reverse.

How has it come about that the voices of the people like the Calais social worker are the only ones we hear? Listen to James Naughtie on the Radio 4 *Today* programme grovelling before some zealot with portmanteau views on women's liberty, homosexual marriage, transgender rights, abortions and censorship and you will understand. The institutions of state have been taken over by the left. Opponents are simply ignored. Lunacy has taken hold. Last week the BBC voiced its approval of plans by the government to restrict freedom of speech in our universities. There is even a movement in the latter to overthrow western science as the product of white male thinking in favour of African Black Magic. It may seem mad now, but wait a year.

Every dictatorship has its secret police. The Catholic Church had its Holy Office, Russia the KGB, modern Saudi Arabia its religious police, China its 610 committee for persecuting religious dissidents. The liberal left is creating one here. By far the most significant anti-rational movement today is the search for hidden child abusers. Such a confrontation had to come.

All primitive societies, and modern ones that have abandoned rationality, eventually seek to explain their internal contradictions by inventing demoniacal, omniscient opponents. The Independent Enquiry into Child Abuse promises to be such a witch-hunt. With its proposers suggesting that there are tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of 'survivors' of child abuse, all other priorities can be set aside. Why worry about NHS waiting lists when sex abusers are stalking

the land?

Sex abuse cases are especially useful because the normal rules of evidence are abandoned. An innocent man can be convicted on the anonymous denunciation of a 'survivor' hidden behind a curtain in court who stands to be paid huge sums in compensation if the court believes him or her. Much of the evidence will be uncorroborated memories going back as far as 50 years. In some cases evidence will be put forward of abuse that the survivor cannot remember but has been discovered by 'experts'.

With the enquiry holding a mandate to investigate virtually every social institution in the country having anything to do with children, the entire population is likely to be caught up for the next ten years in the pursuit of paedophiles in the same way that in Stalin's Russia the population were caught up in the hunt for American Imperialist Agents. Many of the

radical left's ideas, gay marriage, transgender rights, the concept of the patriarchal family as oppressive, censorship, contempt for the popular vote, are like Stalin's 'reforms', societal wreckers. They depend on disorientating the population by standing a country's civil society on its head, by creating an imaginary army of secret enemies, defining what once was right to be wrong and what was once wrong to be right, by setting family members against family members, friends against friends. We face the creation of the apocalyptic chaos described by Boris Pasternak in *Dr Zhivago*. The doctor returns after years of war to his family home to find it taken over by brutal strangers.

Myles Harris

The editor and staff of The Salisbury Review wish all our readers a happy and holy Christmas

Vulgarian in Chief

Theodore Dalrymple

Against the wishes of most of the world intelligentsia and the predictions of the polls and pundits, Donald John Trump has been elected as President of the United States. He appealed to two types of voter. The first were Republicans who disliked him intensely but preferred anyone to Hillary Clinton. They were the *Never Hillary* voters.

More importantly, there were those to whom he appealed in a more positive, if not necessarily a more coherent, way. His militant crassness, which seemed sincere even to his enemies, attracted them; it came to them as a relief after the mealy-mouthedness of so much of the political class, including senior Republicans, and the commentariat. It gave them the impression that at last there was someone who had understood them and was prepared to stand up for them.

It seems ironical that a property speculator, accused in the past of exploiting cheap foreign labour, should become champion of the most desolate, and among

the least educated and poorest paid, of Americans. Rich demagogues feigning sympathy with the poor and downtrodden are by no means unknown to history, however; nor are those who subsequently disappointed their followers.

Triumph is often followed by disillusionment: when General De Gaulle told the cheering crowd of *pieds noirs* in Algiers that '*je vous ai compris*,' I have understood you, they thought he meant 'I take your side and point of view.' In the event, he meant something more like 'I understand what you are like.'

Almost nothing about Mr Trump is simple or straightforward. Like his opponent Hillary Clinton, he seems to have spent much of his life sailing close to the wind. He was an unruly child unfit for ordinary school and had to be sent to a military academy to be knocked into some kind of shape. He has never since been less than controversial. He and his businesses have been involved in more than 3000 legal cases, roughly divided between plaintiff and defendant,

and some are still pending. His enemies accuse him of sharp business practices, but property development in New York is not known for its gentlemanliness. His Trump University is widely regarded as having been a swindle perpetrated on the students. Even the extent to which he has been a success in purely business terms is widely disputed. Many Americans believe that if he had simply invested his share of the fortune of \$250 million that he inherited from his father in the stock market, he would be richer than he is. His businesses have several times sought protection from his creditors; his supporters say that doing so is a normal business practice, but his detractors say that truly successful businessmen do not need such protection. Everyone loves an escaper, however, and the fact that he has come back after many reverses endeared him to some voters, for it persuaded them that he knew what it was to be down on his luck.

The matter would be of no significance if he had not made such a boast of knowing how to run giant private businesses, with the obvious implication that he would be able to run the United States – unlike his opponent who was principally an operator in and beneficiary of the state apparatus.

He was fortunate that revelations of his unsavoury sexual conduct and remarks did not harm him more than they did. This was perhaps because his opponent, while accused of nothing illegal herself, was widely suspected of sticking by her man, a much worse offender in this regard than Mr Trump, from sheer personal ambition.

The opacity of his tax affairs seems not to have done him much harm; most people try to minimise their tax bills, and if he has paid no taxes for years or even for decades, it reveals only his canniness. He is the kind of man who uses every regulation to his own advantage, and for whom what is legal, or just about legal, is identical to what is morally permissible.

No one doubts the strength of his self-esteem, that holy grail of modern psychology. He names as much as he can after himself, like the late Alfredo Stroessner, dictator of Paraguay, and his speeches during the

election were often stream of consciousness paeans to himself. For him, Trump trumps everything.

His attitude to the truth makes the *National Enquirer* seem like a scholarly journal. As age could not wither Cleopatra, so contradiction cannot embarrass him. In someone more reflective, his incoherence on matters of policy might indicate an openness of mind on questions that are intrinsically ambiguous and not susceptible to indubitable answers. In him, it indicates an impulsiveness backed by invincible self-belief.

A man cannot have done what he has done without certain talents or qualities. He has a ruthless brazenness that has kept him continuously in the public eye for forty years. He has never sought to appear dignified or cultured to the East Coast intellectual establishment, which has stood him in good political stead. He has undoubted business achievements as well as failures behind him. And while he has never been a member of the class that principally supported him, he has probably had more actual contact with it than his opponents have ever had.

It turns out that he has had a finer instinct for the mood of a large part of his country's population than many a university professor who had made a career of studying it. At certain times in history, perhaps at all times, political instinct is more important than knowledge, and there is no doubt that Mr Trump has it. He knew far less than Mrs Clinton, except for one important thing, the mood of a substantial and electorally decisive part of the country.

He is one of nature's vulgarians. He is attracted to the meretricious as a fly to ordure. You don't get facial expressions such as those of which he is capable without ill-controlled repellent thoughts and emotions. His election is therefore an interesting natural experiment: whether the dignity of high office is capable of changing a man's character and outward conduct even at the age of seventy.

Theodore Dalrymple was a psychiatrist.



The Burkini Offensive

Alistair Miller

This summer, liberals the world over looked on in horror as French gendarmes ordered Muslim women on French beaches to remove their swimwear on the grounds that their modest attire, the so-called burkini, was an incitement to public disorder. The burkini bans had been imposed by several municipalities following public complaints about the wearing of the burkini on beaches and in public swimming pools in the wake of the atrocities in Nice. There was some relief when the French Council of State overturned the ban on the grounds that it infringed the human rights of Muslim women (rights guaranteed by the French constitution) and that the burkini manifestly constituted no threat to public order, or to the cherished principle of *laïcité*. But the damage had been done.

The reaction of the British press was typified by *The Daily Telegraph*, which declared that the real enemies of liberty are not women who wear burkinis but those who would seek to ban them; and of the German press by the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, which noted that the burkini ban was the product of Islamophobia, a politics of stigmatisation nourished by terrorist attacks. Janice Turner wrote in *The Times* that the ban was ‘a betrayal of western freedom’, that ‘secularism should mean freedom not compulsion’. Writing in *The Daily Mail*, Amanda Platell noted, reasonably enough, that Muslim women might have something to teach our own women, particularly our over-sexualised young girls, about ‘grace, modesty and beauty’. And Daniel Hannan, Conservative MEP and leading Brexiteer, must have spoken for a whole political class when he compared our own ‘tolerant, comfortable and multi-racial society’ (so attractive to migrants) favourably to the bigotry of the French, exemplified by Nicholas Sarkozy, who regards Islamic dress as ‘a provocation’ and would seek to ban it.

But although we preen ourselves on our superior tolerance and regard for human rights, our superior

community relations (there are now some eight hundred no-go areas in France, euphemistically designated ‘*zones sensibles*’), a long overdue debate is now underway concerning the future of Islam in France – a debate which has no counterpart in Britain. In fact, it is precisely our extolling of the rights of the individual above all else together with prevailing norms of ‘acceptable’ discourse that has made such a debate

in Britain impossible. One only has to go into the book section of one of the larger French supermarkets to be confronted by a raft of titles dealing in Islam and the future of France, which, were they (or their equivalent) to appear in Britain, would provoke a storm of outrage – that is, if they were not banned outright (or self-censored) on grounds of incitement to racially and religiously aggravated hate crime. One title that recently caught my eye (and which I can thoroughly recommend) was *La guerre civile qui*

vient by the *Figaro* editorialist Ivan Rioufol; but, somehow, one cannot envisage it gracing the shelves of Waterstone’s. Caroline Fourest’s *Éloge du Blasphème* (good chapters on Anglo-Saxon self-censorship and the misnomer ‘Islamophobia’) might be in trouble, as almost certainly would Waleed Al-Husseini’s *Blasphémateur! Les prisons d’Allah*. Mathieu Bock-Côté’s *Le Multiculturalisme comme Religion Politique* (a devastating deconstruction of the great cult of our age) is unlikely ever to be translated. And as for Jean Raspail’s *Le Camp des Saints* (Raspail’s apocalyptic novel of 1973 depicting the invasion of France by millions of migrants and foretelling the end of Western civilization, recently reprinted), its appearance is unthinkable.

However, these titles are merely indicative of a wider debate going on in France. Of particular interest is the stance of *Le Figaro*, the standard of the mainstream French right, which is in striking contrast to its British counterparts *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*. It comes as no surprise that free speech, including



the right to cause offence to Muslims, is vigorously defended; France has a long tradition of scurrilous anti-establishment satire for which its cartoonists have paid a heavy price at the hands of Islamist gunmen. True, we in Britain prefer to practise self-censorship – so, for example, although we proclaimed ‘Je suis Charlie’, we felt unable to reproduce (except in blurred miniature) the offending *Charlie Hebdo* cartoons in our own press – but we can allow the French some licence here. We can also just about get our heads around the notion of *laïcité*, and appreciate that public displays of religious affiliation (including the Islamic veil, and the headscarf in schools) are prohibited. But when it comes to describing the burkini, which is not a religious garment, as the latest ‘scandalous’ manifestation of a religion whose way of life and culture are ‘in complete contradiction’ to our own, as representative of ‘militants on the march against our civilization’, as ‘symbolic combat dress of which women are only the first victims’, and calling for specific legislation to disarm this ‘seditious offensive’ (Yves Thréard’s front page editorial for *Le Figaro* on the day of the Council of State’s ruling), we recoil. Nor are these sentiments the sole province of conservative republicans. We might have expected Nicholas Sarkozy, that disreputable right-wing populist, to call for a burkini ban. But when Manuel Valls, the socialist prime minister, condemns the burkini as ‘the translation of a political project founded on the enslavement of women’, it is clear that something is seriously awry.

There is, of course, a much more profound issue at stake here than Muslim dress codes. It concerns *national identity*, the widespread belief that France is the proud beneficiary of a national culture which is now under threat. For forty years, in France as in Britain, the liberal establishment has been wedded to certain incontrovertible truths centred on a utopian vision of a diverse inclusive multicultural society. But the atrocities in Paris and Nice have changed all that, and cracks in the consensus are beginning to appear. For the first time, the values of the Republic itself are being questioned. The fundamental problem, argue a succession of contributors to *Le Figaro*, is that an exclusive concern with the abstract rights of the individual (whether expressed by Anglophone liberals or by those, like François Hollande, who shelter behind the principles of the French constitution) neglects that these rights are the fruit of a concrete society rooted

Although we preen ourselves on our superior tolerance and regard for human rights, our superior community relations (there are now some eight hundred no-go areas in France, euphemistically designated ‘zones sensibles’), a long overdue debate is now underway concerning the future of Islam in France – a debate which has no counterpart in Britain.

in a particular culture, history and place; that they can only be guaranteed and defended in a society that continues to transmit its cultural inheritance. For the historian Jacques Julliard, the message is that of Jeanne d’Arc, Clemenceau and de Gaulle: ‘*oui, le royaume de France existe; oui, la République existe. Oui. La France existe*’. For the *québécois* sociologist Mathieu Bock-Côté, the France of the first half of the twentieth-century was certainly *laïque*, but it was also liberated ‘under the cross of Lorraine’. Liberal democracy is mediated through the civilization of nation states, not a system of abstract rules. For Natacha Polony, the young Corsicans of Sisco were fully justified in

objecting to the invasion of their beach by a group of Muslims seeking to deny access to others so that their women might bathe out of sight of infidels, who would, by their very gaze, defile them. Political Islam, she argues, is using, and abusing, the language of individual rights to impose its norms – to ‘conquer the

public arena’.

But perhaps it is Jean Raspail who best encapsulated the problem in a celebrated article for *Le Figaro* back in 2004. His robust language and prediction that by 2050 France would be submerged by a wave of migrants drawn from ‘the inexhaustible reservoir of the Third World’ inevitably led to his being accused (by the International League against Racism) of provoking racial hatred – Raspail has never been one for political correctness – but the title was supremely eloquent: ‘*La patrie trahie par la République*’. For Raspail, the values of the Republic, which can be multiplied *ad infinitum* (‘rights here, rights there’), represent in themselves nothing but ‘an ideology with a capital ‘I’’. When applied without reference to France, a native community, a homeland, ‘*une patrie charnelle*’, France is immolated – sacrificed ‘on the altar of a utopian humanism’.

For the British political class, along with most commentators and the intelligentsia, burkinis pose no problem or threat, for in a multicultural society, there *is* no national culture to transmit or defend. But for the French, burkinis are the thin edge of the wedge.

Alistair Miller is a teacher.

A Medical Emergency in the Soviet Union

Christie Davies

In 1988 I went to Moscow to listen to a speech by Mikhail Gorbachev. He spoke in Russian and I understood next to nothing, but I clapped dutifully along with the others. He was after all the man with whom Mrs Thatcher had said she could do business. Who was I to disagree? I came out of the stuffy lecture hall into bright spring sunlight and decided to have a stroll through the attractive city of Moscow. Suddenly I saw a familiar and unexpected face across the street. It was the distinguished Welsh-speaking author Count Nikolai Tolstoy. The Soviet government had just returned his family's old home to him which had been confiscated after the Revolution. We had a happy exchange of anecdotes. But doom was approaching.

That evening I returned to my hotel for a meal and later went contentedly to bed. While I was still fast asleep, my stomach suddenly and unexpectedly erupted in disgust at the meal I had eaten and its half-digested contents went into my lungs. I coughed so violently that afterwards three black spots danced around in my eye and got in the way of whatever I wanted to look at. The next day I had trouble breathing and so, clutching my travel insurance documents, I headed for a clinic said to be foreigner-friendly. A doctor examined me and told me in English that I had bronchitis. He gave me a prescription for a sulpha drug, an early and largely superseded antibiotic. I took the prescription to three different Moscow pharmacies. None of them had the drug in stock. They next sent me to see an eye specialist about the black spots which kept following me around. The eye specialist knew no English and we had to talk French. She told me that I needed an eye test but then discovered that the clinic had no chart in the Latin alphabet, only in Cyrillic. I could read the names of the streets in Cyrillic, a necessary skill if you didn't want to get lost in Moscow, but I could not name the letters of the alphabet in the way that I can identify 'ay, Bee, See, Dee...Zed' for an English optician. The clinic now produced a special eye chart designed for 'illiterate gypsies'. It consisted of a series of circles, each with a cross inside it, but very few of them were complete. Nearly all had one or other segment missing, either from the circle or from the cross, and I had to say in pidgin French which piece had been omitted in

each particular case. Off I went, circle, croix, à droite, à gauche, là-haut en bas. I was able to read everything except the last line. I had suspected all along that the test was unnecessary and irrelevant, but then I wasn't paying. My breathing was getting worse and I felt feverish, so I changed my air ticket, went to the airport and checked in. I never got through passport control. Some of the staff, probably drunk, had not turned up for work. The plane left on time and I spent the night on the floor wheezing.

By the time I got home the next day I felt very ill indeed. For the only time in my life I rang the emergency doctors' service and told them what had happened. Rarely have I felt as pleased and relieved as I was when Doctor Patel knocked on my door. He checked my chest and confirmed my views about the eye tests. He took a pack of amoxicillin out of his case and told me to be sure to complete the course. I enjoyed a rapid and complete British recovery and began to think about the Soviet health system, coming to four conclusions.

The first was that basic rules about the need for care and cleanliness in preparing food were not observed in Soviet Russia. The next was that doctors and medical personnel in that country were under-paid and forced to supplement their incomes. Finally the manufacture and distribution of pharmaceutical drugs was in a state of complete chaos. I thought smugly to myself that I had solved the problem of why the inhabitants of the Soviet Union lived nothing like as long as people in Britain. I was wrong. Every one of my factual observations was correct, but the real answer lay elsewhere. There was indeed a major shortage of important medicines in the Soviet Union. It was a society in which the only important innovations were military ones. The main purpose of the Soviet Union was war and aggression, and this is the one area where a socialist command economy can perform reasonably well in the absence of market forces. The one truly innovative pharmaceutical product that emerged from the Soviet Union was meldonium developed by the talented Latvian, Ivar Kalviņš. It is a drug that enhances endurance and performance under stressful conditions; just the drug to give to soldiers yomping with full kit at high altitudes

in Afghanistan or indeed to submariners. It was soon also being used by Soviet athletes taking part in their country's hunt for Olympic medals. The Olympics are war by other means. Soviet doctors were, as I had suspected, grossly underpaid and their earnings were little different from those of the average industrial worker. As a result many poverty-stricken doctors took bribes and hospital managers took even bigger ones. The latter manipulated waiting lists and used their access to the black market in supplies and equipment. If I had known this at the time, I would have been tempted to slip a Moscow pharmacist a brown envelope full of hard currency. Although the doctors were numerous, something about which Soviet sympathizers in Britain used to boast, most of them were not properly qualified. Many of those who managed to escape to Israel had to be retrained.

There had, though, been a marked improvement in Soviet mortality until the early 1960s, provided you left out of the statistics the many millions who were murdered by the state, died from hardship in the Gulag or perished in a well-planned famine. The gains in life expectancy had come from an extensive programme of vaccination, an extension of basic health care to remote areas and the forcible emancipation of the Muslim women in the Central Asian Soviet republics. In the West we are so used to women living a few years longer than men that we forget that in Muslim countries like Pakistan or Bangladesh women die earlier due to excessive child-bearing, general ill-treatment and the grotesque lack of concern for the health of young females relative to their brothers. The people in power in Britain have interpreted the Muslims in various ways; the point, however, is to change them. In this respect the Russians knew better. By the early 1960s life expectancy in the Soviet Union was only three years less than in the United States. Then came the collapse. During the 1970s, when people were living ever longer in all Western countries, life expectancy in Russia fell by nearly two years. Most men could no longer expect to make it to 65. By the end of the 1970s men's lives in the Soviet Union were shorter than women's by a margin of ten years, a far bigger gap than anywhere else. The extra deaths were from heart problems and strokes – and from violence, accidents and alcohol poisoning. All these had risen rapidly. By 1980 men in Britain were living nine years longer than their Soviet counterparts. The Soviet Union had become the sick man of Europe. The main cause of this collapse was not any growing deficiencies of the Soviet health system but the huge rise in the consumption of alcohol. Particularly devastating was the increased amount of vodka drunk by men. Some even considered it macho to drink themselves unconscious and on

waking to start drinking all over again.

The ultimate cause of the enhanced alcohol problem lay in the failure of the Soviet socialist economy. In the time of Brezhnev there was a very big increase in money wages but there was nothing to spend the money on. All resources continued to be directed into heavy industry and the manufacture of armaments and not into making goods that citizens could buy. So the men's wages all went into buying vodka. In Brezhnev's day the workers drank six times as much alcohol as they had done in 1927. Unemployment was negligible and the wages of unskilled workers, the drinking classes, had risen much faster than those of skilled workers, managers and professionals. The unskilled worker did not care if he got sacked for drunkenness since he could easily find another job somewhere else. Drunkenness at work leads to an increase in fatal accidents. Outside work heavy drinking led to violent crime and to alcohol poisoning. There was little crime in the central areas of Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev because the élite had their homes there and anyone who was caught being violent was permanently expelled from the city to protect the privileged classes from annoyance. In the smaller cities or indeed in the suburbs beyond the city limits of Moscow or Leningrad the incidence of drunken violence was very high indeed. The murder rate in the Soviet Union was six times that of Scotland and ten times higher than in the United Kingdom as a whole. Nearly all of this violence was a result of drunken brawls among men. There was a marked rise too in the suicide rate.

The government was happy to live with this situation because a large part of its income came from the tax on vodka and since vodka is cheap to produce it was still sold at a very low price. When Gorbachev decided to clamp down on excessive drinking, the revenues of the Soviet government plummeted and there was a serious financial crisis. The other obstruction to change was that the alternative would have been to switch the economy away from iron and guns and into the production of things people wanted. The planning system would never have been able to cope and it would have limited the Soviet Union's capacity for military excursions abroad. The proof lies in the period of rapidly falling mortality that followed the strict restrictions on the sale of alcohol introduced by Gorbachev. Between 1985 and 1987, the years of Gorbachev's draconian and unpopular anti-alcohol campaign, life expectancy increased by three years with the greatest increase being among men. High prices, restrictions on the sale of alcohol and the criminal prosecution of drunks had a very beneficial effect; there was a remarkable fall in the number of deaths by violence, accidents and suicide, and deaths

from cardiovascular disease also declined. But the loss of tax revenue to the government as sales of alcohol fell led to economic crisis. The Soviet Union collapsed and the drunken democrat Boris Yeltsin replaced Gorbachev. Alcohol again flowed freely and the *zapoi*, a drinking binge that lasts for several days, a national institution, returned. Vodka was so cheap, men drank themselves to death. Soon Russian men on average were dying before they were sixty with a third of them dying before they were fifty-five. Women drank less and lived thirteen years longer.

The Russian tragedy under Yeltsin was that vodka and freedom came together. The curse of socialism was gone but the demon drink was in high spirits. We should

not sneer. In Edwardian England public drunkenness was ubiquitous. By the 1920s it was almost unknown thanks to higher taxation and the control of public licences and opening hours. Then Mr Blair destroyed all restraint and bestial inebriety returned. It is time for the people of Britain to heed the admonitions of our official nanny, Dame Sally Davies FRS, Chief Medical Officer for England, and for the sake of their health drink much less than they do.

Christie Davies is the author of The Strange Death of Moral Britain Transaction 2005, a treatise on our loss of sobriety, and of many articles about the former Soviet Union.

The Britishness of Australia

Daryl McCann

There is nothing more traditional than an agricultural show in an Australian town, and nothing more British than a horse showing event. It's a 3-ply-wool jacket and always the right handkerchief in the right pocket, even if the day's a scorcher and birds are dropping from the sky. The accents of the competitors are broad Australian but the saddles are handmade English leather; the boots, the jodhpurs, the breeches all imported from Old Blighty. Even the riding ponies have their origins in England, with bloodlines that can be traced back to the original homeland. You might call it 'Hot Britain', although these days things have become a little more complicated in the Land of Oz.

The Britishness of Australia is unmistakable – the national language, driving on the left, the self-deprecating humour, cricket, football fanaticism (albeit a different code of the game), fish and chips, enthusiasm for the amber liquid and seaside piers, not to mention the names of streets, suburbs and cities. One of my regular haunts is Kensington Gardens – only it is in the leafy eastern suburbs of Adelaide rather than adjacent to London's Hyde Park. Naturally, we have our own Hyde Park, a well-heeled suburb to the immediate south of the central business district. Adelaide itself is named after the queen consort of King William IV, Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, and our main thoroughfare is – you guessed it – King William Street. We could continue, but you get the idea.

The un-Britishness of Australia is its astonishing

physicality. The country is 31.5 times larger than the United Kingdom or, to put it the other way around, the UK is 3 percent of the size of Australia. Nevertheless, the UK's population of 64 million far surpasses Australia's 23 million, and the vast majority of those live in the provincial capitals of Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane. Life in rural Australia is something of a mystery for city dwellers. It certainly was for me before I began my first ever job: History teacher in Streaky Bay, a small township on the western side of South Australia, 450 miles from home, a greater distance than between London and Edinburgh.

The ten-hour bus journey, overnight so there was no chance of a sleep between disembarking and walking to work after a weekend in the Big Smoke, delivered me to what I felt – as a young man – was the end of the world. In February 1981, when I first arrived in Streaky Bay, the town didn't even have access to television. I viewed the place in much the same way a Briton coming to Sydney or Adelaide at that time might have seen Australia – 'a country where they turn back time', as Al Stewart sang in his 1976 song Year of the Cat. Nothing that happened in the town, a tryst between a fisherman's wife and a farmer, or a teacher romance, eluded prying eyes. Streaky Bay people, with the neatly turned out war memorial and prominent Australian flag, got worked up about winning a gold medal in the Tidy Towns Competition (Eyre Peninsula Division). They were, I used to believe, a mixture of community minded and insular, with the balance tilting towards

the latter. Thirty-five years later and I am prepared to reverse my opinion.

I saw the people of Streaky Bay as a throwback to the attitudes that predominated in Australia during the 1950s and early 1960s: yes, it was possible to become accepted as a local but only if one adopted the customary way of seeing and doing things. I felt as if the conservative parents in Streaky Bay saw me as an interloper: an inexperienced know-it-all from the city introducing dangerous ideas to their children. I might have been more paranoid than them. Leaving the town for the last time (with my possessions loaded up in my father's car), a local drove past me in his utility. He was making some kind of gesture. Was it hostile? I pushed on towards the highway turn-off. Out of my rear vision, however, I noticed him make a sharp U-turn and come speeding after me. A police siren would have been less concerning. The next instant he was overtaking my car and basically forcing me off the side of the road. How sheepish I felt when he handed over a carton of beer and told me his son loved my History classes and wished I were staying another year.

Back in 1981, only one migrant family, an Italian one, lived in Streaky Bay, a place with 1,200 people. The little town was behind the times. Starting in the early 1950s, it was not only British migrants that came to Australia but people from all over Europe, especially Greece and Italy. In 1968, the Division of Assimilation within the Department of Immigration was renamed the Division of Integration. New Australians were encouraged to integrate into Australian life while at the same time retaining their customs, cuisine, music, sport, beliefs, art and religion.

The shift from assimilation to a more flexible system of integration was one thing, but the Whitlam Labor government (1972-75) went a step further and introduced the policy of multiculturalism. The then Minister for Immigration, Al Grassby, spoke about Australia building a 'multi-language, multi-cultural participatory democracy' that would 'accept differences...loves colourful diversity' and inspire 'mutual respect between all'. The idea was that migrants could preserve their own culture while accepting the right of others to do the same thing, as long as people were loyal to Australia and followed Australian law. The term 'multiculturalism' has become so pervasive in public discourse that those who argue it is the engine of sectarianism and the portent of civilisational suicide find themselves denounced by the modern-day left as xenophobic fascists.

The irony, perhaps, is that advocates of the multicultural concept are often unaware of the original, and I would contend more appropriate, use of the term 'culture'. Matthew Arnold, in *Culture and*

Anarchy (1868), speaks of culture in the broadest terms of Western civilisation – Hellenism, Hebraism, Christianity and so on – not as a mere 'tribe' in the politically-correct sense of (say) 'gay culture' or 'Lebanese culture'. When Australia was established as a dominion on January 1, 1901, it was as a project of Western civilisation, albeit one with a distinct Anglo-Saxon sensibility. The Magna Carta, the English Civil War, the Glorious Revolution and the founding of the Commonwealth of Australia were all part of a continuum. British Westminster-style democracy and the independence of the judiciary are written into the country's DNA and the increase of non-British migrants to Australia over recent decades should not alter that.

Whether Australians are now more likely to have wine rather than beer with their evening meal or buy a kebab instead of fish and chips ought not to affect the underlying civilisational fundamentals. In that sense, at least, the retention of the Union Jack on the flag, as a symbol of our heritage, makes perfect sense. Which brings us to the contention of Dr Benjamin Jones, post-modernist scholar at Western Sydney University, that Australia must disavow the British ensign since we are now 'a thriving multicultural nation' existing in a post-colonial paradigm. For Jones, and left-wing academics of his ilk, Australia is a confederation of contemporary tribes in which reminders of our hegemonistic British legacy need to be challenged and progressively eradicated. Some of those reminders include Australia Day (commemoration of 1788 British settlement at Botany Bay), our constitutional monarchy, Anzac Day (military involvement in the First World War and beyond) and, of course, the flag.

The Left-wing power élite in Australia wants to replace genuine diversity of opinion with the 'diversity' of ethnic-based special interests, Islamic particularism, Indigenous separatism, LGBT hysteria, Green fanaticism, third-wave feminism and so on *ad infinitum*. All of these latter-day tribes like to believe they are community-minded and the furthest thing from insular, and yet each resides within its own inward-looking echo chamber. The only thing these identity groups share is an antipathy towards traditional Australia – and that includes traditional Australians. Tomorrow doesn't belong to us because we are not part of the PC Brigade's brave new sectarianism. Well, bugger them, as my dad would say, running up a giant Aussie flag at the front of the house.

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Fifth Column

Don Beech

One needs only a passing familiarity with *YouTube* to know that Nigel Farage has repeatedly made the connection between the disintegrating state of many parts of Britain and the unwelcome presence on our soil of an enemy within, or as he calls it, ‘a fifth column’. Originally a military term attributed to a senior General in Franco’s nationalist army, Emilio Mola, it was coined to describe a group or column of clandestine nationalist sympathisers whose purpose was to foster political subversion from within the republican cause in support of a nationalist attack on Madrid planned for 1936. Unsurprisingly given recent and probable future events, Farage draws his analogy with Islamism. So, as the dust settles over Brexit, it seems like a good time to examine his warning to see if the analogy holds, and whether it can help us better understand what might lie ahead.

I was thinking about this when Channel Four broke the news of the criminal conviction, much overdue, of the radical preacher Anjem Choudhry. Of course, British Islamists such as Choudhry and his supporters have long and energetically devoted themselves to fostering hatred and division within our society. At the same time we have thoughtfully paid them welfare benefits to save them having to interrupt their jihadist activities by having to go to work. So obviously and justifiably they are targets for our hatred. But, given the fundamental role of political subversion in the objectives and methodology of fifth columns, drawing an analogy with Choudhry’s activities, and those of folk like him, doesn’t initially seem to make much sense; after all, like Abu Hamza’s single-handed theatricalities, Choudhry’s public preaching took place in broad daylight with no obvious attempt to hide what he was doing. In fact, British Islamism has always been in our faces; a provocation everywhere we look and not only in the threatening display of oppression woven into the design of hijabs, burkinis and burkas. Even more provocatively it recruits openly over the internet and

in our prisons; proselytizes on our streets (in my own experience, and not so long ago, a sizeable banner proclaiming that ‘all Jews are pigs’ was frequently on display in a major London shopping centre on Saturday afternoons) harangues us in our universities; and puts its case zealously to journalism’s most useful idiots on television and radio.



Similarly open in professing their social and economic motivation have been the activities of so-called moderate (seemingly Westernising) and conservative (strict but not quite radical) Muslims who have arrived *en masse* since the 1960’s. Escaping poverty, religious primitivism, tribalism, vengeful lawlessness and ethnic and inter-religious violence, who would blame them for seeking stability and peaceful conditions in which to live and improve their lives? So if this is true, why would they want to conduct subversion here when all it would do, at least for the time being, is destroy the institutions and liberal attitudes

which are so obviously amenable to their basic needs and the fulfilment of their considerable ambitions? This makes no sense.

But as most thinking people now realise, the politicians who opened the door to British multiculturalism asked nothing of these newcomers as they teemed into our towns and cities and immediately (re)formed their religious and ethnic communities in many of our poorest areas – especially in the north. Our leaders demanded neither cultural sacrifice (an end to female excision and infibulation, forced marriage, acid attacks, honour killing) nor social assimilation (to integrate with social groups unlike themselves, i.e., us) and in the cases of Rotherham and Rochdale, and probably many others besides, little expectation even to obey our laws. As if this wasn’t bad enough, most crucially it also momentarily failed to demand Moslems’ community leaders reflect on their attitude to politics so they could at least meet us half way in the public square we now found ourselves sharing. When in Rome and all that!

But alas, it wouldn’t have mattered even if the

liberal left had insisted on these terms. Modern Western politics is an accomplishment, which remains sufficiently unique to be a total mystery to the tyrannies and theocracies of the non-Western world, especially to Islam. The west, offering its citizens a unique form of political membership built on the democratically controlled exercise of power, our institutions are able to foster and protect differences of *opinion* and the vital surety that no one's head will be chopped-off for holding them. And even if it's always jostling with ideology and dogma, the peaceful exchange of opinion remains the cornerstone of our most unusual political reality. Hence our politics are an attempt to hold society together by depending ultimately on human creativity expressed through the endless re-consideration and willingness to transform our institutions, laws, norms and values. And because to be valid our opinions must, as Aristotle said of the Constitution of the Athenians be 'well-thought-out' we willingly listen to experts and professionals where necessary; but never, ever, to authorities, prophets, *führers*, and their revelations.

But by now it must be obvious to those who have eyes that Islam loves and worships its prophets, authorities, *führers* and their revelations. As such, and all the worse for us, it straightforwardly rejects the linkage between politics and the opinions of man because being weak, unseeing and unhearing, our opinions can never be well enough thought-out to do the job required of them. Instead, Islam values only the wisdom of the Almighty who, existing outside of space and time, has already made institutions, laws, values and norms in perfect ideal form. So unlike Western secularism's somewhat amateurish liking for opinion and the negotiation and doubt which come as part of the political package; Islam opts for *knowledge* – a divine science of total obedience to God which covers all matters; including politics.

But as Roger Scruton reminds us, we shouldn't be too surprised by this. After all, The Koran has no equivalent to the New Testament's parable of the tribute money (Matthew 22; 21) which recommends deference to God in questions of personal salvation, and to Caesar, man, in questions of state and society. Although it's only one amongst many differences dividing us, this duality *really* matters because it levers open freedom within scripture for politics to exist as a human as opposed to a divine creation. In contrast, The Koran straightforwardly commands believers to do x and y 'or else' solely on the metaphysical foundation of a closed domain of sacred law and the knowledge – the divine algorithm – which exists between its covers. This explains why a form like ours which is essentially earth and time-bound, wracked and twisted by human folly, and unintelligible in objective terms (take note

so-called political scientists) will, despite liberal hopes – Rowan Williams even entertained the possibility that Britain could formally find a space for *shari'ah* – be both incomprehensible and reprehensible to any true believer.

So, the vast majority of Moslems might well be moderately or conservatively quietist, but it doesn't make them any more willing or able than fundamental Islamists to decide, as *agents*, to keep private and thereby diminish the status of the religious life – when the primary condition of Islam's immersion in our unintelligible (for them) political culture is to proselytise the Faith. It would certainly be very unwise to attempt to force silence upon them. Hence the adjuration to 'Beware a Fifth column' might well make an effective sound bite (and I hear Farage is now accusing the EU of making war on Brexit) but the evidence for a subversive Islamist and/or Islamic column amongst us is flimsy and irrational. After all, Islam seems generically too confident and focused to be or need to be subversive; and it has numbers, youth, desperation, righteous energy and our own carelessness towards the health and virtue of our institutions on its side. And of course we all know that Islamism spreads malignancy and hatred; but I repeat, this happens in the open with relish and through a megaphone.

That said, our identity as a nation and a people – our freedom within the law to hold and fearlessly express any opinion we feel like – has obviously been catastrophically undermined; but not by sinister Islamist plots and subversion which pay no tribute to the main culprits: our own apathy and the plague of political correctness. Farage would do well to take Camus' warning that 'to label things incorrectly is to bring misfortune upon the world' more seriously; then he might be able to see that conflating Islam's inbuilt political limitations with a nebulous threat posed by imaginary folk devils (when there are plenty of real ones out there) is a ridiculous and misleading hypothesis which is unworthy of him. How can promoting a vacuous analogy such as this help stem the multicultural mayhem coming our way? Surely, such simplicities will do nothing but encourage our panicking élites to throw even more of our cash down the toilet in a misplaced effort to deal with it!

In the United States the respected Pew Forum estimates a population of 5.5 million Moslems in the UK by 2030 (just 13 years away). This contrasts with 1.6 million in England and Wales in 2001.

Don Beech worked for the Daily Mirror.

Haiti's Night of the Living Dead

Mark Griffith

Hurricane Matthew recently hit the supremely unlucky country of Haiti. Perhaps a million people are homeless, lacking clean water, in an impoverished corrupt nation still reeling from 2010's earthquake. Haiti's never-ending misfortunes take some explaining.

Economists and historians still quarrel about why some countries 'work' and others don't, but the left hand end of the island of Hispaniola is a good example of a country that's never worked well. Even compared to the Dominican Republic – the country it shares that island with – Haiti's luck seems sharply worse. Explanations that describe whole societies are needed to answer the Haitian puzzle, and lack of 'civicness' is the best candidate. When social researcher Robert Putnam showed that inside Italy measures of what he called civicness (belief in organising charities and self-help, a belief

not all politicians are corrupt, optimism about creating a business...) followed 400-year-old dividing lines between Italian city states, administrators there were mad with despair. The long-standing problems of Italy's south (more crime, more corruption, less faith in constructive change, fewer business start-ups, more apathy) closely map on to the territory of the former Kingdom of Naples. If nothing else, Putnam showed that history matters for creating positive 'social capital'. If any place has a history of social damage and a shortage of social capital, Haiti does.

People in the USA are still prone to 18th century optimism, a belief they brilliantly started a new society from a clean sheet. Winners like the Americans don't like to think they were lucky in their choice of foundations. Nor are they satisfied with historical excuses from other countries who do less well. But now, hundreds of thousands of people in Haiti lack water and shelter because they lack social capital. These are the ones who've had only tents as homes since the earthquake in 2010 and are about to suffer a

cholera outbreak caused by the hurricane. A country gets into, and stays in, a mess like this when aid money that goes into that country keeps mysteriously disappearing, law and order there is always fragile, and no-one trusts anyone. It's almost the perfect example of a state without Putnam's civicness, and the results of that can be seen everywhere in its unrepaired, half-

rebuilt towns. Haiti needs both a physical renewal and a spiritual renewal, and unfortunately for the Haitian nation, the spiritual part has been unfashionable to talk about for at least a century. Given all this, outsiders are puzzled to find them an energetic and proud people. Anyone trying to build social capital there should start from what they've got.

Haiti is the scene of the only successful slave revolt in modern history – anywhere in the world. Between 1791 and 1803 escaped Haitian slaves fought

several rebellions sometimes encouraged, sometimes opposed, by the rapidly changing governments of the new revolutionary republic back in France. Then, Napoleon's instructions to re-impose slavery led officers Vicomte de Rochambeau and Charles Leclerc into a cycle of vicious atrocities. 500 Haitian fighters were buried alive in one incident. Increasing levels of bitter brutality united rival groups in Haiti against the French, who lost in 1803. Reprisal killings of almost all whites followed in 1804. Personally instigating the massacres, ex-slave and Haitian revolutionary leader Jean-Jacques Dessalines declared of the French (with some justice), 'We have given these true cannibals war for war, crime for crime, outrage for outrage'. One of the most energetic killers of whites was one Jean Zombi, his name later entering magical folklore.

The country is also, intriguingly, the source of two thriving sub-genres of US schlock-horror fantasy. Both voodoo and zombies (after Jean Zombi) are of Haitian heritage. West African juju (animist magic) became voodoo (vodou) once across the Atlantic in Haiti.



This folk religion reached New Orleans in Louisiana (the only US state that still has French-based law) where it's called 'hoodoo'. If you travel down to the birthplace of jazz, the city called The Big Easy, you'll find the most respected hoodoo practitioners claim Haitian provenance. Provided you're Careful What You Wish For, and don't mind spilling some chicken blood, these practitioners can at least guarantee you a good scare. Of course there is voodoo elsewhere in the Caribbean, plus other folk religions taken to the Americas by slaves (Brazilian Candomblé, juju plus Catholicism, is an important example), but the reach of American cinema means we all notice what they notice. Via New Orleans, they notice Haiti.

Zombies meanwhile – half-dead/half-alive people controlled by a bad magic man – are a firmly voodoo-based concept, even if rather misleadingly renamed after a killer in the 1804 massacre. American 'zombie apocalypse' slasher movies have broken free of that context and now have an unpleasantly undead life all their own. Unlike voodoo flicks, most fans of zombie movies today have no idea their bizarre founding premise comes from Haiti. Meanwhile, since modern philosophy does not believe in souls, 'zombies' in philosophy-of-mind discussions since the 1980s are putative beings like us emptied of awareness and sentience too.

One of Graham Greene's best novels, *The Comedians*, depicts expats in Port-au-Prince leading feckless lives through the early 1960s, strangely exempt from the horrific Duvalier police state. This book captures, as the title says out loud, the odd difficulty foreigners seem to have in taking the suffering of Haiti seriously. It's as if Europeans and North Americans find something so disquieting on the island of Hispaniola they can only discuss it through tales of black magic.

After defeating France, the 19th and 20th centuries were an exhausting sequence of revolutions, disasters, and minor wars for the French-and-Creole-speaking half of the island.

Emperor Dessalines was assassinated in 1806. Henri 1st, self-declared king of the separatist north, shot himself with a silver bullet in 1820. In 1825 France demanded with warships 150 million (later reduced to 90 million) gold francs against loss of slave plantations and formal recognition (the loan to do this took Haiti until 1947 to fully repay). The next two centuries saw major earthquakes, hurricanes, and political violence. Haiti took over the Spanish-speaking half of the island by force for 22 years. Some peaceful development marked the 1860s, but chaos returned. There were six presidents between 1911 and 1915, all killed or exiled.

The United States militarily occupied Haiti between 1915 and 1934, recolonising it. American hypocrisy

was noted at the post-WW1 Paris Conference where Woodrow Wilson lectured European leaders on 'self-determination of peoples' and rollback of empires. Meanwhile his colleague the young F.D. Roosevelt was busy taking over Haiti during the Central American Banana Wars. Then, soon after US forces left in 1934, another leader, Stenio Vincent, was censoring newspapers and repressing opponents. Washington continued to intervene on and off in Haitian affairs. There was a revolution in 1946.

After another difficult period in 1956 and 57 an unassuming vaccination organiser with a humanitarian reputation, François Duvalier (Papa Doc), assumed power. He rapidly became one of the most sinister dictators in the country's history. His paramilitary police, the Tontons Macoutes, in straw hats, blue shirts, and dark glasses, used rape, torture, mass killings, and high-profile voodoo to instil fearful obedience. Succession passed to his son until 1986 when 'Baby Doc' went into exile. Even after this the Tontons Macoutes remained a force, for example in 1988 machine-gunning worshippers at a church mass held by priest Jean-Bertrand Aristide, using machetes on whoever fled. More years of violence followed. US forces again intervened in 1994 (to put by-then-politician Aristide back in power) and 2004 (when American officials escorted the by-then-president out of power back into exile – in fact kidnapping him, Aristide says).

The Clinton Foundation is accused by Haitian human-rights lawyer and playwright Marguerite Laurent (her pen name Ezili Danto is after the voodoo mother goddess) and former Haitian Senate head Bernard Sansaricq of misappropriating relief funds from the devastating 2010 earthquake. Sansaricq angrily called Bill and Hillary 'common criminals' in late September 2016, also claiming the Clintons tried to bribe him in the 1990s. UN relief organisers and Red Cross fundraisers likewise stand accused of pocketing huge amounts of incoming aid with little to show for it on Port-au-Prince's still-wrecked streets. Liberal well-wishers seem drawn to Haiti's tragic history and yet swiftly overpowered by its moral undertow. They can't recognise how dangerous a country is that has no patriotism, no sense of trust or duty or justice.

In the not-unwatchable 1943 film *I Walked With A Zombie*, voodoo, zombies, rebel slaves, and Haiti are still understood as all one package. It's a (very) loose retelling of *Jane Eyre*. A white nurse Betsy earnestly tries to cure Jessica, another white woman, of her seemingly hopeless waking-sleepwalking condition by taking her to voodoo ceremonies. It turns out a third white woman, Mrs Rand, had earlier asked the Creole-speaking magicians to make Jessica a zombie

as punishment: ‘because she was beautiful enough to take my family in her hands and break it apart.’ Distraught, Rand pleads for understanding ‘The drums seemed to be beating in my head. The chanting – the lights – everything blurred together. And then I heard a voice, speaking in a sudden silence. My voice. I was possessed. I said that the woman at Fort Holland was evil and that the Houngan must make her a Zombie.’ A man of science calmly rationalises: ‘There is no such thing as a Zombie,’ Dr Maxwell tells her kindly.

Today’s confidence that there is no such thing as spirituality underpins left-wing cultural relativism, materialist ethics, identity politics. In today’s zombie movies, scientific accidents create the mindless ‘living dead’: even our silliest apocalyptic anxieties have now stripped out the spirit. Former liberation-theology priest Aristide (corrupt or not) accuses the UN, IMF, and US of cynical hypocrisy – but he’s an indigestible figure for the French and American left. For Haiti

(like the Congo and Islam) contradicts our smug post-Christian materialism.

Yet quite recently European assumptions of superiority still imagined some matching spiritual responsibility. *I Walked With A Zombie* revolves around white people’s ethical decisions and failures. Despite the weird and mysterious powers of the voodoo practitioners, like Macbeth’s witches they’re only there as temptation, to test the moral resolve of the white-skinned characters.

The 1940s were not so multicultural. ‘It’s more than that, Doctor. I’ve entered into their ceremonies – pretended to be possessed by their gods...’ Mrs Rand cries in disgusted shame. But 70 years on, going native just sounds normal to us. Haiti isn’t the only place that doesn’t believe in itself, but we have less excuse.

Mark Griffith keeps a weblog at <http://www.otherlanguages.org>

Mobile Phones; the Devil’s Instrument

Mark Mantel

My family owns a small apartment in Saint Petersburg, across the street from the American consulate, not a far walk from Nevsky Prospect, where couples once wandered with raised collars, holding hands. It all had a certain mood not long ago: a man walking a wolfhound might stop to gaze a moment, perhaps at a dingy fog, as the murky green Neva quietly flowed. Sometimes you could even see a girl in a shabby hat, sitting alone on a bench along the embankment, as if from a novel.

Things are different today. No poetry disguises the limitless rows of ugly housing blocks from Soviet days in the outskirts. Perfume smells of every description waft by from a fashionable set with no profound kinship with Pushkin. Few squint into the melancholy light of an afternoon sun above the Armani billboards. Crowds of lounging coffee drinkers – the men slightly overfed, the woman not so much – are too absorbed in their devices to poke up their beaks.

What spring was the last for Peter’s imperial city? How did smartphones take hold and become the norm? When did faces get blurred with trendy busyness? Who subdued with these trivial things that great Russian Soul that had endured Stalinist purges?

Such questions have been asked many times of many places. For instance, older New Yorkers wonder a lot about, ‘when New York was New York’. So let us search a bit deeper to define the human loss caused by these changes. Let us push up our spectacles and try to articulate by what mechanism they might inhibit our spirit. Yet, let me be clear, we are not for the moment concerned with the utility of smartphones. And we are not even concerned with examining the alleged autonomy of their morality. We are interested, rather, in the effect smartphones have on atmosphere and the resultant limitation on our ability to feel what is.

Consider what it is about cities that change. It is not the buildings. A photograph of, say, Philadelphia today looks much as it did thirty years ago, architecturally. There is usually a tad less litter on the streets now, and the advertisements seem more simplistic back in the day. But even fashions haven’t changed as much as one might suppose, somebody from the 70s could probably even walk around without especially attracting notice today. Yet the physiognomy of the faces are entirely altered. It is indeed as if individual souls were so altered that the ‘city-soul’ changes. And by this reason, I suspect, the older portrait betrays the

world that is no more.

So what precisely do these smartphones inhibit? First, it is my contention that the past tells us her sweet and bitter story, as we wander arm in arm, as if from a distant lighthouse. And I do not speak of the history of nations, though this may be interwoven with the tale. This story is not in the least for highbrows or lovers of diplomacy. It is told with a simplicity of feeling. Indeed, the thing I am speaking about is something that almost everyone once felt. It was a story even for the most homeless of the homeless, even as they drank cheap beer near some littered parade ground. And it could be overheard, mournfully or joyously, not just among the snows along the Neva. It was in every city, a sweet flame as people danced, or a consolation to one alone in a garden, on some holy night in the shivering mist. The bitter loves of old, the wails of fate – these were felt even by a simple couple, with rosy smiles, sipping tea together at some cafe in nowhere.

And it was often a collective feeling, a stockade of memories surrounding all, a kind of priceless treasure. When everyone is looking always at their phones, the world loses this wonder. The glorious biography of some girl's tender silence – or even someone's sinning eyes – all could be pleasant today, all could enrich today, but all are extinguished. It is my belief the smartphone is the culprit ejecting from our nightly gatherings these gifts from beyond the hour.

And it seems, at least, that some scientists, poets and philosophers may groan with the same troubled voice as I do about this. A recent study by Microsoft Corporation, believe it or not, found the digital lifestyle has made it difficult for people to stay focused. The findings revealed that human attention span has fallen from an average of 12 seconds in the year 2000 to just eight seconds today. Humans now have less of an attention span than a goldfish say the scientists (nine seconds). We used to have bad trouble persevering with *Parsifal* but nowadays they couldn't even get through the Moonlight sonata.

Researchers from the University College London who did a 5-year study on Internet habits found that people using sites exhibited 'a form of skimming activity,' hopping from one source to another and rarely returning to any source they'd already visited. It seems folks go online to avoid reading books, fearing the dust maybe. And this is precisely what the American writer Nicholas Carr asserted in a recent interview, saying he and his friends have found it more difficult to concentrate and read whole books. Now, if a respected novelist and his literati pals can't even finish a book where will this leave the rest of us?

The French Christian philosopher and sociologist Jacques Ellul said 'Modern technology has become a

total phenomenon for civilization, the defining force of a new social order in which efficiency is no longer an option but a necessity imposed on all human activity.' Technology, says Ellul, 'knows how to maintain the illusion of liberty, choice, and individuality; but these will have been carefully calculated so that they will be integrated into the mathematical reality merely as appearances'. Truer words could hardly be applied to smartphones in particular.

But it is a hard thing to change. At the centre of contemporary life is a slavish acceptance of established fact. Indeed, for all our babble about 'change,' never have the young been more docile. And even some angry activist who might disrupt a peaceful lecture will suddenly defend the *status-quo* like an arch-reactionary, with a glance fiercer than fire, should anyone weigh the value of his jangling cellular joy.

What can one do? It is said that Dante, in his exile in Ravenna, would walk around with a grave and solitary expression, and he probably did it charmingly. However, not everyone can achieve the inner freedom of Dante. Most people participate in the energies, if not the essence, of a town – to loosely borrow an idea from patristics. Outward things penetrate the soul despite ourselves. And it takes a herculean effort to look past the noise of the living to make manifest the life of things that came before.

Again, what can one do? I think maybe one looks directly at the convulsions of modern life, excavating what is irremediably dear, to wash it with tears. Seriously? Is this a joke? No, this is not a matter for jokes, with smartphones like buzzards everywhere! One starts with reverent attention to sacred memories, with things redeemed and repaired, with the tragedies of individuals as told in poetry, and of the murky griefs of whole nations as told in history. In all this one finds, if one listens, a voice that hasn't died away. And once one finds this voice, one can recognize it even in the terrible hour.

Yes, I am talking about absorbing a certain attitude, perhaps similar to that of Gibbon as he tells of depravity, yet with a kind of forgiveness. (Incidentally, despite many inaccuracies about this or that, Gibbon is better to read, again and again, than our more correct historians). One's eyes will gaze in a different way – not always, but often – and a simple and bright moon starts to shine even from the maddening crowd. Thus, instead of literary escapism, this path directly engages with the technology all around, covering it with a kind of film, enveloping it in a larger tableau, and ultimately giving it meaning.

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I Feel Like a Stranger Where I Live

Jane Kelly

'I Feel Like A Stranger Where I Live' was the headline put on a feature I wrote for the *Daily Telegraph* in January 2013. The editor at the time wanted me to change my name before it was published as in it I complained that the area of east Acton where I lived was changing beyond recognition and I'd found myself living in an almost totally Islamified area. He was afraid that the paper and I would be accused of racism.

The feature certainly received a huge amount of shocked attention. It was as if I'd suggested murdering all first born boy babies. My comments and observations were seen as outrageous and previously unspoken. But I had been hearing people say the same thing for a long time; all the white middle class neighbours in the street had moved to leafy pastures new, while the white working class, once the majority in the area were as rare on the streets of Acton as white rhino. But perhaps those groups hadn't actually revealed their motives for moving, it was largely a politely silent exodus.

Things have moved a long a bit since then. We had undeniable revelations about sexual abuse of young white girls in the north of England and Oxford by Asian men, crimes which eventually had to be discussed openly after years of prevarication and secrecy. We've had UKIP and Brexit, but it's still very dangerous to mention the effects of mass immigration, which is still taken as a racist thing to do.

This week, early October, 2016, *The Times* printed surprising stories about the oddly named Dame Lowell Goddard, the New Zealand judge who mysteriously arrived here to head the child sex abuse enquiry, which is attempting to establish the extent institutions in England and Wales failed to protect children from sexual abuse.

Justice Lowell resigned as head of the inquiry on August 4th, after just eighteen months in the role. Now she is accused of making 'racist' comments. According to the allegations she said Britain had so many paedophiles 'because it has so many Asian men,' which is of course logically true, if the cases in Rotherham, Rochdale, Keighley and Oxford involving over a thousand young white girls are taken into account.

According to the story, the Antipodean was also gobsmacked at the size of the UK's ethnic minority population and mentioned having to travel fifty miles from London to see a white face. If she said this, which the beleaguered judge now denies, she was again stating the truth.

There are over four million known Muslims in the UK, one in every twenty persons, a figure which has doubled over the last decade, from less than a million in 1991. Over half of them were born abroad, in some areas including Westminster, Kensington and Chelsea and Brent more than half the population was born abroad, according to figures from the Mayor of London's Data Store.

Many people are surprised when they see London these days. Nearly half of British Muslims live in London, thirty percent in some boroughs. There are also 600,000 Hindus, 6.6 per cent of the UK population, over half of them in London. Residents originally from India dominate ten of the capital's thirty-two boroughs. Londoners born in Nigeria, Poland, Turkey and Bangladesh have the highest numbers in at least three areas each.

Generally Muslims from Pakistan and Bangladesh live to the East, in the old working class areas of Tower Hamlets and Hackney, once occupied by a few thousand Jews. There is also the Islamified strip following the Uxbridge Road, from Shepherd's Bush in west London right across to Southall, where I lived between 1996 and 2014. Hindu Indians, generally much more prosperous than Muslims, have flocked west of the once prosperous Ealing, in Greenford and Wembley, and they have moved out to the more comfortable suburban fringes, forming huge swathes in Bromley, Croydon and Bexley Heath.

White people wanting cheap houses could re-colonise those areas, but they won't. At the moment Southall is mainly beds in sheds, betting shops and brothels, not an attractive proposition. I looked hard at Greenford, but in the end I was put off by the complete lack of gardens which have almost all been concreted over. Such observations would be regarded by many people as 'racist'. Anyone in public life saying that many Asians in west London have concreted over their

gardens would be fired.

The New Zealand judge has hit back at the claims, calling them ‘false’ and ‘malicious’. If she hadn’t she would probably be going the same way as Dutch politician Geert Wilders who stood trial on October 31st for saying he’d like to see fewer Moroccans in Holland.

Hearing about the *Times* story, I experience the usual shock at someone being accused of racism for stating some very obvious things, but the shock goes on. Last week I was called from Jerusalem by documentary film maker, Zach Sichermann. Like the others who had read my piece in the *Daily Telegraph* he wanted to know what was really going on in little old England, details about how it’s changing so drastically. But he particularly asked about a line in my piece; ‘Mass migration makes racists of us all’.

Race of course means nothing, unless you are a 19th century ethnographer, but if you are an observant person living in London, or other major cities today, to merely describe what you see makes you a ‘racist’.

What mass migration has done to us all is make us think about our identity for the first time. People didn’t have to do it in the war, people knew perfectly well who they were and that their enemy was rubbish, but we are now constantly having to compare our own values to those of newcomers around us, often swallowing our conclusions. If you have views on FGM, domestic slavery, people trafficking and election fraud you must keep quiet, or be very careful what you say, or the accusation of ‘racism’ will naturally follow. Most of the people committing those crimes come to the UK from abroad. I do not know of any English slave owners – but for the police, the courts and other great institutions of state, you cannot say that and keep your job.

As the discussion of the impact of foreign cultures was suppressed, people responded in different ways; the prosperous and well educated went into a kind of Stockholm Syndrome of passionately welcoming all things foreign and espousing a spurious cultural relativism. Eating people was wrong but could be excused if it was part of your culture. Others embraced post-colonial guilt and self-loathing, wanting to tear down the society they’d grown up in. ‘There is no democracy in the West anyway,’ is their usual cry.

Sensitive souls felt they might be racist without knowing it. The growth of the anti-racism industry began to increasingly resemble the Spanish Inquisition, carrying its own unique logic. If you were mugged in the 1980s, better not report it, as even if you did not

mention the race of your attacker, the fact that you had received blows from a black person made you the guilty one.

As this new faith increased in importance and reach, it was important for co-religionists to identify themselves in a special language. We now have the sinister accusation of ‘border-line racism,’ which follows the once popular charge, often heard on Radio 4, of ‘casual racism’. From accusations of mere racism we have also moved to wider imputations of ‘Xenophobia’ and latterly, ‘Islamophobia’.

Some of us began to swivel about in a welter of confusion, full of fellow feeling and willingness to meet everyone as an individual but resenting the force of the new ideology unknown to previous generations.

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it has shown just how ill-equipped we are to live peacefully with each other, let alone with newcomers. A deliberate weakening of British identity and the failure of state education have created fears and tensions among our different

classes resulting in this anti-racist bullying. It’s a hideous blanket covering deep social unease.

Well, what is British identity? People on the left ask this scathingly and I heard that question from numerous foreign men when I worked in Wormwood Scrubs prison. In a conversation in 2014 on Al Jazeera TV between me and some young Muslim men, I said, ‘The UK is a hard drinking, free-thinking, dog-loving nation’.

Those words seemed to upset them more than anything else I said. It was a direct response to their view, shared by many Muslim immigrants, that the UK is a cultural vacuum which they are going to fill. Like other groups arriving because of the society we are and what we offer, they have to be shown that there is no cultural void or moral space available. If there is, we will deal with it ourselves. Part of doing this will be to re-embrace free speech, bravely ignoring attempts to close down even harmless observations with the death cry, ‘Racism!’ We must do this, not in the interest of any one ‘race’ but to protect the democracy and cultural values which have served us well for centuries.

Jane Kelly worked for the Daily Mail.

The Menace of Comprehensive Education

Lindsey Dearnley

A few weeks ago I received an email to say my old secondary comprehensive was scheduled for demolition, but before its destruction, there was to be one last gathering at the school for former pupils and teachers.

It was too poignant to miss. I had not visited it in the nineteen years since I left nor had my mother, who had attended the same school in the early sixties. We decided to go together, and walked the short distance there, which had once been so familiar.

Unlike my old primary school, which before it was knocked down had been refurbished beyond recognition, my secondary modern appeared not to have had a single lick of paint since the day I left. I was taken aback by the scruffiness of it. The doors were the same, but more chipped and peeling, the floors familiar, but worn black to the underlay, the dining room had the same chairs, once a bright plastic blue, now decayed to mottled grey and green while above our heads the ceiling tiles stained brown with repeated leaks. It was like seeing an old friend after many years and concealing your private shock at how badly they had aged.

Most of the other former students and teachers had gathered in the cafeteria where numerous photos had been gathered and put on display. Each table of photographs had a decade written on it, beginning with the nineteen forties up to the present.

We started at the beginning and admired one of the oldest photographs, a group shot of the school's first teachers. I was surprised to see the average age of the male teachers appeared to be around sixty. All looked stern and wore smart suits with waistcoats. One was carrying a bowler hat, and all the teachers' shoes shined with polish. Out of the group of around sixteen individuals, only two were women, dressed in an equally conservative and sombre fashion.

Looking down the length of the tables, I saw the spectrum of the years play out, moving from the monochrome to the colour, from serious to casual, from a majority of male teachers, to a majority of women, all of whom had almost halved in age. Was it good or bad? Perhaps a bit of both. I was glad to have arrived when all these dour looking teachers had left, but I suspected something of the educational standard left with them.

The pupils too, through the seventies, eighties and nineties appeared to be making significantly less effort with their hair than previous generations. Combed and

side-parted hair gave way to crew cuts and shaved heads and the girls began to scowl more, and wear increasingly orange makeup. Gone were the curls and styles that took hours to perfect, for most girls, a shaggy ponytail sufficed. The latter looked as though they were deteriorating with the decor around them. As the building began to look less and less like anybody cared about its appearance, so did the schoolchildren's dress. It struck me how I had

seen out my school days in significantly better quality surroundings than those later generations of children experienced. They were sponges that absorbed the mood of the world around them.

As we walked around we talked a little about the school. While my mother had attended here, her younger sister did not join her as she passed the eleven-plus and went to a grammar school. My mother remarked throughout her life that it had not seemed fair that there was only the one chance at a better education, as she herself did not gain any confidence in learning until her school days were almost over. But state education is not the only access to knowledge, and she still has her cherished old books that she had bought for herself when she was fifteen – books on



"Some of these historical child abuse inquiries seem to go on forever."

Greek classics and astronomy. She even saved up and bought a telescope.

The eleven-plus over, the two sisters' lives diverged. My mother worked hard to get an office job when she left, (at the very least comprehensive girls were given good typing skills) while my aunt ended up running her own company. It was not, my aunt said later, the resulting qualifications that marked the difference between the grammar and state educated girls, but the confidence and more middle class mentality instilled in them, that lasts a life time.

There is an unspoken menace to comprehensive education, which has nothing to do with the quality of teaching or teachers, rather, it is the quality of students. My own education was damaged because the teachers were prevented from teaching because of disruptive behaviour that occasionally crossed the line into violence. Not surprisingly, it didn't look like any of those former pupils had bothered to come to the open evening. Maybe it was because they were too busy tending to their umpteen children on the various council estates that litter the area. This was not a bad school I must stress, it was simply an average comprehensive, and as the average pupil will tell you, in them it is normal for pupils to spend long hours in the classroom silent and subdued while kids from broken homes and council estates try their utmost to destroy the lessons. Teachers are often shouted down and threatened, and more than once, I watched aggressive teenage boys tower over the teachers, shouting right into their faces with fists balled. I'd be left with a lump in my throat, on the verge of tears at such confrontations. Like many other quiet children who were unfamiliar with drama in the home, watching an adult get threatened and cowed, by the poison leaking in from an ever increasing underclass was emotionally distressing. I often saw teachers burst into tears, they often left the classroom and did not come back and it was left to the headmaster to try to control the situation. Yet it is not the distress of well-behaved children or teachers to whom the left direct sympathy and funds, but those families that have no interest in learning. For the remainder who long for an education it is a slap in the face.

Teachers sometimes got punched, one had his head slammed through a window shattering the glass, another was pelted with water-filled condoms by several boys who had planned the ambush as he wrote on the blackboard. The disruptive pupils would howl and laugh at their sport, and although such incidences were rare, the persistence of low-level disruption was a background constant, and the results are always the same for good children – hours spent quietly sitting with a pen and paper, unable to learn because the

teacher is unable to teach.

The liberal left will have none of it. Criticising swathes of poor parents on their shocking, neglectful and hateful parenting is like slaughtering a sacred cow. Unless that is you have been subject to disruptive class behaviour first hand.

To live alongside such children, to experience them in class, affords one a perspective unfettered by the misguided sentiments of the left, who invariably view failing families as victims, rather than perpetrators of their own dramas. While there are a great many children who lead difficult lives and are in need of intervention, most of these children are disruptive not because of stress, but because they simply don't give a shit. They've never had to, they have no concept of education being of any value, and have never seen it be of any value to anybody, the opposite in fact. Their parents are usually contemptuous of the school, and as difficult to deal with as their offspring.

If grammar schools do anything for the bright working class, it is remove them from the tyranny of their more vicious peers. But what of those left behind, the middle-of-the-roaders? An equally effective method for improving state education, and a much cheaper option, would not be to remove the best students, but to remove the worst.

Education is almost powerless to turn around the lives of the most disruptive pupils without the solid backing of good parenting. But to even suggest parents should be held as the primary culprits for under-achieving children, or that there might even be good and bad parents, is seen as a mark of not only the very depths of class prejudice, but of a failure to empathise with the poor.

Despite the seeming unfairness of the divergence of life that the differing schools caused, my mother wanted to see the return of grammar schools, she had felt it was a good thing. For her to have wanted the closure of the grammar schools would have been to wish that her sister would have had no better opportunity in life than herself. Sad as she was not to get in, seeing her sister also fail to pass the eleven-plus would have been even worse.

Our thoughts were broken by the ringing of the school bell. They rang it for the last time at 8pm to the hushed room of former pupils. How often I yearned for the bell as a pupil! How sad I was to hear its final ring!

Lindsey Dearnley is an artist, illustrator and journalist.

Women for Sale

Penelope Fawcett Hulme

The Times recently featured a tragic story: Meena, aged eighteen from Bangladesh, whose name they changed, had an arranged marriage to a Bangladeshi man from east London. She arrived in the UK on a two and a half year spousal visa. After five years she would have been able to apply for indefinite leave to remain but he sent her back to Bangladesh.

For years the British visa and passport has been the object of desperation, scams, and outrageous fraud. Our prisons are full of people who arrived here with false documents or got in and spent their time arranging fake documents for others.

People from all over the world regularly marry to get a British visa. These are sham marriages where both parties know it's a fraud. It's a criminal offence to take part in one but they are easily achieved and rarely investigated. Dozens of fixers are thought to be involved in this international online bridal trade. One ad, entitled 'Marriage in England,' reads: 'Offers of weddings in England. The man provides cover for all costs, including tickets. Plus, you get food and accommodation and a wedding gift of £6,000'.

Another says: 'I am looking for voluntary, responsible girls who want to earn £4,000 in exchange for marrying a foreigner in England.' They are shockingly blunt. One simply said: 'Polish women available for marriage'.

After a bogus marriage scam was revealed last year, former Crown Prosecution chief Nazir Afzal said officials were worried about being accused of 'racism' or 'religious discrimination' so might not challenge fake couples.

'People these days are less likely to ask those kinds of questions,' he said, 'because they don't want to be accused of being racist or religiously discriminatory. The saddest thing is that we the British taxpayer the public lose out, and that can't be right.'

Some people marry in good faith believing that the passport or visa is not the real object of their lover's desire. Some British women rather past their sell-by date at home, use the promise of their passport as bait. There are always impoverished men who will offer sex in return for money and a chance to get to Europe. They are called 'bumsters' in Gambia, 'Rastitutes' or 'beach boys' in the Caribbean and 'sanky pankies' in the Dominican Republic.

Recently it was revealed by a whistle blower using social media that some middle-class volunteers in the

Jungle in Calais were there to have sex with migrants, some of whom are underage. According to him, they avail themselves of the Jungle Camp prostitutes, while others have multiple partners in one day.

Sex for sale has always been a rough business and in our globalised world sex is more of a commodity than ever before. In the case of powerless women such as Meena, there is also a toxic mix of EU and human rights law which allows the easy buying and selling human beings in exchange for a passport or a dowry.

Surprisingly Immigration Marriage Fraud, such as the type which Meena suffered, which was carried out in good faith by one party, according to cultural traditions, is currently NOT considered a crime at all. There are NO consequences to foreign nationals who suddenly end their marriages after taking large amounts of money from the bride. The Government, UK Border Agency and Police won't take any action even if evidence of fraud is produced.

After a ten-year fight, Meena was finally granted leave to remain in 2008. Many of us must feel very sorry for her for what she suffered but ambivalent about her being here at all. How is it that, in a fiendish plan worthy of a Victorian novel, British Asian men can get away with marrying women from their original homelands in exchange for large amounts of money, only to send them back as used, unwanted goods when they tire of them? The added cruelty is that without a visa they can never return to the UK, or see their children again.

Campaigners say that the men should face criminal sanctions and their wives must be recognised as victims of domestic violence and allowed to come back to Britain. A report by researchers at Lincoln University found many abandoned women in India had been victims of physical violence after they had all given their husbands a dowry.

The situation has not improved since the introduction of a language qualification attached to a spousal visa. The idea was to assist in the further integration of Muslim women. David Cameron outlined the plan in an interview on Radio 4 earlier this year, when he said there were 38,000 Muslim women who could not speak English and 190,000 with limited skills in the language.

He added that all those who entered the UK on the five-year spousal settlement programme would soon have to sit language tests halfway through that period.

If they failed it they might be deported. Of course nothing like that has happened, it was just more empty rhetoric from a liberal PM.

The problem of cases like Meena's could be solved by the issuing of a language test for women in their home countries before they were given a spousal visa to enter the UK. At the same time they could also be given information about their rights under British law. That has not been done and they still arrive as bewildered, lonely girls and turn into scared abandoned women in the hands of ruthless, greedy men.

A solution which would be more popular with the British public would surely be to end arranged marriages in the UK if the British-born man intends to

take a bride from his original home-land. In the 1980s Margaret Thatcher prevented men bringing in spouses from a non-EU country, in an attempt to cut out the arrange marriage system. This was later overturned by Labour, increasing the number of Asian men in the UK seeking wives abroad whilst ignoring British-born women in their own communities.

The arranged marriage system has consistently hindered the integration of Asian minorities in the UK, and Teresa May now grappling to give us a 'hard Brexit,' should not forget about this issue.

Penelope Fawcett Hulme is a social commentator

Is Freedom Worth Fighting For?

Marcus Ferrar

Vorrei, e non vorrei, sings Zerlina to the seducer Don Giovanni in Mozart's opera. 'I want to, and I don't want to.' We delight in her dalliance, but approve of her reticence. She is after all engaged to another man. Such is the attitude of many people to freedom. Our eyes gleam as we give rein to our free spirits, but we also shy away from the dangers that liberty can lead us into. So which is right? Should we embrace freedom, or curb it to keep safe?

If we choose the safe option, we may have no problem living under General Sisi's regime in Egypt, which provides its people with security guaranteed by the shooting or locking up of dissidents deemed to be terrorists. History abounds with strongmen who promise a steadfast *status quo* as long as you do not rock the boat. However since the time of ancient Athens, mankind has shown a remarkable propensity to kick over the traces, come what may. In an assembly of 6,000 citizens in 480 BC, the Athenians decided to resist the invading despot Xerxes – and after winning a naval battle, established the world's first democracy with a wide range of liberties.

It was not perfect and did not last for long, but there was more to come. Jesus preached a liberating message to the downtrodden poor – that theirs would be the Kingdom of Heaven. Its appeal spread around the world, and today the fastest growing segment of Christian followers is precisely the poor. And when the Catholic Church imposed autocratic disciplines,

heretics risked the repressive terror of the Inquisition to speak out in dissent.

English barons defied a King to enforce habeas corpus and trial by jury, while Parliament successfully challenged Kings who asserted Divine Right to enforce their whims. In France, rational philosophers swept away the myths of the Catholic Church, while Protestants insisted on their right to interpret the Bible as they wished. After working class unrest in the 19th century, Parliament extended the right to vote beyond the landed classes, and women won freedom to be legal entities in their own right and eventually to vote too. Under British leadership, the institution of slavery was largely abolished, and people are no longer oppressed by Nazi and Soviet dictatorships or apartheid.

It is worth cataloguing these achievements if only to belie the impression that freedom is losing ground. Of course, there have been setbacks to its progress, some of them catastrophic. In 1940, most of Europe was under the Nazi heel, and even in a surviving democracy such as Britain, young men were forced to give up their peaceful occupations and submit to military discipline, while the government controlled the economy and the media. All the achievements of two millennia seemed lost then, but five years later the Western Allies liberated Europe and free democracies flourished anew. When Nelson Mandela was sentenced to life imprisonment by South African whites in 1964, he seemed destined to wither into oblivion. But he

never bowed his head, and the whites not only had to let him go but also concede him leadership over the whole country. After Aung Sang Suu Kyi was placed under house arrest in Myanmar in 1990, who would have thought she could compel the military junta to release her 20 years later, or that she would take power after winning a free election? But she did. Freedom has amazing resilience.

As a consequence of this hardiness, the struggles have brought lasting change to our societies. The principles of ancient Athens still influence politics today, and if you live in Oxford, as I do, Socrates' penchant for free debate flourishes as strongly as ever. The American political system based on multiple liberties, established in the 18th century, has lost none of its attractiveness to people around the world. And at least in the West, women are free from the oppressive influences of fundamentalist religion and primitive patriarchal traditions that prevail in less developed parts of the world. Where women have won the right to vote, work, earn money and be educated, their freedom is gained forever.

Freedom however is rarely granted voluntarily. Usually people have had to fight for it. Civil war broke out after King John refused to honour his commitment to Magna Carta. Americans could develop their unique system of representative democracy only after defeating the British colonial power. When Liberal Prime Minister H.H. Asquith refused to back women demanding the vote (for fear that they would vote for his Conservative opponents), women broke shop windows and exploded letter-box bombs, and by running large parts of the home economy during World War I, entrenched themselves in a position of influence that brought them to their goal.

One objection to fighting for freedom is that it may kill or injure people and do great damage. This has prompted some of the greatest heroes of the struggle to refrain from violence. Crowds in Leipzig, East Berlin and Prague chanted 'no violence' to Communist riot police wielding batons to smash their bids for freedom. The protesters felt they held the moral high ground if they refrained from joining in. In this, they were emulating Gandhi in British-ruled India and Martin Luther King in the American Deep South.

That has led to the false assumption that the only honourable way to fight for freedom is nonviolent. But these peaceful campaigners for liberty were not facing absolute power. Mikhail Gorbachev had already pulled the rug from beneath the puppet Communist rulers of Eastern Europe. Gandhi was up against British who had lost their appetite for empire, and Martin Luther King had the President of the United States on his side. None of these non-violent activists would have stood

a chance if Stalin had been their opponent.

At times therefore, use of force is unavoidable. It was only through massive violence by millions of heavily armed Allied soldiers that Europe was liberated from Hitler in 1944-45. Today Britons still feel squeamish about the beheading of King Charles I. But in a violent age, how else could Parliament have overcome his fierce defence of absolute rule? The French have fewer scruples over the guillotining of Louis XVI: on national day, their democratic leaders resolutely sing the Marseillaise to celebrate a revolution of which they are proud.

Taking to the streets in revolution is the traditional way for oppressed peoples to overthrow tyrannies. As in Paris in 1789 – so too in St Petersburg in 1917, Budapest in 1956, Lisbon in 1974, Tunis and Cairo in 2011 and Kiev in 2014. But that does not mean the struggle for liberty is necessarily the preserve of leftists. The demonstrators who flocked to the streets of Eastern Europe chanting 'We are the people' were revolting against Marxist-Leninist dictatorships, and the European Union that their countries then joined is based on free market principles.

People of the same nation may end up championing irreconcilable concepts of freedom. Much like the Trump voters in the US, Brexiters seek to take back control of their destinies and liberate themselves from foreign interference. Advocates of the European ideal, on the other hand, want to share common democratic principles and enjoy freedom of movement, goods and capital. One can drive across most of continental Europe today without having to stop at frontiers, show identity documents or pay commissions to banks to change currencies. But this ends at the border to the UK, where the first concept of freedom prevails.

With a track record of 2,500 years, the struggle for more liberty is unlikely to come to a halt. The urge to be free seems an intrinsic part of human nature. It may simmer beneath the surface of human consciousness for a time, but then bursts forth like molten lava. Immanuel Kant saw this emancipation as a natural development like growing into adulthood: you break free of the parents you once had to obey.

Freedom is not a virtue in itself. It is a state of being. Whether good or bad comes of it depends on how you use it. On his release from prison, Nelson Mandela could take credit for averting a bloodbath in South Africa by preaching reconciliation and multi-racial solidarity. Vladimir Lenin, by contrast, used the overthrow of the autocratic regime of the Tsars in Russia, not to free workers from their chains as promised, but to impose a new dictatorship.

If freedom is not necessarily good, that brings us back to the question asked at the start: is it better to

pursue freedom or play safe? Each person's character and vision of society will influence their choice. Some will prefer a society biased towards security – orderly, well-regulated and stable, but also fearful, stultifying and pessimistic. Others will opt for a society based on freedom – bold, subversive, innovative, progressive,

empowering and optimistic. That latter brings risks and may offend, but it offers vitality, change and opportunities to enrich the human spirit.

Marcus Ferrar is author of The Fight For Freedom, published by Crux, 2016.

The Mysterious Force that Sways the Constellations

(Einstein)

Brian Ridley

The opposite of a decadent society is one that is self-confident, alive and united in purpose. Do you see the West as that? I guess not. Its historical superiority in creating stable forms of government, the industrial revolution, and, above all, science itself, nowadays, it seems counts as nothing. That these treasures have been spread globally via colonisation and trade is now seen as polluting native ethnicity, rather than spreading enlightenment. Instead of being proud of our Christian civilization, we feel so guilty we have invented multiculturalism, and elevated the concept of equality to absurd heights. Rampant relativism is abroad, the value of Beethoven no different from Blur, any artistic creation as good as any other, show biz replacing rational argument. When the description *élite* becomes a pejorative term, we are surely in rapid decline.

Can such decadence be due to the decline of religion and the rise of materialism? There exists the problem that without a belief in a power superior to one's self, all sense of a personal accountability vanishes. Without a belief in a higher truth, anything goes. That sense of a higher truth, now commonly unrecognized, is yet to be found in the secular realms of scholarship, science and art. The best scholars and scientists, eschewing a plagiarism that would enhance their careers, publish what they believe is some truth that is worth communicating. The artist (poet, composer, etc) strives for a creation that is his or her vision. (What was Cezanne's vision that compelled him to paint Mont Saint Victoire many times?) In more humdrum cases, a vestige of that something beyond us makes us take pride in a job well done. Creation of any sort induces a feeling of justification we all recognize.

But, in everyday life, creativity (that private activity) becomes subservient to the rough and tumble of living.

Decisions arise concerning loving, behaving morally, being virtuous, acting selflessly. How is one to be accountable in these areas without the belief in that higher power that we have called God? Fewer and fewer in the West believe in God, partly because of the unbelievable claims of institutional religion, partly because of a wholly unwarranted belief in science. It is a fine irony, that science, the jewel of our Western civilization, is involuntarily responsible for its decay. And all because of the sort of mass idiocy that Einstein was so philosophical about: *Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe.* It is certainly stupid to believe that science can explain everything, but it is now a widely held belief

Perhaps that belief can be excused. Francis Bacon, at the dawn of science, abjured its followers to keep God out of the laboratory, and God has been excluded ever since with the result that science is seen to be (quite properly) as Godless, and yet enormously successful. Who needs God when science gives us Twitter and Facebook? That part of religion founded on a creation myth and supported by biblical text was obviously vulnerable to scientific discovery. After Copernicus, the Earth, and therefore Man, was no longer the centre of the universe, and therefore, possibly, no longer the centre of God's attention. Ultimately, the discovery of fossils, Darwin, and the Big Bang theory completed the demolition.

But, even so, there was, and is, no reason to suppose that the existence of God has been refuted or ever could be. Science, logically, can have no effect on the issue. Religion, beyond the institutional sort, is part of man's nature, according to Alfred North Whitehead:

Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within, the passing flux of

immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realised; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond our reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest.

It lies far beyond the falsifiability of science's ideas. It is a mystery that Einstein fully acknowledges:

I am not an atheist. I do not know if I can define myself as a Pantheist. The problem involved is too vast for our limited minds..... We see a universe marvellously arranged, obeying certain laws, but we understand the laws only dimly. Our limited minds cannot grasp the mysterious force that sways the constellations.'

On the other hand, there exist atheists in science, for example, Stephen Hawking and Richard Dawkins. But even they I would guess, recognize the existence of that feeling that overlooks our response to Nature and is the source of our awe.

To believe only in science is incomprehensible. Its limitations are so evident. Science knows about electric charges, whatever they are, but, as Sir Charles Sherrington comments:

Electric charges have in themselves not the faintest

element of the visual –having, for instance, nothing of 'distance', 'right-side-upness', nor 'vertical', nor 'horizontal', nor 'colour', nor 'brightness', nor 'shadow', nor 'roundness', nor 'squareness', nor 'contour', nor 'transparency', nor 'opacity', nor 'near', nor 'far', nor visual anything – yet conjures up all of these.

Science is limited to describing what may be called the rude properties of matter. Mentality and, as Kant remarks, the concepts of metaphysics and morals lie quite outside its sphere.

The trouble with the concept of a higher truth is, like jazz, to quote the anecdotal response of Louis Armstrong to the request of a lady for elucidation, 'if you don't know what it is, you'll never know.' I do not see the existence of a higher truth as in any way supernatural. It belongs to our nature just as mind belongs to the matter with which our bodies are composed. That sense of a higher truth is surely the essence of what religion is about. Maybe it is time to acknowledge the existence of that realm that lies beyond religion as we know it. And for us to become justified again.

Brian Ridley is a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Cold Comfort Campus

Charles Mackay

Much has been written by British literati on the subject of 'micro-aggressions': in fear, and trembling. In late October, I went through induction training as a new employee of an élite US university still penetrated only by the thin end of the PC wedge. I can tell you that the scattershot collations of anecdotes and outrages by the UK commentariat both exaggerate, and underestimate, the significance of the phenomenon. By picking on the most egregious cases, where honest staff are sacked or ancient architecture vandalized, we imagine that the scourge of political correctness comes definitely, suddenly, like plagues on Egyptians. We can defend ourselves against a visible enemy, who picks pitched battles, by enforcing the liberal legal regimes most Anglophone countries still have. But the ordinary operation of campus political correctness is much more insidious.

And its consequences go beyond a chilling effect on free speech. The regulation and moralising of manners will destroy collegial civility and intellectual diversity altogether.

All new non-tenured staff were there at the mandatory training – from campus hotel doormen to senior visiting fellows – and we were told that we must realise, whatever we had thought before, that micro-aggressions aren't just limited to 'racist' remarks. Of course it's unacceptable to ask a Japanese friend if they can help you read a message in Japanese. No brainer. Any conduct less than robotic or angelic is grounds for being referred to human resources for 'sensitivity training'. We learnt from a series of filmed, acted examples that if what you say cheeses someone off, gives them the awks, or inspires an eye-roll, you are entitled, encouraged, to dob them in. It doesn't

matter what their intentions were – or even whether they were talking to you: hear a conversation from a neighbouring room, dislike what you heard, and you are officially encouraged to shop the speaker.

I recognise this is hard to believe. So I'll tell you our three re-educational examples. The first case was a minor sexism: four colleagues went to a bar, three men and one woman. A man cracked a joke about the woman's looks. Rude, I know. Another gave her a pat on the shoulder as they laughed, and she shrank away. They're not gents. But failures of gentility are not, I submit, grounds for official workplace sanction. From this, we learnt the principle that Intent to Offend is Immaterial, as is whether the aggression occurs on the clock or in one's own life.

The second case was an instance of corporate own life sex crime: practically fomenting rebellion, then. Two colleagues, a man and woman, broke bread for luncheon. He brags about an instance of sexual prowess and indicates a desire to pursue another colleague. She laughs along with him. Again, not a gent; nor a lady. A colleague in the adjoining kitchenette, with the door open, a woman (is she a lady? She will report him. Perhaps this means she is a good girl. I don't know right from wrong, up from down, or Bruce from Caitlyn anymore.) A colleague in the adjoining kitchenette does not like hearing him brag of his prowess. She has been micro-aggressed.

The third case again reaffirmed the irrelevance of intention on the part of the aggressor: a manager meets her subordinate, congratulates him on his quick study of his new job, and he tells her how at sea he feels. She offers to buy him dinner that Friday so that they can talk about his future at the firm. Again, manners tells us that this is unwise, because it could be misinterpreted – and, in the example, was. But now, under the laws of the wise masters, she is guilty.

It's important to stress how far I agree that these actions are inappropriate: rude. But for all of them the degree of rudeness is rather low. It's the sort of rudeness which we have always responded to through normal collegiate interaction, without recourse to busybodies from personnel. This replacement of

the ebb and flow of friendship and reputation in the workplace with a system of sanctions is Progress. But what's the cost? When I described the cases, I implied that some of the perpetrators weren't guilty because they weren't addressing the victim, or because they failed to negotiate a difficult social situation in the optimal way. But now we've all been trained! And we will all be thereby guilty of any future rudeness, since we must have these videos in our mind whenever we interact with our colleagues in any manner beyond handing over documents or question-and-answer in the seminar room.

Think about what this means. Management can wash its hands of workplace spats, rather than managing the spatters, and that's 'efficient'. But when we converse with our colleagues we'll do so with a thousand little lines, and dare we not risk crossing them with a raised voice, or ill-timed laugh. To forge collegial friendships, we must dance between the laser beams of our induction training like thieves in museums. Much worse, it creates a climate where everyone is a Red Queen, everyone an Alice. When a student tantrum at a teacher's e-mail or op-ed gets them sacked, it's a public, high-profile event: we can organise reaction and defence. But when a colleague who takes

objection to another sends them off for Sensitivity Training, no one but the avenging informant and the hapless informed will ever know. This madness is actual, now: at my institution, a colleague enjoyed a conversation with a friend in which his religion was raised. A third party, known for enjoying activities the religion disapproves of, was present in the room, though not involved in the conversation. My colleague was called for Sensitivity Training that week. Keep your rosaries tight on your thumbs and hidden up your sleeves, brothers.

Charles Mackay is an English scholar working at an elite, and therefore progressive, American university.



The Nuremberg Trials

Patricia Vander Elst

Preface by Philip Vander Elst:

In her article below, written not long before her death in July 2005, and published originally by the International Association of Conference Interpreters, my mother, Patricia Vander Elst, describes how, at the tender age of 21, she began her lifelong career as a freelance interpreter, working in the interpreters' booth at the famous 1945-1946 Nuremberg War Crimes Trial. She worked then under her maiden name of Patricia Jordan, and together with her other interpreter colleagues present at that Trial, pioneered the then novel system of simultaneous interpretation, that has been in general use throughout the world ever since. Subsequent to the Nuremberg Trial, my mother continued working as a freelance interpreter for a variety of private and international organisations, including UNESCO, the Council of Europe, and the various institutions of the European Union. By the time she died at the age of 80, still working, she had become a widely respected and legendary veteran of the interpreting profession. But what was even more interesting about her, was the fact that she spent the first 14 years of her life growing up in first Weimar and then Nazi Germany. Her many vivid memories of that fascinating era included attending the same primary school as Field Marshall Von Hindenberg's grandchildren, and witnessing the terrible aftermath of 'Kristallnacht' in November 1938. As she told me on more than one occasion, her observation of life in pre-war Nazi Germany, which included her own personal conflict with one Nazi teacher, inoculated her for life against anti-semitism, and taught her an enduring lesson about the need to think for oneself and resist indoctrination. I was and will always remain immensely proud of her.

After going to school in Berlin where I lived with my English parents until a few days before the German attack on Poland, I ended up in Switzerland where I saw out the war and spent my last six years of formal education at French-speaking schools and universities.

The War was now over. An International Military Tribunal had been set up in Nuremberg to try the leading Nazi war criminals. The Main Trial lasted from November 1945 until the verdicts on 30th September 1946 – and I was present during the last four months.

The Trial was being conducted in English, French, Russian and German and was using the novel and largely untried system of simultaneous interpretation.

Due to the length of the trial, some interpreters were leaving and had to be replaced. Monitors were dispatched to look for new talent. A test was organised at the Geneva University School of Interpreters which, to my surprise, I passed. We had learnt consecutive interpretation only and to find myself speaking into a microphone at the same time that I was listening to a disembodied voice through earphones was thoroughly disconcerting. With the ink of my degree scarcely dry, I set out for Nuremberg. It was my first job and, though I did not know it at the time, also my biggest. I went into it with the innocent enthusiasm of my 21 years, looking forward to the freedom from home, the glamour of a foreign assignment and the lure of the unknown. Four months later, the Trial over, I left: ten years older, a great deal wiser, and, indeed, an interpreter. *En-route*, I got lost near Frankfurt in a muddle of travel vouchers, curfews and non-existent trains. When I did reach Nuremberg, I was billeted at the Grand Hotel where I was allowed to remain for the duration. I spent a week in the public gallery listening to the proceedings in the Court Room. Then, after a brief test in the booth during a lunch-break, I was told I would be starting in earnest the following day. I felt it was a matter of sink or swim. I swam. The lay-out of the Court Room was simple and compact. The accused faced the judges, with assorted German counsel and court reporters in between.

Our four booths were at right angles and in very close proximity to the defendants. We could watch them and they often watched us. Facing the interpreters were three sets of Prosecution tables which made up the fourth side of the Court, with the Press and public beyond. By today's sophisticated technical standards, the booths and the equipment were primitive. We sat in three-sided glass boxes open at the top. Because of the tight fit, it was impossible to leave the booths except during breaks when we would shuffle out in reverse order to the way we had shuffled in. The earphones were clumsy things and each booth of three interpreters had to share one hand-held microphone which was passed to whoever was working from the language just being spoken. The system broke down quite frequently and the sound could be bad, but we learned to improvise. Looking back, I am amazed how well we coped and how quickly we acquired the new

skills. One of the things we learnt to do fast and well was sight-reading. By the time I got to Nuremberg, it was usual for untranslated prepared speeches to be given to us in writing, which was enormously helpful. Any misgivings I had about my ability to meet the challenge would vanish as soon as I walked into the booth, much like an actor shedding stage-fright when setting foot on the boards.

The monitors would keep a constant close watch on our performance and would tell us where we went wrong or how to improve our delivery. I was told to pitch my voice lower, which I did. Ever since, I have been much aware of the quality of an interpreter's voice and wonder why our occasional screech-owls or excessive regional accents have not been brought to task. We worked two days in a row and had the third day off. One team was on for 11/2 hours in the morning and again for 11/2 hours in the afternoon. While a second team took over for the other half of the morning and afternoon, we would sit in a nearby room which was equipped with ear-phones and where we could follow the proceedings in the Court. There it was that I listened to Lord Justice Lawrence handing down the sentences. The room was packed then, the atmosphere quite as tense and as solemn as in the Court Room itself. The interpreters were, I think, quite a pleasant cosmopolitan lot; a mixture of ages and nationalities, professions and opinions – including several refugees and Jews. Living amidst a sullen native population, in a town that was just a heap of rubble, was stressful, as indeed was the never-ending recital of horrors in the Court Room. I learnt to ignore the first and overcame the strain in Court by concentrating on the work itself. I was greatly helped in this by the remarkable team spirit among the interpreters and by the close and, as it turned

out, life-long friendship with some of them. We let off steam dancing the night away in the Marble Room of the Grand Hotel. We had a lot of fun, an indispensable antidote to the Court Room blues.

In Court, whatever our private thoughts, it was necessary to remain neutral when working. From being a blur of concentrated human malice the defendants, little by little, emerged as individuals. One could even admire Goering for his intelligence and dignity and share his open contempt for the slimy Streicher. Kaltenbrunner scared me, he was so palpably evil. The closing speech Hess made left me in no doubt that he was completely mad. We all liked Fritzsche who was only there as a substitute for his dead master Goebbels, and we were glad he was acquitted. After the verdicts and the ensuing release of tension, I had had enough of Nuremberg. Whereas I had been working from French into English at the Main Trial, I was supposed to transfer to the German booth for the Subsequent Proceedings. I was rescued by the Chief Interpreter of UNESCO who selected me, along with a few others, to work at the First General Conference in Paris (English/French consecutive). I was released from my Nuremberg contract and left.

I returned to Nuremberg recently. The town has been rebuilt, the scars of war no longer visible. The Court Room, after 54 years, seems smaller. A wall now partitions it where the front of the public gallery had been. The large dock has been rebuilt for fewer defendants. The oppressive dark wood panelling and heavy marble door frames remain, though, as does the small lift door at the back of the dock through which the Nazi leaders were daily brought to account. But I had no feeling of past personal involvement. The Nuremberg Trial had become history.

Postage Increases

Practically all newspapers and magazines these days run at a loss. We are no exception. One of the costs over which we have no control is postage. For the last five years the Royal Mail has put up its rates every year, and we are now running at a loss of more than £2 a UK subscription, for Europe £3.46 per issue and for the rest of the world it is £4.60. We have included these increases in our subscription price up to now but we can no longer do this.

We therefore very reluctantly will have to raise our subscription cost by £2 a year for UK and £3 for Europe and the rest of the world. I hope you will understand and continue your support for one of the very few independent conservative magazines published in the UK.

The Editor

Article 50

Peter Smith

We, the people, were asked on 23 June, should the United Kingdom remain a member or leave the European Union? We turned out to vote in droves. The national turnout was over 72 per cent. Almost 3 in 4 voters bothered to cast a vote. By a majority of well over a million, we voted to Leave. Although we did not know what economic and political relationships we would have with the EU after we quit our membership, the matter was settled. We were off.

Well, no. Not quite.

Gina Miller was born in Guyana, daughter of the Attorney-General, and grew up in the UK. Educated at Roedean, she married her third husband, Alan, nicknamed 'Mr Hedge Fund' after he made tens of millions setting up one of the first in the 1990s. (When Alan divorced his first wife, their legal battle reached the then House of Lords after she was awarded several millions from his estate. His counsel suggested, rather charmingly, that it would be less expensive for him to run her over with a car than pay out to a 'termagant'. He lost.)

Mrs Miller runs her own investment portfolios with many millions under management. Not unattractive, the tabloids have described her past as a model, and noted her philanthropy, sponsoring, amongst several good causes, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. She is a Labour Party supporter.

Gina voted Remain, and described feeling 'physically sick' at the result. She must be made of sterner stuff, though: she has called herself a 'born fighter' and an 'adrenaline junkie'. So she teamed up with one Deir Tozetti Dos Santos, a Brazilian-British hairdresser who works in a salon in Belgravia described by his solicitor as 'just an ordinary guy', to challenge the result. A key donor to their fighting fund, Charlie Mullins, is a Rod Stewart-lookalike who founded Pimlico Plumbers.

The referendum result itself was unimpeachable, so her legal team hit on the idea of challenging the consequences of the vote.

When the Government spent millions of pounds delivering a glossy leaflet to every household in the land on why it believed voting Remain was the best decision for the UK, it promised 'This is your decision. The Government will implement what you decide.' But this was insufficient, said Gina. Parliament had to have a say on the triggering of Article 50 of the Treaty

of European Union, which permits member states to withdraw from the EU.

The High Court gave Gina and Deir permission to judicially review Mrs May's decision by suing the Secretary of State for Exiting the European Union, David Davis.

Article 50 obliges the UK and the EU to 'negotiate and conclude an agreement with that State, setting out the arrangements of its withdrawal, taking account of the framework for its future relationship with the Union'. From firing the starting gun there is a two-year limit (open to extension) in which to seek agreement. The Government had already promised Parliamentary scrutiny of the Brexit process: Mr Davis was appointed head of a dedicated Whitehall department, with a seat at Cabinet, and a Select Committee was created to scrutinise his actions alongside frequent Parliamentary oral questions.

After becoming PM, Theresa May promised Brexit meant Brexit. She would start the Article 50 process as soon as the UK had a strong negotiating position. Although most power is exercised by the sovereign Crown in Parliament, she could act, she said, by virtue of the royal prerogative, the residue of legal authority left in the hands of the Crown, without reference to Parliament.

The problem, said Gina's QC, is that, as a matter of constitutional principle, rights created by Parliament can only be amended or extinguished by Parliament, not through the prerogative or the courts. The European Communities Act 1972 expressly made all directly applicable EU law part of UK law and enforceable as such. All rights under EU law became rights under UK law because of this Act. Only Parliament, therefore, could extinguish rights under the ECA.

But, said the Government, as a matter of law, the Crown, acting through the Government executive, uses the prerogative to sign binding international agreements. When passing the ECA, Parliament intended that the Crown would retain its prerogative power to withdraw from the EU treaties.

No, said the Court, sitting with three judges. The language of the ECA reveals no such implication or expression, and the Government does not have the power to give notice under Article 50. Only Parliament may do so, after a vote.

After the Court handed down judgment, Mrs Miller said she was standing up for democracy and the people: ‘The result today is about all of us, it’s not about me or my team. It’s about our United Kingdom and all our futures. It’s not about how anyone voted.’ This, of course, is laughable. It is inconceivable that any Leave supporter would have challenged the Government in this way. It is clearly a blocking measure, in the hope that the a Parliamentary vote on triggering Article 50 turned into a debate about whether we wanted to Leave in the first place.

There has been an unsurprising public outcry at the result. The judges were rollicked by Leave-supporting tabloids led by the *Daily Mail*, who put pictures of the three, in ermine gowns and full-bottom wigs, on the front page, labelling them ‘ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE’. It noted the Lord Chief Justice, Baron Thomas of Cwmgiedd, was a founding member of the European Law Institute, working towards the ‘enhancement of European legal integration’, Sir Terence Etherton, second in seniority to Lord Thomas, was ‘openly gay’ and a member of the British Olympic sabre team, while Sir Philip Sales faced allegations of ‘cronyism’ in his appointment to the bench.

The great and the good came out in support of the independence of the judiciary, as did the legal profession. Liz Truss, the Lord Chancellor and Justice Secretary, remained silent for several days before springing to their Lordships’ defence the same way a geriatric leaps for the toilet.

In the frenzy, the commentariat assumed that Sajid Javid, a Cabinet minister, had accused the judges of ‘frustrating the will of the people’ when appearing on BBC *Question Time*. *The Times* wrote a story, Robert Peston and John Humphrys both raised it in broadcasts, Labour MP Yvette Cooper decried it in the Commons, and Lord Pattern, a Tory Europhile as wet as a monkfish, called for him to be sacked. They

overlooked the small problem: Javid actually said on the programme that he was referring to the ‘people who brought the court case’, viz, Mrs Miller, the hairdresser and the plumber.

As Brendan O’Neill noted, the attacks on the attackers of the judiciary were in many ways more ridiculous, with the *Daily Mail*’s headline likened to Nazi propaganda and widespread calls for British Airways to stop handing it out free onboard flights: ‘in the fretful, authoritarian and frankly anti-democratic climate of this Brexit-panicked era, we’re elevating stability over freedom, respect for judges over frank and free debate, and protection of the élites from ridicule over the right of the tabloids to sting and rage. This is wrong.’

The Government is appealing to the Supreme Court, who should hear the matter en banc before Christmas. One wag suggested if she loses there, Mrs May could appeal to the EU’s highest court in Luxembourg if the matter involves the interpretation of Article 50, but that seems unlikely. Ever on the lookout for an opportunity to do the English some harm, the Scottish government has applied to intervene on Mrs Miller’s side, and the Northern Irish and Welsh governments are likely to do the same.

In the meantime, Tory MPs are trying to short-circuit the litigation by forcing a simple vote in Parliament. Mrs May has a majority in the Commons and can threaten to sidestep the Lords if they block the expressed will of the people, and David Davis has suggested a full Act of Parliament if the Government lose on appeal. Let us hope they succeed, to row back from this ungainly and unholy mess.

As for Mrs Miller, I hear she’s off to challenge the election of Donald Trump as President of the United States.

Peter Smith is a lawyer

MUSINGS FROM
THE
FOAM-FLECKED
RIGHT



Conservative Classic – 64

On the Constitution of the Church & State (1830) S T Coleridge

Peter Mullen

To pick up a book with such a title hardly fills us with the expectation of thrills. But there are thrills aplenty as the whole range of human experience comes under Coleridge's scrutiny, is analysed with penetrating insight and expressed in a style that impresses and delights. It is not for nothing that Mill called Coleridge, 'The seminal mind of the century.'

He believed it impossible to conceive a man without the idea of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth, of the good, the true, the beautiful and the infinite. Take those qualities away and we are left with the mere appearance of a human being, a creature more base than the most brutal beast. He begins with the foundations: what is our life for? The very purpose for which we were created, is mediated through, '...the true historical feeling, the mortal life of an historical nation, generation linked to generation by faith, freedom, heraldry and ancestral fame.'

Coleridge was a Tory in the old sense, a patriot, of the land. But instead Toryism gave place to the superstitions of wealth and newspaper reputation, talent without genius; a swarm of clever, well-informed men; an anarchy of minds, a despotism of maxims; despotism of finance in government and legislation. A guesswork of general consequences substituted for moral and political philosophy. A classic is something that is timeless and what makes this book one is that the problems addressed by its author are very similar to our problems today.

The central thought of the book, what Coleridge called its idea, is our need for a permanent, nationalised learned order, a national clerisy or church as an essential element of a rightly-constituted nation, without which it wants alike for its permanence and progression; and for which neither tract societies nor conventicles, nor Lancastrian schools, nor mechanics' institutions, nor lecture bazaars under the absurd name of universities, nor all those collectively, could be a substitute. They are all marked with the same asterisk of spuriousness, show the same distemper-spot on the front, that they are useless medicines for morbid symptoms that help to feed and continue the disease.

This judgement applies to 2016 when we see the university debased as never before, places which were meant to be élite centres of learning but where

now you can obtain an honours degree in Tourism and Golf Studies and produce a doctoral thesis on The Rolling Stones. The fact that 'elitism' – along with 'discrimination' – is now a dirty word says all that needs to be said on the subject of higher education today.

Although Coleridge envisioned his national clerisy as comprising other learned men apart from parsons, he yet saw a clear function for the clergy:

'To every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilisation; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus, around which the capabilities of the place may crystallise and brighten, a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation.'

Coleridge had read the Anglican divines of the 16th and 17th centuries thoroughly, especially Hooker and Law, and his model of a parson was a man like George Herbert: The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, nor in the wilderness, but a neighbour and a family man whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him a frequent visitor of the farmhouse and the cottage.

Coleridge makes a crucial distinction between what he calls permanence – the land – and what is progressive – the arts and sciences and the mercantile interests. Both permanence and progression are required in a healthy nation. But, as C H Sisson comments: 'Coleridge's distinction goes to the root of the matter. Any political unity worth maintaining, or which is anyway to be maintained at all, must contain a principle of foresight and continuity which goes beyond the next series of trade figures; and it will be the foresight of care rather than calculation.' The parson has a foot in what is permanent and in what is progressive from which he derives his foresight of care. Where Bagehot sees the legitimate pursuits of men entitled to their preferred pleasures, Coleridge sees, '...the drunken stupor of usurious selfishness; but men ought to be weighed, not counted.'

For Coleridge, the clergyman is the instrument of both permanence and progression. He loosens up, as it were, the permanence and anchors what is progressive in what abides. And the revenues of the church belong in some sense to every family that may have a member

educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. The parish, as both a physical and a spiritual entity, is the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulated, belonging to everyone in it and connecting each person with everyone else by means of its historical purposes and its pastoral and social practices.

It might be said that 19th century England is a faraway country of which we know little; but the profound issues raised in *On the Constitution of the Church and State* reverberate still. This is an astonishing book and certainly one which every literate Englishman should read. In our secularised society, the idea of the National Church has lost all intelligibility. What then is the position of the theological rump among our secularised clerisy? There are three possibilities. We can stay and fight our corner, struggling for an intelligibility which might come again, and will come, if our concern is for truth. We can sit in isolation in some recess of the national structure, such as are provided by the voluntary societies, waiting for better times. Or we can let our taste for having an ecclesiastical club carry us into one or other of those international forums of opinion, perhaps that which has its headquarters in Rome. This option is realised whenever an Anglican priest jumps ship and joins the Roman Catholic Ordinariate. Coleridge says that any such choice is a

political choice. I have made it plain many times from the pulpit that I shall stay and fight my corner, content to be merely the Church in a particular place.

Coleridge referred to bishops as 'mitred atheists'. After *The Good News Bible*, *The Alternative Service Book* and the latest excrescence *Common Worship*, we might be tempted to agree with him.

Church and State was published in 1830. Reading it again in 2016, the mind is startled by what might seem to be a final example of extraordinary prescience:

'That erection of a temporal monarch under the pretence of a spiritual authority, which was not possible in Christendom but by the extinction or entrancement of the spirit of Christianity, was effected in full by Mahomet, to the establishment of the most extensive and complete despotism that ever warred against civilisation and the interests of humanity.' Coleridge saw the threat from Islam for what it was in his day and continues to be in ours. The political pigmies who govern us now, prefer to look the other way and caution us all the while against 'Islamophobia'.

Sam Coleridge, thou shouldst be living at this hour. But truly he lives on in this his great Conservative classic.

Peter Mullen is a retired Church of England Priest and writer.

Reputations – 53

Hillary Clinton

Theodore Dalrymple

It is hazardous to diagnose at a distance, but impossible not to do so. We all form opinions of the character of people we do not know, have never met and will never meet. Those who step into the public arena invite speculation upon their psychology.

Mrs Clinton's importance is obvious; and she is both fascinating and uninteresting. This is only a seeming contradiction. Her fascination is as a type, but I do not think anyone would find her particularly interesting as a person. She is all shell and no innards, as it were, strong but brittle. She is as Los Angeles is sometimes said to be: when you arrive there, there is no there 'there'. Behind appearances there are more appearances.

From an early age she has shown an exceptional avidity for power, influence and money. How far any of her political commitments have been the result of genuine belief, and how far instruments to the ascent

of power can only be a matter of speculation. Early in her life she had a dalliance with conservative Republicanism but no one can be accused of inconsistency or insincerity because of a change of outlook so early in life.

Ideological commitment is by no means incompatible with thirst for self-advancement, especially when a person is blessed (or is it cursed?) with a sense of his or her Original Virtue. Just as Original Sin for many believers can never be expunged by any worldly action, so Original Virtue for those who possess it cannot be stained by any superficially bad deeds. They can always be rationalized as conducing to the higher good, towards which the Originally Virtuous person is always working, *ex officio* as it were.

Mrs Clinton trained as a lawyer and attached herself early to the cause of children's 'rights'. Hers was

a case not of philanthropy plus five per cent but of philanthropy, or busy-bodding, plus fifty or a hundred per cent. Doing good (as she saw it) and doing well always went hand in hand.

But throughout her career, even when she was considerably less prominent than she is now, there has been a whiff of sulphur about her, or at least of scandal. She has never been indicted – the evidence against her always falls just short of the indictable – but she has been caught out several times with untruthfulness, for example claiming that the unusual spelling of her name with a double l was in honour of Sir Edmund Hillary's ascent of Mount Everest, which took place six years after her birth. One is reminded of a certain Prime Minister's early-supposed enthusiasm for Newcastle United Football Club.

From the controversial Whitewater Affair to the shady dealings of the Clinton Foundation, passing through her enforced return of \$131,000 of gifts to the White House that she moved to their private residence in the last year of her husband's presidency (and that also should have precluded her from public office), Mrs Clinton's business dealings have at the least smacked of sharp practice.

Her few admirers would no doubt say that, compared with the good she has supposedly done, such as her advocacy of children's 'rights', all this is of small account. As for all the other scandals that have attached to her name, up to and including the use of her private e-mail account for communicating affairs of state, they are but peccadilloes or mere oversights such as any very busy person might be susceptible to. As with her financial dealings, her conduct has so far never been so bad as imperatively to lead to indictment. She always seems to be just this side of legality.

No one doubts that Mrs Clinton is hard working. In the presidential debates with Mr Trump, she emerged as incomparably the better informed and prepared, as well as the more coherent. And yet, try as she might, she does not entirely convince. Her undoubted diligence destroys the spontaneity that is necessary for any

warmth to be felt for her. Even her method of waving seems to have been rehearsed, as if she had been tutored by a waving consultant. Her public affability, when she displays it, has the authentic ring of phoniness.

She is said to be rude to underlings in the way that so many theoretical egalitarians are rude to underlings. They, the underlings, are but the means to the achievement of Higher Purpose, which by happy coincidence necessitates her control of whole swathes of human existence. As Secretary of State, she claimed that the promotion of women's rights was essential to the security of the United States, a pretty far-fetched notion, but one to be expected from a person not very good at distinguishing personal from public good.

She is said to be religious, in the sense of going to prayer breakfasts with people who might be of some use to her, or alternatively who might do her some harm. It is hard not to imagine that she thinks she is doing God a favour by attending them. Her *forte* is the trigonometry of power; she has the sensitive antennae of an insect for danger (to her career); paranoia is necessary to her. When her husband was first accused of sexual misconduct, she called the accusations part of a 'vast right-wing conspiracy'. She

probably believed it at the time.

Her drive to power bespeaks an inner emptiness, which she hopes (vainly) that power will fill. It is my impression that there are more people like this than there were. In essence she, like many other power-seekers, is an ambitious mediocrity. She is highly intelligent and hard-working, but with no particular talent. One would not look to her for an original thought, for example. Ambition therefore fills the role that talent has for others as a motive of dedication. One sees this more and more in the world about us: people who are artists not in painting, or any other higher activity, but in power. Some are content with power on a small scale; others need a world stage. Mrs Clinton is one of the latter.

Theodore Dalrymple is a retired psychiatrist.





Roy Kerridge

Reading about Karl Marx and his theories, it struck me that he bases all his sweeping laws of history and capital on contemporary events in England, France and Germany. His narrow view of history takes no account of Eastern or any other non-western civilisation. Since the glory of Eastern civilisation is Art, this is not surprising. However, the Eastern tendency to despotism makes fertile ground for Marxism and so goodbye to Art.

Communist regimes do not seem able to survive longer than the human life span. Their legacy is a brash, coarse type of capitalism, the result of princes and aristocrats being removed. I would myself be guilty of Marxism if I called this a law of history. It's rash to say that something has to happen, when anything can happen.

Religion and Art are parent and child, and Communists who oppose one usually oppose the other. England has had its own Cultural Revolution in the aftermath of the Second World War. Socialists should in logic honour some of our Armed Forces not only for fighting Nazis but for destroying the English aristocracy. I don't know anyone who lives in a stately home, but in my own Kerridgean world I have met two or three people who used to live in them, only to have them smashed beyond repair by servicemen billeted in them during the war. This has happened up and down the country, yet it is only recorded in one book I know of, Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*. We have had a secret revolution. Australian and Canadian servicemen often behaved as badly as the English. The same fought bravely, as often as not, but they have bequeathed us a country bereft of Art.

My mother could see this happening without having to go out of doors. Every time my cultured grandfather came home with beautiful art treasures he had picked up at an auction, my infuriated culture-hating grandmother would rush out with an axe. With demonic energy, going scarlet in the face, she would chop everything up, to the dismay of the rest of the family. Having destroyed Art, she would relax and feel better. I have written elsewhere of my grandfather, only to have him declared a hypocrite for being a Communist yet extremely rich. I never before realised how many deluded people still believe that Socialism and Communism are the natural beliefs of the poor,

or working classes. Socialist ideas stem from the well-meaning rich, as an attempt to reduce charity to a science. A working man who champions socialism is not always selfless, as he might hope for higher wages or more dole. Poor oppressed people usually rely on their religious faith, and are all the better for it. The most nonsensical religion imaginable is better than communism, which denies God.

Our new Prime Minister seems to be a pleasant woman, but why is she so keen on the grammar school as an aid to social mobility? Why does she want social mobility? I strongly disagree with the modern Conservative idea of destroying the class system. I would much prefer to bring it back, and reinforce it, so that we may have a working class that works and a ruling class that rules. Why is diversity a good thing when it comes to race but not to class? What is wrong with social stability? People will always strive to better themselves, without government meddling.

People who praise grammar schools seem to think that such schools began in 1944. In reality, grammar schools emerged in English towns shortly after the Reformation. One man's Reformation is another man's Dissolution and the monkish schools of old were replaced by grammar schools after a long school-less interlude. Early Tudor grammar schools set the tone for English education: rows of desks facing a rostrum and rows of boys facing a teacher holding a cane. Before the last war, most grammar schools were not run by the state, but by independent governors. For a small fee, they provided education for the children of fairly prosperous tradesmen. Market Snodsbury Grammar School, as described by P G Wodehouse, was a school like that. Such schools invite the satirist, as there is something ludicrous about grammar school headmasters who try valiantly to hoodwink honest grocers, butchers and undertakers into thinking their Grammar is almost a Great public school. Far from having a mission to educate boys from impoverished working class homes, the average Grammar school head was fearful of admitting 'the wrong sort' from the 'wrong kind of home.' After the 1944 Education Act had destroyed the independence of such schools, and the state took over completely, some headmasters grew apoplectic in rage at the class blindness of the

Eleven Plus exam. A boy who retained working class mannerisms at grammar school was quickly bundled into the 'C' stream along with boys who could not do the work. In the old style Grammar school ethos, working classness and stupidity went hand in hand.

However, between the wars, a few hundred new grammar schools were purpose-built with the idea of helping the children of the poor. These schools are now mistakenly seen as the pattern of all English grammar schools. In those days there were scholarships for the eleven year olds but there were no secondary modern schools for the idea of building schools for failures had not yet occurred to most people. The old elementary schools had no drastic divide between children and adolescents. If you passed the scholarship you went to grammar school at the age of eleven; if not you stayed in your childhood school until leaving for work at the age of thirteen or fourteen. This seems quite a civilised way of doing things.

In the late 1950's, there was a *New Statesman* inspired craze for agonising about the theatre. How could working class people be induced to go to the theatre as is their birthright? Modern intellectuals agonise that the working class don't go to university. Why should they? At one time the working class had their own theatres, the music halls, and their own universities, the apprenticeships. Bring back those good old days!

It is evident that the new feeless grammar schools made in the twenties and thirties are the ones the government wishes to revive. If the Conservative Party could achieve this aim, it would be the end of Conservative rule in Britain. My mother went to such a school, enjoyed herself thoroughly and emerged a fervent Communist. One of my favourite writers, Joyce Cary, once remarked that it is not the working man who wants a socialist revolution but the educated son of the working man. I went to a tradesman-type of grammar school, hated every minute of it, and found that boys moved straight from school into the Young Conservatives. So it is in the interests of the Conservative Party to restore the fee-paying grammar school. Translated into modern terms, this would mean an Independent Day school in every neighbourhood, with no entrance exam but with fees ordinary people could afford. Such schools could be large or small, held in ordinary houses. This would put an end to the forbidding notion of a school as something that combines modern architecture with huge concrete wastelands surrounded by concentration-camp fencing.

Meritocracy in practice seems to mean 'rule by exam passes'. Since exam-passing is a specialised ability, destructive of all other interests, it is clear to me that 'meritocracy' keeps many people down and prevents

them from developing their non-examinational gifts and talents. Incidentally my culture-hating grandmother's response to the news that I was going to grammar school was to send me at once to horse riding lessons so that I could go fox hunting with the other pupils all assumed to be lords. However, whatever I did, I ended up sitting back to front, facing the horse's tail. My grandmother was not mad, but Danish. I have no such excuse.

Hedgehogs have now grown rare, and song thrushes almost extinct. Both eat snails, and snails have long been walking or crawling poison bait. They are full of lethal blue pellets. So efficacious are these 'slug pellets' that for some years the typical garden snail has been a half dead creature. Suddenly a new healthy snail has emerged. Whether these new snails have become immune to blue pellets or whether they have learned to avoid them, I don't know. The new variety of healthy snail is brown all over. Not only his shell is brown as of old, but the snail inside is now pale brown instead of grey. Go out in the garden and see for yourself.

House sparrows have also returned to London, after a decade of absence. When rag and bone horses ceased to visit my neighbourhood, sparrows vanished. After many years they returned, but with altered habits. Now shy garden birds, they spent most of their time hiding in the middle of thick hedges. This year they have at last emerged from the hedge and spread out into the street, chirping happily as of old. My naturalist friend Doug told that the 'returned' sparrows were not house sparrows but tree sparrows, flown in from the countryside to fill the gap. I agree but not entirely. In America, when wolves neared extinction, they gave up their previous snobbery and began to mate with coyotes creating hybrids now known as 'canids'. Possibly the Cockney sparrow of London flew out to Essex and intermarried with the country tree sparrow. Then the new kind of sparrow recolonised London, slowly losing his rural ways.

London foxes are growing larger than their country cousins. Coyotes (small wolves) were once introduced to Epping Forest, thrived for a time, and then dwindled away. I doubt if any surviving East end coyotes could have intermarried with London foxes. As far as I know, the only dog-like creatures that can breed with a fox is the raccoon-like dog of Siberia, now at large in Germany. Some have escaped from fur farms in England but they are so mangy and diseased. All the same, do not let your dog go near a London fox as I have heard that some town foxes can still pass on fatal canine illnesses.

ETERNAL LIFE



Michael Simison

In January 1960, the British Transport Commission announced its intention to demolish the Doric Arch at Euston. It can in many ways be seen as a metaphor for the way that the old order was swept away during the 1960s. Much of what had been valued for its tradition, its grandeur, and the ideal of civilisation as an inherited duty was lost to the tide of progress.

Many conservative reminiscences start off in such a fashion; bathed in nostalgia, a futile search for a lost past. They speculate at length that a return to a higher way of life may be just around the corner, that the time is finally nigh for the much desired renaissance of flogging in schools and the family at home. It is not so much a cliché but a caricature.

Yet, in an institution which has been consistently written off for centuries as effete, corrupt, and seditious, a tangible return to such a lost past has been quietly taking place since 2007. It was then that Benedict XVI issued the Apostolic Letter, *Summorum Pontificum*, which enabled priests to freely celebrate the old Latin liturgy known as the Tridentine Mass. With the conclusion of the Second Vatican Council in 1965 and the publication of a new Missal in 1970 the old Mass had been pushed to the uttermost fringes of the Church.

The old liturgy, known to almost a Millennia of saints, was seen to be outdated in the new society of the late '60s and '70s. Latin is used almost exclusively and much is said in silence by a priest who faces away from the people. This was deemed to be too impersonal for a Brave New World. Change was needed in order to engender 'lay participation'.

It has been said that when the Council was in session a bishop raised his concern that by encouraging partial use of the vernacular it may not be long until there is no longer any Latin left in the liturgy. The hall burst into laughter at such a ridiculous thought. Such premonitions proved accurate. From the 1970s onwards it became a rarity indeed to hear anything but the vernacular used in the celebration of the Mass and even a sprinkling of Latin would be condemned by the many parishioners who had bought into the charismatic nature of the 'spirit of Vatican II'.

As the then Cardinal Ratzinger wrote in a memoir, there was an 'almost total prohibition' of the old Mass; 'nothing of the sort had ever happened in the entire

history of the liturgy'. In becoming Benedict XVI he liberated the old Mass from its exile and in much of the Anglophone Christian world, priests and laity have taken advantage of this new found freedom to an astonishing extent. In every diocese of England and Wales the Tridentine Mass is now regularly said. Unsurprisingly this has not found favour in all quarters of the Church and those who were at the forefront of its liturgical revolution in the '60s are now themselves on the back foot. They believed the progressive battle had been won in 1970 but the ground has shifted from beneath them.

For decades many insisted that if the size of the congregation at Mass was to be increased the liturgy must become even more ordinary; more 'accessible'. The music should be 'youthful', 'joyous', or 'hip' and the actual significance of the sacrament should be concealed. It was this mentality, which led to the propagation of the musical 'folk Mass'; devoid of melody, harmony or understanding. It is no surprise that such a dire *mêlée* has been successful only in decreasing attendance.

Many of the sixties generation still maintain that to attract people, especially adolescents and younger adults, more liberalism is needed. *Summorum Pontificum*, though, has pulled the rug from under their feet. The baby boomers have been surpassed by the millennials. T S Eliot wrote in *Thoughts after Lambeth*, an essay published in 1931, that the young are more attracted by 'a difficult religion than an easy one'; one which has not been 'robbed of the severity of its demands'. Such a remark might be easily dismissed as a modernist poet's ascetic idealism but its prescience has been demonstrated irrefragably in the modern world. It is in many ways 'youth' who have revitalised the traditional Church in the wake of *Summorum Pontificum*.

When it was first noted that there were a disproportionate number of twenty-somethings attending the Tridentine Mass, many modernists dismissed this as a predictable young-fogey, counter-cultural reaction. Fr Timothy Radcliffe, the former head of the Dominicans, dismissed it as 'Brideshead nostalgia' except this misses the fundamental point: it is a reaction against superficiality not an exercise in it. Remarkably this is illustrated on Facebook.

One such page is ‘Catholic Memes’, a meme being internet parlance for a picture, a video, or another digital fad which quickly becomes widespread. ‘Catholic Memes’ is hardly a niche, it has almost a quarter of a million subscribers, however, alongside posting popular memes which have been Catholicised, its principal role is as a Catholic apologetics. It is unambiguous in its support for the Catechism and stringently objects to those who claim Catholic teaching should be tailored to the whims of the modern world. There is a dawning sense that the New Atheists’ arguments are not actually that new after all and Aquinas had formulated the right ripostes in the 13th Century.

There is an instinctive support for the Tridentine Mass given its solemnity, the depth of the liturgy and its tradition. The significance of such a page is that it is primarily a young person’s medium and there is no progressive Catholic page with the same level of support to rival it. Where the young are still attending Mass, it is more than likely it will be at a traditional parish. In the few places where vocations to the priesthood are on the rise, it is in traditionalist orders and congregations. For this to be dismissed as nothing but literary fantasy by today’s prelates is to mock those upon whom the Church will largely rely in the future.

Vatican II’s liturgical reforms had the primary

intention of increasing the participation of the laity in the Mass, yet, whilst they now answer a few prayers and have to make a racket at certain intervals, there has been a theological deadening. The Mass now requires no intellectual effort to follow it; one can demonstrate a superficial understanding whilst making no real effort to comprehend the mysteries of the Sacrament.

From the late entries in his diaries it is clear Evelyn Waugh understood this contradiction in the word ‘participation’. At Easter 1965 he queried how no longer genuflecting at the ‘incarnatus’ in the creed helped participation but his more perceptive remarks came at Easter 1964: ‘Participate – the cant word – does not mean to make a row as the Germans suppose. One participates in a work of art when one studies it with reverence and understanding.’ When there is no longer anything visually beautiful to revere, it becomes far more difficult to generate any sense that there is something worth understanding.

There are plans to resurrect the Doric Arch. In the unlikely event that it is reinstated it would be an insubstantial reminder of all that was lost to the cry of a new, progressive age. The Tridentine Mass, in contrast, is a solid edifice mounted upon the foundations of the Church. It has reminded many, and taught many more, that there is something to understand and something to revere.

ARTS AND BOOKS



The Money Printers Christie Davies

The End of Alchemy. Money, Banking and the Failure of the Global Economy, Mervyn King, Little, Brown, 2016, £25.

Mervyn King, the former governor of the Bank of England, has written a book of admirable clarity about economic ideas and economic policy. It casts light on recent economic failures, notably the banking crisis of 2007-2008 and the calamity of the Euro. King writes in an English accessible to the ordinary intelligent reader and has eschewed the use of mathematics, statistics and diagrams, realizing that many find these difficult to understand and off-putting.

The author lays out four key concepts that underpin any understanding of how economies work and fail.

The first is ‘disequilibrium’, an unsustainable lack of balance such that ‘at some point a large change in the pattern of spending and production will take place as the economy moves to a new equilibrium’ We have had much experience of disequilibrium recently and even more so in the 1930s, when it led many economists to doubt whether capitalism would ever return to equilibrium. They then opted for some version of the planned economy with an enforced equilibrium. The socialist economies all ended in total collapse or war or both. Survival involved switching to capitalism.

Lord King is a strong believer in capitalism and he points to the steady growth in living standards and productivity that it has brought. This depends on those in power refraining from overriding the signals from the market place in pursuit of political objectives and an absence of corruption, which includes not just the trousering of brown envelopes but also making impossible promises. King rightly identifies the roots of the never-ending crisis of the European Monetary Union as a political project since fiscal policy cannot

be decided by treaties. King notes that people like the idea of the Euro but ‘they don’t like what it is doing to them’. He adds in a moment of humour: ‘As someone once said to me, he wouldn’t mind if the UK adopted the Euro provided we could keep our own interest rate.’ This statement would be funny if it were not so frightening that someone can fail to understand that fixed exchange rates constrain monetary policy.

King offers four possible paths down which the Euro crisis might go. One is to continue with high unemployment in the peripheral countries until wages and prices fall and these countries’ competitiveness is restored. A second is to encourage high inflation in Germany. The third is to accept substantial explicit transfers of funds from the EU countries of northern Europe to those of the south for the foreseeable future. None of these are either sensible or politically possible, so we are left with King’s fourth possibility: ‘Accept a partial or total break-up of the euro-area.’

King adds in relation to the controllers of the EU: ‘The Euro is no longer a means to an end but the end itself. Given the strength of their political commitment to the project, one can sympathize with the dilemma in which their leaders find themselves.’ But why sympathize with those clinging to a failed and inevitably failing project? Does it not render their commitment in the face of the suffering of ordinary people contemptible, much as we rightly felt contempt for the ideologues of the Soviet Union who clung to central planning when it had led to famine and hardship?

King’s second big concept is ‘radical uncertainty’, ‘an uncertainty so profound that it is impossible to represent the future in terms of a knowable and exhaustive list of outcomes to which we can attach probabilities.’ An obvious example cited by King and earlier in another context by Karl Popper is that we cannot predict new inventions. In consequence businessmen roll dice and economic theories cannot deal with this problem even though sensible economists recognize its existence.

King’s third concept is ‘the prisoner’s dilemma’, or how you can achieve the best outcome if circumstances render co-operation difficult. He asks us to consider what happens if two men are arrested, the evidence against them is thin and they are held in cells distant from each other. Each is offered a lenient deal if he or she agrees to incriminate the other. The best outcome for both of them will be if they both remain silent and get acquitted. Yet each may choose to incriminate the other and they both, as promised, get a lighter sentence. That is the temptation and it has an application to economics. It is in many countries’ interest to devalue their currencies to boost exports and thus production and employment. But if they all do it, the devaluations

cancel each other out. The question remains how can you create a stable monetary order in which this does not happen and yet which lacks the kind of rigidity that has led to Germany accumulating a huge surplus on trade and Greece being close to bankruptcy?

King’s final concept is ‘trust’. It is clear that the failure of the EU was inevitable because the constituent countries do not trust one another to the degree that internal trust makes any one European country and economy cohere. At a more general level people have to have trust in the currency they use and in the central banks or governments that decide how much money to create. If inflation rises, trust collapses, as it did in Britain in the 1970s. Under inflation prices become very uncertain, signals that cannot be trusted. Savers are robbed. Inflation is theft. The main achievement of central bankers since then has been to set and keep to reasonable inflation targets, which led to the Great Stability of the 1990s and the early 2000s.

So why did we lurch into the crisis of 2007-8 and end up with today’s stagnation? Why were the 1990s seen in Japan as a lost decade? Lord King makes a key point that I have believed for decades and indeed held forth about. He writes: ‘For many centuries money and banking were financial alchemy, seen as a source of strength when in fact they were the weak link of a capitalist economy. How then do we truly end alchemy? How do we restore faith in the monetary aspect of capitalism? What kind of reforms are needed? King calls for bold action to raise productivity, to rebalance our economy and reform our system of money and banking. He has a number of interesting suggestions to make about how this can and should be done, but you will have to read his book.



A 21st-Century Rhodes John Jolliffe

Get On With It, Algy Cluff, Cluff & Sons, 2016, £15, available from G Heywood Hill, 10 Curzon Street, London W1J 5HH.

Algy Cluff began his triumphant business career as a pioneer in North Sea oil exploration in the early 1970s, in a project which led to the discovery of the Buchan Field, and his success there with Cluff Oil enabled him to buy the *Spectator*, which had languished under its previous owner/editor. It recovered slightly under the editorship of Alexander Chancellor, and still more with the appointment, and long editorial reign, of Charles

Moore, which doubled the circulation. But Cluff later sold it after an expensive libel case brought about by an irresponsible contributor, who however had the decency to contribute to the large sum granted in damages. All this is of considerable interest, not to say amusement, far outside the steadily shrinking world of quality journalism, now sadly only a shadow of what it once was.

After oil, Cluff turned his attention to gold, and the development of mines in Zimbabwe, Ghana, Burkina Faso and Tanzania. Rather in the spirit of his hero John Buchan, he records that when setting off on an expedition into the unknown, whether in Africa or the Far East, the contents of his briefcase would ideally consist of a revolver, a box of cigars and a novel by P G Wodehouse. Indeed, his style is sometimes reminiscent of that master, though it is difficult to imagine the latter conducting the author's furious final conversation with Robert Mugabe, with whom he had previously been on good terms, even inviting him to stay in Scotland. However, when the latter roundly accused him 'of being concerned solely with profit rather than Africa and the workers', Cluff had had enough, having been the only businessman who had shown any confidence in him or his country. But how many would have had the courage to reply 'When I reflect on what I have done for you and your country I am amazed that you could have the effrontery to speak as you just have'? Earlier, he tells the delightful story of Lord Benson, the self-important senior partner of the well known firm of chartered accountants of that name, whose offices had long been in Gutter Lane. He made the mistake of writing to the Lord Mayor saying that 'in view of the international distinction of Cooper Brothers I feel it would be appropriate to rename Gutter Lane 'Cooper Lane', in honour of our firm. The Lord Mayor replied 'Dear Benson, We have no objection to Cooper Brothers changing their name to Gutter Brothers, but Gutter lane will remain Gutter Lane.'

Cluff concentrates on these more light-hearted moments in his story, including his wonderful loyalty to his increasingly and in the end disastrously volatile friend Paddy Pakenham, while largely leaving out the large amounts of diplomacy and sheer hard work which must have gone into his career. Remarkably, he never seems to have found much difficulty in getting the ear of those in high places, ranging from Mrs Thatcher to the Mayor of New York. Unlike many successful operators, he never harps on how clever and important he is, but approaches his task with a deadpan narrative of his activities, punctuated with many a disarming and highly entertaining adventure, with a regular monthly supply of books sent to the ends of the earth by Hatchards.

His approach derives largely from the six years that he had spent as a junior officer in the Grenadier

Guards (including qualifying as a parachutist). This was supposed to be peacetime, but it included distinctly risky service in Cyprus and in the Cameroons, where he made friends with a local chieftain called the Fon of Bansa, who sadly informed him 'I have 120 sons, and not one of them is in the Grandeur Guards.' He then moved on to a hazardous spell in Borneo, a far cry from the fleshpots of Mayfair and the grouse moors of Yorkshire and Scotland in which he was later so happily at home. His military experiences make one reflect how much more successfully recent governments would have fared if more of their leaders had served in the army and fewer had been barristers and mere 'special advisers', before holding office.

While never concealing his occasional failures, he demonstrates not only a considerable sense of *savoir faire*, but also of more general *savoir vivre*. Long may he flourish! Only the most puritanical reader could fail to enjoy this short memoir, which in its early stages goes back to a more relaxed and less soul-destroying business world than is to be found today.



Land of Lost Content Anthony Daniels

Housman Country: Into the Heart of England, Peter Parker, Little Brown, 2016, £25.00

I have always felt a little uneasy by how moved I am by *A Shropshire Lad* (and Housman's other poems). Does it mean that, deep inside me, there beats a heart of mush? Housman is often described, with a degree of condescension or disdain, as a minor poet, or even, in the opinion of George Orwell, merely as an immature one who appeals mainly to adolescent angst: but, as Peter Parker points out in this excellent book, this is because he has only one theme, the evanescence of human existence, not because of any mediocrity of his verse. The evanescence of human existence is not, however, a minor theme: not, at least for humans.

Another reason, perhaps, for Housman's attenuated literary reputation is the accessibility of his work, which leads to the suspicion that he is superficial. People indifferent to or irritated by the pedantic allusiveness of T S Eliot know Housman by heart; if almost everyone can understand and respond to him, how can what he has to say be of much significance? Needless to say, there is a deal of snobbery in this attitude.

Housman himself was a most unlikely popular hero. He was scholarly to the point of aridity and in person often stiff, distant and off-putting. He would devise extremely

acerbic and witty, but cruel and offensive comments for future use in reviews of other scholars' works, before he had any book before him for review to which they could be applied. He did not court popularity and was indifferent to worldly success, being one of the few people who ever made voluntary contributions to the exchequer. On the surface, no man was less likely to write some of the most deeply emotional poetry in the language.

Parker's book is not a biography but a series of long essays to explain this seeming paradox of Housman's life and work, and also to record its reception into and continuing influence on English (and world) culture. For my taste, the biographical essay is often preferable to the full-scale biography in as much as it necessitates a work of distillation rather than of indefinite and often uncritical expansion; and Parker is a very good essayist.

He explains the emotional nature of Housman's poetry by the need to repress his homosexuality. While a student at Oxford, he fell in love with a fellow student called Moses Jackson, who did not reciprocate his feelings. This was a blow, and a lifelong sorrow, to Housman, who turned in on himself as a consequence and became the cold and forbidding figure that led many observers to conclude, falsely, that his emotional life was, like that of Sherlock Holmes, all but inexistent: that he was but a bookworm Classicist, for whom philology and the finer points of textual criticism were all-in-all. In fact, though, he was an extremely emotional, even passionate, man; his is perhaps the most evident case of emotion sublimated into art.

Parker stresses, perhaps too much, the subliminal homoeroticism of his poems. The most obvious case is Poem XXII of *A Shropshire Lad*, in which he describes soldiers marching through Ludlow:

*The streets sound to the soldiers' tread,
And out we troop to see;
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.*

The last stanza reads:

*What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.*

However, a homoerotic reading of the poems is certainly not the only possible one, nor does homoeroticism explain their enduring popularity. It is interesting that all of the significant figures whom Parker cites expressed admiration of or love for Housman's poems were men: but this is probably because Housman's sensibility, that of a stoic facing the inevitable fleetingness of life and the fact that happiness can be appreciated only in retrospect and spoken of only in the past tense, is peculiarly male.

As Parker correctly states, Housman's sensibility was that of another Cambridge classicist and poet, Thomas

Gray, whose *Elegy* and *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* expressed much the same thought and emotion as Housman's poems, which are in effect a long meditation on the indisputably important fact that the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The bulk of this book, however, is not biographical, but rather itself a meditation on the English character. When the English think of England and Englishness, it is of the kind of countryside that Housman's poems describe, not of, say, Bolton, Huddersfield or Oldham, even if they live in the latter places; and Parker is pleasingly undisdainful of this pastoral myth, for some kind of mythology is essential for the sustenance of human life: and, as myths go, this is a mild and harmless one.

Not that Housman's pastoral is sentimental, far from it. His beautiful countryside (and none more beautiful than Shropshire) is a place of tragedy: of suicide, murder, unrequited love, of early death and burial, of the inevitable loss of past content, of the fleetingness of happiness and life itself.

Oddly enough, though, this is consolatory rather than depressing. No one was a firmer atheist than Housman, and perhaps part of the popularity of his work is the consolation it offers an irreligious age. Many soldiers in the First World War were killed with copies of *A Shropshire Lad* in their pocket. Housman in effect is Seneca in simple but moving and beautiful verse.

The long chapter on the many musical settings of Housman was to me an education; Parker is pleasantly erudite in the byways of that music. I think he will inspire many of his readers to listen to that music.

Housman is a figure of enduring interest. His poetry was original without any straining after originality as an end in itself (he is easy to parody, says Parker, but difficult to imitate). This book is essential reading for lovers of Housman, who are, and will continue to be, many in the entire English-speaking world.



River of Music Peter Mullen

Ring of Truth: The Wisdom of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung, Roger Scruton, Allen Lane, 2016, £25.

This outstanding book is a wonderfully satisfying and complete analysis and exposition of the four great operas, which constitute *The Ring*. These works are so original that we should not refer to them as operas: Wagner described as a new kind of music, 'music-dramas' and declared them his *Gesamtkunstwerk*, his complete

work of art. He wasn't kidding! Besides composing the music, he wrote the long poems which form the libretto, designed the sets and costumes, rehearsed the singers and conducted the orchestra. And this book is Scruton's own *Gesamtkunstwerk*, consisting of music criticism, technical musical analysis and intense and revelatory literary interpretation and philosophical context.

The Ring is different. A singer does not enter, perform an aria and then take his leave. In *Die Walkure*, the second opera of the cycle, Wotan and Brunnhilde are together on stage all evening. Rossini quipped, 'Wagner has some good moments but some dreadful three-quarters of an hour.' But they don't sing arias. There are no arias. Rather there is a continuous flow of music – like the Rhine itself where the whole story starts and ends. It is not to everyone's taste. Wagner attracted adoration and loathing in equal quantities. Nietzsche said of him, 'Is Wagner a human being at all? Is he not rather a disease? He contaminates everything he touches — he has made music sick.' Of course, that judgement has to be tempered by one's opinion of Nietzsche.

Scruton readily admits that the man was a problem: bombastic, domineering, a user and abuser of his friends – and his friends' wives – and virulently anti-Semitic. He wrote, in connection with Heine, that it is impossible for a Jew to become a poet. Scruton is a firm devotee, one who would excuse Wagner almost anything: 'Putting the supreme achievement of Wagner's works against the wrongdoings of his life, I would say how lucky were those who paid his debts.' Perfection of the life or of the art? It is an eternal conundrum.

And then there is the Hitler connection. Scruton says the Nazis deliberately and maliciously maladapted Wagner to their cause. He was not a berserk, militaristic German nationalist and the milieu of *The Ring* is not that of Bismarck and Prussianism, but the myths, legends, folk-tales and romance of the little German states of the Middle Ages, the same territory which mightily influenced Luther's theology and hymns and subsequently the chorales of J S Bach and the dark forest of the Grimms' fairytales and the chivalrous lives of the knights.

Wagner lived in revolutionary times when, in every sphere of human endeavour, there was a repudiation of the past, of Christianity certainly but also of the doctrines of the Enlightenment. Wagner was among those who believed that the Christian faith could no longer answer 'modern', 19th century man's intellectual, emotional and spiritual needs. As Nietzsche notoriously said, 'God is dead!' So art would have to do instead. It is through aesthetic contemplation that mankind, having lost his Christian God, can yet discover self-transcendence and an answer to the problems that remain though God has gone away. This is a doctrine which Wagner picked up from Schopenhauer, along with much else. Man is the

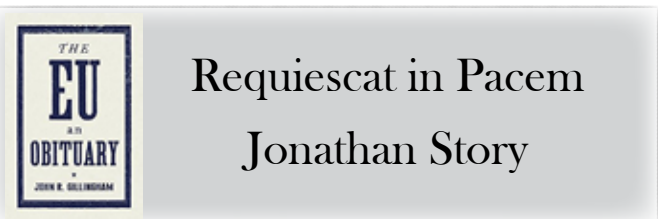
slave of his insistent, relentless will and relief comes only through forgetfulness and sublimation, and this is found supremely in music. Scruton here quotes Eliot's lovely phrase: 'You are the music while the music lasts.'

And this leads to the miraculous realisation that the characters who make their appearance in *The Ring* are not those we see on the stage: the characterisation is all in the music where, in the device of the *leitmotiv*, gods, Valkyries, dwarves, men, women and even objects such as the spear and the gold are identified by their own individual musical themes. As Debussy said, 'They all present their calling cards.'

What makes *The Ring* so all-consuming is our realisation that we are not listening in order to think or to understand, but to be intoxicated, mesmerised and ravished. And the sensation of being ravished can turn so easily to disgust and shame. No wonder so many can't stand Wagner but there is also, for those who persevere, the possibility of catharsis.

I have a few niggles. First, Scruton opines that a moral belief can be refuted by aesthetic intensity and he cites the incestuous relationship between Sigmund and Sieglinde as an example: the music is so sublime that it covers the sin. This is a bit like saying that it's all right to chop up babies, so long as the knife you use has a jewelled handle and your chopping movements are elegantly executed. Secondly, Scruton too strenuously distinguishes Wagner's world view from that of Christianity. They are perhaps closer than he thinks: for each contains the image of divine beings who sacrifice themselves for the good of others. Finally, he says, 'Science has removed us from the central place in the scheme of things.' Rather, as T E Hulme pointed out, the reverse is true: the Copernican revolution and the scientific method place the observer at the very centre and make man the measure of all things. This is where we need to recall Ezra Pound and: 'Pull down thy vanity!'

But these are mere quibbles. Roger Scruton has given us a wondrous book, a correspondingly eloquent tribute to the genius of its subject. His book plumbs depths, but it is a delight to read. It is scholarly and imaginative – but it is not that useless thing, 'academic'. I would say it is learned and, *above all, loving*.



Requiescat in Pacem Jonathan Story

The EU: an Obituary, John R Gillingham, Verso, 2016, £12.99.

This is an excellent analysis on the condition of the

European Union. Its author, one of the United States' leading historians of the EU, has written a hard-hitting appeal for Europeans to get serious about what he considers a failing experiment in supranational governance. His is a call to start thinking and acting about alternatives. For the moment, the author sees no imminent exit from the situation into which the self-proclaimed 'Europeans' have precipitated the continent by their 'arrogance' – his description of their attitudes over the past decades.

The present crisis of the European Union makes it painfully evident that the history of the EU must be re-thought, re-cast, and re-written. From inception, the whole construction has been a 'massive establishmentarian enterprise', that affirms Europeanism as a secular faith – an ordained agent of human progress. The commentators and scribes who feed off it are all paid up devotees of the Euro-cult. Funded by its institutions, they have written the scholarly work about its doings, and opened new sources of legitimacy to develop its own power base.

His account takes the reader through three phases: the founding years of de Gaulle and Nixon; and the re-launch under Jacques Delors to make the EEC over into a large France, a super state. Of the four drivers to explain the EU phenomenon, Gillingham prefers the fourth: spill over leading to an accretion of powers in Brussels; big inter-state deals as at Maastricht; élites gathering in conclave to settle European business; and the EU as an epiphenomenon of global developments. The prime drivers, Gillingham argues, were the cold war in the 1950s, NATO and US policy; the dollar politics of the 1970s and 1980s; and globalization, with the ascendance of China on the world scene since 1992, the year of the Maastricht Treaty. Globalisation, best understood as the acceleration of technological changes, constitutes an ongoing threat to bureaucratic EU system builders.

The super state is ambitious far beyond its means, arrogant, undemocratic, blundering, and the prime feature holding the European polity back from adapting to the fast changing global economy. His preference is clearly for rooting the EU in the consent of the peoples of the member states, and in allowing them to experiment their ways forward, through the ongoing technological and market driven revolution. He ends proposing a serious re-foundation of the project.

On the way there, Gillingham highlights a number of key features of the EU. The first is that it auto-generated its own myths. The first, and oft repeated myth, credits the EU with the peace and prosperity enjoyed by Europe since 1945. Others include the myth of inevitability; the Community method, or *engrenage* as one EU competence leads on inevitably

to another; a teleology of a federal endpoint; and not least, the claim that the EU was the source of economic success, as if Ludwig Erhardt's or Margaret Thatcher's reforms in 1950s Germany and 1980s UK were minor contributing factors to economic dynamism.

Second, though the UK and Brexit is not the central focus of the book, Gillingham reminds us that Prime Minister Heath in effect signed the UK up as a future province in a United States of Europe (USE). Heath was alone in the EEC to have the 1972 Act of Parliament passed that subordinated the UK to EU law. In October of that year, at a summit in Paris, Heath, Pompidou and Brandt signed the EEC up to achieve a fully-fledged European Union by 1980. Then came the oil shock, rising and divergent rates of inflation, a floating of EEC currencies on world financial markets, and a quick burial of the Paris' summit dreams. Not for the first time, the realities of Europe's diversity ensured that European states' responses to global events remained particular. Trying to stop the global clock for the Europeans to manage their transition to union proved illusory.

In Gillingham's account, the re-launch of the EU in the 1980s was accompanied by a resurrection of all the myths and teleology from the early years, and that were now applied on a vast scale. The central measure was the launch of the Single European Act of 1986, and its promise of liberalising markets across Community's markets. But the measure led straight to the Maastricht Treaty of 1992, and through to the 2004 EU Constitution, and its ensuing debacle.

Third, German unification in 1990 launched the world into globalization, the re-creation of a global market driven notably by the application and development of fast moving technologies. Yet the architects of the European project sped forward to implement their dream of a United States of Europe (USE). In their haste, they left the single market incomplete; enlargement to incorporate the newly liberated countries of central and south eastern Europe was niggardly; the machinery of EU governance remained dysfunctional; new technologies met with suspicion; and the continent was saddled with a Euro in a zone that was far from being an optimal currency area.

Fourth, power moved inexorably from France to Germany. Jacques Delors tried to corral a unifying Germany into a European entity, that would be strong enough to hold its own with the superpower across the Atlantic, 'about which, he had highly ambiguous feelings'.

The central focus of this construct was to be the single currency, ending the primacy of a Bundesbank, which had told Delors as French Finance Minister what he had to do to stop the collapse of the franc in March

1983. But by 2010, and the outbreak of the Greek crisis, Germany was *de facto* Europe's great power. It was also mercantilist, and much less interested in European 'construction'. In May 2010, when President Sarkozy suggested that Chancellor Merkel put the money on the table first, and then discuss how it may be used, the lady said Nein. Six years of European depression has been the result.

In conclusion, Gillingham argues global market integration will continue apace. Through most of its history, the EU was marginal to this ongoing process. Once a great hope, the EU idea has turned rancid. 'An increasingly interdependent world order, he concludes, requires global networks of cooperation rather than the reinforcement of old-fashioned economic and political blocs like the EU'.

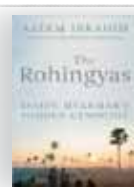
The failure of the EU is that it is trying to convert Europe into what it is not. Europeans are first and foremost nationals. This is amply recorded in the Commission's own publication, *Eurobarometer*, 83 Spring 2015. It reports that only 2 per cent of EU citizens view themselves as 'Europeans' (ie favouring EU aspirations) with only 6 per cent regarding a European identity as more important than their national identity.

The building blocs of Europe are the member states, yet the Commission, the European Court of Justice, the European Parliament, and the European Central Bank are all intent on converting them into provinces. The attempt is eliciting a backlash, the first major manifestation of which was the Brexit vote of June 23; the second is the refusal of Slovakia, Hungary, Poland and Austria to absorb Muslim populations on human rights grounds; the third may prove to be the French or Italian rejection of German-centric austerity; and the fourth, now heaving into sight, may well be a German rejection of the EU, which cannot be made into a German Europe.

The revival of Europe can only happen, says Gillingham, if the European project downsizes, networks, and renationalizes politics. He is very doubtful that the statesmanship is there to take this sensible way out. This is a book which Remainers should read and inwardly digest.

Tony Barber of the *Financial Times* did review Gillingham's book, alongside others, in an essay, 'The battle for Europe' FT.com, May 25, 2016. Predictably, Barber bins the book. Everything involved in the EU, Barber writes, comes under Gillingham's sneering attack, and Barber rightly points out some errors of fact.

But the main point about Gillingham's book is that it advances punchy and valid criticisms about Delors' utopian politics. He also proposes a way out, which may be summarized as doing much less for much more. This is sensible policy, not a sneer.



Persecuted Islam Penelope Tremayne

Rohingyas, Azeem Ibrahim, Hurst & Co, 2016, £12.99.

This is not a very good book but it is massively informative and it calls attention to two of today's topical subjects: immigration and nationality. The Rohingyas are a Muslim group living in Myanmar today, mainly in the province of Rakhine (formerly Arakan) and they are certainly victims. Furthermore the grounds for gross ill treatment of them are undisguisedly racist. They are by blood and language Bengalis who have been crossing over into Burma and settling in Rakhine ever since the British takeover of the area in 1824. But because they are Muslim and dark skinned they have not generally inter-married with the Burmese population, of whom the great majority are light skinned and Buddhist. Azeem Ibrahim does not tell us about his own origins but he relates this story simply and straightforwardly, naming all his sources, from historical records to newspapers and electronic chatter. The term 'genocide' which he uses freely, is a loaded word epitomising Hitler's avowed aim to exterminate every Jew in Europe. The Burmese method for disposing of its Muslim minority on grounds of both race and religion is inconspicuous by comparison with the Nazi dream, but also very much simpler to carry out. It may seem almost Chinese in its simplicity. By law every Burman and every member of his family is and must be Buddhist, and every one of them must hold an identity card. On government orders no identity cards can be issued to Muslims; and without these cards no government aid or recognition of any kind can be obtained, they cannot be employed and they have no representation in government. Large numbers however (up to 150,000 so far by one estimate,) homeless and starving, have been collected into refugee camps.

How large is this problem? In 1824 the British took a census of the population of the province, and found a total of about 100,000, of which about 60,000 were Muslim. A later British census (1911) put them at 210,000 including 155,000 Muslims. A Burmese census in 2014 gave a total population of Burma at 51,429,430, of which 1,206,353 were listed as 'not enumerated'. These were the Rohingyas and a few other Muslims and Christians living elsewhere in the country. Identity cards were not issued to any of these. The Rohingyas could register as Benghalis (which

most of them were) but in doing so they surrendered all rights to ownership of property or access to public services or the rights to representation in government or to vote in elections. This is the case today.

Throughout Rhakine ‘refugee camps’ have been set up in the jungle, into which great numbers of these now stateless people have been and are being forced. Many others, to earn a living, join the people-smugglers who supply cheap labour for the Thai and Malaysian fishing trade with Myanmar, and along with it the much more lucrative trade in young men, women and children for sexual use. People-smugglers set up recruiting offices in the camps as the occupants, who are starving, are not allowed out. It was estimated that in 2014 about 13,000 Rohingyas escaped by sea, and still greater numbers were expected for the next year. As to what the future may offer to those who manage to escape the people-smugglers, Ibrahim issues them a warning. They ‘are vulnerable to being targeted by a number of Islamist groups seeking to exploit any Muslim grievance, including Laskar-e-Taiba (LeT), Jamaat-ul-Mujahideen Bangladesh (JMB) and the Harakat-ul-Jihad Islami (HuJI).

The message of this book is that (as the then Prince of Wales in the 1930s so ineffectually said): ‘Something must be done.’ But what? Ibrahim compares the atrocities in Rhakine to those of Rwanda. Heads and prominent members of numerous states, like Barack Obama and Tony Blair, have visited Myanmar but none of them has taken or pressed for any action.

Members of ASEAN have proposed that the issue of Myanmar’s persecution of the Rohinghas be made a permanent item on the agendas of future meetings. This sounds anything but helpful; it merely enshrines the *status quo*. Ibrahim states that ‘there is a serious risk of destabilising the entire region.’ Certainly the picture he draws of present conditions could hardly be worse. Readers may conclude that there is only one possible solution: the group of Generals who still control Myanmar must by God or man be removed.



The Woods are the Trees Celia Haddon

The Long, Long Life of Trees, Fiona Stafford, Yale University Press, 2016, £16.99.

‘Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,’ wrote Francis Bacon. *The Long Long Life of Trees* definitely

comes in the third category. It is packed with curious facts, poetry, and anecdotes which need chewing over. Swallowing all these bits of information too quickly could prove indigestible.

Fiona Stafford is an English literature don and it shows to advantage. Just occasionally, for example, when she talks about William Blake’s life-changing experience in Peckham without telling us more, she assumes more knowledge in her readers than some of them, me included, will have. But in a world where books are usually written for the lowest denominator of reader, and Google is always at hand, this is an pleasant excuse for a pause. I googled and discovered the visionary poet saw ‘a tree filled with angels, bright angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars.’

This book is a celebration of how we feel about trees and the meanings we give them rather than a useful gardener’s guide to planting or maintaining them. It grew out of a radio programme *The Meaning of Trees* that the author wrote and presented for BBC Radio 3. As might be expected, she has logged the poets that appreciated trees. Not just William Blake’s tree studded with angels, but Andrew Marvell’s complaint that lovers that carve their beloved’s name on trees wound a living being more beautiful than the girl. (I paused again to re-read his whole poem with pleasure.)

There is more – Coleridge’s lime tree, Cowper’s felled poplars, Gerard Manley Hopkin’s hacked down aspens, lots of Wordsworth’s nature recollected in tranquillity, and John Clare (to my mind England’s greatest nature poet) with his keen eye for the insects delighting on the sticky dew of the sycamore. She dips into Culpeper, Evelyn’s *Sylva*, Anne Frank’s diary, Gilbert White (of course), Pliny, and even AA Milne. I can recommend the list of books consulted at the back as a reading list for literary gardeners kept indoors by bad weather this winter.

The history of seventeen different trees is examined. Yews (celebrated by Wordsworth, Tennyson, and an inspiration for Dicken’s Ghost Walk at Chesney Wold), won the battle of Agincourt by providing wood for the archers and the yews for bows were planted in churchyards not just because they were a tree associated with death but also because in a churchyard the village animals were safely kept away from their poisoned berries, needles and bark. Quaker founder George Fox met his followers under a yew at Lorton and Henry VII courted Anne Boleyn at the Ankerwyke yew at Runnymede, a tree old enough to have stood there during the signing of Magna Carta, but surely an ill omen for the future of Anne herself.

Often I wanted more. What is the evidence for yews being a sacred symbol in pre-Christian society? Are they really the oldest living things in Europe? Surely

they cannot be older than Stonehenge since, as she writes, it is difficult to estimate their age because their annual rings are only a fraction of a millimetre apart. As I read on, I wished I had more information about this and scores of other facts that she throws into this book like a recipe of rich ingredients. I wanted to pause and ask questions of what I had already read, something I rarely want in an ordinary book.

This book moves fast from one extraordinary fact to another. Take, for instance, the apple tree whose forbidden fruit in Paradise ‘brought death into the world and all our woe’ – my quotation, not the author’s (perhaps she doesn’t like Milton). From there to the golden apple Paris awarded to Aphrodite, thus earning the enmity of Athena and Hera, and on to the ‘Flower of Kent’ apple tree under which Sir Isaac Newton was sitting when he thought of the theory of gravity. Or as Fiona Stafford beautifully puts it: ‘the movement of the whole solar system was visible in the seasonal windfall.’ The individual tree is still there, in Woolsthorpe Manor, Lincolnshire, Newton’s birthplace. On to the half eaten apple left by the dead body of poor gay Alan Turing, the computing pioneer who killed himself in 1954. Next to the Beatles’ company Apple Corps, and finally on to the Apple computer itself. What a journey!

The medicinal virtues of rowan berries, that can be used as a treatment for haemorrhoids, lead the author to the tree’s use as a preventative against the ill wishes of witches. And the olive tree twig, brought to Noah in his Ark by the dove when the Flood ends, brings on how this grey leaved tree becomes a symbol of peace. In our own time, Fiona Stafford reveals that ancient olive trees are shipped to the gardens of rich Middle East oil millionaires because they can survive being uprooted and replanted. Indeed in Turkey, there was an olive tree planted in 1071 in Izmir, rooted out by an orange crane and successfully removed and transplanted this year in Antalya’s Botanic Centre. Ancient olive groves have to be given conservation protection but are still at risk of illegal ‘olive kidnapping’ such is their value.

Until I read *The Long Long Life of Trees* I had no idea that birdlime, the sticky substance used to trap songbirds, is derived from the bark of the holly tree; that the Mosquito war plane was built out of the wood of the ash tree; that leather harnesses used to be tanned with oak bark; or that the stalks of cherries were a remedy for bronchitis, anaemia and diarrhoea. I didn’t even realise that when George Washington (‘Father, I cannot tell a lie’) was in trouble for cutting down a tree, it was a cherry tree that he destroyed.

I want more. What about the alder, a tree that turns red when cut, or the elder on which Judas hung himself? I’d happily read a second book on the trees she left out. The book is illustrated but only in black

and white. The woodcuts and drawings enhance the text but the black and white photos of oil paintings of, amongst others, the Madonna holding a cherry twig, don’t work very well. The text is beautifully written. A book to buy and reread.



Sleeping with the Fishes Helen Szamuely

The Less You Know The Better You Sleep, Russia’s Road to Terror and Dictatorship under Yeltsin and Putin, David Satter, Yale University Press, 2016, £20.00.

The Duma elections of September 18 have produced a super majority for Putin’s United Russia party with 343 seats out of 450. The remaining deputies belong to the Communist Party (42 seats), Zhirinovskiy’s Liberal Democratic Party (39 seats) and A Just Russia (23 seats). These deputies usually support United Russia in any case so to all intents and purposes the Duma is now a one-party institution. The turn-out was 47.8 per cent and there are well documented reports of fraud and ballot box stuffing. In other words, the result does not prove that Putin is so very popular but that the people of Russia have given up any attempt to control or improve their political system. They have not come out to demonstrate against the fraud as they did last time. One cannot exactly blame them but it is a sad development.

Anyone who would like to follow in detail the steps that have led the country to this situation could do a lot worse than read David Satter’s compact *The Less You Know The Better You Sleep*. The title is a translation of a well-known Russian saying, which seems to sum up a great deal of Russian history.

Satter has been reporting from Russia for decades and seems to have been in the country at various crucial moments. He has written numerous articles and several books about the post-Soviet developments in that country and has, now, been banned from going there. That is probably fortunate since the heart of his latest book is a detailed account of the infamous apartment bombings in Moscow, Buinaksk and Volgogradsk and people in Russia (or even in London) who have investigated the events and written about them have come to a bad end. The bombings were blamed on Chechen terrorists who denied having anything to do with them and, indeed, they were unlikely to carry out attacks in working class areas on ordinary people with

an aim to restart the war in Chechnya.

The book goes meticulously through the events, the preceding worries that Yeltsin, whose popularity had sunk to single figures, would authorize some kind of provocation in order to declare martial law and cancel the coming presidential election and the subsequent discussion in what was still an uncontrolled media. In particular, there is a detailed account of what happened in Ryazan where a fifth bomb was disabled by the local bomb squad because inhabitants of the apartment block had noticed suspicious activity. The explosive was hexogen that is produced only in one place in Russia where it is carefully guarded by the FSB. The local militia behaved with exemplary efficiency, closed off the city and managed to intercept a phone call from the supposed terrorists. They then traced the recipient of the call and found to their stupefaction that it was a branch of the FSB. When the terrorists were arrested they, too, produced FSB identity passes. What, asked the local militia, was going on. The official response was bizarre in the extreme. Apparently, this was simply an exercise to test the vigilance of the people of Ryazan (as if anyone in Russia could be not vigilant after four huge explosions) and the supposed hexogen was really sugar, a mistake that simply cannot be made according to experts.

The outcome of the bombings, which have never been officially investigated, was that Russians turned away from the many problems the country was facing and concentrated on just one: Chechnya and the terrorists. Yeltsin did not have to declare martial law or cancel the election – instead he helped to promote an unknown politician from St Petersburg, former KGB and FSB officer, Vladimir Putin who became Prime Minister, then Acting President and, on the basis of a number of extremely tough statements about fighting terrorists and resuming war in Chechnya, was elected to be President. Two policies were announced immediately: the Yeltsin clan was given immunity from any prosecution, which, given the corruption of the whole group, was a possibility that filled them with some fear, and privatization was not going to be reversed. Eventually, Putin found other ways of controlling the criminal fraternity who had benefited largely from privatization: he brought them under the state's control and punished anyone who would not play ball like Mikhail Khodorkovsky.

That was the bloody beginning of the Putin regime and it has continued as it began: the Nord-Ost theatre and Beslan school massacres with the security services killing the hostages after what seems to have been a provocation organized by FSB officers together with the Islamist Shamil Basayev just as public opinion was turning against the war in Chechnya; the invasion of Georgia; the targeted terror which eliminated the more

prominent opponents of the regime, especially those who asked too many questions about the apartment bombings; and the invasion of Crimea and eastern Ukraine, which has resulted in tens of thousands of deaths. What has Putin gained from all this? Continuing power for himself and his cronies (though recently he has been getting rid of them and establishing what looks like a one man rule with reliance on people who owe everything to him). What has Russia gained? Very little. Its economy is a mess, partly because of Western sanctions and Russian counter-sanctions, partly because of the fall in the prices of gas and oil and, most importantly, because of the fantastic, all-pervasive corruption. Putin and his gang have been robbing Russia blind. It is hard to find another establishment of this kind that cares exclusively for its own power and riches; there is no ideology, no patriotism, no feeling for anything beyond those two motives.

David Satter can no more predict the future than anyone else and, at present, it is bleak for Russia and Russians. It has been like that before and some light broke through from unexpected directions. It can happen again.



Truth Deniers Patrick Keeney

Unsafe Space: The Crisis of Free Speech on Campus, edited by Tom Slater, Palgrave MacMillan, 2016, hb £65, pb £19.99.

There are two threats to reason, the opinion that one knows the truth about the most important things and the opinion that there is no truth about them.

Allan Bloom

Tom Slater, the deputy-editor of *Spiked.com*, has assembled a wide-ranging collection of essays documenting the erosion of free speech in universities on both sides of the Atlantic. Slater and eight other contributors paint a bleak picture arising from a witches' brew of identity politics, an intellectually enervating relativism, and a militant intolerance for those who happen not to share our views.

In chapter after chapter, we hear of students and their under-educated professors who shut down debate, suppressing all dissent with a fierceness that would make Torquemada proud. How did we arrive at such a state of affairs, where free speech and academic freedom – the university's foundational intellectual virtues – have become so degraded?

The eminent scholar Edward Shils once defined the

distinctive mission of the university as the ‘methodical discovery and teaching of truths about serious matters.’ Yet the concept of truth as an epistemological category has been under attack in the academy for the past 40 years or more. Various waves of radical relativists, post-modernists, feminists, and critical theorists have worked diligently to dispose of the notion that there is any truth, or, if there is, we are capable of grasping it.

In recent years, the truth-deniers have been joined on campus by various groups of social justice warriors. Agitating in the name of identity politics, they seek to curtail freedom, and impose on the university a conformity of thought justified in their eyes by the righteousness of their cause. Advocates for social justice are a diverse lot, joined only by a militant fanaticism which brooks no dissent. Like true believers of all stripes, they believe themselves to be in possession of the truth.

We are thus witnessing something of a perfect storm in the academy: an enforced conformity in the name of social justice, along with a denial of the truth as a meaningful category. This has brought about something new and hazardous to the educative mission of universities. Pascal’s view that ‘We know too much to be skeptics, and too little to be dogmatists’ has been turned on its head: it appears that we can be both skeptical of the truth, and dogmatic about our beliefs.

One of the insights which emerges from this collection is how academics themselves have been complicit in undermining academic freedoms. Joanna Williams points out that the attempt by students to turn the university into an emotional and intellectual safe space, is nothing more than the fruition of ideas which were originally taught by their professors. ‘Academics’, she writes, ‘have taught and legitimized the notion that words and images harm, that people should be protected from offence, and that restricting free speech is the best way to achieve that aim.’ The current demand for safe spaces, trigger warnings, and speech codes of all types is nothing more than students ‘putting into practice the ideas of their lecturers.’ And while universities have never lacked enemies in the wider society, ‘this attack on academic freedom came not from outside the university but from within, and not from the political right, but from the political left.’

Brendan O’Neill argues that until very recent years, universities were liberal institutions, guided by the Enlightenment ideal of creating a society of morally autonomous, self-directing individuals. Kant famously sums up the Enlightenment orientation to knowledge in three words: ‘Dare to know,’ a mandate which required from students a certain mental robustness. But such intellectual rigour has been replaced by ‘the sanctification of fragility.’ Ideas, literature and art which

challenge students’ presuppositions and biases are now treated as ‘inherently harmful.’ Instead of providing students with the intellectual tools, disciplined modes of enquiry and mental attitudes necessary for agency and self-direction, universities have created ‘vast new industries of Guardians, who are determined to protect [students] from harmful speech, hurtful people, interpersonal relationships, and life in general.’ The university’s mandate now includes protecting the emotional well-being of students. In brief, universities have adopted a therapeutic model of education.

Nancy McDermott writes about the deleterious effects of feminism on free speech. She points out that if we accept the fragility of students, then exempting them from any potentially traumatic classes by issuing ‘trigger warnings make perfect sense. But they also make educating students very difficult.’ Given that the criteria for issuing trigger warnings is merely the *potential* to cause discomfort or give offence, then it is difficult to conceive of any sort of meaningful curriculum which doesn’t contain such potential. At a minimum, such a highly politicized, parochial environment distorts the educative mission of the university.

Peter Wood addresses climate change and the ‘Eco-orthodoxy on Campus.’ He documents the toxic effects of climate activism, ‘which so eagerly embraces tactics of silence and exclusion.’ He cites the case of Bjorn Lomborg, a scholar who agrees that climate change is real, but balks at the more extreme of the alarmist forecasts, arguing that such alarmism takes precious resources away from more manageable and immediate environmental problems. But for questioning the standard orthodoxies, Lomborg has become a heretic in what Wood calls ‘The Established Church of Climate Catastrophe.’ He has been hounded and denounced with the same passion that religious communities summon to shun apostates. For Wood, the climate change debate illustrates a transformation in Anglo-American societies, from an ethic of emotional continence and self-control, to an ethic of histrionic emotional display.

Frank Furedi zeros in on what is at stake by restricting the freedom of professors and students. Despite the fact that academic freedom is foundational to the university, it has in recent years been rendered a second-order value, subordinate to the rights of students not to be offended. As Furedi reminds us, the search for the truth requires individual risk-takers who are not afraid to search for the truth, ‘wherever it may lead and whoever it might offend.’ Any serious university must affirm academic freedom as a ‘non-negotiable value that underpins the genuine pursuit of intellectual and scientific clarity.’

In the concluding chapter, Tom Slater offers eight practical strategies for making universities ‘un-safe’

spaces, all of which seek to return to the university the notion of open and free enquiry. Among his observations are that, ‘You come to university to debate and to learn, not to be told how to behave’, and ‘The debate is never over.’

Quite right. The debate truly never is over, provided only that we are permitted the freedom to engage in the debate. But for as long as we have had institutions dedicated to the open and free pursuit of the truth, so too have we had monomaniacal fanatics seeking to shut down debate in the name of some perceived greater good. Slater and his co-contributors are to be commended for reinvigorating a crucial debate about freedom on campus, one with consequences, which extend far beyond the groves of academe. Taken together, these essays remind us of what a university is for, and how critical an institution the university is in maintaining an open and liberal society.



The Empire Strikes Back Martin Dewhurst

Black Wind, White Snow: The Rise of Russia's New Nationalism, Charles Clover, Yale University Press, 2016, £25.

Many of the most perceptive experts on recent and contemporary Russia still insist both that the Cold War ended for ever about a quarter of a century ago and that ‘post-Soviet’ Russia (unlike the Islamic State) is not a serious threat to the West because it is losing ground economically and doesn’t have either a stimulating vision of its future or even a strategy and an ideology, apart from enabling a chosen (possibly criminal) few to make as much money as possible by any means that come to hand. Whether the result is state capitalism or market feudalism is a matter of terminology. The great value of Charles Clover’s stimulating monograph is that it suggests that President Putin and his inner circle *do* have an ideology, albeit one no less faulty and unsustainable than the Marxism-Leninism it has replaced. This ideology, which I prefer to call *neo-Eurasianism*, fits in well with Russia’s traditional messianic tendencies, Byzantine heritage, Mongol and Tartar influences and desire to be widely acknowledged as *a*, if not *the*, leading world power. Russia can never become a mere nation state; it *has to be* an empire, the centre and ruler of, ideally, the whole of Eurasia, generously defined, and not just of a few more bits of nearby countries like Georgia, Moldova and Ukraine

(if, that is, Ukraine is a real country at all).

This is a change from the supposedly scientific prediction that in time communism would prevail over the entire globe, with Soviet Russia as its founding father and mother. After all, historical materialism had proved that feudalism inevitably led to capitalism, which was bound to turn into socialism, the last stage before the advent of worldwide communism.

The (not entirely) original concept of Eurasianism, Clover’s main subject, appealed to some of the most gifted and deeply unhappy Russian émigrés in the 1920s who could not believe that they had lost their beloved homeland for ever as the result of a mere fluke. Like the Bolsheviks, whom they initially loathed, they looked for a meaning, a historical tendency – the notorious German *Gesetzmaessigkeit*, which translates so easily into Russian, if not into English. And they thought they had found it.

The notion of Eurasianism goes back at least to the British geographer Sir Halford Mackinder and his 1904 lecture (given shortly before the failure of Russia’s plan for a short successful war against Japan) on ‘The Geographical Pivot of History’, in which he divided the world into three parts – its ‘Heartland’ (roughly coinciding with an expanded Russian Empire), a small ‘Rimland’ (including north Africa and most of what we call the Middle East but which was and is known in Russian as the Near East – still, perhaps, up for grabbing by the Kremlin to add to its ‘Near Abroad’) and the ‘World Island’, including the ‘West’ and most of Africa. This, according to Mackinder, meant that Russian ‘land power’ was and would always be opposed to Western ‘sea power’. In Chapter 11, Clover unfortunately does not discuss how valid this juxtaposition is a century later when ‘air power’, whose future Mackinder underestimated, causes both armies and navies to acquire their own planes and train their own pilots to deliver what may be the decisive blows in many current and future conflicts. The author does, however, discuss the theories of perhaps the two most interesting original Eurasianists, Nikolay Trubetskoy (his attempts to reconstruct the original Slavonic language before it split) and Petr Savitsky, a very capable geographer whose ideas deserve to have a more detailed analysis here. Fortunately, Lev Gumilev, the son of two great Russian poets, Anna Akhmatova and Nikolay Gumilev, and the founder and inspirer of neo-Eurasianism, was able to correspond and then meet with Savitsky in Prague shortly before the latter’s death in 1968. Lev Gumilev survived two lengthy spells in the Gulag, during which, like the original Eurasianists, he tried to discover some reason and justification for his own and his parents’ suffering. He achieved this by investigating the impact on Russian history of various Eastern, non-

Slavonic tribes. Clover discusses in some detail and with a healthy degree of scepticism the results of Gumilev's research, placing great emphasis on the historical role of what he called 'passionaries' – manic individuals fixated with a Great Idea and supportive of any action, however brutal, that they regard as necessary and justified in their attempts to bring it about, the glorious ends naturally justifying whatever means were used. (Dostoevsky referred to such people as devils or demons, and these days they can be found on the Far Right as well as the Far Left.) In this context it is difficult not to think of Beethoven's 'Appassionata' Sonata, of which Lenin said he was very fond, but was too busy with other urgent and important matters to listen to it very often.

Gumilev's most notorious follower is Aleksandr Dugin, whose behind-the-scenes influence on Putin's leadership group and on Putin's strategy in general may well be greater than is generally appreciated. Dugin's voluminous writings include, in particular, his *Foundations of Geopolitics*, which came out in 1997, when Putin, already transferred from St. Petersburg to Moscow, was waiting in the wings to take over from Yeltsin and help the followers of the organisers of the 1991 putsch finally to take over power again in the Kremlin. Since then, Dugin, whom Clover has met on several occasions, has been a generally unacknowledged but quite influential *eminence grise*, if not actually working in the Kremlin or Presidential Administration, then not very far away from those who take the most important (geo) political decisions in today's Russia. Mackinder would certainly be impressed by Putin's recent 'pivot' to the East, probably thinking that it would be more successful than do most outsider observers, and not only those in the West. This is one reason why those interested in Russia's past, present and future, should be most grateful to Charles Clover and make a point of reading his book sooner rather than later.



Hack Work James Snell

The Prose Factory: Literary Life in England Since 1918, D J Taylor, Chatto & Windus, 2016, £25.

Is there such a thing as a presiding literary culture today? Such is the implicit question of the final chapters of D J Taylor's *The Prose Factory*, a history of literary life in this country since the end of the Great War. Surveying the ruins of the contemporary publishing industry, where technology has aided the self-publisher and self-publicist and little else, he concludes that there is not. Instead,

there could soon be two competing literary cultures – one distinctly and deliberately highbrow, a culture of expensive hardbacks and fashionably small circulations, and the other a culture of genre fiction, ghost-written autobiographies and discounted bestsellers.

Taylor does not pass judgement on this development, noting that such things have happened before and that every time eminent writers were convinced that the sky was about to fall in. But he does not deny that these are lean years for new writers, many of whom will have to cheapen themselves if they want to make a living, or starve for their art on the insultingly low advances offered by contemporary publishing houses.

At one time however, there was a dominant literary culture; or rather, there were debates about what that culture was, and what it should ideally contain. Even though there was no real mass audience, and such debates were decidedly minority pursuits, these things mattered. T S Eliot elicited much comment with *The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock* when it was first issued in *Poetry* in 1915. Such debates meant something to a great swathe of the literate public. Aside from a few manufactured scandals, one cannot imagine such a controversy arising today – at least from a matter of taste.

And taste, Taylor writes, was what mattered to critics and readers alike. The 'little magazines' of the first half of the twentieth century, for example Eliot's *Criterion*, arguing fiercely over modernism, cared deeply about taste. These arguments persisted for the remainder of the century, in little magazines, in university common rooms, in magazine letters pages; and they mattered retrospectively, in diaries and memoirs of participants, who remembered these discussions more than half a century after they had so captured the attention of the cultural élite.

There is a real sense of intellectual dynamism which pervades Taylor's survey. He writes of *Experiment*, a magazine undertaken and edited by Cambridge undergraduates, including Jacob Bronowski: 'Editorial standards were high – so high that Bronowski felt able to reject a submission from Ezra Pound'. The magazine's editors were personally congratulated in letters from Eliot and James Joyce.

With taste came arguments about tastefulness, and with these arguments came a real sense of literary progression, in which styles and worldviews were generated – often with an overblown manifesto in a small-circulation magazine – briefly flowered, and then finally succumbed to the pressure of production, yielding to the onward march of modernity. Some of the old titans persisted for years, but they were eventually rendered silent by time or commercial reality – or both.

This is a rather cyclical idea of literary culture, one which can appear almost mechanistic. The impression

appears apt. Writers have not been allowed to be idle since the disappearance of the wealthy patron. Writers now have to work for a living. Years ago many could draw upon private means; writers today, like the chancers depicted in George Gissing's *New Grub Street*, have to engage in hack work just to feed themselves and their families. At times this can prove a real strain, as Taylor conveys through the description of a succession of minor writers whose careers were nasty, brutish, but not, by necessity, short.

This parade of writers, trooping *en masse* through a 500 page book, is enough to make even the most diligent reader sag under the weight of the ages. It also cements the impression that writing is a treadmill, with many aspirant hacks snapping at the heels of those already established. Even in the lean years following the Second World War, writers were instructed to remain wary. Alec Waugh, the older and less successful brother of Evelyn ('who wrote many books, each worse than the last', according to his nephew Auberon), returned from his war service to receive the following warning from his agent. 'A number of new writers have come up', he was told; 'You'll have to be regraded'.

Taylor's book shows just how much of a slog writing can be, and how difficult it is to survive on the proceeds. Taylor's detailed description of writers' earnings, from the most lauded and gilded to the poorest and most average, is both eye-opening and more than a little disconcerting.

The intellectual forerunner of much of Taylor's work in *The Prose Factory* is Cyril Connolly, the founding editor of *Horizon* and author of the 1938 book *Enemies of Promise*. It is a curious tripartite book about literature, combining a first-rate description of the permutations of and stylistic changes within English letters in the early twentieth century, a perceptive catalogue of the reasons so many writers failed to produce the great work they feel they ought to write, and a candid memoir of the author's own 'Georgian boyhood'. It is stylishly written and effectively argued and makes its thesis all the more tragic.

Connolly lists factors which may constrain a writer's career, including the lure of journalism, the problems of drink and drugs, and the inevitable sacrifices with having a family. But his most prominent defect, the reason he did not produce the great novel he longed to write, was largely personal, even psychological. Taylor is good at dissecting Connolly's neuroses, but he falls short of the beauty of the latter's prose and the true incision of his judgements. Thus Taylor can produce an effective nod to and description of the novels of Malcolm Bradbury, yet also avoids talking about the style of Ian McEwan, William Boyd and Martin Amis, whose works shape and populate the contemporary scene.

When Taylor comes to conclusions, they are sometimes wrong; he characterises James Wood, the best literary

critic working today and a *true* critic among a tide of hack book reviewers, as an overly stylised highbrow operating in some 'celestial amphitheatre ... conducting a series of *conversazioni* with the ghosts of the past'.

Taylor's narrative history is detailed and readable, but it lacks a central argument, something to give the work a little more direction. Its characters are writers, most of them not used to being the focus of a narrative rather than the author of it. But they are just as fascinating, some of them, as the most well-rounded and alive characters in their own books. Taylor's work is an excellent introduction to the history of this country's literary life, but it does not end the discussion.

As Taylor writes, though there have been fundamental changes in literary life in recent years, largely because of technological advances, much remains the same. There will still be writers, and there will still be hacks. The trouble, therefore, remains distinguishing the one from the other, and trying one's best to identify, as Connolly did with some success in *Enemies of Promise*, which contemporary novels will still be read in ten years' time. That way good reading lies, and perhaps even the makings of good writing.



IRA Amnesty Sean O'Callaghan

Tony Blair and the IRA, Austen Morgan, Belfast Press, 2016, £8.33.

In writing and publishing this book Austen Morgan has performed a much needed public service. The cover of the book shows a clearly relaxed Adams and McGuinness happily communing with Tony Blair and Jonathan Powell in the comfort of the 'sofa government' that came to symbolise so much that was wrong about the Blair government. Process didn't matter, results were all and results were whatever 'Tony the Master' decided they would be at any given time. This photograph taken two weeks before Blair's resignation is vivid testimony to the group-think, conspiratorial air that permeated the Blair's government relationship with the leadership of the Provisional IRA in the latter stages of the 'peace process'.

Austen Morgan is a Northern Ireland-born London-based barrister and historian who has written several books and has acted as an adviser to the Ulster Unionist Party. What he systematically exposes here is a tale of hubris and deceit at the very heart of the Blair government as they sought, though rejected by parliament, to arrange

a quasi amnesty for IRA suspects and prison escapers who were ‘on the run’ and outside the British courts’ jurisdiction. This was all to be neatly packaged up before Tony resigned so that nothing would tarnish his reputation as the man who brought peace to Northern Ireland.

In so doing they wilfully ignored advice from, among others the former Attorney General, Lord Williams of Mostyn, that what they were doing was illegal. At the time the photograph was taken, there were 228 IRA suspects ‘on the run’ from British justice. How to extricate them from this situation was the challenge jointly facing the men sitting on their respective sofas in the comfort of 10 Downing Street.

Early in 2006 the Northern Ireland (Offences) Bill which would have sanctioned an across the board amnesty was withdrawn, having faced opposition from every quarter, including Sinn Fein who were adamant that police, soldiers and government officials should not be included in any amnesty. Faced with that and rather than consider that their own security forces deserved their protection Blair and Powell, along with Adams and McGuinness, began work on a solution which would give the IRA a quasi amnesty and let everyone else go hang.

Morgan shows how Blair privately told Adams ‘I have always believed that the position of these On The Runs is an anomaly which needs to be addressed. Before I leave office I am committed to finding a scheme, which will resolve all the remaining cases. So he did what Tony did; he came up with an ingenious ‘scheme’, which would play fast and loose with the established criminal justice system.

The Belfast agreement gave early release to paramilitary prisoners who had served 2 years or more and allowed for any convicted afterwards for offences committed before the Agreement to serve no more than two years. Pretty good deal you would think, but not good enough for the IRA who wanted their people, who were now outside the jurisdiction, to be able to return home or travel freely throughout the UK without facing arrest or any judicial process. Submitting themselves to the indignity of a trial and 2 years imprisonment was obviously too much to expect them to endure.

So called ‘comfort letters’ were prepared and sent to 187 OTRs. The process was overseen by senior civil servants in the Northern Ireland Office under the active, enthusiastic supervision of Jonathan Powell. Many of the letters were in fact delivered directly to Gerry Kelly, the convicted Old Bailey bomber and prison escapee. The letters simply stated that the recipient was not wanted for questioning by any police service in the UK and were signed by Mark Sweeney, a civil servant and head of the Rights and International Relations Division of the Northern Ireland Office in Millbank London.

One of the letters was addressed to a man called John Downey who UK police had long suspected of being

involved in the bomb attack on the Household cavalry in Hyde Park in July 1982 which left four soldiers dead, a fact of which Downey was well aware. The letter was sent on the 25th anniversary of the bombing. Downey read the letter as it was intended by the conspirators, not as a statement of police intentions, but as a backdoor secret amnesty.

Protected as he believed he was Downey set off from Ireland to Gatwick airport in May 2013 en route to a holiday in Greece. He didn’t ever bother to bring his ‘get out of jail’ letter with him to wave in front of any police officer who might be foolish enough to believe that he wasn’t still wanted for the Hyde Park bombing. He was arrested and charged with the bombing and the whole murky secret ‘scheme’ began to unravel. The letter was produced by Downey’s defence in court and led to the discovery of a mass of documentation which outlined in detail the ‘administrative scheme’ which as Morgan clearly shows was designed to circumvent the judicial process.

Blair and the IRA’s dirty secret was rumbled, but Downey would walk free from court. Mr Justice Sweeney, who heard the case could clearly hardly believe what was happening. Instead of dealing with a straight forward criminal process he was faced with 1,500 pages of documents which exposed a ‘scheme’ few had even been aware of. As Morgan explains Justice Sweeney had little choice: it would be an abuse of process to prosecute. The case collapsed, Downey was a free man.

The then First Minister of Northern Ireland, Peter Robinson threatened to resign, but didn’t. Much outrage and many words were expended, but all of it for nothing because one simple brutal truth remains. Yes, the ‘scheme’ was scrapped, letters were revoked and no more would be sent. But Justice Sweeney’s decision sets a very arguable legal precedent and any ‘fugitive’ who had lived under ‘immunity’ for years would undoubtedly claim that to remove it now would breach their human rights.

Morgan’s book, though a brilliant legal analysis of this whole sordid business, also deals with bigger issues. Due process does matter and Blair simply couldn’t have cared less about it. Above all else it defines his period as Prime Minister. No British Prime Minister in the future should ever be allowed to behave as he has. In the meantime we can only wonder how many other clever little ‘schemes’ wait to be uncovered.



Something Rotten Euan Grant

From Deep State to Islamic State: The Arab Counter-Revolution and its Jihadi Legacy, Jean-Pierre Filiu, Hurst, 2015, £15.99

The author argues in this book that the Arab Revolutions were destroyed by successful counter-revolutions organised by the 'Deep State'. This phrase has been popularized by commentators and is increasingly used to describe Putin's Russia, although the term originated in Turkey in the early 1990's. It is shorthand for criminal, professional, commercial and social links between politicians, civil servants, security apparatchiks and law-enforcers, while the top ends of lucrative criminal networks are used as agents of domestic and foreign policy. In Turkey the gangsters were originally heroin traffickers but more recently they have become people and weapon smugglers. The phenomenon is present in authoritarian states and goes back a long way, hence the speed with which it emerged in the West after the fall of the Soviet Union. The attempted coup in Turkey this summer should have concentrated US and European minds on the situation there.

The aftermath of last summer's coup and the approaching centenary in 2022 of the Ataturk secular Republic are likely to be watersheds for the direction of Turkey and the entire Middle East. In the likely struggle between Islamists of various stripes and secularists of equally varied colours, unlikely coalitions will be formed, which will determine the future of Turkey's 'Deep State'. There are many reasons to take the Turkish version very seriously, not least because of the links with radical Islamist groups and those far from dismantled Balkan smuggling routes which rely heavily on Turkish corruption. Zach Campbell has recently highlighted in *The Intercept* on-line magazine the lack of integrity of the ethnically indistinct Turco-Bulgarian border, now very much a frontline for refugee smuggling.

The 'State's' existence first became prominent in western media after the 1996 Susurluk scandal when passengers in a crashed car included a senior police chief, a Kurdish-linked MP and a wanted member of the ultra nationalist and Islamist Grey Wolves. It was found that criminal gangs were co-opted to provide assistance against Kurdish insurgents. In return some heroin smuggling routes via Iran and Kurdish regions of Turkey were protected. This *modus operandi* is characteristic of a Deep State, and the practice continues. Arrests and convictions are confined to small fry, another strong similarity with Russia, and seen in Scotland recently when Turkish merchant seamen were involved in a massive transatlantic cocaine trafficking operation using a Turkish registered ship, where both prosecution and judge recognised the crew's pawn status. These trafficking methods are repeated in Russian-speaking regions of the Black Sea, with similar inconclusive results which spare the embarrassment of high ups in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

Even if the Deep State had been tackled after 1996, it would probably have arisen in some format. The rise of IS has furthered its survival, as there was now another player to be confronted or, more likely, tolerated or co-opted against common enemies, namely Assad and

the Kurds. Multiple enemies can make for multiple, and unlikely, allies. Just as the Taliban recovered in its southern Afghanistan havens after the US diversion of the invasion of Iraq, the remarkable resilience of Islamic State (ISIS) in the Raqqa region of Syria west of the Euphrates is unlikely to have been coincidental with the rather different Islamist Turkish state's concentration on Kurdish resistance east of the river. I was present at an address given in London earlier this year when Turkish speakers made it clear that Turkey would not tolerate Kurdish operations west of the river. Not too much was said about the risk from IS on the west bank, despite the cross-border fuel-smuggling being such a major fundraiser. Let us hope western policymakers have taken note, given that the recapture of Mosul would be an incomplete victory without Raqqa being next.

The complications of Turkey fighting on two fronts (or, more likely one full one and another half-hearted one) have been exacerbated, and probably multiplied, by the distrust and recriminations arising from the recently failed coup in support of Gulenism. Whether the concerns are real or imagined, they are highly convenient for President Erdogan and his AK party. The almost immediate arrests and dismissals continue across all state institutions, particularly in the security and law-enforcement sectors. Either the AK was taking its eye off the ball, or the sheer scale of the movement made it too big to handle. The response suggests the latter was unlikely, and the timing of the coup gave Erdogan his chance to introduce a – now wholly unsurprisingly renewed – state of emergency. A conspiracy of this size would certainly not have been compromised. Even in the west, Gulenism had attracted attention for some time, as shown by the broadcasts of the BBC's Edwards Stourton as long ago as mid-2011 and even in popular fiction: (Clive Cussler's maritime-based thrillers demonstrate knowledge of sensitive emerging issues).

The outcome of the turmoil in Turkey, and its interaction with the Syrian situation, will only be clear in the future, but the consequences for the West will be serious. Will the Erdogan system restore full control and secure effective interdiction of IS fighters fleeing Mosul and – hopefully – Raqqa, or continue to concentrate on its internal crackdown, to the exclusion of everything else? The West doesn't have the luxury of waiting, and needs to reinforce its backstop physical control assistance to the Balkan states and also enhance military and civilian police coordination. The experience of the central Mediterranean shows how challenging this will be. But if it is not done the only winners will be Messrs Erdogan and Putin, and it is a challenge which both pro- and anti- Brexiteers must agree on, even if on nothing else. There ought to be a job here for Britain's Rob Wainwright, outgoing head of Europol. It might be a poisoned chalice, but it needs to be offered because Turkey's original Deep State will certainly not go away.

IN SHORT

Betrayed Ally. China and the Great War, Frances Wood and Christopher Arnander, *Pen & Sword, 2016, £19.99.*

Can there still be an interesting aspect of the Great War that has not already been covered, several times over? Strangely enough, the story of the Chinese Labour Force, dispatched by President Yuan Shikai to assist the Allies will be unfamiliar to anyone except narrow experts on the turbulent world of China a hundred years ago.

Yuan had seized power after the demise of the Qing Imperial dynasty in 1912. On the outbreak of war he offered Britain 50,000 troops to recover the German colony of Shandong, but this was declined. Japan now declared war on Germany in the hope of making profitable inroads into Chinese territory, and so, after a fashion, became our allies. By 1916 the terrible slaughter of allied troops on the Western Front induced them to accept a new offer of 300,000 Chinese ‘military labourers’ armed with 100,000 rifles. Lloyd George succeeded in renaming them ‘auxiliaries’ in order to conceal the breach of Chinese neutrality. Being accustomed to the intense cold of winters in North China they were better able to survive severe conditions on the Western Front than were the Indian troops that had thoughtlessly been sent there in 1914. Their chief tasks were the rebuilding of roads, railways and canals which were constantly being damaged or destroyed by German shelling.

Many of the Chinese were first shipped to Vancouver, then across Canada to embark at Halifax first for England and then on to France. When they finally got there, their work rate was highly praised. The British-recruited Chinese could dig an average of 200 cubic feet a day, as against 160 by Indians and only 140 by British Tommies. They suffered many casualties, and the Imperial War Graves Commission in due course established no fewer than forty cemeteries. The largest, at Noyelles-sur-mer containing 838 graves, sheltered behind a stone gateway of Chinese design.

When the Peace Conference met in 1919, China fully expected, and deserved, to be included as *de facto* allies. But they reckoned without Balfour, who was solidly pro-Japanese, and wrongfully ignored or dismissed the valuable war effort of the Chinese labourers in France. But the situation was to say the least confused. China had been in a state of turmoil and civil war ever since the collapse of its empire, and the death in 1915 of Yuan Shikai who had briefly taken control. As with the hopes and fears of many others among the victors and the vanquished alike, the situation was far from simple, partly because in 1917 the Allies had individually made secret treaties with Japan, in return for much needed armaments and ships.

In the wider context, neither Balfour nor Lloyd George

come well out of the story, Wilson and Clemenceau a good deal better. The intricacies of the situation, including the fact that there were not one but two Chinese delegations at Versailles, are patiently unravelled by the authors of this book, but it is no light task for the reader to follow them in detail. But it cannot be denied that whatever the state of China may have become by that time, she had broken off relations with Germany in 1917, and the Labour Force had done invaluable work for the Allies, in miserable conditions, thousands of miles from home.

The whole sad story is admirably brought to life by a large selection of photographs and reproductions of cartoons and other newspaper material, which all enrich the authors’ crisp and meticulous prose. There is also an indispensable appendix of the key personalities in this sector of the war. Incidentally, those wishing to follow up the chapter on ‘China in Wartime’ will certainly enjoy the extraordinary autobiographical novel by Cesare Vare, an Italian diplomat who was there throughout. Its unforgettable title is *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers*.

John Jolliffe

Eggs and Anarchy, William Sitwell, Simon Schuster, 2016, £20.

Lord Woolton was a hero like the men in the Merchant Navy who during the Second World War kept Britain from starvation so William Sitwell’s title is peculiarly apt for a shortage of food might have led to social unrest. Coming from a poor background – his father was an itinerant saddler usually out of work, Fred Marquis was a fine example of the poor Grammar school boy achieving an outstanding career. After Manchester University, he worked in Liverpool in the settlement movement like Toynbee Hall in East London. The consequences of poverty, like dying of starvation, impressed him deeply and he was joined in his passion for social work by his future wife. Later he gained business experience as an executive in Lewis’s department stores in Liverpool rising to become the managing director with its rewards, a fine house with servants, and a flat in London. In 1940 he became Minister of Food, supervising 50,000 employees and over a thousand local offices. The distribution of adequate food in the First War had not always been successful and Woolton was determined to guarantee adequate nutrition. He kept prices down by subsidising eggs and other items and made the ration card operate on a points system so you could allocate them as you wished. Your ration card was as vital to you as a passport and you needed to grab it before going to an air raid shelter. Woolton encouraged food writers to devise recipes using limited ingredients – Woolton pie was

made of root vegetables pastry and oatmeal.

He had to fight on several fronts: other politicians always distrusted gifted outsiders, food rationing was unpopular especially with the well off and with catering companies. Above all the challenge of the black market was the worst problem although he always maintained that the black market in Britain was small but as there would always be criminals, he set up a system of harsh penalties. Fines were three times as much as the value of the transaction.

'I want to see elementary school children as well fed as children going to Eton and Harrow.' Woolton's imaginative policies ensured that needy children received free school meals and every child got free milk and orange juice. At the end of the war, Britain's population had never been so healthy: child mortality was low, children taller and sturdier and tooth decay much reduced because of less sugar available. These changes were achieved by many fewer doctors, dentists and health visitors than today. The poor ate much better, the upper classes less richly. Compare the situation now: the obesity problem is about to wreck the Health service. We need another Woolton.

Merrie Cave

Brexit Revolt, How the UK voted to leave the EU, Michael Mosbacher and Oliver Wiseman, 2016, The New Culture Forum, £10

As the row over Brexit, its political, social and legal implications, rages on, fuelled quite unexpectedly (who could have connected the two?) by Donald Trump's victory, the story of the campaigns and of the subsequent referendum will be told over and over again. This publication by the New Culture Forum, however, is the first

one and probably covers as much as needs to be covered.

A first chapter gives the background, the story of the eurosceptic movement 'coming in from the cold', that is becoming more acceptable, less dusty, very gradually more of a mainstream political trend. It took a long time as I can testify, having taken part in the process. The two important events were Margaret Thatcher's Bruges speech that pointed to certain unacceptable aspects of the relentless European project, and the Maastricht Treaty, a quantum leap in that project and the first time the curious manoeuvre of the double referendum was practiced.

After that the authors move into an account of the debates for the referendum, the gradual change in David Cameron's thinking about that and the development of the campaigning organizations. One must admit that the story of the latter is not particularly impressive, what with the clashing personalities, the constant rows and jockeying for position, and the tactics and strategies that could not possibly work. Except that in the end they did, though it is unclear how much of that unexpected victory was due to the campaign itself, how much to the abysmal performance of the other side and how much to external events. One never knows the answer to that question.

Some other matters remain unresolved: to what extent did the late, somewhat muddled emphasis on immigration really sway people; did UKIP and its leader help or hinder; what effect did the Jo Cox murder and the attempt by the Remain side to utilize it as propaganda have? I have no doubt those and other points will be chewed over in months to come. In the meantime, Mosbacher and Wiseman have produced a pithy and entertaining paper that gives one the facts of the campaign and the unexpected victory.

Helen Szamuely

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