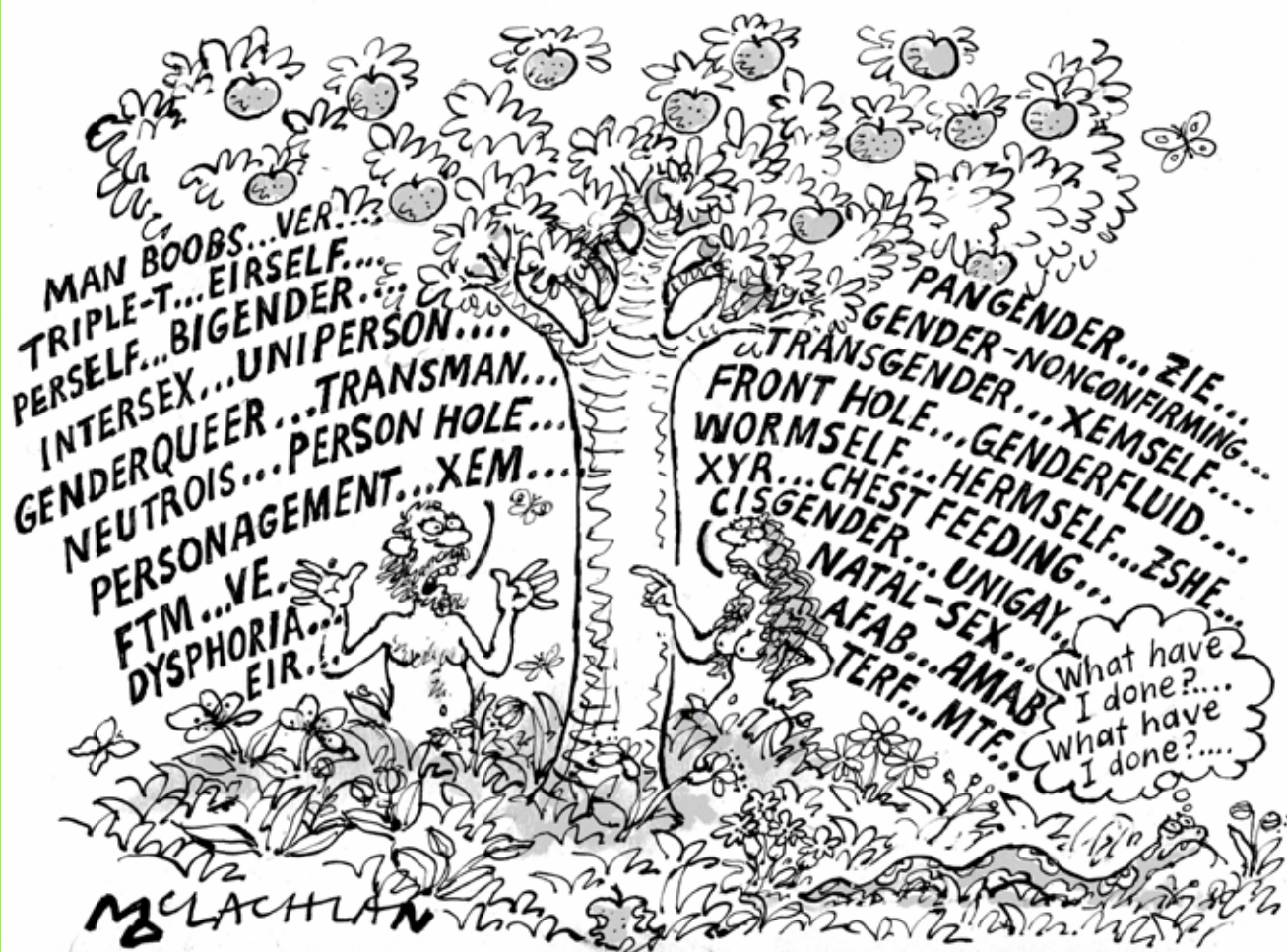


The
Salisbury Review
The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



President Pence
Mark Mantel

**Zhe and
Wormself**
Lindsey Dearnley

**Big Pharma in
China**
Christopher Leonid

The Age of Untruth
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**Homosexuals
and the Law**
Christie Davies

Money Heaven
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- 54 In Short**



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The British Medical Association have given guidance to their staff to stop using the words 'expectant mother' and use 'pregnant person' instead. The 'guidance' (disobey if you dare) goes on to declare that while 'a large majority of people who have become pregnant are women, so we must not neglect the feelings of intersex and transmen who may get pregnant'. The madness does not stop there. An increasingly powerful Trans lobby manipulated by Marxist entryists intent on exploiting some very vulnerable people, backed by large grants from the taxpayer, demanding that the term breast feeding should be replaced by the term 'chest feeding', vagina by 'front hole' and caesarean section by 'window birth'.

When the BMA talks about 'the large majority of people who have become pregnant are women' they are trying to detach the notion of motherhood from birth by anticipating a time not so far off when both sexes will be able to have babies. This is a lie. The only 'pregnant male' in the UK at the moment is a biological woman who has retained her uterus and ovaries and delayed her sex change operation in order to have a baby. A genetically true male pregnancy is far beyond the reach of present biological knowledge. What may be possible in the very distant future is an hybrid with its DNA rearranged so that two sexes live in one person: the ovaries, uterus, breasts and the chemistry that goes with a woman, coexisting with a man with a beard and the secondary sexual characteristics of a male, the external genitalia swappable. Such hybrids would be well back in the queue of engineered humans: spacemen who can breathe the Martian atmosphere, athletic hybrids who run at sixty miles an hour, and those with hitherto impossibly large IQs or hugely enhanced artistic or intuitive abilities.

However at the moment we live in a pre-genetic engineering world, one in which we can only alter somebody's sexual appearance by the crudest of twin assaults on the body with surgery and chemicals. It is a long way to 2100 and the designer human. A true hybrid however is not the immediate concern of the transgender lobby; just being able to change the sex of a person outwardly will be sufficient to persuade people there is no difference between the sexes. They can then change society's language to sow doubts in people's minds as to political reality. If the difference between the sexes is merely a matter of a few pills a day and skilful cosmetic surgery, resulting in a

change of the meaning of the words, male or female, even their outright abolition, upon which much of literature, music, painting, law, war, religion and myth is based, can anything be real?

Certainly not the story of the Garden of Eden or the Incarnation. These twin myths, upon which western civilisation is built, tell of how Adam and Eve fell from grace because they ate the forbidden fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Immediately they knew they were different and because they were different knew shame. Redemption came with the Incarnation, God's word made flesh. Children are taught, when they see the Christmas crib, the story of Mary the mother, Joseph the father as guardian and protector, surrounded by a hierarchy of animals adoring a helpless Christ child who is the creator of the universe. Thus motherhood is defined, the role of the father established, the animals seen in their place and God revealed. Like all great stories, it has survived because it is beautiful. It hints at something we cannot see, but we are certain is there.

A myth to warm the heart? Perhaps, but into this gap will step the social engineers with their library of neat psychological and political theories, every word dross. Nothing they have to offer is in any way heart-warming. Their solution is cold, cynical and narcissistic. In an engineered world all of us will have the same gender. In anticipation of this, intense lobbying is taking place for government and industry to install non-gender toilets, even non-gender traffic lights in cities.

Pedestrian crossings in London's Trafalgar Square now show gay and lesbian couples, as well as the symbol for transgender people, designed to show Transport for London's support of diversity in the capital. Mayor Sadiq Khan called them 'a celebration of difference'. Daily Mail

Once people can be disciplined into thinking there is no such thing as man or woman, the state can take over the role of parenting children, assigning their sex and their sexuality. It is never too soon to anticipate the coming genetics when total control will be achieved by the state of the very basis of human society, sexuality and love. The transgender lobby can have that control now and it looks as if it will take it.

President Pence: After the Assassination

Mark Mantel

A rumor floated about recently that Trump declined to give former Ambassador John Bolton a place in his cabinet because Mr Bolton wears a big mustache and Trump, it is said, heartily dislikes big mustaches. So, the first thing that must be said for Mr Pence, as he and Trump dismount and tie down their stallions together, is that he is not the sort of man ever to go and wear a mustache about town. He is not like that.

Indeed, Pence is essentially a virtuous man. He is well made, with a manly face, and possesses many innate excellences. He is good-natured, maintains an unostentatious dignity, and is knowledgeable. He also knows how to pretend to listen while preparing a riposte.

When it comes to lampoons, or even insults, Pence remains calm and patient, genuinely believing that quarrelsome factions ought to speak freely. And he is not quite a typical politician, either. There is a kind of high decency to him that allows him to break from the herd when necessary. There were even instances when Republican legislators overwhelmingly voted against Pence in Indiana – like when he vetoed a bill to retroactively impose a local tax in 2013. Yet not even his enemies deny that Pence always shows restraint and tact. Eager Rumor has few stories to tell of him. He did run a negative campaign once. But afterwards, he went and wrote an essay about how wrong it all was, and never acted badly again.

What is more, Pence always seems to have been this way. He was a thoughtful boy, by all accounts, and was well-liked by his classmates. Everyone was struck by his dutiful study and conduct. A model student, never missed classes, always arriving with homework

completed. Unless one happens to be a Plutarch, it is not even especially easy to write about such a man. In a way, the best criticism for him would be La Rochefoucauld's maxim that *he who lives without folly is not always so wise as he thinks*.

Pence was raised an American Catholic. He was an altar-boy. And once upon a time he even believed in the social gospel of the progressive wing of the Roman rite. His family were largely Irish Democrats, who worshipped John F Kennedy. Mr Pence still boasts of keeping a box in his garage filled with Kennedy memorabilia. Pence's people were generally the folks who backed Vatican II, wishing to purge the liturgy of its more sacerdotal aspects and ceremony. In America, after the French revolution, most of the Catholic bishops were cultured Frenchmen. They represented an aristocratic Catholicism not unlike your Archbishop Laud's, perhaps. But the Gallic wing was soon overthrown by Irish

immigrants, making things more extroverted, rebellious and plebian. The Pence clan sprang forth from this stylistic and ecclesiastical change.

However, at Hanover College, Pence became 'born again'. For a time, he still called himself Catholic, although by 1995, he and his family had joined an evangelical megachurch. There is no good way to translate these colossal gatherings, with their gigantic television screens and sentimental pop music, into terms that an Englishman could conceive. It may be true that nothing human can really be foreign to a man, but these florescent cathedrals cannot properly be called human. They teach a happy doctrine of worldly material success entirely alien to the Gospel or the Early Church. Probably all the enthusiasm began



back when wild Presbyterians Scots moved to the Appalachian frontier, warring against an episcopacy that did not exist in Kentucky or Tennessee, who thus needed to put their energies into something rather than nothing. Naturally, they also 'went native'. Add modern gadgetry, along with a gargantuan stadium, and the result is a megachurch.

In 2013, Pence said his family was 'kind of looking for a church'. And now, from what I can tell, he regards himself as 'a born-again, evangelical Catholic'. It may also be difficult for a modern Englishman to picture what such a fusion might look like, but here one must admit the existence of scores of arguably comparable beings in the British Isles back in Cromwell's time, for instance Milton in his pamphleteer days. These mixed forms seem indeed to sprout best on English-speaking soil, and there is no use England not sharing the collective guilt!

Yet what really gave Pence his shape is the Columbus, Indiana of a few decades back. His deeply conservative views on social issues from abortion to gay rights were crystallized by this pious town, with a church seemingly on every street. It was a perfect American village, religious and patriotic in the best sense, authentically celebrating the local over the national.

These days, Pence remains a man of place, a non-assuming Midwesterner. He is without airs, and lives quietly and devotedly with his wife and children. It used to be taken for granted, of course, that an American would be without airs. But nowadays pretensions of every kind have been so democratized that a man like Pence feels remarkably fresh. And his wife, Karen Pence, has a kindness that follows her like a perfume. She worked as a schoolteacher for 25 years. She is apparently passionate about art, with a sense of taste even, and paints watercolors of historical buildings in her free time.

Pence has three children. His boy is a marine, a fine son. His first daughter is a filmmaker and writer, penning, I'm told, a decent story about an American studying at Oxford. The other daughter is a progressive, still Pence has a profound and special affection for her. It should be mentioned that she votes for her dad, putting her fidelity to family before politics. Personally, I like this.

Still, in some ways, Pence is merely conventional, and not quite traditional in the best sense. For instance, he voted against the Dodd-Frank Wall Street Reform Act, *inter alia*, siding with Gudge against Hudge. Indeed, Pence seems to have no issue with a system of

sacking and sweating and endless toil. And I think the culprit is his megachurch, to be perfectly frank. These obnoxious amphitheatres teach very little about the centrality of leisure and contemplation to liberty, and that is the start of many American problems. The less sacerdotal the church, the less respect for a day of rest.

It is not realized, apparently, that the 'deterioration of marriage and family' and the 'societal collapse' that Pence speaks of is largely ignited by financial feudalism and unregulated markets. It is said, if I may, that Queen Anne of France visited prisons in disguise to bring comfort to tortured felons. I guess what I am getting at is that if Pence and his megachurch have any single great flaw, it is that no one there would think to visit a prison to give comfort to inmates. Materialism, philosophically and in the everyday sense, can never rise to the height of being human.

Yet Pence has described himself as 'a Christian, a conservative and a Republican, in that order'.

Last year, he stirred a

national furore by signing legislation that allowed businesses to refuse to serve gays on religious grounds. He has also irritated progressives because he does not want gays in the military and has said that it weakens unit cohesion. And apparently, as he waits for his new Vice Presidential residence, living in Chevy Chase, Maryland, his neighbors have all put up large rainbow flags to welcome him. Ultimately, for Chevy Chase, Maryland to exist, a village like the old Columbus, Indiana cannot exist. And vice versa.

Finally, Pence does not support a nanny state, and in 2009 voted against the Family Smoking Prevention and Tobacco Control Act, which allows the FDA to regulate tobacco products. This too is unusual. Many of our conservatives, and all of our progressives, are confirmed prohibitionists. It is almost no longer possible, in our free society, for a quiet man to smoke a pipe in the park, to reflect on the day gone by. He is not allowed a moment to dream, to forget earthly cares, to watch a gentle whirl of smoke scatter in the stream of time. If Pence can preserve this one sanctuary of ancient liberty, he might have an honorable place in history. Even without a big mustache.

Mark Mantel is a lawyer in Richmond, Virginia.

Homosexuals and the Law – Fifty Years On

Christie Davies

Amere fifty years ago gay men who engaged in sex together in private could be prosecuted in the criminal courts. In earlier years they were often sent to gaol. Even if a trial did not lead to a sentence of imprisonment, a conviction was a public humiliation often leading to exclusion from society and a source of considerable shame to relatives and associates. In many fields it might lead to the loss of a man's job and the end of a promising career. The possession of a criminal record would prevent finding new employment or clients and it was a barrier to obtaining a visa to travel to many countries.

The very threat of prosecution made gay men anxious. In general those of their associates in the know about their activities pretended that they did not know, which is why so many politicians, clergymen and professional people could survive as 'closet queers'. A conviction destroyed these benign conspiracies of secrecy, for trials were reported in horrid detail in the local and national press. Permanent disgrace followed. Some fled abroad or even killed themselves to avoid prosecution. In consequence homosexuals were at risk of being blackmailed and, since homosexual behaviour was a criminal offence, they could not easily call on the police for protection.

In 1964 the suicide of one of his constituents faced with prosecution on 'a serious charge' led the Conservative MP, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Moore Bt, to table a motion in Parliament calling for the implementation of the Wolfenden Report of 1957 which had recommended that homosexual behaviour should cease to be a criminal offence. The Conservative government of the time had declined to do so. Sir Thomas was a four-square, old-time reactionary and upholder of capital punishment who in 1960 had campaigned to bring back flogging. He could not be ignored, and from that day no prosecutions could be brought without the agreement of the Director of Public Prosecutions. The DPP's policy was to refuse his consent. Three years later the law, which was no longer being applied, was abolished altogether on the sensible utilitarian grounds that it did no good and caused considerable suffering to a very large number of men – homosexuals were between 1 and 3 per cent

of the adult male population. Those who pressed for its abolition never raised questions about rights and there was no oily equality-mongering.

The puzzle for me has always been why the power of the state, including until 1861 capital punishment, could be employed so savagely to persecute men for what I saw as such an utterly trivial matter. Of one thing I am absolutely certain: the existence of the law had nothing whatsoever to do with the upholding of family values or fears about inheritance. Family values were rarely mentioned in this context before the 1980s; it would never have occurred to our ancestors to consider the preservation of the family as in any way relevant to the taking of action against homosexuals. Rather, the reasons for their severity were derived respectively from Old Testament religion, from the disciplinary rules of hierarchical all-male organizations and from the inferior position women held in society.

The Buggery Act of 1533 decreed that capital punishment should be meted out for unnatural sexual acts against the will of God and man, a term which covered both sodomy *per anum* between men and bestiality, sex with animals. What these two forms of behaviour have in common is that they break down the fundamental categories of creation laid down in Genesis, the distinction between humans and animals and between men and women. Sexual behaviour that breaks the boundaries between fundamental categories undermines the Divine Order and causes confusion. It led to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and arguably to Noah's flood. The laws of England of 1533 were essentially those of the Book of Leviticus and in neither case were the punitive laws seen as concerning the family or inheritance but as necessary to the preservation of the entire social order, one based on religion. Buggery was a crime against nature itself and had long been described as the worst of all possible crimes. In 1769 the great English jurist Sir William Blackstone reminded his readers of the destruction by fire of the Cities of the Plain and called sodomy the *peccatum illud horribile inter christianos non nominandum*, a sin so vile that it should never be mentioned. Sodomites, said Blackstone, should be hanged. Other forms of sex between men could not be

prosecuted except as attempted sodomy, a crime very difficult to prove.

However in 1885 the radical MP Henry Du Pré Labouchère tagged an amendment on to a bill before Parliament which made all forms of sexual contact between men punishable as gross indecency by up to two years' imprisonment. Indeed Labouchère had originally wanted the maximum sentence to be seven years. The amendment had nothing to do with the preservation of respectable family life. Labouchère lived in open adultery with another man's wife, the actress Henrietta Hodson, and they had a daughter together. Nor did Labouchère care about religion for he was a closet agnostic and a friend of Charles Bradlaugh, the first atheist Member of Parliament and a republican. Labouchère himself was an enemy of the establishment generally and was much disliked by Queen Victoria.

A left wing radical, Labouchère was a strong critic of effeminacy in men and believed that women were utterly inferior. He strongly opposed women being given the vote and took the view that 'argument is thrown away on most women' for 'nature has made them mentally flighty.' In Labouchère's view gay men, particularly the flamboyant, effeminate unmanly ones were traitors to male supremacy. They were letting the side down. When the dandified and decadent Oscar Wilde was sent to jail for two years Labouchère took the view that his sentence was far too lenient as indeed did the judge in the case. By contrast the sexual activities of lesbians didn't matter since women had no superior male standing to lose.

Curiously this was also the view taken by the men of those individual cities in ancient Greece where sodomy was commonplace. Adult male citizens could not submit to being penetrated because if they did they would lose their masculine honour. The penetrated ones, the catamites, had to be drawn from the ranks of unbearded boys, slaves or foreigners who had no such honour to lose. It was a matter of dominance and submission and no one much cared what the buggered boys, not 'young males' but boys, felt about it; it was child abuse dressed up by shifty philosophers as moral education. I am fully aware of the dangers of anachronistically criticising an ancient society; my denunciation is directed rather against the humbugs of our own time who defend such pederasty. Similar practices exist in many Muslim societies, as among the Pathans of Afghanistan, whose women like those of the Greeks are kept in demeaning seclusion. Under the brief rule of those Muslim fundamentalists, the Taliban, gay Pathans were killed by toppling a heavy wall on top of them, but even the Taliban failed to prise the Pathans away from the boys they kept as catamites and

it was this local preference that later led to the defeat of that puritanical Islamic order.

Labouchère was not anxious about the stability of the Victorian family but was concerned about the 'manhood of the nation', now threatened by *fin de siècle* decadence. It was indeed a common concern. The barrister, Luke Owen Pike, when noting with pride the decline of violent crime in Victorian Britain, added with dismay that this might also reveal 'a perceptible subsidence of the military spirit in England'. The military were those who would have been most apprehensive about any such tendency and to this was added the fear that homosexual activities would lead to indiscipline within the ranks of their all male organizations. It was not that soldiers and sailors were gay but that they were men who had no access to women, which was particularly a problem in ships at sea. What if there were sexual relations between men of different ranks or outbreaks of jealousy that undermined comradeship? During the Napoleonic wars and in the years that followed more men convicted of sex with other men on a ship were hanged than was the case with civilians back home.

The proof of what I say can be seen in the 1960s when the strongest opposition to decriminalization came from those MPs and members of the House of Lords, notably Field Marshal Montgomery, whose previous careers had been in the armed services. They insisted successfully that the armed forces should be excluded from any liberalization in the law and a further amendment was passed adding the merchant navy to the list. Only in 1999 were the rules of the armed forces about homosexual activities off duty relaxed and even then only after an intervention by the European Court of Human Rights. There were further changes in 2016 – only last year.

The same point applies about religious fundamentalism. The decriminalization that took place in 1967 only applied to England and Wales. It was not extended to fiercely, piously sectarian Northern Ireland, where the only matter on which Protestants and Catholics have ever agreed was in their joint support for a campaign to 'save Ulster from sodomy'. Only in 1982, again as a result of a decision in the European Court of Human Rights, was the law rendering homosexual acts criminal in that British province abolished by the Parliament in Westminster against strong local opposition. It is also worth noting that a half of all Muslims living in Britain want criminal penalties for homosexual behaviour to be reintroduced. Many of them are fundamentalists who believe in the literal truth of the destruction of Sodom as described in the Koran where it has been cribbed from the Old Testament. Muslims often treat their women folk

abominably and their men have been responsible for many sexual attacks on non-Muslim British women, whom they see as even more inferior. It is not surprising that Muslims hate gays, though it is also the case that homosexual prostitution flourishes in Muslim countries where women are secluded. Why do you think so many gay men used to take their vacations in North Africa?

Looking backwards we can now easily see how we got to the point where same sex marriage was made legal in Britain in 2013. Over the last fifty years Britain has become a much more secular society. There has also been a dramatic change in the position of women, who can now take on leading roles formerly exclusively reserved for men from major general to diocesan bishop. We should all greatly welcome same sex marriage because it advances both the range of human happiness and the cause of freedom within our society but I am fearful of the powers that have been given to the state to enforce equality. Having consistently in the past upheld the freedom of speech of gays who in

their art and their advocacy offended others, and even donated money for the defence of gay editors being prosecuted for breaking the law, I have been horrified by the activities of over-zealous police officers who in response to complaints from gay activists have gone round to question those like the Right Reverend Dr Peter Forster, Bishop of Chester, who have defied progressive opinion on homosexuality. It is none of the law's business. Likewise comedians should be free to tell outrageous jokes about faggots, fairies and fudge-packers, dinge queens, muscle beach queers and pansies and be allowed prime-time spots on television. The freedom to speak in a way that offends against traditional moral teaching necessarily means the freedom to offend against the politically correct ideology of the equality mongers.

Christie Davies is the author of The Strange Death of Moral Britain, Transaction 2004.

Standing Rock

Klara Meister

The Dakota Access Pipeline is being built by Energy Transfer Partners, Phillips 66, and the Marathon Oil and Enbridge Corporations. Once completed it will move oil from the Bakken Formation in the Midwest, straddling the US Canadian border (200,000 square miles of rock containing the largest continuous deposit of oil and gas in the US) to Illinois, where it will join another pipeline south to the refineries. However, the Dakota Access pipeline was deemed to be too unsafe for the white population of the nearby capital of Bismarck, North Dakota and its neighbourhood, so it was rerouted via the Standing Rock Reservation, endangering the drinking water of the entire Sioux tribe, as well as the drinking water of around eighteen million of their fellow Americans should the pipeline rupture and spill into the Missouri.

While a pipeline is undoubtedly more cost-effective than the usual transport by truck or train, it is by no

means, as claimed by DAPL's subsidiary Sunoco Logistics Partners, 'safer and environmentally responsible'. There have been a total of 1400 pipeline spills in the US between 2010 and 2013, 29 pipeline ruptures in 2016 alone, and already one further leak on January 7th 2017 in Chattanooga Tennessee. On December 12th 2016 the Belle Fourche Pipeline in Billings County ruptured, spilling over 176,000 gallons of crude oil into the North Dakota Ash Coulee Creek. This accident was not far from Standing Rock.

On 4th December 2016 the Department of the Army said that they would not approve an easement, that would allow Energy Transfer Partners to route the pipeline under the 370,000 acre and 200 feet deep Lake Oahe straddling North and South Dakota. The Army Corps of Engineers is still discussing how to reroute it.

Thus, thanks to months of protests, social media, the involvement of celebrities and international pressure,



the Standing Rock Tribe got what other Native American people have only dreamed of for 500 years: They won a political battle against the US government. What felt like a victory soon turned sour. However it soon became clear the victory against the pipeline was no more than a dream, a temporary appeasement.

While the court battle was on, the DAPL construction companies continued both drilling and attacking the protesters. Not even Obama could ignore the shocking footage, but in the only public appearance he made to address this topic, in an interview with the news website *Now This* in November 2016, his answer was tame, 'We are monitoring this closely (...) going to let it play out for several more weeks.'

The worst attack was on 20th November, two weeks after his interview, when, claim the camp's inhabitants, hundreds of people were shot in the back and head with rubber bullets, sprayed with ice-cold water for over six hours in subzero temperatures (causing hundreds of cases of hypothermia) and hit with concussion grenades, one of which blew a white girl's arm off.

Even today, 20th January, the pipeline continues to be fiercely protected by private security as well as by the Sheriff's department of Morton County. In fact, the numbers and attacks by police on the protest site have greatly increased since the 17th January.

We arrived at Oceti Oyate, the newly named Oceti Sakowin camp, on 14th December 2016. Oceti Oyate is the name of the biggest of three camps in the area, on the historic 1851 Ft Laramie Treaty lands never ceded to the Indians. Even in the harsh North Dakota winter conditions the camps, (Oceti, Rosebud and Sacred Stone) contain several thousand inhabitants. They could best be described as a structured chaos, more or less sorted according to tribe. There are several kitchens supplying food paid for by the huge number of donations given to Standing Rock from all over the world. Fearing the harsh North Dakota winter, people have donated mounds of warm clothing and blankets. All the lighting comes from solar energy.

Oceti is not merely a Native camp. Some people have come from sunny California, Mexico, Peru, Colombia, Australia, Palestine, France and Switzerland and even from the Scottish Highlands. Most notable are the Sami people, Europe's indigenous nomadic tribes of Norway, with their beautifully adorned dresses and yurts.

Oceti Oyate is first of all a camp of prayer and ceremony. While all religions are allowed, alcohol, drugs and weapons are forbidden and the ban rigorously enforced. The daily ceremonies and meetings have created a camp spirit, which allows tribes such as the Navajo and Hopi who once fought each other to now sit together in harmony drinking coffee. To the protesters a healthy relationship towards

the environment is paramount in their fight against the fossil fuel industry. Many people find a purpose in their daily chores and in supporting the elders of the tribes. Great support has also come from the US veterans, even though most of them left after 4th December when the US Army refused an easement allowing DAPL to take the pipe under Lake Oahe.

Meanwhile daily life in the camp continues, with temperatures going as low as -50°C, accompanied by blizzards and icy winds, with poor hygienic conditions often making many people sick. There are different medical tents taking care of the sick: a massage tent, a wellness tent (offering herbal medicines), a medical tent for injuries, a midwife's tent as well as a warming tent (for those who need an extra warm place to stay overnight). The worst ailments are daily cases of hypothermia and dehydration. The cold weather makes people eat and drink less, when they should actually eat and drink more to make up for the harsh conditions. The most popular homemade medicine is fire cider, an admittedly quite disgusting mixture of vinegar, onions, garlic, herbs and spicy pepper, which burns away all bacteria. While it certainly helps against minor ailments, the jokingly called 'NoDapl cough' has in several cases turned into bronchitis or pneumonia.

The worst danger, however, comes from the ever-present DAPL private security, located behind a kilometres-long barbed wire fence about 200m from Oceti. They constantly patrol the neighbouring hills with heavily armoured cars, barricading the way towards the pipeline construction and making sure they block all communications exiting from the camp. Cell phones are being hacked and monitored.

Helicopters and drones fly over the camp daily and sometimes at night. When darkness falls twenty floodlights come on, turning night into day and making it hard to sleep. DAPL's constant psychological warfare includes infiltrating the camp, sowing discord and making trouble, as well, as inhabitants complain, stealing equipment and setting a Tepee on fire at Christmas. Tension runs high.

If you walk any morning towards the barricade DAPL security and Morton County Sheriff's Department constructed on a highway bridge where the violent incidents involving rubber bullets and concussion grenades took place in November, security teams immediately react and in less than five minutes there are around twenty armoured cars on top of the hills like overgrown ants. This is in daylight. At night, when people can't record on video so easily, two people walking on to the bridge praying caused nine fully manned armoured vehicles to arrive within four minutes to answer their prayers with threats, pepper spray, tear gas and rubber bullets. It doesn't matter

whether you are an obviously unarmed woman alone walking or a group of US Army veterans: when it comes to protecting the three billion dollars worth of pipeline, DAPL security does not mess around.

Yet in contrast to the occupation of Wounded Knee by the American Indian Movement in 1973, these protests have been non-violent. The protesters call themselves ‘water protectors’. No weapons are used. Nevertheless, the protesters claim that all prayer walks and ceremonies are being threatened and attacked by DAPL security. Sacred burial mounds have been destroyed. The tribe’s traditions and religion are being laughed at.

The question every outsider was asking until 24th January 2017 was: ‘Why don’t you leave? The easement has been denied!’ ‘The pipeline will never go under the lake.’ The answer was simple: Donald Trump. Donald Trump has a history of disliking the advancement of rival Native American casinos (in 1993 he claimed that the casino industry was funded by the mob and that the Natives were faking their ancestry) he has been mocking Native Americans even during his presidential campaign. It has been well publicised that he has money invested in the Dakota Access Pipeline

and shares in the corporations behind it: He owns about \$50,000 in stock in Energy Transfer Partners and over \$100,000 in Phillips 66, which owns a 25 per cent share in the Dakota Access Pipeline. Nor can one see any of his coal and oil-loving billionaire cabinet members having any sympathy for an obscure and dwindling tribe eking out a living in such an inhospitable corner of America.

Sure enough, three days after he took office, Trump waved into law the construction of the pipeline under Lake Oahe. If Obama did not make any effort to stop it, why should Trump, especially if he has a financial interest? Why risk our lives for a seemingly lost cause? The fight of the Standing Rock Indian tribe against the big oil corporations is the David versus Goliath fight of the 21st century. The worthiness of this underdog’s cause can’t be denied. Standing Rock does not just stand for the future of the tribe, but for the future of all their fellow Americans. They fight for future generations, the future of this planet: if they should win, they will set a precedent against the Fossil Fuel industry.

Klara Meister is our Swiss Correspondent.

Mind the Gap

Brian Ridley

What is matter? – Never mind.

What is mind? – No matter.

Punch (1855)

Once people had the leisure to sit back and muse, things became less simple. All sorts of questions arose, and answers were sought. For many of these questions we still seek answers, none more pressing than the ones that concern the relationship between mind and matter. Those bright Ionians long ago wondered what the world was made of, what was its fundamental essence, matter of some sort or mind? Modern science comes down firmly for matter – electrons, protons, quarks, etc (whatever they are!). It recognises the existence of mind, but hasn’t got a clue about its relation to matter. It is comfortable talking about the brain – its firing neurons, its geography – but the fact of consciousness leaves it floundering. This is not a very satisfactory situation in the Robotic Age.

Machines present us with no problems. In the kitchen

we have the dishwasher; in the utility room there is the washing machine and the dryer; in the driveway, the car. All of them machines, a sort of primitive robots that sometimes attract Christian names; and it is not unknown for owners to fulminate and fume at their bad behaviour, as if they had acted on purpose. But few of us would credit any of them with a mind of its own. It takes a philosopher to do that! Hilary Putnam defines the essence of a mental process as what it does. This idea, called functionalism, allows us to consider mind existing without a brain, which delights computer scientists and students of Artificial Intelligence (AI). It delights me, too, imagining the kettle, whose function it is to heat water, as having a mind; perhaps seeing it occasionally boiling with rage.

There is further delight in the *Doctrine of Panpsychism*, that mind is in everything to some extent. Wordsworth’s poetry sometimes suggests that the mountains of the Lake District have grave and even frightening personalities. And not only mountains, but London:

*The river glideth at its own sweet will;
Dear God! The very houses seem asleep
And all that mighty heart is lying still!*

Certainly, few are happy with the dualism of Descartes, that has mind and matter irrevocably distinct. An alternative view is Spinoza's Pantheism, which sees mind and matter simply as dual aspects of the fundamental substance, God.

The AI community, encouraged by all this, gleefully confer minds on their computers and robots. The logic seems to be that the brain has computer-like attributes and is highly complex and evinces mind, therefore it is reasonable to expect that immensely complex computers and robots do the same. Even so, wouldn't the computer or robot look like a machine. Alan Turing imagined a situation in which the machine was placed out of sight, and took part in a conversation with a person. If the person could not tell whether the conversation was with another person or with a machine, then the machine, for all intents and purposes, was a person. The strong AI view is that all thinking is computation, and it just happens that feelings of conscious awareness are evoked thereby.

There is no doubt that your modern sophisticated robot butler will be a library of information, will know all about claret and its vintages, and might even have a sense of humour. It may know how to cook the perfect, medium-rare sirloin steak, but can it know what it tastes like. What can the sensation of redness be to a computer? We hit here the brute distinction between Russell's knowledge by description and knowledge by experience. It can be arranged for the robot to acquire knowledge of tastes, of redness, by description, but it will be forever barred from the experience. Thomas Nagel gets to the nub in his book by asking 'What is it like to be a bat?' Impossible to say: we do not have the bat's ultrasonic experiences. The experiences of consciousness as we know them by direct experience – taste sight, awareness – cannot be attributed to a robot, even if we imagine the robot to have a mind. As far as we are concerned, a robot may as well be a bat; especially as nobody knows how to program awareness.

Just as problematic or even more so is how to program creativity (if that is not basically self-contradictory!) There is a technical issue here. In 1931

there were two immensely significant events: I was born, and Kurt Gödel published his Incompleteness Theorem. For some inscrutable reason the former event has yet to be considered noteworthy; but the latter shocked the mathematical community to its core. Mathematicians had always assumed that all mathematical truths were logically derivable from a finite set of axioms. Not so, said Gödel; in arithmetic there could be truths that were not deducible from the existing axioms, but, nevertheless, could be discovered by intuition. What this implied for computers was that, being utterly arithmetic in action, they were

stuck with programs based on existing mathematics. In short, it was impossible for them to be mathematically creative. Intuition was out. Intuition, like awareness, was unprogrammable. Human beings may exercise intuition, robots can not.

So how will we regard those super robots of 2100? I would guess that their casual behaviour will be pretty well indistinguishable from the range we might expect from our fellow men – chatting, even joshing, and, if British, moaning about the weather. Outside of everyday stuff,

they may exhibit encyclopaedic knowledge, learn new things very rapidly, display Spock-like logic, etc. All the time they will be machines made of a myriad of nanometer-size electronic devices and miniature motors. But with a mind? How mind arises from the matter of which our own bodies are composed is magic! That same matter is so confidently described by physics, chemistry and molecular biology without a hint of mentality. We lack comprehension. We are aware of a huge gap in our picture of the world. We see the double aspect of mind and matter only in living things, with no clear limit to its appearance. No doubt that there are bright and dim amoebae, ambitious and laid-back brussel sprouts. But it needs a belief in Panpsychism, or in Spinoza's Pantheism, to even consider the possibility of consciousness appearing in a robot, however complex it may be. Nevertheless, the robotic age is upon us; we better *had* mind the gap.

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Zhe and Wormself

Lindsey Dearnley

Last September, a University of Toronto professor of psychology, Dr Jordan Peterson, released a three part lecture series on his YouTube channel condemning political correctness and the limitations that will be imposed on freedom of speech if a new transgender rights bill is passed in Canada.

After thirty-five years studying the mechanics of authoritarianism and Marxist doctrine, it was the Orwellian language of Canada's bill C-16 which finally caused Peterson to speak out. C-16 seeks to bring 'gender identity and gender expression' under the protection of the Canadian Human Rights Act, making it a legal requirement to use the 'preferred pronouns' of transgender people.

While Peterson has said he is willing to accommodate a transgendered person's request to be addressed as a 'he' or a 'she' he states he will refuse to use the recently created and arcane category of 'non-binary pronouns' such as 'zhe' or even 'wormself' – words which Peterson calls 'vanguards of the radical left'. If legal protection is extended to include this potentially infinite category self created pronouns – and at the last count there were 71 recognised pronouns – then failure to mouth such made up words at the behest of others may result in a hefty fine, termination and possibly even imprisonment.

'It's one thing to tell people that there's certain words they can't say,' states Peterson in one interview, 'But it's an entirely different thing to tell them there are words that they have to say.' Canada is not the only place to introduce these kinds of laws either: New York city officially recognises 31 genders and has the power to slap a \$250,000 fine on anybody 'misusing' pronouns.

The backlash against Peterson's refusal to use made-up words began almost immediately. First came the letters from the University of Toronto, complete with the signatures of 250 faculty members insisting that he must use the students' choice of pronouns. Then came the student protests, glued locks, media debates and public vilification. But it only takes one voice of dissent and now the debate is ignited and many students have come out in full support of Peterson, even among the Trans-community.

Daring to speak out and renounce the Marxist lexicon is unheard of among today's politically indoctrinated

academics, so it isn't surprising that a man who speaks with plain language and pleasant articulation should cause so much upset in his ideologically driven opponents. His life's work contains nothing but the constructs of the white patriarchy to these people, and his refusal to back down has them foaming. When asked in a televised interview if he was prepared to accept the consequences of his refusal to use alternative pronouns, Peterson answered: 'If they fine me, I won't pay it. If they put me in jail, I'll go on a hunger strike. I'm not doing this. And that's that. I'm not using the words that other people require me to use. Especially if they're made up by radical left-wing ideologues.'

The reading list he recommends to his students contain 'the most terrifying books he ever read' – *The Gulag Archipelago*, *War and Peace*, and *Brave New World*. Terrifying maybe, but better tools for the real world than play dough and a safe space.

As a lay person, my understanding of the connection between communism and political correctness remains somewhat vague, so I watched a few of Peterson's lectures to get a better understanding. Peterson speaks clearly about the eventual end point of genocide, which he claims is not Marxism 'done badly' but stresses upon his students, that genocide appears to be the very point of it. He reiterated the importance of reading the right books, and suggests they begin with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*, a fundamental primer for understanding the core issues of modern times.

I read only a small portion of *The Gulag Archipelago*. Three nights alone in a world of midnight knocks, sleep deprivation and the most twisted kinds of human torture ever conceived, so I decided it was a work best revisited at intervals. I barely scratched the surface of this 2000 page tome; however I did read, among the unfathomable descriptions of torture, a particular story which gave me the kind of empirical understanding I was looking for. It was an account of a hall filled with people giving a rapturous reception to Comrade Stalin, who was neither present at the conference nor would ever even hear of it. Nonetheless, the conference concluded with a standing ovation to his name, which crescendoed with all the fake enthusiasm that only those living under communist dictatorships can muster. The people clapped and the NKVD men clapped,

until hands swelled and faces ached and people began to collapse from exhaustion. But the climate of fear was such that nobody dared to be the first to cease the mindless applause. On and on the minutes dragged and all the while the NKVD clapped along and watched the audience like wolves. Suddenly, one man, a director of a local paper factory, assumed a sombre expression and sat down in his seat. The whole audience ceased their raucous noise immediately and crashed back into their chairs exhausted.

The director was arrested later that same evening, and given ten years for some other fabricated misdemeanour. As he was hauled off his interrogator reminded him: 'Don't ever be the first to stop applauding.'

'Surely not!' I thought 'Ten years just for sitting down first?' but then I understood: this was how they discovered who the independent thinkers were – by extending the absurdity indefinitely until the strongest

mind in the room revealed itself.

In the world of academia, Peterson is among the first to stop applauding and sit down, and while it remains to be seen if the conflict will ultimately cost him his position, the surge in interest the debate has brought will ensure he is not silenced so easily.

As I watch clips of angry young protestors demanding equality and rights, I can't help but think that we already possess the most potent tool for our own empowerment, the internet itself. That I can have so little in the material world, but still gain access to whole semesters of university lectures, instantly and without purchase, is a freedom more valuable to me than anything else I have at my disposal. But its value relies on speech remaining free. To have access to the internet, is to have the universe in your pocket, at least while the internet remains uncensored.

Lindsey Dearnley is an artist, illustrator and journalist.

Britain Restores the Death Penalty - for Paedophiles

Penelope Fawcett Hulme

Ralph Clarke, aged one hundred and one, received a thirteen-year jail sentence in December for assaults against a boy and two young girls between 1974 and 1983. At his age, he was born in March 1915, that amounts to more than a life tariff. Considering the conditions in our prisons, which were never built to accommodate older people, most don't even have wheelchair access, it is a death sentence. Although the judge didn't actually put on the black cap, this particular OAP received what is becoming increasingly frequent in the sentencing of elderly paedophiles, sentences which will cause them illnesses of such severity they hugely increase their chances of dying in prison. It is very unlikely that Rolf Harris for example, aged 84 will last much longer, and could well be demented already as a result of his incarceration.

Doctors know that the quickest way to kill a frail patient over 80 is to take him from his home and put him in an institution. The more badly run the institution, the quicker the patient will die.

There are some prison wings which operate as dysfunctional care-homes. About thirty per cent of prisoners are OAP's, but many of them have grown old inside, which is bound to happen. They are serving sentences decided when they were in the prime of life.

This sentence on former lorry driver Ralph Clarke is exceptionally savage, and pointless.

Special provisions were made for Clarke during the trial because of his age; he was allowed to sit at the back of the courtroom rather than in the dock and left for regular breaks during the case. The court only sat until lunchtimes to allow him to go home and rest. He listened to proceedings through a hearing aid and was supported by an intermediary. The hypocrisy of showing such concern for a frail centenarian in public while knowing what might very likely happen to him in prison is astonishing.

He annoyed the police, the judge and the jury by appearing to lack remorse. DC Emma Fennon, of West Midlands Police, called him 'utterly remorseless' saying he 'actually enjoyed' talking about his crimes. 'He fully understood what was going on and I am pleased he has been brought to justice,' she said. Not only is this an unnecessarily personal comment, what she was probably describing was a typical case of age-related dementia, in which the victim is unaware of his loss of social control.

His words in court related to the time in which he grew up when nefarious sexual activity was often hidden away or deliberately overlooked. He lived in an age of privacy before disclosure was considered healthy. He told the jury it was 'something that happened,' a common view

in the past, when people were encouraged to forget and put things behind them. He mistakenly said his victims 'could have said no', and, worse for a modern jury, that girls were liars.

He was the wicked uncle or the dangerous eccentric parents used to warn about. He lured victims to his shed where he would repair their bikes, bribing them with sweets and money. Small stuff in terms of assault, although very nasty. Strangely none of his three victims, now well into adult life, thought of reporting him until they saw his hundredth birthday announced on Facebook last year.

He has been accused by the police of being fully sane. The jury was told he was 'lucid' and had an 'excellent memory'. This of course is the sort of ignorant rubbish lawyers often talk. The 101-year-old brain is a pale shadow of a 40-year-old brain. It loses substance, particularly from the frontal lobes, at the rate of 5 per cent every decade, which would leave Clarke with a 30 per cent tissue deficit.

Most of us start worrying about our memories after the age of forty. Those with relatives over ninety will notice changes even in the most mentally agile person; lack of ability to understand jokes, to concentrate, memory lapses, and there are often distinct personality changes. The most polite and tactful person can become alarmingly frank in old age. An MRI scan would have revealed just how much of a child Clarke had become, effectively a 9 year old.

Despite this, or perhaps because he is so old, Clarke's lack of visible remorse, his inability to show the required level of empathy and disclosure has sentenced him to death in an isolation cell, a fate which is obviously required by our society where the fear of paedophiles stalks the land.

Child abuse is of course our last taboo. There was an attempt to overturn this in the 1970s, an era which has produced many elderly criminals. At that time the Paedophile Information Exchange and Forum Magazine attempted to normalise sex with children as part of the 'sexual revolution'. In 1976 the National Council for Civil Liberties, the pressure group now known as Liberty, made a submission to parliament's criminal law revision committee stating: 'Childhood sexual experiences, willingly engaged in with an adult,' it read, 'result in no identifiable damage. The real need is a change in the attitude which assumes that all cases of paedophilia result in lasting damage.'

They lost that one and paedophilia, in all its forms, is now regarded as so heinous that no mercy can be shown. Unlike murder or rape, no attempt is made to assess the level of the offence; whether it's a grope of a knee, looking at porn or full penetration, it can now lead to death, rather in the way the accusation of witch-craft could only lead one sad way in the 1600s.

A media obsession with the subject has sustained a primitive hue and cry atmosphere, exemplified by the *News of the World's* notorious 'name and shame' campaign in 2000. A triumph of the tabloid editor's art, that one that brought violent mobs out to demonstrate against the presence of shadowy monsters in our midst.

As a result, paranoia about the danger from solitary, predatory deviants now far outweighs the infinitely more real menace of abusers within the home.

The only exemptions seem to be Asian men, who managed to have their paedophilia ignored for cultural reasons. In 2015 The UK government's Forced Marriage Unit estimated that between 5,000 and 8,000 girls were at risk of being forced into marriage every year in England. Nearly thirty per cent of the calls received by the Unit's helpline were from children, the youngest just five years old. The unit also had evidence that British girls, of mainly Indian background, below the age of consent were being taken out of the country to be forcibly married and that, in the UK, families are marrying off their children in 'community' or religious ceremonies that go unregistered. No legislation has been passed to deal with this adequately.

So it is more accurate to say that paedophilia among elderly white men is now the most detested and feared crime we have, bringing out an irrationality in the public and courts which is as inexplicable as the crime itself. In 2012 David Cameron, then Prime Minister, warned against a 'witch hunt' over wild paedophile allegations, and speculation about an upper-class paedophile ring operating secretly at the highest levels of state.

This fear of course provides a club, which can hit a wide range of targets, not just posh white men such as Edward Heath and Harvey Proctor but under-class pensioners in their sheds. What has been called a 'toxic narrative' can be used to taint all men of all ages and backgrounds.

In the first wave of feminism it was said that 'all men are rapists'. Two years ago a headline in the US press, widely believed but then discredited, claimed that one in five females had been raped on US campuses. Not just compulsive rapists but paedophiles as well. Last year the *Mail on Sunday* reported that one in thirty-five UK men craved sexual relations with children.

This modern terror, which has nothing to do with the real safety of the public, like other irrational beliefs reflects more general tensions. In a previous age of anxiety in the 1950s it used to be 'Reds under the beds', now it's a fear of adult white males in their beds and sheds.

Surely it is time not just for more intense research into why people in developed societies become paedophiles, but about the deeper cultural issues which have led to this current terror. In an age when children are healthier and safer than they have ever been, and far more likely to reach adult hood than they were when Ralph Clarke was born, with a twenty-fold reduction in infant deaths since 1915, society is now gripped by imaginary fears for the safety of children, and vindictive, proliferating hatred directed towards fantasy figures who seem to threaten them.

Penelope Fawcett Hulme in a social commentator.

‘The men who knew that he knew what he knew’: Islam, Oil, and War

Mark Griffith

John Buchan’s novel *Greenmantle*, written in 1915, describes in the guise of fiction a World War I German plot to incite a global Muslim jihad against the British Empire. This brilliant plot was in fact really launched. Seeing how ensnared the world still is in the consequences of the Kaiser’s spies’ masterly psych-op, a handful of fringe historians have started suggesting that the Great War, World War I, never really ended. As 2017 gets rolling, these mavericks are saying we are all still in a hundred-year war that has been under way, with lulls and truces, since 1914.

In this new millennium small but growing numbers of Europeans and Americans have begun to distrust the orthodox modern-history narrative. Mainstream historian Niall Ferguson a few years ago wrote a book reframing the first and second world wars as one big struggle lasting from 1914 through Mussolini’s takeover, the Spanish civil war, the 1939-45 conflict, up to the end of the Korean crisis. So suggestions that we’re all still really in World War I don’t sound so wild any more. Just look at the pieces.

Europe is struggling to digest a million Muslim migrants who came through the Balkans, mostly not Syrian refugees, and were pushed deliberately into the continent by Mr Erdogan’s Turkey as a negotiating tactic. They claimed to come, however, from Syria – enmeshed in a vicious war seemingly with at least three rationales.

It’s a war over a possible oil pipeline which some groups wish to see built (the pre-WWI Berlin-to-Baghdad railway was also to supply oil), and others do not. The Arab powers have differing views on the desirability of the pipeline, and are funding different militias. It’s also a way for the Hillary-Clinton/Barry-Obama bloc in Washington to put pressure on Vladimir Putin, since Russia has a naval base in Syria it wishes to keep open. At the same time, the Syrian civil war is a way for Arab Sunni powers like the Saudis and the Gulf emirates (all states created by the 1918 Allies) to destroy pro-Shi’ite forces and keep northern Iraq out of Iranian Shi’ite control. Iraq/Mesopotamia was a theatre of conflict in World War I as well.

Mr Putin would like to keep Europe buying Russian gas if he could weaken sanctions against his country, and would prefer cheaper sources of Gulf fuel not be piped to

Europe. He’d also like to consolidate his 2014 invasion of Ukrainian Crimea after its rigged referendum, the main cause of today’s US and EU sanctions against Russia.

Syria’s president Mr Assad (or Boy Assad, as Mark Steyn calls him) would like to eliminate groups inside his territory attempting to overthrow his government that are funded by the US, the Turks, the Saudis, and other Gulf emirates.

Mr Erdogan (a man openly nostalgic for the pre-1914 Ottoman Caliphate) would like to tighten his grip over Turkey since the suspiciously convenient botched putsch in July 2016 gave him *carte blanche* to lock up anybody he dislikes. He wants to extract more money and privileges from the EU, help ISIS (aka Da’esh) against Kurds in Syria, yet somehow also stay friends with Russia. Erdogan famously said that democracy is like a train because ‘you take it to where you want to go and then you get off’. He seems now to have reached his desired destination and disembarked.

Fitting to Buchan’s era, the whole thing now increasingly resembles that board game briefly popular in the 1970s called Diplomacy, designed round lying to your friends. Based on a map of Europe with ‘long-nineteenth-century’ (1789-to-1914) borders, seasoned Diplomacy players will recall how often trouble emanated from the bottom right-hand corner. That was where Russian Tsars and Ottoman Sultans backed onto the vast steppes of central Asia off the right-hand edge of the board.

Today the Sunni Muslim princedoms of the Gulf are in a tight spot if the oil price stays low or falls further. It’s in their interest to encourage US involvement in the region against Iran, given that many of the emirs are right to fear Iranian-funded Shi’ite revolutions overthrowing them. To add to the confusion this gives them and the Saudis reason to side with anti-Iranian local power, Israel, relieved that for once a regional crisis isn’t about them.

Attempts by the Gulf princes to secure themselves a future after oil have been clever, but are not succeeding as well as they should. The creation of the two cities Dubai and Abu Dhabi by the United Arab Emirates (UAE) is a triumph, and a very strong effort in the right direction, but not strong enough. They can still be caricatured as

luxury enclaves for global banks and law firms to have regional offices. Their economies (like Bahrain's, Qatar's, Kuwait's) are still too dependent on imported cheap labour from India and Pakistan to do the dirty work, with Europeans and Americans as the expat professionals. All that could wear thin if western women carry on getting arrested for being raped.

No less seriously, Dubai has no world-level financial exchange, even in a niche commodity. Its science-park efforts (like the bio-technology research centres) are bold but not yet bearing fruit. Far more importantly, it lacks the hinterland of small local firms every great city needs. Like Las Vegas, critics mutter, Dubai could easily fade back into the desert sands in a few years if the main source of wealth falters. It lacks the organic background, the living institutions, of those world cities urban geographer Jane Jacobs praised as the real drivers of prosperity through history. The Dubai lifeboat project has done well to get this far, but vanishingly few people understand both economics and urban studies, which is rather awkward for that city's future.

Something else not going well for the Gulf emirs is fracking and horizontal drilling, which have taken the US from oil-importer status to near-self-sufficiency in the last decade. Two oil-extraction technologies dating back to the 1940s, they have been improving every decade since. Some anti-fracking protest groups in Britain have been getting discreet funding from Moscow, since neither Russia nor the Arabs, even if they're on opposite sides in the Syrian war, are keen to see Western countries become energy-independent again.

The faltering post-oil plan means the Gulf emirates are fighting for their lifestyles now as well as for differing versions of Islam. This is why they're pouring huge sums into the complex proxy war against Assad. There are claims the UAE is spending a billion dollars a week on funding Syrian militias. The Saudis are unlikely to be spending less.

Russia's influence on Europe and Britain's interests in the Near East are still important concerns a century after most of the entities on the Diplomacy map supposedly disappeared. Re-examining those two concerns today show both Harold Wilson and Edward Heath in the 1960s and 70s got foreign policy badly wrong.

In a way, a trade bloc with France and Germany (the EEC), and the Royal Navy withdrawal from the Gulf (from 'East of Suez') were not two separate mistakes, but two halves of the same mistake. As all these parts of the puzzle separately become clearer, 1914 gets closer instead of moving further away.

One reason that this idea World War I is still under way might sound odd to many is that the prevailing folk memory of the 1914-1918 conflict is heavy artillery pounding muddy trenches in the Belgian rain. This was the vivid image immortalised by war poets like Sassoon who throughout the 1920s were regarded as unpatriotic

defeatists by most Britons. Yet Buchan's novels reveal another less well-remembered view of that four years of fighting – a dangerous, lonely struggle engaged in by different countries' spies and linguists in exotic lands beyond Europe, a struggle using assassination, covert action, and mass-media lying to deceive ordinary voters. Two major questions of 1914 – what should become of the Russian Tsarist and Turkish Ottoman empires – are still unsettled today.

So why did someone kill or seem to kill Russia's ambassador to Turkey just before Christmas? We might not know for many years. Luckily, the public is slowly getting wise to this past century of intelligence-agency news manipulation. New scholarship suggests that even the 1915 sinking of the *Lusitania* that brought the neutral USA into that conflict was not what we were told. If that passenger ship was carrying weapons hidden in the hold (just like Saddam Hussein hiding missile batteries in schools or hospitals) as it now seems it was, then the German U-boat commander who sank it was completely within his rights to attack the *Lusitania* as an act of war. Efforts to deceive us are growing subtler even as we get shrewder in parallel. Spook terms like 'false flag'* and 'limited hang out'** are entering the mainstream. Current affairs increasingly resemble what Harold Macmillan called the espionage 'hall of mirrors'. When left-wing Americans are hoping the once-hated CIA will overturn a presidential election; we live in strange times indeed.

As we grow increasingly aware, even in the last few weeks, of how reliably we're lied to by governments and supposedly neutral television channels, Buchan's restless hero of leisure Hanratty seems a less remote figure suddenly. Hanratty is an irregular combatant out of uniform, an adventurer who trusts to luck, pluck and honour. He fights for freedom but is also free himself. He seems tweedier, more boyish, more amateurish than the state-sector irregular of later spy fiction, 007. James Bond eclipsed Richard Hanratty in our imaginations during the decades of the USSR, adding another smokescreen to the hundred-year war.

Perhaps Colin Watson's sharp remark that Fleming's Bond novels and films constituted a new genre of 'police-state thrillers' was right, and perhaps we're slowly starting to realise it.

*false flag – a clandestine operation arranged to look as if the other side attacked your side, so you can seem justified in hitting back.

**limited hang out – when an intelligence agency leaks a small secret, so the public thinks they know the truth at last, in order to keep a much bigger deception unsuspected.

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PC: Your Brain's Red Pencil

Ewan Morrison

Since Donald Trump's election many have been enthusiastically declaring the death of Political Correctness. We tell ourselves that he campaigned on an anti-Politically Correct platform and that his Twitter feed cuts out the middle man of PC and pro-liberal media to speak directly to the masses.

If only it were that simple. In reality Political Correctness has been rewriting our vocabulary since the 1970s and is now the language of educational institutions, mainstream media, quangos and the public sector, and 'Language is power'.

To abolish PC, we would have to have to undo the way it makes words and ideas 'problematic'. We would also have to get rid of the word itself, and expose the hidden history behind it. 'Problematic' unlocks the covert project of subversion that the left has been involved in since the 1970s. It is the missing link between the Cultural Marxist project and the infiltration of institutions by political correctness we have today.

But first let's clear up a hole in the theory of Cultural Marxism that leads its exponents to being dismissed as 'conspiracy theorists' – the idea that The Frankfurt School is to blame for Political Correctness.

Recent books such as *The Devil's Pleasure Palace*, and *Cultural Marxism: The Corruption of America* have uncovered the connection between the 1950s Frankfurt School of Marxists and the Progressive Left. Website *Zero Hedge*, and speakers like Bill Whittle, the libertarian Stefan Molyneux, the Paleo-Conservative William S Lind and Alternative Right spokesperson Andre Breitbart have each, from different corners of the right, exposed the malign influence of 'Cultural Marxism and the Frankfurt School'.

After the failure of global Communism, and the rise of fascism in the 1930s, the Frankfurt School of Social Research settled in the United States. It performed a postmortem on the communist project, using insights from Lukacs and Gramsci. Abandoning

economic Marxism, the Frankfurt School understood that for Communism to take root in the modern west, pillars stood in its way – the institutions of the family, the university, national pride and Christianity. They then set about the subversion of these structures and the indoctrination of a new generation of students. Evidence for this is the link between Marcuse's book *Eros and Civilisation* which advocates the 'liberated libido' and the Free Love revolution. Marcuse also originated the 60s phrase 'Make Love Not War'. Frankfurt School psychologist Erich Fromm's *The Art of Loving* also became an international bestseller,

and it too advocated promiscuity and the end of the family. Thus the Frankfurt School, weaponised sexuality 'against the establishment and the system'.

It is claimed that The Frankfurt Schools' ideas caught like wildfire across American campuses and were linked to Black Power, Gay Rights

and Feminism. Marcuse's essay *Repressive Tolerance* also contains the germ of what is now 'no platforming', a cornerstone of the Politically Correct project to censor free speech.

But there is a gap in this explanation. Firstly, it's hard to believe that some very turgid Marxist textbooks written by men in their 60s had such great influence on the young consumerist individualists of the baby boomer generation.

Secondly, there's an immense historical gap between the collapse of 60's revolutionary idealism and the modern Social Justice uprising. That gap includes the collapse of an entire leftist framework – the fall of the Soviet Union, the growth of Neo Liberalism and Neo Conservatism, 'the end of History' announced by Fukuyama and the end of Communism accepted by almost every political party after the fall of the Berlin wall. It includes the revelation of the genocides of Stalin and the almost universal agreement, during



the 90s, that socialist economics could not technically function. Game over.

The New Left should have died there in 1989, but, there was another force that kept Marxism alive, secretly, morphing into other forms. Unlike the Frankfurt school, this force was not concerned with sexual revolution but was instead centred on the strict control of language. It is a force that comes from a more deadly tradition of the left – one that is inextricably connected to the word ‘Problematic’.

The left is awash with what Stalin called ‘useful idiots, those who are not even aware that they are acting out an authoritarian plan. I, myself, was a useful idiot in the 90s, when after the Marxist project collapsed I was converted from Trotskyism to Post-modernism.

Post-modernism was a like a pair of magic spectacles that decoded the world and its ‘linguistic power structures’. You didn’t protest in the streets, no, instead you ‘Deconstructed gender stereotypes’, you ‘Challenged phallogocentric language’ or ‘Exposed the problematic of the institution.’ The Postmodernists held on to their academic positions, avoiding a potential McCarthy-type cull of former Marxists after 1989, and it didn’t seem that they were Marxists at all. When Derrida wrote *Spectres of Marx*, it appeared to put the ghost to rest.

The post-modernists offered something unique to the young, the idea that you had a special ‘identity’ and that identity politics was radical. As an initiate you learned the Post-modern lingo and this gave you an elevated position over others. You denounced them over how ‘problematic’ their words were. You accused them of racism, sexism, internalized misogyny.

We post-modernists of the 90s were proto-Social Justice Warriors. And we were useful idiots, because the gurus of Post-modernism were very cunningly hiding their true goals from us. They practised a different tradition of Marxism by stealth; one which young minds were susceptible to – as was discovered in successful experiments in the 1970s, in the one communist superpower that did not fall in 1989: China. ‘Problematic’ was a word with roots in Soviet Socialism, but it came to full force in the Cultural Revolution of Mao.

Foremost among the experiments that Mao subjected nine hundred million people to was the attempt to create a new kind of Communist human who would self-censor their own impulses and denounce those

whose words betrayed incorrect thinking. This crude Pavlovian methodology operated on the idea that by changing words and images you could erase History and create a fully planned society. From this view ‘there is no such thing as human nature’ and ‘everything in social life is a construct.’

As an example, in China the distinction between ‘blood relatives’ and ‘party associates’ was linguistically erased, so that all citizens became *xiongdì* (brothers and sisters). In Pinyin, or Struggle Sessions, teachers and elders who had spoken with incorrect language were denounced by teenage students, subjected to dismissal, then public humiliation before hundreds of people, often before being executed.

One point five million people were killed during Mao’s Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (1966-1977) for using words that were ‘problematic’. The post-modernists, with their ‘linguistic turn in philosophy’, were practising a form of Maoist Linguistic Engineering.

That Maoism could have greatly influenced the

French intellectuals of Post-modernity seems, at first a leap of imagination. Until we look closer. The link is the post-modern guru Julia Kristeva, known as *The Mother of Political Correctness*, and the magazine that she edited with her husband Phillipe Sollers: *Tel Quel* (1960-82). *Tel Quel* was the foremost international magazine of post-modernist/post-structuralist thought in the 1970s and published the work of Derrida, Kristeva, Foucault, Barthes, Blanchot, Althusser, Lacan and the leading leftist intellectuals of the time.

Tel Quel was shaken by the failed revolution of Paris, 1968, and searched for another route to revolution. They denounced Stalinism, and in 1971 the *Tel Quel* board broke with the French Communist Party (PCF), purged the non Maoists from its organisation and openly declared itself ‘against opportunism, dogmatism and revisionism and for the thought of Mao Tse Tung.’

In 1974, Sollers, Kristeva, Barthes and other committee members visited China and were guests of Chinese government officials. They had a carefully orchestrated exposure to China and on their return, as useful idiots do, they propagated a positive message about Maoism. They helped popularize the sinophilia that gripped Paris. Foucault’s then boyfriend was a member of La Gauche Proletarienne, an aggressive Maoist Group. Sollers translated the poems of Mao and wrote an important essay on Mao’s *On Contradiction* in

The New Left should have died there in 1989, but, there was another force that kept Marxism alive, secretly, morphing into other forms. ... this force was not concerned with sexual revolution but was instead centred on the strict control of language

issue number 45 of *Tel Quel*. He also paraded himself round the Parisian streets in Maoist Proletarian clothes. Chomsky described Kristeva as a ‘raving Maoist’. Kristeva wrote:

Mao is the only political man, the sole communist leader since Lenin to insist on the necessity of working on language and literature to transform ideology.

The involvement between *Tel Quel* and the Chinese Communist state is now open for investigation in the archives of the Maoist Internationalist Movement.

The influence of Kristeva, Barthes, Foucault and Derrida on western universities and culture from the 80s onwards has been profound.

Kristeva’s central project was to prove that oppressed social groups can trace the source of their oppression to the language they use. Her 1977 article ‘On Chinese Women’, is a foundational text for Post-Colonial Feminism and Women’s Studies.

From Barthes rose Media Studies and Postmodern Art Theory. From Foucault rose Queer Studies, Gender Studies, and departments of comparative studies which undermine the disciplines of History and Psychology. Derrida’s ‘deconstruction’ infiltrated departments of English, placing words ‘sous rature’ (under erasure).

Such disciplines openly aim to ‘problematised truth claims’ and ‘decentre the human subject’, attacking ‘binary language’ and institutions. From this tradition emerged deconstructionist Guyatri Chakravorty Spivak, a leading thinker within Post Colonial Studies and Intersectionalism. Combined, these are the new university departments from which the aggressively subversive movements for ‘Social Justice’ spring.

In all of these departments you find the same linguistic engineering. Certain ‘problematic’ words – due to the ‘ideological contamination’ they carry from History – are singled out. Students are taught to hunt down these words and their speakers.

Almost everyone who went through liberal arts education from 1980 onwards, experienced the power of the post-modern revolution and its core dogma – ‘everything is a construct’. Twenty years on, Social Justice Warriors now shout that ‘race is a social construct’; that gender and even sex are constructs; that ‘non-binary’ people are oppressed; that all problematic words and images of the ‘dominant culture’ must be destroyed. Although many Post-Modernists deny the

Maoist origins of their thinking – are even oblivious to it, their methodology is based on the crude, behaviourist engineering of Maoism: the idea that you transform people’s behaviour, *en masse*, by changing the images and language they use.

The screaming Red Guard teenagers of Mao’s linguistic experiment in the 70s are the forefathers of the Social Justice Warriors of today. The SJWs find ‘oppressive language’ everywhere, they shut down lectures. They invade the stage and ban speakers, they denounce teachers, petitioning for them to be fired. They attempt to censor the curriculum and even protest with the shockingly resurrected, red Communist flag – as was recently seen at an interrupted talk by Ben Shapiro. SJWs are enacting ‘Struggle Sessions’.

In many ways the west is now experiencing the ghost of a Maoist Cultural Revolution. But unlike the Maoists of the 70s, sacrificing their today for the better tomorrow, we know from History that there is nothing on the other side of revolution. There is only the oppression caused by planned language and the genocides of the planned society. The ‘unproblematic society’ yearned for by the Social Justice activist, is one in which incorrect people, like incorrect words, are erased.

We could perhaps ask those who claim a better world can be reached by

controlling language to reflect on this, next time they use the word ‘problematic’.

And we could ask just how this entrenched mindset might be stopped. It is not something that President Trump and his twitter account can dispel. To abolish Political Correctness, its hidden Maoist roots have to be widely exposed and then the brutal task of defunding the institutions through which it has spread must begin. At the same time an attempt must be made to rescue the social institutions that Post Modernity infiltrated and weakened; to restore those concepts such as family, truth, commitment, faith and nation, that the Maoists of Postmodernism rendered ‘Problematic’.

Ewan Morrison is a former contributor to The Guardian and to numerous progressive magazines, brought to the light by reading the Salisbury Review. (Those out there still in darkness it is never too late.)

Americanophobia

Paul Hollander

The rejoicing of European right-wing populists over Donald Trump's electoral victory has been widely noted but little attention has been paid to the likely contribution his victory is going to make to anti-Americanism – a compound of reasonable and groundless critiques, shaped by a negative predisposition. Anti-Americanism usually takes two major forms and Trump is bound to reinvigorate both. The first entails largely negative images of the United States associated with capitalism, inequality, racism, imperialism, mindless popular culture, etc. The second is stimulated by specific American policies, by what the United States does, how its various institutions function, or fail to.

It may be recalled that Barack Obama's electoral victory in 2008 substantially reduced levels of anti-Americanism in Europe and elsewhere. He appeared to personify aspects of American culture and society appreciated both abroad and in the United States. His victory suggested that racism was declining, that concern for social justice was compatible with success in a presidential election, and that a highly educated person could overcome the anti-intellectual currents and traditions in American political and public life.

The electoral victory of Donald Trump is likely to have exactly the opposite result. It will confirm and reinvigorate a wide range of highly critical sentiments (justified and unjustified), biases and stereotypes about American culture and society, even the purported national character. Detractors of the United States have reason to reach the conclusion that Trump has been brilliantly successful in personifying virtually every stereotypically unattractive feature of American society and culture, including the judgment of the voters who favoured him – although many of them are not racists, sexists or xenophobes. They chose a person of dubious moral standards, alarmingly unqualified for the job and highly unappealing as a human being. Astonishingly, millions of them considered him a truth teller, ('he tells it like it is'), although he demonstrated on many occasions an easygoing unconcern for facts and bombarded his audiences with an astonishing array of unsubstantiated assertions. His supporters have also been willing to overlook his authoritarian temper, unembarrassed intolerance and endless boasting of his wealth while taking great pride in his skill to minimize

(or altogether avoid) paying taxes.

Thus Trump symbolizes virtually every single ingredient of anti-Americanism, that is to say, the most unfavourable preconceptions of American culture and people. They include the belief that Americans are immature, naive, ignorant (especially of the world outside the United States), materialistic, greedy, violence-prone, excessively individualistic, ruthlessly competitive, obsessed with money, craving popularity and devoted to conspicuous consumption. Trump excels in all these traits, foremost among them a compulsive bragging, obsession with money, and dedication to conspicuous – as well as grotesquely tasteless – consumption. The latter includes home decorations that caricature royal palaces, and the gold plating of every possible object he uses. He embodies the 'cash nexus' – evaluating people by how much money they make – as the ultimate measure of human worth. Many of these attributes (greed, materialism, objectifying human beings, etc) define the most unflattering incarnations of capitalism and are among the major sources of anti-capitalism. The latter, in turn, is a major ingredient of anti-Americanism.

Trump's victory implicated not only the voters, but major institutions as well. The mass media share responsibility for his success by giving him an extraordinary amount of free publicity and by refraining from the critical scrutiny of his candidacy before and during the primaries. The same criticism can be levelled at the Republican Party establishment that did little to prevent his nomination by informing voters of his total lack of qualifications and deeply flawed personality.

Trump will also stimulate the second form of anti-Americanism by his policy preferences as reflected in his irresponsible promises, rhetoric and appointees. Several of them replicate his own intolerance, lack of moderation and dubious qualifications for the positions assigned to them. He also confirms the worst expectations of Anti-American critics by the apparent pleasure he takes in denigrating women, Hispanics, Muslims, the disabled, immigrants, journalists and all those who disagree with him. His questionable or destructive policy proposals include doing away with free trade, removing regulations protecting the environment (and appointing as head of EPA a

most determined opponent of such regulations) and reintroducing torture of putative terrorists. His warmth toward Putin, an authentic and dangerous autocrat and enemy of the United States, prompts further serious questions about his judgement and its impact on foreign policy.

As a non-native born American (former 1956 Hungarian refugee) who came to this country with a favourable predisposition toward the American political system and the American people, I find it particularly discouraging that Trump is our next president. I can only hope that the dire consequences of, and vigorous domestic opposition to his policies and preferences will

deflate both the misplaced enthusiasm he inspired and the reactive waves of anti-Americanism.

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The Age of Untruth

Jane Kelly

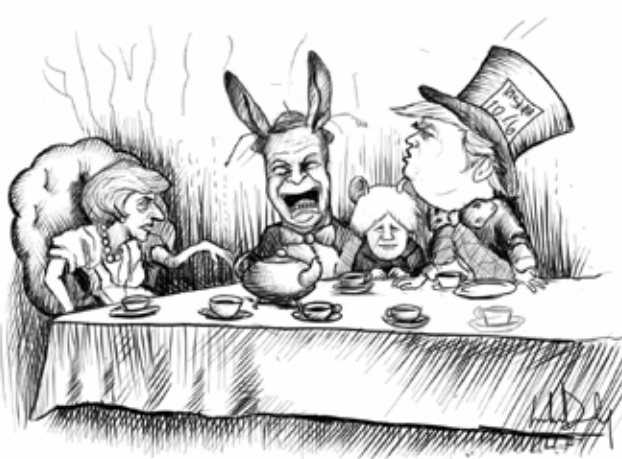
It seems that we are now living in the first ever Age of Untruth. This is not about bad people telling lies and hoping to get away with it, or even politicians, such as the SNP, lying about export figures, but a state where fibs are considered to be a perfectly acceptable substitute for truth. The king of this new way of doing things is the new American president, who began his tenure by claiming that millions of people had turned up to see him crowned, when photos clearly showed the opposite. He had to protect his ego and we had to empathise.

This is nothing to do with 'New Speak' the dark Orwellian nightmare where people are force-fed lies from a cruel dictator. For the Liberal Left it's all about Populism, which says, never mind the facts let's get on with destroying the ruling élite, ie them. The new fibocracy is happily accepted by a gullible public. Porkie Pies have always been popular entertainment, the difference now is surely the number of people, after years of free state education, who are unable to distinguish fact from fiction, whether it's conspiracy theories or presidential pique.

But this should really be no great surprise to anyone, as for the last seventy years philosophers and

educationalists in the US and Europe have been telling us that facts, historical facts in particular, are worthless junk. Only the present exists, without relation to past or future.

In the UK post-history and post-truth, unlike previous generations, we accept that most state educated people live unburdened by useless knowledge about the past. For years now we've been telling children to value emotion rather than hard facts, which are only culturally relative.



I studied history for A Level. In those distant school days the history teacher still held a file of notes full of facts provided by leading historians who knew all about the Glorious Revolution, the Thirty Years War, the Treaty of Westphalia and the illustrious if misguided life of Louis XIV. He fed these to us before inventing fiendishly difficult essay questions out of them.

I'd only done CSE, which was very vague, avoiding facts in favour of broad outlines. I found my new Sixth Form friends who'd taken an O level knew all about Bismarck, who the Hohenzollerns were, understood words like 'Hegemony,' and knew how to write detailed essays, which I didn't.

I got to grips with the essays and went on to study

history at University, but crazily chose a new, radical institution where history was a form of economics based around a core course entitled: 'Economic Imperialism and the Third World'. This meant reading reams of economic theory which concluded that history was nothing more than a struggle for resources between the rich and the undeveloped world. Our facts were about surpluses of manioc, coffee beans, copper and oil. These were manipulated in the interests of the Revolution, which was on its way. Meanwhile the post-modern philosophers of Paris had instructed my tutors in Eng Lit that the context of an author's life was irrelevant because all that matters is the language on the page. To me as a lover of biography that hurt, but worse was hearing that there are no juicy historical facts only bourgeois propaganda. In the mid 1980s as the CSE culture replaced the O Level, the teaching of history was largely abolished on the grounds that facts were 'cultural capital,' dangerous weapons in the class war.

Working teachers have told me quite emphatically that there are no such things as facts. History is written by the victors. Interest in the British past is nostalgia for imperialism and dangerously close to racism.

According to the new orthodoxy learning historical facts, about the Great War for instance, was no good to children because the most important thing they could do was 'empathise'. They are required to do this without understanding why a situation had come about. 'Why?' replaced by 'How do you feel?'

In schools, Europe before 1914 disappeared, replaced with Henry VIII's wives and sketchy ideas about the

Nazis. The point being that the wives were victims and the Nazis were bad, and not to turn out that way yourself. 'A Warning from History,' that singularly failed to register as anti-Semitism and Holocaust denial have become an on-line industry, mostly among the young.

The combination of ignorance and empathy intended to save the young from making the wrong political choices has also failed. The Institute of Education must be in grief, as after years of Left Wing teaching we have ended up with Populism and Jew bashing. The retreat from rigorous teaching in the US and the UK has coincided with the growth of social media and we no longer have a public with a hinterland of knowledge allowing them to sift between truth and lies.

We now have the logical conclusion to this intellectual vacuum; an American president who believes there is such a thing as 'alternative facts,' available for the defence of his ego.

The current situation was summed up last week by Richard Rampton QC who represented Deborah Lipstadt in the Irving Trial.

'I may be old fashioned,' he said on Radio 4. 'Everyone is entitled to their own opinion but no one is entitled to their own facts. Truth matters. My children spend a lot of their time on social media but they seem to have no problem distinguishing facts from lies. I think the answer is education.'

Jane Kelly worked for the Daily Mail.

Gone to Money Heaven?

Alistair Miller

The economic case for leaving the EU is well-detailed: a huge trade deficit, a large budget contribution, wages depressed by cheap migrant labour, industry tied up in red tape, the Euro on the point of collapse, and so forth. But how we survive outside the EU is another matter. Calls for 'a truly global Britain', or for Britain to rediscover its role as 'a great global trading nation' (Theresa May), are certainly rousing, but amount to little more than cheerleading. One has only to consider our dire economic position when we were last 'a global trading nation' back in 1973.

When the hype is stripped away, the post-Brexit recipe for economic success boils down to a lower

exchange rate, higher exports, rising wages, doing trade deals, and attracting foreign investors. This is fine, except that if exports do not significantly rise, or if investors lose confidence and sterling continues to depreciate, or if interest rates are forced up and consumer spending collapses, or if rising wages and costs generate an inflationary spiral, then it is also a potential recipe for disaster. Facile talk of a growing economy (true, consumers are spending and the population is booming) is all very well, but it neglects fundamental structural weaknesses in the British economy that have nothing to do with Brexit, but which will leave us dangerously exposed on leaving the EU. George Osborne at least recognised the need

to 'rebalance' the economy, even though he had no idea how to go about it. The failure of our leaders to warn people of the sacrifices that will be entailed in the short run, as opposed to offering consoling global visions, imperils the whole Brexit enterprise.

A curious feature of recent British economic history is that the state of the balance of payments, which dominated policy making for much of the post-war period, has been reduced to a technical detail. From 1945 to 1976, recurrent trade deficits were the bane of successive governments seeking to demand-manage the economy. Any attempt to reflate the economy to achieve full employment inevitably resulted in a balance of payments crisis and a 'run' on sterling, and had quickly to be reversed with a sharp dose of deflation. The curse was finally lifted when North Sea oil came on stream in 1978. Yet with the decline of North Sea oil revenues, and the return of trade deficits – there has been one every year since 1983, culminating in the record deficit of 2015 – the balance of payments problem has miraculously disappeared.

Ben Clift and Jim Tomlinson explain why in their 2008 paper 'Whatever happened to the Balance of Payments Problem?' Put simply, the advent of floating exchange rates and colossal global capital flows has removed the need for governments to 'finance' trade deficits, hold reserves and arrange loans with the IMF. Provided investors have confidence and foreign investment can be attracted, the markets will take care of everything. Indeed, the removal of the 'official financing' category from the balance of payments data 'does away' with the very notion that there could be 'a balance of payments problem'. This explains why, whereas the scale of the budget deficit (£82 billion in 2015, or 4.3 per cent of GDP) continues to dominate political debate and economic policy, the scale of the trade deficit (a record £96 billion, or 5.4 per cent of GDP) attracts barely a mention. Yet it seems odd that we should be able to consume nearly £100 billion of imports annually, amounting to some £2,000 per person, in perpetuity, for nothing in return. And it is curious that, after adjusting for any private sector imbalance between savings and investment, it can be shown that the budget deficit and the trade deficit are equal *by definition* – the one being, in effect, a mirror image of the other. Can it really be that the balance of payments *does not matter*?

The equivalence of the deficits is easy to demonstrate

and perfectly uncontroversial, for it is no more than an accounting identity. One simply puts together the two national income accounting identities (that total expenditure in the economy is equal to consumer spending, plus investment, plus government spending, plus earnings from exports minus spending on imports; and that national income is equal to consumer spending plus savings plus taxation), makes total expenditure equal to national income, for what we spend is what we earn; and rearranges the terms. The result is that savings minus investment (on the left) is equal to government spending minus taxation, plus exports minus imports (on the right). Wynne Godley, the Cambridge economist who is credited

with developing this 'sectoral balances' approach in the early 1970s, described his realisation of the identity as 'a Damascene moment'. It 'came as a shock to discover that if only one knows what the budget deficit and private net saving are, it follows from this information alone, without any qualification whatever, exactly what the balance of payments must be'. The identity tells us nothing about how imbalances arise, or how the variables interact. But the implications for economic policy are profound.



It follows from the Cambridge identity that, essentially, there are two options available if one wishes to eliminate the twin deficits: either act to eliminate the budget deficit, and the trade deficit will take care of itself; or act to eliminate the trade deficit, and the budget deficit will take care of itself. The first works through deflation. By raising taxes and cutting government spending, and by raising interest rates, demand in the economy is sufficiently reduced to eliminate £100 billion of imports. This is highly effective but also very damaging to the economy. The alternative, obviously preferable, is to address the trade deficit.

There are traditionally two approaches to tackling a trade deficit. The classical approach involves currency devaluation or depreciation. In principle, it should work and the exchange rate find a level that balances exports and imports, and thereby make trade mutually advantageous – David Ricardo's doctrine of comparative costs can then do its work. But if exports do not respond (because, for example, there is insufficient capacity, or there is nothing to export), or if the volume of imports does not fall sufficiently (because, for example, imports comprise essential

commodities and raw materials), or if rising import prices trigger an inflationary spiral, then the balance of payments can deteriorate further. The mercantile approach, by contrast, involves imposing tariffs and import controls. Free market liberals recoil in horror at the prospect of protectionism, trade wars and tit for tat retaliation. But the benefits of unfettered free trade must be weighed against the costs. If currency depreciation fails, or is not allowed to work because countries deliberately undervalue their currencies in order to build up surpluses, then there may be no alternative. Donald Trump's policy of seeking mutually advantageous deals on a country by country basis is not as economically illiterate as is widely supposed.

Whichever approach is adopted, there is a price to be exacted on living standards. For unless domestic consumption is reduced to free resources for export industries (or for import substitution), demand will exceed supply, and imports will be sucked in again – or else an inflationary spiral will ensue. To ensure this does not happen, taxes must rise, and government spending fall as the balance of payments improves, not as a deflationary measure, but to prevent the economy from overheating. This is the cost of rebalancing the economy. But what if currency depreciation does not work, and import controls are ruled out as too risky? This was the dilemma faced by Denis Healey and his advisors in 1975-76, the last time Britain had a full-blown balance of payments crisis. Wynne Godley and Nicholas Kaldor, the Cambridge economists, argued strongly for some form of protectionism, having concluded that 'no exchange rate' would be low enough to sell more British goods. Healey would not take the risk and borrowed from the IMF instead to tide us over till North Sea oil arrived. But with our oil revenues in sharp decline, what options would be open to us now?

We could rely on foreign investment to plug the deficit, and make Britain 'an attractive place to do

business'. Like 'going truly global', this sounds a relatively painless proposition. But an alarming feature of recent sets of trade figures is that the UK's traditional surplus in net earnings from investments overseas, the 'primary income balance', has also moved into deficit. Running a persistent trade deficit inevitably involves running down our assets overseas relative to foreign assets here; for whenever a British company or asset is bought by a foreign investor, a capital inflow takes place, but all the profits, dividends and rents that would subsequently have flowed into Britain flow out. We are selling off our assets to the tune of £100 billion a year to finance the balance of payments, and worsening the balance of payments in the process.

Alternatively, we could move onto a war economy footing and introduce rationing. This proved highly effective during World War II and the years of austerity that followed. In 1945, a bankrupt Britain set itself the Herculean task of doubling exports to balance the books, and succeeded. In these circumstances, nobody would be able to buy BMWs and all our own high-value consumer goods would have to be exported. It might be an attractive policy for Jeremy Corbyn's Labour party to adopt. We could even turn ourselves into a siege economy, like Cuba or North Korea, and opt out of world trade altogether.

But there is another possibility. What if there were a single currency area, like the EU but with a common budget deficit, and hence no balance of payments between member states; a federation that, unlike the EU, consisted of states that shared our own political and legal tradition, and our language; a federation of states led, not by power-crazed bureaucrats, but by self-made people who, like us, value liberty and democracy above all else. Perhaps we could apply to join it ... Now, there's a thought.

Alistair Miller is a teacher.

From the Lucky Country to Israel

Daryl McCann

This past December I was fortunate to be a delegate at the Australia-Israel-UK Leadership Dialogue. The journey from the Lucky Country to Israel, while not as lengthy as the flight to London, reminded me of the endurance test of the latter. You can imagine my delight to hear Qantas' recent announcement that from March 2018 they will have a non-stop flight from Perth to London. At 17.5 hours, it

is still a long one in anybody's terms, but it will mark an historical milestone: a new era of uninterrupted travel between the United Kingdom and Australia.

This development had me searching the bookshelves for Geoffrey Blainey's *The Tyranny of Distance* (1967). Blainey's theme, in a nutshell, is that Australia's geographical isolation informed its economic evolution and character. And yet, as the author writes in a preface

to the 1982 edition, 'ideas have usually leaped with relative ease across the ocean'. Leap they might, but the transport of ideas in the current political climate is something of a cause for concern.

Seventeen-and-a-half hours from Perth's Terminal 3 to Heathrow contrasts with the 27 days and 20 hours it took Sir Keith and Sir Ross Smith's Vickers Vimy to fly from the United Kingdom to Australia in 1919. The brothers would have made quicker time, Blainey notes, if they'd booked their passage on the mail boat to Australia. Still, these heroic aviators and their two assistants deserved every penny of their £10,000 prize: 'Sitting in an exposed cockpit they suffered from intense cold...they flew in low altitudes where the atmosphere and weather were most turbulent. Their cruising speed was 80 miles an hour, and if they flew at a speed of only 60 the engines stalled.' The Middle-East-India-Singapore route they 'haphazardly pioneered' would later become the main airway from Europe to Australia for many decades.

Today most Australians heading to Europe skip Singapore and India layovers, flying directly to Dubai or Abu Dhabi. From either of these mega-airports an Aussie traveller can go un-interrupted to any European, African, Middle East or Asian destination – with the one exception of Israel. On the way to the Australia-Israel-UK Leadership Dialogue in Jerusalem, I discovered this first hand. At Abu Dhabi International you might hear a voice announcing, 'Last call for Kiev', but what you will never hear is 'First call for Tel Aviv'.

The reason is that the Gulf States, not to mention Saudi Arabia and so many other Muslim-majority countries, do not have normal relations with the State of Israel. Jordan's relationship with Israel is complicated and many of its citizens are filled with anti-Zionist fervour. Still, the government signed a peace treaty with its neighbour in 1994 and so I flew to Amman before embarking on a low-altitude hop – as per Sir Ross and Keith Smith – to Tel Aviv. On arrival at Ben-Gurion Airport I was presented with a tourist visa printed on a separate sheet; an official stamp in your passport, as even the Israelis acknowledge, can make travelling elsewhere a headache.

There are so many ironies – from a British or Australian point of view – about Israel being treated as an international pariah. Top of the list is the fact that Israel happens to be a fully-fledged democracy while those who express the greatest enmity towards it are, for the most part, the opposite of democracies. The same could be said about international organisations such as the United Nations. In April 2016, the UN Human Rights Council (UNHRC) declared the State of Israel to be the world's top human rights violator.

The largest bloc in the 47-member UNHRC, needless to say, belongs to the Organisation of Islamic Cooperation. Two years ago, the UN chose none other than Saudi Arabia to chair a panel selecting 'experts' to investigate the rights of migrants, religious freedom and sexual orientation and, believe it or not, violence against women anywhere in the world.

The 2016 Leadership Dialogue in Jerusalem tackled the old conundrums – whether or not to persist with the so-called 'two-state solution' – plus some new questions as well, including the merit or otherwise of a Trump administration relocating the US embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The overseas delegates, mostly Australian and British politicians, journalists and businessmen, visited the Knesset on our last full day in town where we listened to and quizzed a succession of Israeli parliamentarians about everything from the Iran Nuclear Deal to the high price of housing in Jerusalem. For half an hour, near the end of our visit, we waited expectantly in a lobby to meet Benjamin Netanyahu. Eventually his personal assistant stepped out of the elevator and informed our party that the prime minister had been diverted by pressing matters and would not be joining us on this occasion.

One of those pressing matters might have been President Obama's farewell present for Prime Minister Netanyahu, UN Resolution 2334. The decree insists Israel unilaterally handover over the entirety of the West Bank, including East Jerusalem and the Jewish Quarter in the Old City, to its existential enemy. Two days before Resolution 2334 became headline news around the world, I wandered around the Old City and marvelled at its quietude and forbearing charm. The last time an Arab authority held sway over the Old City, between 1948 and 1967, thirty-five of the thirty-six synagogues in the Jewish Quarter were destroyed and all human remains in Jewish cemeteries removed.

Benjamin Netanyahu's Israel First nationalism explains his falling out with Barack Obama over the Iran Nuclear Deal. Obama had his eye on the Big Picture, of bringing Tehran's rogue regime in from the cold, while Netanyahu obsessed about safeguarding the Israeli people. The Age of Obama, at least in the beginning, offered the promise of visionary globalism trumping narrow-minded patriotism. Now we know it was all a delusion. As Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei recently explained on national television: 'We have many small and big enemies, but foremost among them are America and this very evil Britain.' In a sense Khamenei was right. British-style secular democracy, as practised in as disparate places as the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and, yes, Israel, is by its very success a reproach to Sharia Law and Iran's Guardian Council: either the

people rule or the self-appointed representatives of God rule.

It was not inevitable that the Zionists would choose democracy over some version of theocracy or socialist autocracy. In the case of David Ben-Gurion, at least, it was his personal experience of the London Blitz and the resilience of the British people that convinced him of the superiority of democracy in times of national stress. After all, a sovereign people who enjoy both individual and national self-determination have something worth defending.

Progressives everywhere still acclaim President Obama as ‘The One’ and disparage President Trump – in the words of Australian actress Cate Blanchett – as ‘absurd and ridiculous’. They might have it the wrong way round. The contrasting attitudes of Barack Obama and Donald Trump to Brexit tell us much about the direction of the political tide in the Free World. A victory for UK self-determination, according to Obama, would prove a retrograde step, while Trump always embraced the idea. Who had it right? An Anglo-American free trade deal – something Australia established with the US in 2005 – is now in the offing. Today a truly independent UK and a newly assertive US can strike a blow for the cause of united democratic nations, a concept superior in every way to the United Nations itself.

Many criticised Israel for its West Bank Barrier and Australia for Operation Sovereign Borders. The same international condemnation resurfaced after the people of the United Kingdom opted for Brexit and, of course, when President Trump announced plans to restrict immigration and build his wall on the southern border. Israel, Australia, the United Kingdom and United States are four examples of what Karl Popper called the ‘Open Society’. The paradox is that in today’s world an Open Society cannot be safeguarded with an open border – the carefree days of Ross and Keith Smith, hopping haphazardly across the globe, are long behind us.

I relish the prospect of flying on a Perth-to-London Boeing 787-9 Dreamliner. The relentless shrinking of the world is an astonishing phenomenon, something our forefathers are unlikely to have imagined. That said, overcoming the tyranny of distance has brought with it dangers as well as blessings. Islamic revivalism, to give just one instance, reveres an open border. Uninterrupted flights between Australia and the United Kingdom will help unify our two democratic nations, but we shall remain – as the song goes – islands in the stream.

Daryl McCann has a blog at <http://darylmccann.blogspot.com.au/>

All True Except the Facts

Theodore Dalrymple

Cognitive dissonance, the state of awareness of holding incompatible views or beliefs simultaneously, is no doubt the permanent condition of Mankind. It can give rise to a vague sense of unease, or even of guilt among those who value intellectual consistency. Some people try to suppress the unease by means of intellectual legerdemain, by claiming that their inconsistencies are apparent only and that, at a deeper level, the opposing views or beliefs that they hold are perfectly compatible. Most of us just learn to live with it.

This is not admirable, perhaps; but on the other hand, a man who is perfectly consistent in his views or beliefs would be either unaware of the world’s complexity or an inflexible monomaniac who valued his consistency more than his humanity. A man who never knowingly made exceptions in order only that his consistency should be preserved would be a monster.

Cognitive dissonance is as much an emotional state as a cognitive one, and no doubt we all have our own individual sources of it. The major source of my cognitive dissonance is the disjunction between my life and my perception of the world. On the one hand I have made something of a career (as practically all journalists must) of lamenting the condition of the world, and on the other I have nothing really to complain of, rather the reverse. Each time I describe or predict the downfall of civilisation, which is often, a still small voice, located physically, so it seems to me, at the rear of the top of my head, says, ‘Hang on a moment, your life is satisfactory to you, as it wouldn’t be if the collapse of civilisation were either occurring or truly imminent.’ I am aware that there is a contradiction. Slightly shamefacedly, I do not try to resolve it: I merely accept it and continue as before.

I doubt that I am unique in my cognitive dissonance.

There are probably more people than ever before in my situation, which is one of material sufficiency, personal security and absence of oppression, with the opportunity to live an interesting life. Whether we always take that opportunity is, of course, another question.

Let us take the absence of oppression first. I have never suffered a serious injustice in my life. Historically, this must be rather a rare experience, or rather lack of experience, in a human life. I have suffered bureaucratic irritations and their consequences, but that is not the same as the real and menacing oppression that, for example, my maternal grandparents and my mother experienced. By comparison with them, I have gone through life as a hot knife through butter. The reason for the contrast between their life and mine is that, so far, I have lived in a fundamentally just society, except when I voluntarily exiled myself from it.

Now of course I have suffered unfairness, as we all have. It is unfair that some should have been born handsomer, cleverer, more gifted than I. Almost by definition, most of us could have been born into better circumstances than we were; there are never no grounds for envy. But to mistake unfairness for injustice is a recipe for a lifetime of resentment, and though resentment has its sour satisfactions, it is neither pleasant to contemplate in others nor conducive to happiness in oneself. The mature person has learnt not to dwell on unfairness and, in the cant phrase, to count his blessings.

Of course, not to have suffered injustice but only unfairness has a certain disadvantage: it makes one's failures to do those things that one might have done one's own. To have had opportunities that one did not take places the blame on oneself rather than on the world, which is slightly painful: unless, that is, one has taken other opportunities almost as good, or at least satisfactory. When I look back on my life, I realise that most of my failures have not only been my own, but wilful, in the sense that I knew that I was making the wrong decisions at the very moment I took them – an awareness that I had even as a child. The cause of my failures was indulgence in one of the seven deadly sins, namely sloth. I preferred the comforts of ease to the distant rewards of strenuous effort, though I knew that the rewards existed and that they were unattainable without such effort. I always deluded myself – voluntarily and knowingly deluded myself – that I could make up for lost opportunity by effort in later life, which I equally deluded myself would be of infinite duration. What I could not claim, however, was that anybody had deliberately stood in my path, saying 'Thus far and no further,' or that there was a kind of apartheid-like obstacle in my path that

Sir William MacPherson would no doubt have called 'institutional'.

Though failure to take an opportunity may have lasting consequences for the rest of one's life, it does not mean that no other opportunity will present itself: and in my own case I was fortunate enough to live at a time when opportunity was largely self-manufactured, and it was relatively easy to live as I pleased and yet not suffer economic hardship as a consequence.

None of this could have been true unless it had been true for very large numbers of other people. I was neither privileged nor unprivileged; I was lucky, though only in moderation. More important than anything else, I avoided very bad luck, the kind of very bad luck that struck down a few of my contemporaries with chronic incapacitating illnesses.

How am I to reconcile or articulate my own good fortune and satisfaction with life, which I believe are not mine alone but those of large numbers of other people, and which would not have been possible in the absence of a tolerably just society (and which would not have been possible in past centuries), and my generally pessimistic outlook and apprehension that the quality of life has declined, is declining and will decline further, and that the world is but a theatre of misery, wickedness, evil and disaster?

There are, of course, good reasons for a writer to exaggerate his discontent at the state of the world and not to reveal contentment with his own existence. No one ever gained literary kudos by the expression of his satisfaction, which is difficult to distinguish from self-satisfaction and complacency, and generally sounds unctuous. To be lacerated by the miseries of the world (of which, fortunately, there are still plenty to choose from) is the sign of a superior sensibility. How can any decent man be *really* happy while there is still civil war in the Southern Sudan?

Perhaps my personal satisfaction and my pessimism about the world can after all be reconciled: I am happy precisely *because* of the unsatisfactory state of the world and not *despite* it. The righting of wrongs, or in my case the writing about them, is, if not *the* purpose of life, at least *a* purpose *in* life. Complaint is one of the great joys of life: and without it, most of us would fall silent. A perfect world would be hell on earth, which is one reason why there will never be a perfect world.

Theodore Dalrymple is a journalist

Did Big Pharma Push China's One-Child Policy?

Christopher Leonid

Beijing is reversing its one-child policy. Effective from 1st January this year, the State allows each couple a second child.

Two years ago, on Valentine's Day, I was collected from Tiananmen Square in an official's car and driven to a dark building on the outskirts of the city. Ushered into a lift with no buttons on the inside, I was transported to a Korean restaurant and Karaoke bar. My host was a veteran cadre of the Mao era with a penchant for 1950s Soviet Pop. His guests sang with great emotion to grainy footage of blast furnaces and combine harvesters on the plasma screen. The place was staffed by musicians whose families were held back in Pyongyang as security.

I was seated next to the cadre's granddaughter. Severely warned off talking politics, I asked her about her holidays and she described an ammunition drill in the countryside. Plainly, a privileged background had not exempted her family from the rigours of civic duty. I later learned in Hong Kong that her mother had been ordered to terminate three pregnancies.

China has no civil society, so the State alone is responsible for the largest population on Earth. Understandably, they regard stability as the highest virtue and outside cultural influence as destabilising. They are usually generous enough not to mention the

Opium Wars provided you don't mention the regime's control of the internet, the suppression of Christian worship, the sinister cult of Mao or the insistence that little girls learn to use firearms.

Very occasionally, however, China is forced to account for something that rattles the nation. This is where the national imagination, normally directed harmlessly into superstition, demonstrates its remarkable capacity for scapegoating. Those who grew up under Mao sometimes tell of a great role America played in suppressing the Communist revolution. Stories of Imperialist exploitation, black ops and torture chambers doubtless served to unite a critically divided nation, but cut it off from the West. I cannot disprove these assertions. They only lack weight to me because I know how far the Chinese must go to save face and reaffirm the virtue of the Communist regime. After Mao's death in 1976, the time came to explain the Great Famine and the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. As China had been isolated, these shortcomings had to be blamed on a political force within China – the Gang of Four.

A generation later, another monumental confession seems imminent.

The one-child policy was probably the most radical intervention ever made by humans in their own

MUSINGS FROM
THE
FOAM-FLECKED
RIGHT



ecology. Some continue to argue, begging the question, that China's economic miracle is partly attributable to 35 years of sterilisations and forced abortions, but we are only beginning to understand what China has truly unleashed upon itself. The second generation born under this policy often have no family beyond six ageing adults. One third of the Chinese population will be over 60 by 2050. Cultural desire to produce a male heir has led to the mass killing of baby girls, resulting in a surplus of 40 million men. This is an inhuman disparity, because nature assumes that strife and warfare will cost societies their men, not their women. Such brutalisation of women might suggest that China has a strong bent towards tyrannical masculine imperatives – but the opposite is true: an over-abundance of men in an epoch of free love and fast cash has produced two generations of brattish women who now pull every lever of social power and treat their supplicating, needy, menfolk as bag carriers. It seems ironic that a culture so absorbed by commerce and the pursuit of harmony could not see how this basic dynamic from supply and demand would play out. Even as the scheme is scrapped, citizens' newfound bourgeois expectations make a compensatory baby boom highly unlikely. My guess is that apologists for this policy would gladly change their tune if only the blame could be shifted away from China.

Once again, the demand increases for a scapegoat. It's well within the grasp of anyone's imagination to identify the culprit for this one: western pharmaceutical companies. Who else was poised to reap the financial rewards as the world's largest market for contraceptives opened up?

Economist Ma Yinchu got an almighty ticking-off when he originally tabled the one-child policy in 1957, so why was it suddenly allowed to resurface in 1980

when China was crawling with representatives of western corporations looking for contracts? Did foreign Imperialists bribe a handful of now-dead cadres? Every one of the world's top twenty big pharma companies managed to obtain a joint venture contract with the Chinese State.

This is not the sort of conspiracy theory which depends upon a large number of people keeping quiet. It also plays neatly on the hubris of the liberal West. Imagine how this idea will be received by those ever ready to stand-up for the rights of the less fortunate; ever ready to excuse any form of tyranny which sails under the red flag; ever receptive to anything that might smear multinational corporate capitalism.

Investigative journalism is largely unknown in China, but the drones of their media machine will scurry around State archives collecting records of meetings between commercial representatives. There will be calls for government inquiries in the West to keep Beijing sweet. And of course, even if it is what apologists for the Chinese regime would say, the claims could actually be true.

Any accusation that big pharma paid for the one-child policy would be the word of a venerable culture against that of a cash-driven corporation. A part of me says that it's none of my business, but somehow my conscience demands that I put this out here now to steal the march for the West. It has something to do with the memory of those North Korean hostages smiling at me as I was ushered back into the lift with no buttons.

Christopher Leonid is a correspondent.



The Coming Universal Religion

Edo Pivčević

It has become commonplace for Moslems who recoil in horror from the Isil-Daesh atrocities to insist that Islam is a ‘religion of peace’. Even a British Prime minister has described it as such in the British House of Commons. No doubt they all earnestly desire it to be so. But if ‘peace’ means being ready to allow space for beliefs contrary to one’s own to be expressed and flourish, then this is difficult to reconcile with the ferocious diatribe in the opening chapters of the Koran against the ‘unbelievers’ – meaning principally Jews and Christians – who, it is alleged, have ‘monstrously corrupted’ God’s message as revealed by their own apostles from Abraham to Moses and Jesus.

The entire Koran is conceived primarily as an indictment of what Mohammad and his followers saw as a scandalous vitiation and debasement of God’s revelations in the Jewish Torah and the Christian Gospel. The Jews are accused of hypocritically professing allegiance to the all-embracing Abrahamic faith while at the same time trying to make it serve their own ends and ‘debarring others from the path of God’. They ‘disclaim’ responsibility for executing Jesus while actually ‘wanting him to be killed’. In addition, they engage in ‘usury although they were forbidden it’, and ‘cheat others of their possessions’ (4:158). As far as Christians are concerned, they are guilty of sacrilegiously proclaiming Jesus to be the ‘Son of God’ and of having fabricated the absurd doctrine of the Trinity, which violates the principle of monotheistic faith.

But the main underlying charge laid against both Jews and Christians is that they have turned God’s message into something very close to a tribal ideology, designed to serve their own sectional interests. The Jews see themselves as God’s favourite nation and

a cut above the rest, and the Christian world, while ostensibly preaching the message of universal love and brotherhood, has become inextricably entangled with the beliefs and traditions of Greco-Roman civilisation, and is trying in effect to foist western values on the rest of humanity.

As against such ‘monstrous’ distortions of the faith the message of the Koran is that one should submit unconditionally to one God, who, it is claimed, stands above everything and everyone, and punishes or rewards Jew or Gentile alike. It is blasphemous to think of such a God as furthering any sectional interests or being susceptible to being swayed by offerings or entreaties. God cannot be attributed any human-like characteristics, and any attempt to portray him, or explain his actions, in human terms is an act of sacrilegious idolatry, and by far the worst sin one can commit.

Nevertheless, God, it seems, has some very specific things to say about how humans should conduct their lives. These are all listed in the Koran, which is said to be a verbatim account of what he, God, had revealed to Mohammad in a dream through the Angel Gabriel, and – as one is being menacingly told in the very first sentence – is a ‘book not to be doubted’ (2:1). Those

who refuse to accept, or deliberately go against, God’s ‘revelations’ as set out in the Koran will be punished most severely, for God is ‘mighty and capable of revenge’ (3:4). Admittedly God is also ‘compassionate and merciful’, but his mercy and compassion, it seems, extends only to those who are prepared to repent and submit to his will. The unbelievers who decline to do so will become ‘the fuel of Hell’. This in particular applies to Jews and Christians, who are the ‘vildest of creatures’ (98:1). They are ‘servants of Satan’ and the duty of all believers is to be ‘ruthless’ to them, while being ‘merciful to one another’ (48:29)



"They got me for crimes against gender equality. I was helping to rescue people from a sinking ship and stupidly shouted 'women first'."

Note that ‘being ruthless’ here is meant literally, not just as a figure of speech. ‘Believers’ – God, through his prophet, tells the faithful – ‘make war on the infidels who dwell around you. Deal firmly with them. Know that God is with the righteous’ (9:121). This is an essential part of the message, and is a duty no-one can shirk. For ‘...if you do not go to war, he [God] will punish you sternly, and will replace you by other men’ (9:37). Appealing to conscience is not an option. One should put aside any qualms one might have about killing recalcitrant unbelievers. Nor should one hesitate to lay down one’s own life in defence of the faith. True believers, one is being told, ‘will fight for the cause of God, they will slay and be slain [*italics added*]. Such is the true promise which He [God] has made them in the Torah, the Gospel and the Koran’ (9:111). One should accept this unconditionally and act accordingly, for ‘idolatry is more grievous than bloodshed’ (2:189; 2:216).

In other words, there can be no ‘fraternisation’ with non-Moslems. Indeed the Holy Book explicitly warns believers against making friends with infidels. ‘Believers do not make friends with those who are enemies of Mine [God’s] and yours.’ (60:1). As to who the main enemies are, here the finger once again is being pointed at the same old bogeys. ‘Take neither the Jews nor the Christians for your friends’ – the faithful are told. ‘They are friends with one another. Whoever of you seeks their friendship shall become one of their number’ (5:51) – and joining their ranks is virtually the same as apostasy, which is a ‘treason’ punishable by death.

At the same time, God’s munificence in rewarding the faithful knows no bounds. Whereas unbelievers will fry in Hell, the believers in afterlife will dwell in ‘high Pavilions’ in gardens ‘watered by running streams’, with abundant fruit and drink, surrounded by ‘bashful, dark-eyed virgins, as chaste as the sheltered eggs of ostriches’ (37:48). Indeed, says the Holy Book, the ‘dark-eyed houris’ will be ‘theirs’ as a ‘guerdon for their deeds’ (56:6) – which suggests all manner of alarming possibilities. Significantly there is no mention what rewards, if any, await the female devotees of the faith, apart, that is, from being able to enjoy wearing expensive jewellery. Which, perhaps, is not all that surprising, considering that the Koran declares men to have a ‘status above women’ (2:226) and generally as being ‘superior’ to them (4:34).

But the bashful, dark-eyed virgins seem to be just an added bonus, for God demands unconditional submission, not just compliance in exchange for reward. This includes a commitment to restore the Abrahamic faith to its original purity and wage war against all those who have perverted its message.

When Mohammad came on the scene endless religious squabbles and rampant factionalism were convulsing the Judeo-Christian world. There were long standing theological disputes about predestination, the nature of the Trinity and the divinity of Jesus, among many others, which invariably spilled out into the political sphere and frequently led to bloodshed. Faced with such a situation Mohammad saw himself as a reformer with a mission to defend God’s original message from what he saw as ‘evil misrepresentations’ at the hands of both Jews and Christians. Not unlike Martin Luther, who nine centuries later tried to rescue ‘the true core’ of the Christian doctrine from the idolatrous clatter of the Roman church, so Mohammad too tried to wrench the genuine Abrahamic faith from what he saw as the clutches of the heretics. The only problem was that – as often happens in similar circumstances – his initial reformatory motivation soon escalated into a fanatical zeal, which was murderous in intent and brooked no dissent.

At the same time, Mohammad was anxious for Islam to be seen as the only genuinely ‘universal’ religion. Both Judaism and Greco-Roman Christianity, as he saw it, had become too insular to be able to carry God’s message successfully to everyone, or, for that matter, to incorporate into their teachings the customs and social norms which in other cultures had existed for centuries. The Jews and the Christians, he was saying, had used the traditional Biblical message merely to further their own sectional interests, and had turned what ought to be a universal faith into a parochial idolatry. Such a heresy, he thought, was serious enough – and threatening enough – to justify taking up arms in order to uproot it.

All this is like the stance which the mediaeval Christian church took against the non-Christian world, including the world of Islam. It too waged a war against the unbelievers in the name of the ‘catholic’, ie ‘universal’, faith. Nevertheless there is an important difference. For whereas the proselytising Christian *ecclesia militans* has gradually become less strident, for the established Church was taught a severe political lesson during the Age of Enlightenment. The French revolution laid the foundations of the modern secular state; Islam still seems to be a long way off from our own rationalist awakening.

(All quotations are taken from the translation of the Koran by N J Dawood, 1999.)

Edo Pivčević’s latest book Man is a Rational Animal has just been published in America.

Conservative Classic — 65

Amusing ourselves to Death, Neil Postman

Sean O'Leary

From time to time I have been asked by a foreign publication to comment on the British best-seller list. It became clear to me what should have been obvious from a visit to my local W H Smith: that for most of the British, reading is now the continuation of television by other means: for almost all the books sold in large numbers are written by or about television personalities, or at least to 'tie in' with a television series.

Neil Postman, a professor of Communication Arts and Sciences at New York University (a discipline unknown in my early years), was by no means politically conservative. He never had anything good to say of American conservatism, but he was a cultural critic whose lamentations about modernity would nevertheless have gladdened the heart of any true conservative. His book *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, published in 1986, eloquently pointed out that the business of America (and by extension the rest of the western world) was no longer business but entertainment. One certainly knows what he meant.

The cover of the original edition of his book would now raise a smile among the young, for it refers to an almost ancient and electronically primitive past: that of a bourgeois family sitting in armchairs watching a television from which speaks a man in a suit and tie. The family is depicted as headless, by which it is implied that it is mindless, the television before them having emptied their heads of minds and thus in a sense decapitated them.

When Postman wrote his book, computers, at least as far as the average home was concerned, were in their infancy and mobile telephones did not yet exist. The fax machine then seemed miraculous and far-advanced; to look up someone in the *Dictionary of National Biography* still meant a journey to a library, taking half a day of one's life. The same task today takes a few seconds.

This might seem like an unequivocal benefit, and for me as an individual it undoubtedly is; but it was Postman's contention that, for the vast majority, the electronic media of mass communication were not simple instruments for the efficient achievement of the same goals as those that prevailed during the age of print, but rather that they necessarily changed the whole nature of our culture and even our character,

emphasising the emotional rather than the reasoned, the appearance rather than the reality, the shallow rather than the deep, and the sensational rather than the significant.

It was not so much that the electronic media (in his day only television) trivialised the serious, it was that they destroyed the very possibility of making the distinction between the trivial and serious. Indeed, Postman was much more worried by television that presented itself as serious than that which presented itself as unashamedly trivial, for then people might begin to think they were being serious by watching it. Even an 'in depth' news programme, because of the exigencies of the medium itself, was formatted on the assumption of the viewer's flea-like attention span, so that if the word 'mountain,' say, were used, there would have to be a picture of a mountain shown, preferably with time lapse photography of the clouds going past or over it to prevent the viewer from growing bored and restless with a still picture.

Television and its progeny is therefore the enemy, declared or not, of contemplation and reflection; they render the mind a mental food-blender, in which rumour, fear, fact, misconception, emotion, non sequitur, statistic, prejudice, advertisement and other ingredients are ceaselessly macerated and liquidised, rendering impossible consecutive thought about anything. Politics then becomes at best a duel of slogans, often no more than a beauty contest. As for religion, it is likewise affected: churches worry about their withering congregations (and loss of market-share) and try to make their services more 'relevant,' which is to say entertaining. Splendid, laid-down and relatively invariant ritual was once an aid to spirituality; now priests tell ingratiating jokes to appear accessible and entertaining. Congregations are now audiences and expect to be entertained, switching channels if they are not.

Postman harked back to an age in American history when print was almost the only way in which people could inform themselves about the world outside their own limited circle. Every small American town had its Lyceum or lecture hall, in which hundreds of perfectly ordinary citizens, who had gone through a much shorter period of formal education than almost anyone today, sat and concentrated without difficulty

on a serious subject for an hour at a time, or even much longer. Political debates lasted several hours and involved reasoning from principles. This was possible, according to Postman, because people were used to reading as a pastime, the Bible above all but also Walter Scott and Dickens. Recently, I was asked to give a lecture to a learned society, whose members were perhaps in the top one or two per cent of the population from the point of view of intellectual accomplishment and cultural sophistication, and whose chairman was astonished, and delighted, when I proposed to speak for 50 minutes without the use of so-called audio-visual aids. Indeed, in many meetings of learned societies the use of such aids is now mandatory.

We are surrounded by entertainment as North Koreans are surrounded by political propaganda. In the public space it is very difficult to escape it, and

Postman presciently pointed to the similarity between propaganda and entertainment, at least in the matter of its ubiquity. So prevalent has electronic stimulation become that many people now feel frightened and lost without it; they find silence, and therefore the challenge of filling their own minds with their own thoughts, threatening.

Postman contrasted the two great literary dystopias of the twentieth century, *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, and concluded rightly that the former was, for us, the more relevantly minatory. He ends his classic book:

Huxley was trying to tell us that what afflicted the people in Brave New World was not that they were laughing instead of thinking, but that they did not know what they were laughing at and why they had stopped thinking.

Reputations — 54

Thomas Sowell
Scott Grønmark

‘Socialism in general has a record of failure so blatant that only an intellectual could ignore or evade it.’ The economist, political philosopher and social commentator Thomas Sowell, America’s most consistently quotable public intellectual, recently retired at the age of 86. His legion of admirers, who think it’s scandalous that he has never been awarded a Nobel Prize for economics, will miss him. But, given his age, and the fact that he has written forty books, 2,000 syndicated columns, and a host of scholarly articles, essays and book reviews, nobody can doubt that he has earned the right to retire from the battlefield, especially at a time when left-liberalism – the political and economic philosophy he has spent over half a century mercilessly bludgeoning, appears to be in retreat.

Sowell was born to a black housemaid in North Carolina, and grew up in Harlem in New York. He dropped out of school early to serve in the Marine Corps during the Korean War. A decade later, he graduated *magnum cum laude* from Harvard, and attained a PhD

at Columbia the following year. That summer, the 30-year old Marxist experienced a Damascene conversion: while working as a US government department intern



he detected a correlation between rising unemployment levels among Puerto Rican sugar workers and a rise in the mandatory minimum wage designed to lift them out of poverty. He concluded that the bureaucrats administering the minimum wage programme were more interested in their own jobs than those of the people they were supposed to be helping. He jettisoned Marx for free market economics, and adopted a philosophy towards the libertarian end of the right-wing political spectrum. After attaining a PhD from the University of Chicago, he went on to teach at a series of impeccably left-wing universities,

until, tired of the idiocies of liberal academia (‘Too much of what is called ‘education’ is little more than an expensive isolation from reality’), in 1980 he became a senior fellow at Stanford University’s Hoover Institute think tank, the redoubt from which he has been lobbing missiles at what he calls ‘the anointed’ on behalf of

the rest of us – ‘the benighted’ – ever since. One can imagine members of the left-liberal élite wincing as each of the following barbs draws blood:

The most fundamental fact about the ideas of the political left is that they do not work. Therefore we should not be surprised to find the left concentrated in institutions where ideas do not have to work in order to survive.

Much of the social history of the Western world, over the past three decades, has been a history of replacing what worked with what sounded good.

Virtually no idea is too ridiculous to be accepted, even by very intelligent and highly educated people, if it provides a way for them to feel special and important.

Sowell’s refusal to act the role of a black public intellectual according to the Left’s rules has made him a constant thorn in their side and a hero to the American Right, who constantly circulate his aphorisms on the internet. Despite his skin pigmentation and humble origins, the uppity wretch heaps scorn on his white masters’ addiction to self-congratulatory moral posturing, and routinely dismisses celebrity black civil rights leaders as ‘race hustlers’. He bases his arguments on facts rather than emotions (as Sowell wrote of today’s undergraduates: ‘The problem isn’t... that Johnny can’t think. The problem is that Johnny doesn’t know what thinking is; he confuses it with feeling.’) His books are devoid of technical language or academic obfuscation, and are so clearly written that even his writings on economics can be understood – and enjoyed – by the averagely intelligent lay reader. Apart from his syndicated column, he has ignored the media and avoided personal publicity, which helps to explain his extraordinary productivity)

Despite his gentle voice, laconic manner, and coolly rational writing style, emotion (mainly, one suspects, exasperation) underpins much of Sowell’s work, particularly when discussing race. If he were white, his comments on the subject would undoubtedly see him branded a racist. He deplores many aspects of modern black ‘culture’, but, while keen for blacks to shoulder the responsibility for much of their own destruction, he apportions much of the blame to the anointed: ‘The black family survived centuries of slavery and generations of Jim Crow [racist laws], but it has disintegrated in the wake of the liberals’ expansion of the welfare state.’ According to Sowell, before President Johnson launched his ruinous Great Society experiment on America in the ‘60s, in which billions of dollars were spent on ‘affirmative action’ in an attempt to eradicate inequality, blacks were rapidly

closing the gap between themselves and whites in every single measurable area – including education, income, incarceration rates, death by homicide and teenage pregnancies. Indeed, more working class black children were being raised in two-parent households at the end of the ‘50s than their white equivalents. Things weren’t perfect by any means, but they were undoubtedly improving. In the wake of LBJ’s intervention, black attainment levels in all areas plummeted, and the gap between blacks and whites widened. Yet the same failed policies have been pursued for much of the past half century, wreaking even greater destruction on black communities.

The disastrous consequences of attempts by a succession of American administrations to ‘help’ blacks bear out two of Sowell’s main themes. First, he tells us, government intervention in any field almost invariably makes things worse. Second, our self-regarding elites can’t be trusted, because they’re only interested in advocating policies which reinforce their sense of moral superiority: the effect of those policies on people’s lives is of little concern to them. Rather than accept that society’s ills stem from individual choices and behaviour, the anointed blame ‘society’, because ‘...to believe in personal responsibility would be to destroy the whole special role of the anointed, whose vision casts them in the role of rescuers of people treated unfairly by “society”.’ This pernicious vision eventually achieves ‘a sacrosanct status, hermetically sealed off from the contaminating influence of facts.’

As voters in the West appear to be coming round to Sowell’s view of reality – especially on race and immigration, and the growing suspicion that the elite doesn’t really give a stuff about them – one suspects that, far from being forgotten in the future, his reputation will soar. He has been pretty much spot on about everything for a very long time and if a Nobel Committee can see fit to award a prize to Bob Dylan, there seems very little reason not to bung one Thomas Sowell’s way.

I will end with two more memorable quotations from the great man, the first of which should be dunned into the thick head of any politician who doesn’t understand why inviting a million culturally-alien foreigners to invade your country isn’t a good idea: ‘Civilisation has been aptly called a “thin crust over a volcano”. The anointed are constantly picking at that crust.’ Traditional conservatives made nervous by Sowell’s libertarian leanings might find this reassuring: ‘For the anointed, traditions are likely to be seen as the dead hand of the past, relics of a less enlightened age, and not as the distilled experience of millions who faced similar human vicissitudes before.’

Film

‘*Denial*’ - Director Mike Jackson

Penelope Fawcett Hulme

Not just Donald Trump goes weak at the knees at the thought of our comical little island with its twee traditions. England still swings like a pendulum does, even if we can’t see it ourselves and America reveres and respects us for our very strange ways, at least that conclusion can be drawn from the film *Denial*.

On one level it concerns the libel claim brought by historian David Irving against Penguin books and American historian Deborah Lipstadt. In 1995 he challenged her book, *Denying the Holocaust; the Growing Assault of Truth and Memory*, published two years earlier, in which she accused him of rewriting history and claiming that the holocaust was a myth. Irving was incensed by a reference to him on page 180 as ‘discredited’. She also called him, ‘one of the most dangerous spokespersons for Holocaust denial... he bends it (historical material) until it conforms with his ideological leanings and political agenda.’

You can’t get a darker subject but *Denial* is a strangely winsome, almost light hearted film. Once Lipstadt had arrived at her London barrister’s cramped, book filled office attention is drawn several times to a plate of untouched Digestive biscuits. They looked like product placement, and in a way they were; the product on offer being Merrie old England.

Audiences were also treated to red telephone boxes along wet London streets, incessant rain for the grumbling Lipstadt in Burbury mac to battle through, a daring lack of US mores as bibulous old beaks in wigs threw back Claret and Scotch. There was an offer of tea in a moment of intense crisis, which Lipstadt naturally rejected crossly. We also had a dark oak lined court room where people bowed deferentially, which she refused to do. Rather than a gritty court room drama it was clearly more a dream about England, as cosy and convincing as the photo on a tin of shortbread.

The film does honour some US traditions. Financed by the BBC and ‘Participant Media’ an American film production company dedicated to entertainment which, ‘inspires and compels social change,’ it goes in for some didactic casting. It wasn’t exactly Hollywood, Hilary Swank originally cast as Lipstadt dropped out and there was no Brad Pitt popping up shouting

‘objection!’ But the bad character was ugly while the good ones were beautiful. Despite the wigs we were clearly in the world of white and black hats.

Irving is played by Timothy Spall although their looks couldn’t be more different; the historian a large handsome, bombastic man with a head of thick white hair and a very square jaw. Spall, who has lost a great deal of weight recently, is tiny, with thin mousy hair, nose like a pen and no chin to speak of. He plays Irving like a cringing, wounded animal. Lipstadt is not a pretty woman but is played by Rachel Weisz an English rose.

Playwright David Hare has also provided a simplified script, aimed at some mysterious mid-market audience containing only one real hard nugget from the trial. Historian Richard Evans, played by John Sessions doesn’t have any actual lines and just smiles genially. Yet Evans provided copious evidence about Irving’s cunning calumnies, enough to fill his book, *Telling Lies About Hitler: The Holocaust, History and the David Irving Trial*.

Evan’s evidence meticulously exposed the half truths and distortions in Irving’s 1977 book, *Hitler’s War*, in which he argued that Hitler didn’t know about the Holocaust and there was no Holocaust for Hitler to know about. He also wrote that the number of Jews killed, ‘is wrong by an order of magnitude...500,000 to 600,000 instead of five to six million.’

In *Denial* only one of his assertions is explored, an order from Hitler that a particular transport of Jews from Berlin should not be liquidated. This was an example of a Irving’s method which historian Raul Hilberg, writing in 1994, called ‘the snapshot fallacy.’

On page 505 of *Hitler’s War*, Irving quotes Himmler’s telephone notes of November 30, 1941, when on Hitler’s orders he telephoned Reinhard Heydrich ordering that there was to be ‘no liquidation’ of Jews. Irving took this ‘snapshot’ out of historical context and concluded from it that, ‘the Fuehrer had ordered that the Jews were not to be liquidated. Hilberg pointed out that what the log really says is, ‘Jewish transport from Berlin. No Liquidation.’ A reference to one particular transport, not all Jews. Ironically, Hilberg reported, that transport was liquidated. The order was either ignored or it was too late. The transport had already

arrived in Riga and they didn't know what to do with these thousand people so they shot them that very same evening. In addition, for Hitler to veto an order for liquidation implies that liquidation was something that was taking place.

We don't get any more court room exploration of Irving's distortions because Denial is not really interested in scratching about in the Nazi demonium or in gloomy old Auschwitz, just out of sight like some repulsive elderly Aunt no one wishes to visit. Its real interest is contemporary relations between America and the UK.

This is the story of how a clever but emotional American lawyer with a painful accent, learned to shut up and listen to the cold, canny, frequently drunk Brits who knew how to play the game to win. The wily drunks are led by Jewish solicitor and academic Anthony Julius, aged sixty, played by beautiful gay Irish actor Andrew Scott, twenty years younger who doesn't look Jewish at all. There are no overtly Jewish faces in the film.

With the forethought of a chess player Julius decides that to safeguard themselves they will have no jury, only a judge. To get Irving to agree to this he flatters him by suggesting that no jury could follow the complexities of his work. Irving swallows this whole but Lipstadt wants to take the stand herself along with Holocaust survivors. Julius and his team are adamant that neither will happen. They see that to win they must keep the trial focused solely on Irving and deny him the chance to demolish witnesses.

Lipstadt is furious and bewildered until it's all carefully explained to her by Richard Rampton QC played by Tom Wilkinson in the manner of Mr Jaggers in *Great Expectations*, or perhaps Charles Laughton as Sir Wilfred Roberts in *Witness for the Prosecution* which was set in the Old Bailey. Wilkinson, knocking back Scotch as he works on his brief, all drooping jowls and gimlet eyes gives a tour de force performance as a wild British barrister, a law unto himself in pursuit of justice.

The film's turning point comes not with the defeat of Irving but when Rampton persuades the emotionally incontinent American to pipe down and do it the English way, poor lovely Lipstadt agrees to control her wobbly lip and comply with the emotionally repressed Brits and is successfully protected from Irving's aggression.

Denial is itself a snapshot. A small, low budget film, on limited release in the USA, it speaks loudly about an America losing self-confidence, struggling in a new age of uncertainty and shocking equivalence, where an alliance can even be proposed between the USA and Putin's Russia. Rather than a film about terrible historical events, it turns out to be a very reassuring fable about a once mighty nation reaching out to an old ally perceived as quaint but trustworthy, not entirely knowable but magnificently wise and steady; a young country acting out Mark Twain's cute old adage that as he grew up from boy to man, he noticed that his father had learned a lot.



Roy Kerridge

When I was eleven years old I would pore over the map of England and shade in several counties, usually in the Midlands. These were the places I intended to 'rewild', a term then unknown. 'Bringing back the olden days', I called it. All the cities and farms would be destroyed, replaced by dense oak forests filled with wolves and bears. After some consideration, I thought I ought to introduce some primitive people to the forest, perhaps Siberian tribesmen. Here is where my theories came unstuck, for if civilised life existed outside my forest, say in London, then how could my people remain primitive? They would go to the city and become just like everyone else.

Now with the fashion for 'rewilding', my childlike theories have become commonplace. Rewilding began in so-called Free South Africa. Alarmed by the nationalist cry of 'Kill the Boer, Kill the Farmer', many white farmers reinvented themselves as custodians of game reserves and now cater for tourists. Black Power people, uninterested in wild animals, leave them alone – South African politics seems as unfair as it ever was, only now black rules over white.

There is certainly a case for limited 'rewilding' in the Scottish Highlands, for the unpeopled moors there used to be forests. They could once more become so were it not for the deer and sheep. Farmers in the Lake District look on 'rewilding' with horror, and oppose

National Trust take-overs of land for that reason. Some farmers now receive government grants for harbouring rare species of snail or flower. Few farmers surely have grown so servile as to acquiesce in turning their farms into howling wildernesses filled with savage wild animals. My childhood ideas are anathema to sensible farmers, heroic people who battle Nature rather than give her too much of a free hand.

One day Nature will gain the upper hand. When humans become an 'endangered species,' we will be surprised at the audacity of re-introduced bears and wolves. At Chernobyl, now a radioactive area closed to humans, wildlife abounds. Diseased or not, almost all the wild beasts of ancient Europe have reappeared and are increasing, even Ice Age horses. Extinction for animals is not forever, and nuclear disaster may become the 'rewilders' friend.

After London, a novel by Richard Jefferies, a farmer's son, published in 1885, well describes the involuntary 'rewilding' of Britain. I particularly like the way he shows how fields will vanish, the hedges growing inwards and meeting to form a scrub forest. An inspired prophet, Jefferies even foretells the miraculous reappearance of the beaver now taking place in Devon.

Part of me is a boy still, and I must admit to a sneaking regard for fenced-in 'rewilding'. Another prophecy by Richard Jefferies concerns the mysterious reports of black panthers in the English countryside. In *Bevis, the story of a Boy* (1882), the hero and his friend camp out and are alarmed by the supposed hidden presence of a black panther. Their nerves are

set on edge, and every rustle in the bushes becomes a panther. However it turns out that the 'panther' is really a little girl who is spying on them. Nowadays the panthers are real, or so many farmers have told me.

Recently, at a London party, two of the guests, unknown to each other, told me that they had seen wild black panthers – one near Barnet, one in East Sussex. Admittedly, this party was held at the Freudian Institute in Hampstead, but even so.....

I look forward to reading Boris Johnson's biography of Winston Churchill. Apparently, Johnson takes for granted that most sophisticated readers under seventy will despise Churchill. Boris Johnson is a writer who well understands the total ignorance of the modern English.

'I hate Churchill,' a young relative of mine remarked last week.

'Of course you do! Everyone hates Churchill', her sister replied. 'He was a warmonger'.

Such sophisticated young-ish people felt astounded and betrayed by the result of the EU referendum. Class conscious to a fault, they do not wish to be associated with the views of tattooed football hooligans, the only recognisable patriots in England today.

A final thought: why is it wrong for immigrants to live in 'a parallel world' when *Guardian* readers have been doing so for ages?

ETERNAL LIFE



When my Aunt Doris left England for New Zealand to marry the Kiwi airman she had met in Cairo during the war, she left me her Bible. It's the copy I've kept by me all my life. I was five when I started reading it from page one: the creation, Adam and Eve, the serpent, the flood and the tower of Babel. I don't think I understood very much, but I was seized by these stories and they have possessed me ever since. When I got to theological college, I was told that these tales were mostly myths and legends, which made me wonder: if they are myths and legends, why do they seem to have more reality than daily life? The answer, of course, is because

they are inspired and true – true in a sense that goes far deeper than the literal truth. They are like buried treasure and you can mine them endlessly and you will never plumb the depths of their meaning and significance. To say these stories are *only* legends is as if we should say that Giotto's *The Crucifixion* is *only* a painting. No, those Bible stories are like verbal icons. They are incarnations of the truth they contain: words made flesh.

And at the top of every page in Doris' Bible there is a phrase summarising the text. For example, *The serpent deceiveth Eve* or *Noah entereth the ark*. My mind went back to one of these headlines the other

day when someone on *Woman's Hour* – yes, I'm a devoted fan! – was saying how important it is to increase our self-esteem. The headline I then recalled was *self-esteeming rebuked*. How out of step the Bible is with our wonderfully progressed modernity! For the Scriptures tell me that the one thing I must not esteem is myself. *For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted* – Luke 14:11.

What convinces modern types that they can not only improve on Bible wisdom but actually invert it and teach its opposite? I've just quoted St Luke who is described in the Collect for his feast day as *physician of the soul*. You want to feel better? Then, says St Luke, don't puff yourself up, ditch that self-esteeming. This goes dead against modern education and propaganda which so relentlessly promote self-esteem from the nursery upwards that modern child-raising practices might be described as lessons in narcissism, telling girls as young as four that they can become boys if they wish, and boys of a similar age that they can turn into girls, and otherwise inculcating in them an exaggerated self-consciousness. Children are urged to express themselves.

Wrong from the start, for there is no self to express. What can be expressed, after one has had some experience of life and actually read, marked learned and inwardly digested something, is precisely what is *not* oneself. You can express a poetic or musical theme, or even an elegant cricket stroke. In other words, the truly creative and liberating act is not to think about oneself, but about something else.

The process first of growing up and then of living a psychologically – that is spiritually – mature life is to submit yourself to something which is not yourself. We surprise ourselves when we discover how pleasant this turns out to be. You hear of writers, painters, embroiderers or piano-players so lost in their practice that they can't believe hours have flown by. You don't have to be trying to practise high art. You can be lost in a book or even lost in the washing up while listening to *Woman's Hour*. The most menial task frees you from self-absorption, from the attempt to stoke up self-esteem: *Who sweeps a room as for thy laws makes that and the action fine*. Mundane tasks are not really mundane. And *menial* means a servant. This is after

the pattern of Jesus Christ who humbled himself and became an obedient servant.

We have been hearing a lot from the politicians recently about mental health and mental illness. They tell us there's a lot of it about. I'm not talking about the sensational stuff of paranoid delusions but about ordinary unhappiness which is what mental illness usually is. Much of this is produced by those methods of education and propaganda I mentioned earlier. Modernity assiduously trains people in self-esteeming, which is really narcissism. These are self-obsessed people, narcissists, living in their own heads and they are tormented by their own thoughts. I have never come across a contented narcissist, for they are all emotional

cannibals devouring attention, but no amount of attention ever satisfies. Contentment, that is being able to remain on an even keel emotionally, is not derived by what we crave but only by what we do. C S Lewis once described the living hell of this consuming self-absorption as, *an ever-increasing craving for an ever-decreasing pleasure*. Narcissism,

says Shakespeare is all in the phrase, *Richard loves Richard: that is, I am I*. – Richard III, Act V Scene 3.

When the commonplaces which I have been describing are raised to the theological level, we discover that what we're talking about is the consistent moral teaching of the Scriptures. Find something useful to do, something which demands concentrated and prolonged attention: *work with your hands the thing that is good* – Ephesians 4: 28. Here too we should think about something else; and this something else is God and my neighbour. If I'm trying, however feebly, to love God and my neighbour, then I'm not being poisoned by self-absorption. We should empty ourselves so that God will fill us with himself.

The most perfect antidote to self-esteem and narcissism is Jesus who *gave his life a ransom for many* – Mark 10:45

Peter Mullen



ART

Jane Kelly



Paul Nash, Tate Britain until March 5. Sainsbury Centre for Visual Arts, Norwich, 8 April-20 August. Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle, 9 September - end of January 2018.

Asked about Nash's paintings people invariably say something about the war, first or second. Asked about his other subjects they are uncertain. Despite brilliant, original land and seascapes, Nash is chiefly a narrator of destruction. This is the most comprehensive display of his work for twenty years, not necessarily a good thing involving acres of digression from his real theme.

It is a chance to see his juvenilia; mystical watercolours influenced by Blake and Palmer sometimes done at night. As early as 1909, aged 20 he was a masterly painter of trees, using them to evoke a dream like atmosphere, imbued with personalities. There is a strange enchantment about his rural scenes around Oxfordshire, where he gave the Wittenham Clumps, England's oldest beech trees a talismanic significance.

Mysticism ended when he became a war artist in 1917. 'I am no longer an artist interested and curious' he wrote to a friend. 'I'm a messenger who'll bring back word from men fighting to those who want the war to last forever.'

He painted in oil for the first time and began to discover a new artistic language; his beloved trees became the wrecked bodies of dead soldiers leaning out of a huge grave. His skies become bright, livid areas hanging with bruised, swollen clouds. The ironic title of his first masterpiece, 'We Are Making a New World,' 1918, was used, without the irony in official propaganda.

War over, he resumed his landscapes of Oxford, the Chilterns and sea defences at Dymchurch, now uneasy places, in muted colours. His interiors in the 1920s were strangely flat and dull, and in 1929 he plunged into Surrealism, influenced by de Chirico. His dead trees/soldiers became jarring elements against the picture plane.

The exhibition shows Moon Aviary, his surrealist sculpture lost for more than 70 years, recently found by a former gallery owner in a cardboard box. Made of egg crates, wooden bobbins, ivory and stone, it relates to his drawing, Mansions of the Dead, 1932, where winged figures representing souls flying to airy enclosures in the clouds. Another version was included

in the International Surrealist Exhibition in London in 1936, which attracted 23,000 visitors.

This too is a big exhibition and his experiments with Surrealism and Cubism, exploring multiple spaces and planes and geometric structures are interesting only as a tiresome detour. He founded Unit One in 1933, with Burra, Hepworth, Moore and Nicholson. They, along with Max Ernst and Picasso seemed to succeed better with abstraction than he did. But in the 30s he brought together all his skills in a few dazzling landscapes; Circle of the Monoliths, 1936, showing the Avebury stones and Two Serpents, 1937, mounted in a two sided frame to make both paintings visible for the first time.

With the Second World War he becomes interesting again, 'jolted out of his old way of painting.' Without it he would probably be known as a painter of the Gt. War who went into sudden decline. Like the Italian futurists and English Vorticists he saw the machine as the chief protagonist of the future. War turned his visual world into 'a vast stage of land, sea and air' filling with, 'beautiful monsters,' the tank and the airplane.

His skies became livid again, a backdrop for Wellington bombers, 'riding the evening clouds in the image of a great killer whale,' and parachutes which he calls, 'white flowers,' and 'roses of death'.

His masterpieces are Totes Meer. There is a film showing him visiting the dump of downed German planes at Cowley in 1940 when he turned this vast tide of dead metal into a sea of 'flying creatures, dead and still.' Followed by Battle of Germany, 1944, an aerial view of a German city under attack, capturing 'the moment when the city awaits the blow at her heart.' Exploding bombs link sky, earth and sea together as if elemental powers are fighting against the enemy. In 1945 he wrote that his subject had been, 'Death all along.'

Vanessa Bell. Dulwich Picture Gallery. Until June 4th.

Virginia Woolf's older sister is given her first full exhibition containing more than a hundred works which she never saw put together in a show. Ian Dejardin, director of the gallery, writes that she has 'never been allowed to speak directly for herself.' His aim is to establish her as a stand-alone painter, as innovative as her sibling. She may well have been but

was she as talented?

She is certainly an interesting painter of women. The show contains two of her daring portraits of Virginia, including the pared down image of her in an armchair at Asheham in 1912, before she had published any fiction. In a few touches Bell reveals her sister's intense inwardness. There was great rivalry between the two, but in their work they both deal with the unknowable 'otherness' of others.

She gives her women sitters quirky, individual character. Lady Strachey, 1923, is hilariously caustic, Iris Tree obviously deliciously odd, other women she obviously doesn't like. Her sitters look unconventional and obstinate with a new 'monumentality,' influenced by Matisse. Sadly many of her portraits were lost in the Blitz.

Matisse was first seen in England at the Post-Impressionist exhibitions of 1910 and 12. Bell fully grasped the value of his elemental, reduced forms, also responding to his colour and decorative style. Virginia said Vanessa's use of colour, 'wrenched her eyes out of their sockets.' The Dulwich Gallery insists she, 'opened the door to Matisse and later painters such as Hockney.'

Studland Beach, 1912 is perhaps her master or rather mistress-piece, full of uneasy compression and

melancholy with Virginia in a straw boater. A real departure from the mother and child and family seaside genre so popular with the Victorians. She was one of the first UK painters to move into abstraction, but only a few of these such as the collage, *Composition*, 1914, survive. All this lost work does suggest she was never cherished quite enough.

Yet despite her originality, the ebullient colour, her *Oranges and Lemons*, 1914, are testicular and bold, she fails to be a truly memorable painter. If Woolf was the fizzing mind of Bloomsbury, Bell was its heart; baking, decorating walls, screens and furniture, arranging and painting flowers, throwing pots, printing fabric, designing rugs, bribing her granddaughter with sixpences to sit for her. Sir Kenneth Clark remembered her, 'quiet, hesitant voice.' She was a powerful presence but in the domestic sphere and that counts against her.

BBC Woman's Hour was keen to blame, 'the male establishment' for this but her failure as an artist also lies in her deference to Cezanne, the epitome of painters to the whole Bloomsbury group, and to her lover, artist Duncan Grant who she saw as a genius. Fulfilment was also her enemy. She was happy with her home and children, which sadly has never been compatible with artistic greatness.

ARTS AND BOOKS



In the Garden of Hell Celia Haddon

Where Poppies Blow. The British Soldier, Nature, the Great War, John Lewis-Stempel, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2016, £20.

Magpies and hooded crows thrived in no man's land, the shell-pocked land between Allied and German trenches in the First World War. The rotting bodies of men and horses fed not just these birds but also the ubiquitous rats and blowflies. In turn, the rats fed owls and kestrels and flies fed swallows, swifts and house martins in a macabre ecological cycle.

Not only were birds everywhere around the trenches, but so were keen birders, officers noting species seen and then reporting them to ornithological or sporting magazines. When Captain John Jeffries lunched with

General Chetwode, post-lunch entertainment was a hazardous stroll within shelling distance to go bird nesting. 'It is gratifying to find that in spite of the turmoil and stress of war, bird lovers have been able to devote part of their time, at least, to the study of bird life, even in the fighting zones,' wrote a correspondent to the RSPB's magazine.

Where Poppies Blow, a delightful book about the role of nature in the trenches, is a natural progression for an author who has written both about nature and the First World War. Not only did many species thrive amidst the desolated countryside, but many of the fighting men found consolation and distraction by spending time and effort studying the living beings around them.

The advent of planes, for instance, made possible an inquiry into how high birds fly. Captain Collingwood Ingram interrogated no fewer than 700 or so pilots on this topic. 'I think the data obtained can be regarded as tolerably reliable with regard to heights, dates, etc.' He was thrilled to discover that one pilot had seen geese flying at 9000 feet, while another had seen birds at 5000

feet on five occasions.’ In due course these inquiries resulted in *Notes on the Height at which Birds Migrate* in an ornithological journal.

Rats were definitely not the naturalists’ preferred wildlife in the trenches, though one private made careful measurements with a ruler and found a rat that was 23 inches from nose to tail. Rats ate the divisional orders, licked brilliantine from the hair of sleeping officers unwise enough to use it in the trenches, ate the iron rations, and, of course, the corpses of the dead. The men bayoneted them, shot them, beat them to death with sticks, but new ones simply took the place of the dead. Worst of all, to the deafeningly heavy shellfire noise was added the screams of terrified rats.

Yet one of the trench poems by Isaac Rosenberg had as its subject ‘a queer sardonic rat,’ and one platoon adopted a three-legged one-eyed rat as a pet. Mice, equally numerous as rats, prompted more sympathy among the men. One sapper tamed a couple of mice in his dugout and many soldiers would be careful not to tread on them in the trench bottom. ‘In some mysterious way the war, while making one more callous to the sufferings of men, seems to increase one’s sympathy with the lower animals,’ wrote one of the soldiers.

Naturally where there are mice, there are cats. Most of these belonged to the trench rather than its occupants and would be handed over from one battalion to its successor. Some of these felines committed treason by going backwards and forwards between the German and British lines, no doubt in search of better rations. Their numerous kittens often reverted to the wild, feeding upon the ever-present trench rats and mice without noticeable impact upon the rodent population.

The botany of the land around the trenches did not offer the same variety and number of species that was found among the birds of the air. The churned up soil around the trenches prompted soldiers to garden around their dug-outs rather than plant-spot. Annuals like nasturtiums, candytuft, pansies and forget-me-nots were popular. Others grew vegetables in the abandoned gardens of ruined villages. Celery even flourished in the bottom of trenches. And the wild poppies, immortalised by the poem ‘In Flanders fields the poppies blow...’ were everywhere, their seed spread by artillery shelling and fertilised by the nitrogen of explosives. The funeral of the poet, army surgeon John McCrae, took place in winter, so his comrades had to order artificial poppies for a wreath, the first of the artificial Remembrance poppies.

It was the plight of the horses near the front line that really upset the men. ‘I walk round and round this room cursing God for allowing dumb brutes to be tortured – let Him kill his human beings but – how CAN HE?

Oh, my horses,’ wrote the composer Sir Edward Elgar. Nearly half a million of them died every year – killed by bullets or shells, gassed, drowned in the mud, dying of pneumonia from the cold, or perishing from thirst and poor husbandry while being transported to the war from the USA, South America or Canada.

Many of the most moving poems by soldiers, poems too sentimental to make it into the canon of war poetry were written about horses. Several are given in this book, such as *His Two Horses* by William Parr of the Canadian Field Artillery. It ended:

*And when the grand, great, final roll call comes,
To be the first upon parade we’ll try,
O Lord of All please grant my only prayer,
To take my horses with me when I die.*

As well as the transport horses and mules, cavalry horses were there ‘to give ‘tone to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl.’ And where the cavalry was, naturally there was fox hunting – ‘the image of war, its guilt and only half its danger,’ as Mr Jorrocks put it. ‘We Don’t Care for the Shells and the Shot, and We’ll All Go A-Hunting today,’ was a headline in *The Tatler* above photos of British officers hunting in France.

Not that the area round the front line was ideal. It was ‘a hopeless hunting country’ thought Siegfried Sassoon, and the hunters had to make do with paper chases, because the British army banned field sports. John Lewis-Stempel has a soft spot for the cavalry. When peace came, the surviving cavalry men could go back to proper fox hunting, but the horses themselves were sold off by the Army to local people.

It was left to Mrs Dorothy Brooke, the wife of a brigadier, to rescue five thousand of these old and suffering war horses now labouring in the streets of Cairo. The Brooke Hospital for Animals, still working for horses and mules in this area, is a monument to the Army’s lack of compassion for its working animals.



Banged to Rights Anthony Daniels

A Fiery And Furious People: A History of Violence in England, James Sharpe, R H Books, 2016, £30.00.

Where crime is concerned, there is no new thing under the sun: at least not since Cain killed Abel very early in Man’s career. No criminologist worth his salt would have any difficulty in affixing the blame for Cain’s murder on God, in so far as He accepted Abel’s sacrifice and turned down Cain’s on unstated and seemingly

arbitrary grounds, which was bound to cause Cain's enmity towards his brother.

Utopian dreams of a crimeless society are in vain; and indeed, according to Durkheim, criminals play an essential role in society by unifying the rest of the population, who might otherwise be completely disunited, against them. Every crime has a precedent in history, even if only by analogy. The question, therefore, is not the existence of crime but its prevalence.

In this very long book Professor Sharpe traces the vein of violence running through English history. It lacks any standard of international comparison: if someone wrote a similar book about France, Spain or Germany, would there be more or less violence in it? Certainly at one time the English had a reputation in Europe for being an aggressive, violent, unself-controlled people, a reputation that they have recaptured after an historically brief, but quite recent, reputation for civility and peacefulness. Whether either of these reputations was or is justified depends on international comparison, which itself depends on the availability of dependable statistics. Only recently have such statistics existed: and they do justify our current reputation for criminality.

Sharpe's method is a judicious mixture of anecdotal and statistical evidence. Since he covers the whole of English history from the Norman Conquest, it is hardly surprising that for long stretches he has no statistics at his disposal, and while we all love a good anecdote of crime though even Durkheim didn't suggest that criminals set out to keep us entertained, hundreds of pages of such anecdotes can be difficult to read in succession. It comes as a strange kind of relief to know that, whatever ghastly story you read in your newspaper today, you can find something just as depraved in the annals of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, as related in this book.

Sharpe contends that we have undergone a long, slow, uneven process of pacification in our relations with one another. I think this is almost certainly right, though his book also provides grounds for thinking the opposite. For example, he calculates the homicide rate in Elizabethan England from that of areas in which the records are more or less complete, giving figures in the range of 5-6 per 100,000 of the population. Towards the end of his book he gives the rate for contemporary England as about 2 per 100,000. If these figures were accurate, they would mean that contemporary England is considerably more violent than Elizabethan England, because many of the victims in Elizabethan England would have been saved by modern medical treatment. An American paper suggested that if the same medical techniques were used today as were used in 1960, the

homicide rate would be five times higher than it is, and by 1960 immense advances had already been made.

It is possible that older forms of medical treatment increased rather than reduced the death rate. This notion was certainly put forward at the time when Daniel McNaghten shot Sir Robert Peel's secretary, Edward Drummond, in mistake for Sir Robert himself. Drummond's surgeons prodded and poked his wound and quite probably introduced a fatal infection. According to some, it was the medical treatment, not the bullet, that killed Drummond.

On the whole Sharpe is fair-minded in dealing with questions that so easily raise passions. He does not doubt that there was a real increase in crime in the twentieth century, just as there was a reduction in the second half of the nineteenth century, though occasionally he overemphasises the arguments of those who for so long tried to deny its reality by saying that it was only attributable to changed reporting methods and practices, and who peddled the condescending notion that the real problem was fear of crime rather than crime itself. Try that on a pensioner living in Tottenham!

As Sharpe points out, there has been a decline in rates of violence lately, but he is careful to warn against complacency. Moreover, official manipulation of crime statistics, by the police and by what used to be the Home Office, is greater than ever before. The official statistics now dishonestly speak of the *re-offending* rate rather than the *re-conviction* rate, a substitution that would be justifiable only if every offence resulted in a conviction, which is far from being the case.

Even if violent crime has reduced, robberies known to the police stand at something like 100 – 150 times the rate of the 1930s, at the very height of the Depression. People in the 1930s did not accept robbery without resort to the police; on the contrary, it is likely that, where robberies were uncommon and unexpected, a higher proportion of them were reported. We now have telephones, but they had policemen on the beat.

Occasionally Sharpe genuflects rather more than I suspect he really, in his heart, is inclined to. In discussing the effect of cinematic, televisual or virtual representations of violence on children, he says:

The lack [of proof] does suggest that, while we should be cautious about what we should allow young children to watch, we should not worry overmuch...

Of course we should not worry more than we should worry, but if there is nothing to worry about, why worry at all? I doubt that Sharpe would have allowed his own children of, say, four years old, to watch sadomasochistic snuff movies. Besides, his arguments on this matter are inadequate.

However, anyone interested in the history of crime in

England will learn much from this book and his refusal to predict the future of crime apart from its continuing existence is laudably modest.



Attlee: Last man off the beach at Gallipoli

Brian Eassty

Citizen Clem: a Biography of Attlee, John Bew, Riverrun, 2016, £30.

In the BBC's poll to find the Hundred Greatest Britons, Clement Attlee came nowhere: he is seen as a paradoxical figure. On the one hand, he created an impression of insignificance summed up by the quip about an empty taxi drawing up and Attlee getting out – not a Churchillian put down, as widely believed, but first seen in a story by Angus Wilson. Churchill was not above the odd disparaging comment on Attlee's style: the most well known, 'as a modest man with much to be modest about.' However he was impatient with anybody who criticised him and told one MP not to refer to 'silly old Attlee if he wanted to be invited to Chartwell again'.

On the other hand, the legacy this seemingly unimpressive figure managed to leave behind him is possibly the most far-reaching of any of our peacetime leaders with the exception of Margaret Thatcher. The National Health Service, the transition from Empire to Commonwealth, the Welfare State – all this was done under the leadership of a man who could still be said to have 'done nothing' – an accusation made by Aneurin Bevan in a sneer at the title of Attlee's autobiography *As It Happened*: 'It's a good title. Things happened to him.'

John Bew seems well aware that he has an enigma on his hands. He deals with it by focussing on how Attlee's character was formed by what he read. Each chapter begins with an extended reference to a work of literature, which Attlee was reading in the period of his life under discussion. This can be surprising, for in the chapter dealing with the middle years of the Second World War, which begins with a quotation from *The Hunting of the Snark*, it is amusing to see the parallels between the characters in the poem and the members of the War Cabinet, (he was Boots).

This approach gets to the heart of what made Attlee tick and what distinguishes him from other Labour leaders. Two chapters begin with poems, which have become alternative national anthems – 'Jerusalem'

and 'I Vow To Thee My Country' – an indication of the importance of patriotism in Attlee's political philosophy. A recurring theme is the extent to which Attlee came under fire during the war from those on his own side, like Bevan and the party chairman Harold Laski, for not using his position within the coalition to be more aggressive in advancing socialism. He was proved right in the 1945 election, when, not having sought any party advantage in wartime, he was trusted with the power to enact sweeping change while Churchill, smearing Labour with a 'Gestapo' tag, was considered irresponsible. However Churchill knew well what he owed to Attlee and that the country was fortunate to go through the war led by two men whose leadership styles complemented each other perfectly. Churchill's Cabinet meetings were made longer by his brilliant rhetoric; when Attlee who as a good lawyer had a mastery of detail, deputized, it was a welcome change: 'It is a business meeting and we get home for dinner'.

It was not the first time Labour was to draw on the credibility with the electorate generated by Attlee's patriotism and courage in wartime, nor would it be the last. In the years following the First World War, the party was glad to have a war hero – the last man off the beach at Gallipoli – to help overcome public suspicion of its many conscientious objectors. It came to rely on him too during the 1945-51 austerity era when he was frequently wheeled out as one who had recognisably 'done his bit' to encourage a weary public to increase productivity or be patient in the face of further rationing for the good of the nation.

Though Bew identifies this ideal of service to one's country as the key to Attlee's character, he rarely uses the word 'patriotism', preferring 'citizenship' and implying that Attlee would too. This notion of duties required alongside rights given, of a need to 'give something back' for a privileged upbringing is central to the understanding of a man who had given up the Bar in his twenties to run a boys' club in London's East End and to work for organisations like the National Committee for the Breaking Up of the Poor Law and the wonderfully named National Anti-Sweating League which aimed to improve conditions in factories. Bew suggests that these campaigns might have had a patriotic impetus for Attlee as much as any nascent socialist one. Poverty and malnutrition were so widespread among the working class that they were having a deleterious effect on the quality of soldiers being recruited for the Boer War. Jack London, visiting from America in 1903, commented on the people of the London slums: 'Neither as workers nor as soldiers can they come up to the mark when England in her need calls upon them.'

Socialism was always part of Attlee's make-up but he was too commonsensical to accept the wilder affectations of Marxism: 'I never had much faith in the inevitability of socialism. I used to think in my youth: "What is the good of standing hours and hours at street corners if the whole thing is inevitable?"' One wonders what he would make of Labour's current leader. Both the products of public schools, they were both fully absorbed by politics before they had had another career. Both have been said to possess a diffidence strangely at odds with their calling. Jeremy Corbyn's is more remarkable in this media-savvy age, but Attlee too infuriated his aides by being so unworldly as to arrive at a rally and go straight onto the platform from which he then had to be removed and made to enter through the applauding audience. All the same, one expects Corbyn to have a fully functioning Battlebus at the next election – if he survives to fight it. Attlee's was a twelve-year-old black Hillman driven by his wife.

In substance, the two men represent the two sides of the debate which the Labour Party seems to have been having for as long as it has existed: between those who insist on the purity of their socialist principles, even if it means losing the odd election while the wider public becomes convinced, and those for whom winning power is more important, even if it means a few compromises. Attlee was certainly from the latter camp and it is instructive to read his debates with Bevan or Stafford Cripps and hear their arguments echoed in the voices of Neil Kinnock and Tony Benn thirty years ago or Corbyn and Owen Smith last year.

The most fascinating aspect of this book is this incessant battle Attlee had with his own party. Never good enough for them, always on the lookout for the next leadership challenge, he nonetheless managed to stay there for twenty years. Certainly luck played a part in getting him there. To be on the wrong side of a landslide as Attlee was in 1931 and 1935 can be good news for MPs in safe seats whose rivals for office might have been ejected from the Commons. Attlee was also lucky in his opponents, like Herbert Morrison who cuts a ridiculous figure in this book, a maladroit Machiavellian constantly mistiming his challenges, mounting one immediately after the 1945 election. Tony Blair thinks he is hard done by because the Labour Party hates him twenty years after winning them a landslide. The huge influx of new Labour MPs on 1st August 1945, singing 'The Red Flag' on the benches of the House of Commons, was the most rambunctious insurgency the House was to see until the arrival of the Scottish Nationalists in 2015. Many observers must have thought it incongruous that Labour was led by the most non-triumphalist, non-tribal politician of his day, but the Labour Party had

sufficient residual loyalty to give him a chance.

This account of Attlee's life is so thorough that a general reader could hardly want more, though there is the odd point where a little more explanation might have been welcome. Towards the end of the book, Bew describes Attlee at the opening of the 1955 Parliament, hesitating 'before writing Walthamstow, rather than Limehouse, as his constituency.' It is the first the reader has heard of the change and the lack of an explanation jars even if the reason was a mundane one. Bew could also have devoted more space to considering how Attlee, who at the end of the First World War was that most utopian of beasts, a 'one-worlder', became, by the end of his life, sceptical about the early moves towards European unity. If, by the end, this is the only unexplained paradox of this most paradoxical of political figures, it is a puzzle which may give Labour's many remainers pause for thought.



A Jacobite Brexit

David Twiston Davies

Fight for a Throne: the Jacobite '45 Reconsidered, Christopher Duffy, Helion, 2015, £22.75.

One of the many consequences of Brexit is the way it will change the perception of the Jacobite rebellion in 1745. The last major attempt to restore the rightful Stuart dynasty to the throne ended in failure just as the unity of the British state was being confirmed in unprecedented prosperity.

Yet the story of the 25-year old 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' arriving in Scotland with seven followers to win a series of battles before being turned back within striking distance of London at his advisers' insistence is one of the world's most romantic tales. It is one of a list of hopeless attempts to reverse the course of history, to which David Cameron expected to add when he called a referendum to keep Britain in the European Union on 23rd June 2016. Six months later those who were cautious by nature or dependant on the EU for their employment did not change their minds; and the Chief Brexiteer Nigel Farage seemed no more hopeful than the Jacobites the night before the battle of Culloden 260 years earlier. But Dr Johnson would surely have hailed both victories as triumphs over the 'Whig dogs' in government.

Christopher Duffy, our most authoritative British military historian, who has been exploring the terrain possibly before it disappears under concrete, traces

every aspect of the campaign in greater detail than anyone before. There was a strong dislike in England for the German monarch on the throne who demanded his government's involvement in warfare on the continent. Scotland also resented the way the union of the English and Scots crowns had made its national institutions subject to England, abolishing the Royal Court, the Privy Council and the Edinburgh Parliament.

Yet when the first Scots who met the Prince on the Isle of Eriksay saw that he had brought only seven followers he was told to go home. 'I am come home', he was said to have replied. Charles's charisma quickly kindled support for his cause, bringing together Highlanders and Lowlanders as well as Catholics and Protestants, despite their considerable differences. In London the initial response was to offer £30,000 for the Prince's head without considering it necessary to recall Parliament or suggest that George II return from Hanover.

Fine roads had been built for the redcoats to control the Highlands after the rising of 1715, but they could be used by both armies. The Highlanders had the advantage of being able to travel rugged mountain tracks at a fast trot of 20 miles a day – quicker than heavy footed soldiers. They did not need tents and plunged into swelling rivers before terrifying the enemy with their broadsword charges. Ordered to attack immediately on first contact, the Hanoverian generals found the rebels formidable foes, and they indubitably failed to capture the popular imagination like the tall, handsome young prince who cheerfully marched ahead of his troops.

Yet there were problems. Foreign powers were tardy in providing promised troops. The Prince lacked an experienced commander; his cousin the Duke of Berwick had been killed in battle two years before the campaign was joined, and he fell out with George Keith, the hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland. Leadership of the Jacobite forces fell to Lord George Murray, a gallant officer with no experience of high command who got on badly with his Irish officers, the 'wild geese' who were more experienced and well-versed in the latest developments in tactics on the Continent.

When the Prince appeared in Edinburgh with his polite Highlanders, all plaids, bagpipes and 'bairbuttocks', the castle garrison shut its gates.

And there was no other resistance. An interesting parallel between Brexit and the Jacobite campaign is the strong female support each attracted. Mature matrons outside London jibbed at voting to remain as their grown-up children demanded while Jacobite women were besotted with the handsome prince. As the two armies drew up at Prestonpans some 10 miles

from the city, Margaret Murray of Broughton, wife of the Prince's Secretary of State, was seen mounted in a Hussar's uniform with sabre in hand. Later she threatened to shoot an innkeeper's son who had not come out with her husband.

The battle proved a shock. Sir John Cope's men lacked experience and had not eaten for two days, while some naval gunners arrived too drunk to face the Highlanders' charge; and the world realised that 57 years of failure could be turning to success, with King Frederick the Great of Prussia writing to congratulate the Prince.

But already fissures were appearing between those who wished to re-enforce Scottish independence and others who wanted to take the English throne. The Prince's grand council agreed to the advance into England, but when the promised invasion of England by French troops had not yet arrived and few local supporters appeared, it insisted that the confident Highlanders turn back at Derby, within striking distance of London. Ministers' resolution wobbled and panic mounted in the capital. The Prince, indeed, 'had prospects' as even the future Prime Minister, Pitt the elder, acknowledged.

While the retreat undoubtedly delivered a psychological shock to the Jacobite cause, the Highlanders still scored their last and greatest victory at Falkirk. But they did not realise it until the fog cleared the next day, and they failed to follow it up. Duffy suggests that, even then, they still had a chance to defeat a smaller force arriving from the south, though he does not discuss what might have occurred if the Highlanders had met the King waiting for them outside London.

The Duke of Cumberland, the King's second son now commanding the royal forces, took his adversaries seriously, ensuring his forces were well-drilled, properly fed and sheltered. When the two armies met at Culloden on April 16 1746, the Highlanders were exhausted, dispirited, almost out of food and money and still awaiting reinforcements. Lord George declined to move to higher ground or choose a more advantageous location to fight suggested by his Irish deputy Colonel O'Sullivan.

Even loyal Whigs, such as the novelist Tobias Smollett, were appalled by the vindictiveness of the aftermath. While the Prince had never forgotten that captives brought before him were his father's misguided subjects, the redcoats launched a reign of terror, killing the wounded, hanging English civilians and raping women. Prince Frederick of Hesse, commanding six regiments alongside Cumberland, was openly disapproving, defending the Prince's reputation and converting to Roman Catholicism. By contrast,

the victorious commander is remembered today as 'Butcher Cumberland'.

Since the Scottish National Party government scorns any connection with Jacobitism, it is perhaps a fitting irony that Nicola Sturgeon, the SNP leader, is seeking to keep an independent Scotland in the EU with such determination.



Brought to Jesus Scott Grønmark

The Great Good Thing: A Secular Jew Comes to Faith in Christ, Andrew Klavan, Thomas Nelson, 2016, £18.99.

When Andrew Klavan's father caught his teenage son reading the New Testament, he was horrified. He viewed it, Klavan writes, as 'the sort of thing some devious Christian might leave in a hotel room as an evangelical snare for unsuspecting alcoholics, homosexuals, and Jews!' The row ended with his father shouting, 'I hope you know that if you ever convert to Christianity, I'll disown you!' It wasn't that Klavan Senior – a popular New York comic radio disc jockey – was a devout Jew. While he insisted that his wife and four sons observed Jewish festivals at their home in an affluent, largely Jewish section of Long Island, his Judaism was 'Godless... a fist shaken at a gentile world.' It would take his second son many years to become a Christian, and, by chance, his baptism over thirty years after first reading St Luke's Gospel took place a month after his 'showbiz narcissist' father died.

Klavan's *curriculum vitae* suggests he should be a socially liberal, anti-religious, card-carrying Hollywood Democrat. After attending a school for 'troublesome' youngsters, he bummed around America for a year or two before turning up in a state of 'pathological depression' to study English Literature at that beacon of New Left identity politics, Berkley. He married a goy and lived in New York while trying to make it as a writer. After a breakdown, which saw him contemplating suicide as he repeated the words 'I don't know how to live' over and over to himself, he underwent five years of psychoanalysis. He tried Zen for a spell, until it struck him that if you 'meditate on nothing long enough... you soon achieve inner nothingness'.

Klavan's writing career eventually took off – two of his thrillers won prestigious Edgar Awards, Clint Eastwood directed a film of his novel, *True Crimes*, and he established himself as a screenwriter. He decamped

with his family to South Kensington for seven years (he's an Anglophile), before moving back to the States and settling in California. But, despite living in places and working in industries where conservatives are routinely reviled as evil and Christianity is viewed as a form of mental illness, Klavan is an 'out and proud' conservative Christian whose popular weekday *Daily Wire* podcast is the wisest, funniest, most thoughtful and most enjoyable example of the genre. The short, savage, satirical monologues which preface each programme have occasionally reduced me to tears of laughter.

How did this happen to someone who really should be a politically correct, socially liberal, Democratic Party-funding moral relativist? Where did it all go wrong?

It evidently doesn't stem from the sort of Jewish self-hatred that's all too common on the Left. Klavan is 'belligerently proud' of his race – 'Mine is a uniquely great people' – and he won't let any racial slur pass unanswered. The only thing he really disliked about England was the casual anti-Semitism of the educated classes – 'The BBC news stories about Israel were so slanted they amounted to hate speech.' An early incident suggests that Christianity might have answered an emotional need unmet at home. As a young boy, he spent one Christmas Eve with the family of the Klavans' housemaid, Mina, a heavily-accented Yugoslavian peasant, in a warm, devout Christian household. He thinks he may have dimly grasped the contrast between Mina's faith and the hypocritical version practised at home. A few months after his Bar-mitzvah, Klavan took the thousands of dollars worth of gifts he had received – earned by professing beliefs he did not hold – and stuffed them in a rubbish bin in the middle of the night.

The main, overarching factor in his eventual conversion, and his conservatism, appears to have been cultural – or, rather, Culture: 'It was stories. It was literature. [Jesus] came to me that way.' His reason for reading the Bible as a wayward teenager with literary ambitions was the glimmer of an understanding that '...Christianity was central to everything I had been reading. It was Christian ideas that had powered European culture.' As for the Bible, while he felt not the slightest temptation to believe any of it, 'As a story... [it] made perfect sense to me from the very beginning.' He would later come to see the Bible as 'the way the Western mind understood itself. It was, as the poet William Blake said, "The Great Code of Art".'

After a lecturer at Berkeley had recited 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', a prototypical example of today's 'snowflake generation' objected to the poem because it 'glorified war'. The lecturer shrugged

and weakly responded, 'I see what you mean.' Klavan surprised himself by leaping to his feet and furiously, inarticulately defending Tennyson – and, by implication, the whole of Western culture and the belief system which underpinned it. In a sense, he had discovered the central theme of his life. Over the next two decades, he set himself the task of reading all the books he should have read at college. This led him to conclude that 'the nation of Europe ...had produced more of mankind's greatest artistic achievements than any others... It sometimes seems to me the entire post-modern assault on the concept of truth has been staged to avoid just this conclusion: some cultures are simply more productive than others and the high culture of Europe has been the most impressive so far.' One can almost hear students shrieking 'racist' as they run for the nearest safe space.

Not all the experiences which fuelled 'the slow dawning of awareness that had solidified into the certainty that I was a Christian' were literary. His loving marriage evidently played a crucial role; an overpowering mystical experience during the birth of his daughter left him 'haunting' churches; the psychoanalytic session in which he started to laugh uncontrollably, and his psychiatrist explained: '...this is who you really are. This is how you really see the world'; waking up the morning after offering up the simple prayer, 'Thank you, God', to find that 'the tenor of my imagination had shifted – and that had changed everything.' But this memoir keeps coming back to books. Reading de Sade convinced him that 'Either there is no God and no morality whatsoever, or there is morality and God is real', while, from the moment he read *Crime and Punishment*, 'I was travelling away from moral relativism and towards truth, towards faith, towards God.'

This isn't a preachy book – Klavan isn't seeking to convert anyone: 'If you believe, the evidence is all around you. If you don't believe, no evidence can be enough' Those expecting a story in which religious faith makes a thoroughly confused, miserable person happy will be disappointed: 'For others, I know it was Christ who led them to joy. For me, it was joy that led me to Christ.' But for those who believe that conversion is somehow an easy option and that educated converts must have deliberately blinded themselves to the off-putting aspects of organised religion Klavan's tale might prove instructive. He was riddled with doubts. He knew he would be accused of betraying his people. He feared that film executives, assuming he would expunge sex and violence from his scripts, would stop hiring him. Also he was 'a wordling by nature', who loathed 'magical thinking, 'banal optimism' and 'solemn piety', and whose most fervent prayer before

committing was 'Oh, God, whatever happens, don't let me become a Christian novelist!' His podcasts suggest that not only has he avoided the more off-putting tendencies of what one of his brothers dubbed the 'Church of Amorphous Rambling', but he has also retained that sense of joy ('a vital love of life in both sorrow and gladness') which made his conversion possible.



Travels with my Aunt Merrie Cave

Of Fortunes and War: Clare Hollingworth, first of the female war correspondents, Patrick Garrett, Thistle Publishing, 2016, £12.99.

'1,000 tanks on Polish border, Ten divisions reported for swift stroke' ran the *Telegraph* headline on 29th August 1939. Clare Hollingworth on her first journalist's job had persuaded her friend the Consul General in Katowice to let her borrow his flagged car to go over the border; driving above a valley, she saw the hessian screen blocking the view blow over so that she could see hundreds of German tanks. Three days later Clare was woken by the noise of German aircraft dropping bombs. When she rang her friend in the British Embassy in Warsaw and told him the war had begun, she was accused of talking nonsense as 'negotiations were still continuing', so she held the phone outside the window so that Robin Hankey could hear for himself.

Thus began the colourful career of one of the great women of our time, who died in Hong Kong two months ago at the age of 105, and inspired many women reporters to follow her calling. Her background did not predict an adventurous life but she soon rejected a dull existence in Leicestershire and became addicted to current affairs, taking a job with the League of Nations Union. Travelling to Geneva, Berlin and the Balkans, she was thrilled to meet prominent journalists and grand people and began a contact notebook, never divulging its contents to anyone else.

More scoops followed her debut in Poland: While she was in Romania covering the civil war, she lived in one of ex-King Carol's love nests and got the better of the Iron Guards who came to arrest her when her visa expired – she refused to leave with them because she had deliberately undressed herself. In Egypt she slept overnight in the desert narrowly missing a German patrol, and later witnessed the beginning of the Greek civil war. In 1941 she interviewed the new Shah of Persia; by the end of the war she had two

books under her belt and had learnt to parachute and fly an aeroplane.

With a flair for pouncing on stories, her great talent lay in being at the right place at the right time. Proud of being able to sleep anywhere, even on a stone floor as long as there was a supply of red wine, she always had two bags packed with safari suits each for a cold or hot climate, as well as a pearl-handled revolver in her handbag, ready for the next assignment. Her first wartime adventure had illuminated her character traits: boldness, tenacity and indomitable courage. These qualities were useful when she was bullied by thugs or obstructed by tedious officials on her way to a story. Not much of a linguist, she always chose to speak English very loudly in any awkward situation 'being like a county lady, determined that the vicarage fete shall succeed despite the arrival of Hell's angels'. When her colleagues were quaking with fear under fire, Clare was brimming with excitement: 'I'm not brave, I just enjoy it. I don't know why God made me like this. I'm not frightened'. Indeed sudden death was often round the corner for journalists on the front line. Even she was stunned when in 1946 she and her husband Geoffrey Hoare were only 300 yards from the King David hotel when it was blown up by the Stern Gang, killing 91 people, some of whom were their friends. Thereafter she avoided ever shaking hands with Menachem Begin, later Israel's prime minister.

This book is the result of eight years' research and extensive travel in his great aunt's footsteps by her journalist great nephew Patrick Garrett. It tells us much more about her life than her rather impersonal autobiography (*Frontline*, 1990). Claire's priority was to follow the story, so she revealed very little about her feelings, although she was devastated by her second husband's sudden death in 1965. Garrett tried to get more out of her when they were both in Hong Kong covering the handover in 1997 but nothing new emerged. Then he found her battered trunk in his parents' attic, full of documents, torn photographs of former lovers and other useful information. Perhaps his most interesting discovery was mementoes of her work with refugees in Western Poland (Katowice) in the spring of 1939. She was working for the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia, helping many Jews, Czechs, politicians and trade unionists escape from the Nazis. A citation gave Clare 'warmest and sincerest thanks ... for her efforts' and Garrett reckoned she had played a crucial part in rescuing around 3,000 people so it looked as though Clare would follow a career in humanitarian aid, for her energy and resourcefulness were much admired. However, her work was ended abruptly for her methods were unorthodox; not only was she on the Nazi blacklist

but also on the British MI6 one because there had been complaints about Communist infiltrators among the refugees. Seventy-five years later MI5 still refused to answer queries about Clare's wartime file. Ironically the British Secret service had pushed her into journalism for she was forced to come home and get a job.

Clare's exploits during the bitter war in Algeria brought her fame-making her the Granada journalist of the year; for she was not afraid of prowling round the Casbah on her own or facing down some OAS men with guns: 'Go away at once or I will have to hit you over the head with my shoe.' During the war with Pakistan in 1965 Indira Gandhi refused to allow any reporters to cover the action, but Clare pushed open doors, marched into offices and beat upon desks with her fists so she alone was allowed to the front. Her biggest scoop in the sixties was the tip-off about Kim Philby's disappearance from Beirut in a Soviet ship. Philby had officially been cleared of being the third man linked to Burgess and Maclean, so the *Guardian* sat on the story afraid of a libel action. Clare had known all three of them in the past and found Melinda Maclean's fur coat useful in a Chinese winter.

In spite of her outward toughness, Clare was not confident about the quality of her writing and always worried that her competitors would steal a march on her because of it. Both her husbands tidied up her copy and later Ronnie Payne helped her edit stories before she sent them to the *Guardian*. He remarked that 'her conversation was always much livelier than her prose and a 'real gem which he would have killed to get' would be buried in the fifth paragraph. Sometimes her immense pride in the British Empire's achievements blinded her judgement: in *The Arabs and the West*, she wrote that the 'English abroad had built up a reputation for complete honesty and truthfulness'. She thought that Israel would 'sink back to the standards of the surrounding countries' but was right in seeing that Israel's presence would never bring peace to the Middle East. Right also about Vietnam, warning Americans about their optimism and that air power alone would never triumph.

In her sixties Clare took on her most challenging job as the *Telegraph's* first staff correspondent in China. For the first time she was bereft of the company of fellow hacks, confined to a drab hotel and forbidden to fraternise with her interpreter. Nevertheless she learnt how to use the earliest computers, found out about Mao's severe illness and picked up information about military tension on the Sino-Soviet border; she was certain that Deng would be the next leader after Chou en Lai died in 1976. When crowds gathered in Tiananmen Square to demonstrate against the Gang

of Four, she was excited about how this was the first time the Chinese had demonstrated spontaneously. She missed Mao's death and Deng's triumph, as she was recalled to become defence correspondent at the *Telegraph*. Now foreign trips abruptly ended: thereafter she would plaintively greet or telephone the Foreign News desk manager, 'Dear boy any foreign trips going? Any wars?' until he left the paper.

After her official retirement she became a stringer for the *Sunday Telegraph*, making her home in Hong Kong which was an ideal place for China watching. Clare had lived in so many different environments that she settled down and became the main attraction in the Foreign Correspondents' Club with her own table. Nearly right to the end before going to sleep, she always made sure that her essential kit was beside her bed in case a foreign editor might ring.

Clare Hollingworth's extraordinary life encapsulated the dramatic events of the 20th century and personified the glory days of foreign news. With her passing we are nostalgically reminded that the old style of journalism has long passed, while newspapers are struggling to survive. Foreign correspondents can now get so much information via the internet without travelling, but Clare had always argued that there was no substitute for being there, 'smelling the breezes' as the Arab saying put it. Garrett's concluding pages summarize these trends very well.



Desert Island Manuscripts

John Jolliffe

Meetings with Remarkable Manuscripts, Christopher de Hamel, Allen Lane, 2016, £30.

This book is a beautifully written and illustrated account of twelve outstanding illuminated manuscripts. They have been selected by perhaps the greatest expert in this field, who unlike many experts treats the reader as a fellow lover of significant rarities, and as a friend rather than a would-be trespasser, to be excluded if at all possible.

The first to be described is the Gospel of St Augustine, who landed in England in 597.

Thereafter, there is one per century until we reach the *Spinola Book of Hours*, made in Bruges in about 1510, and now in the Getty Center in Los Angeles. The survival of these gospels is thanks to Archbishop Parker, who salvaged no less than six hundred early manuscripts from the wanton destruction that followed the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Parker left his unique collection to Corpus Christi College,

Cambridge, where the author was for some years the Librarian. Parker himself protected it with a dire penalty clause, which preserved it intact. As elsewhere, any verbal description of this great treasure is hopelessly inadequate, but in this case eight colour illustrations do it partial justice. There is also an astonishing photograph of our author holding the book up to be venerated in Westminster Abbey by Pope Benedict XVI and Rowan Williams, Archbishop of Canterbury. Plainly, wonders will never cease.

It is invidious to pick out individuals from this glorious parade, but in a review there is no alternative. We pass lightly over the late eighth century *Book of Kells* which is recognised as the oldest book as well as the most quintessential Irish object in the world. Having been stolen in 1107, it is now, one hopes safely, marvelled at by half a million visitors a year in its splendid home in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The late eleventh century provides St Jerome's *Commentary on the Book of Isaiah*, which also contains the earliest known self-portrait in English art; Hugo Pictor, the Painter is seen in a corner quietly dipping his quill into a capacious inkhorn. In sharp contrast to these sacred texts is the *Carmina Burana*, a thirteenth century collection of jolly mediaeval songs 'about girls and drinking and the manifest unfairness of life'. It was set to music in the 1930s by Carl Orff, and whatever may or may not have been his relations with the Nazis, he certainly introduced its attractions to audiences far beyond the scope of the mediaevalists.

The most surprising history of any of these treasures is the spectacular *Hours of Jeanne de Navarre*. It was one of a train-load of works of art salvaged (looted) by Goering in the very last days of the war, and afterwards presented by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, the great-nephew of its pre-war owner, to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The magnificent quality of the book itself fully lives up to its double connection with the royal houses of Navarre and France.

It would be a pity to omit what the author calls 'the greatest work of Middle English Literature,' namely the *Hengwrt Chaucer*, now in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. As no autograph manuscripts of Chaucer are known, this version is of special importance, and may even have belonged to Chaucer himself, though the evidence is uncertain. The script is very hard to decipher for the uninitiated, but is nevertheless attractive. It certainly has a fascinating history, and the author makes an entertaining quasi-judicial examination of the whole story.

The final chapter is concerned with the *Spinola Book of Hours*, 'a prince among manuscripts from Renaissance Flanders, but it belongs in a family of very famous royal cousins', whom he enumerates.

Following its disappearance for many years, it was actually rediscovered by the author on an unrelated visit to Munich in 1975, and so the list ends on a well deserved triumphant personal note. Not that personal notes are lacking all through this glorious selection. The author regularly supplies fascinating details about the commissioning, ownership and other aspects of the history of the manuscripts, and of his various quests in search of them, in a flexible, witty and always entirely sympathetic literary style.

The reader will finish the book, in the words of the hymn, 'lost in wonder, love and praise'. One final tip. Approach it in the strongest possible light, armed with as powerful a magnifying glass as you can lay your hands on. Only thus will you get the best results from this unique collection.



Germany Calling Christie Davies

Searching for Lord Haw-Haw, the political lives of William Joyce, Colin Holmes, London, Routledge, 2016, £14.99.

Colin Holmes has written a detailed, thorough and scholarly book that is undoubtedly the definitive political biography of William Joyce. Joyce's derisive nickname 'Lord Haw-Haw' was a household word for those who listened to his gloating and demoralizing broadcasts against us from Nazi Germany during World War II. He was much hated and although, in my view, his trial and execution for treason in the British courts despite being an American citizen were one more example of our saponaceous prosecutors and judges bending the law for political reasons, they were, this time at least, carrying out the will of the people. Professor Holmes outlines the legal arguments from the trial in detail and also those expressed subsequently by such experts as Glanville Williams.

Since his death there have been many mediocre biographies of Joyce and much myth-making, often sanitizing his career and minimizing his culpability. One of the great merits of Holmes' study is that he has finally laid to rest the phantom Joyce who lived on in legend after his execution. This is a well-researched book that draws on Foreign Office and Home Office files and particularly the files dealing with security matters of the Special Branch and MI5 who kept a close watch on Joyce and other fascists. The author has also gone through the BBC's written archives and consulted American, German and Irish records. He

has usefully explored the papers and correspondence of many once famous or at least noisy British fascists and anti-Semites of the inter-war period; some of them were Joyce's friends and others his rivals for power.

Intriguing for power was the very core of Joyce's existence as he moved between fascist groups, and this was probably what led to his break in 1937 with the leader of the British Union of Fascists, Sir Oswald Mosley, who preferred fawning grovellers. Joyce then formed and headed the National Socialist League. Holmes' search for Lord Haw-Haw necessarily involved a search for his wretched comrades and rivals. They emerge very badly from Holmes' historical cross-examination, which shows their subsequent evasions, excuses and re-writing of their past political lives to be complete falsehoods. They were closer to Hitler than they ever admitted.

Joyce's anti-semitism is the clue to his fascism and indeed to his treason. It turned Joyce from being a patriot in his early years to becoming an internationalist fascist, for whom hatred of the Jews was more important than solidarity with his fellow countrymen. Far from being a man of the right attached to traditional ways and institutions and to freedom and property rights, Joyce was a utopian revolutionary, a young idealist who wanted to expunge existing Britain, which he saw as materialist and arthritic. Joyce saw the Jews as the key enemy standing in his way. Nazi Germany was for him what the Soviet Union was for Kim Philby: the place where this utopia was being constructed; so when war seemed likely in 1939 Joyce went to Berlin. Still at least it enabled him to avoid sharing an internment cell with Mosley. Joyce, the American, instead enjoyed playing chess in Berlin with another traitor, the Indian Subhas Chandra Bose.

Joyce was born in America to Irish-American parents and was an American citizen, but the family had returned to Galway. It was a mixed marriage, his father being a Catholic who took him to church every week where he was instructed to pray for the conversion of his Protestant mother to save her from certain damnation. Holmes notes that his tightly ordered Catholic education at St Ignatius College may have given him his authoritarian cast of mind but I am inclined to go further and suggest that it was also one source of his anti-semitism, something that was very strong in Ireland at the time. Leopold Virag, the wonderful creation of another and better Joyce, James, would have agreed with me. Ireland's Father Denis Fahey, a great believer in *The Protocols*, inspired the venomous anti-semitic broadcaster Father Coughlin and maybe also the treasonable Father Clement Russell in England, and Lord Haw-Haw's most loyal supporter, John Macnab. Macnab whom Joyce called

‘Master’, later settled in Franco’s Spain. It calls for further exploration. Racial propositions are often just a language for reviling people hated for other reasons.

During the troubled times between 1916 and 1922 Joyce was an informer and courier for the British forces, and eventually he and his family had to leave Ireland. Joyce, who had narrowly escaped being killed by an IRA assassin, Michael Molloy, in Ireland in 1921, was the victim of a further attack by the IRA in London in 1924, when he was stabbed in the face, leaving him with a large permanent scar. At the time of the attack Joyce, a tough and courageous man, a broken-nosed amateur boxer from Galway later to become one of Mosley’s ‘biff-boys’, was a steward defending the platform at a rowdy electoral meeting in Lambeth North at which a strongly patriotic Unionist candidate, the Jewish Jack Lazarus, was speaking.

But in later years Joyce always insisted that he had been attacked not by an Irishman but by a Jew. It had become an additional personal justification for his crack-pot world view in which Jewish financiers and Jewish Bolsheviks were plotting together. Indeed this was his central belief, the one that led him first to serve the Nazis while still in England and then to leave for Germany before the war had started. There he was to work loyally for Joseph Goebbels, who knew about the Holocaust as Joyce too must have done. It may well be that Joyce was not a traitor, but as Colin Holmes clearly shows he was undoubtedly a total scoundrel.



Severed Heads

Penelope Tremayne

Among the Headhunters, Robert Lyman, Da Capo Press, 2016, \$25.99.

The title *Among the Headhunters* is short and apt and suggests that what follows is exciting. It is not, but it contains a lot of sound information, historical and psychological. The episode that it covers took place in August 1943, eight months after Pearl Harbour: Japanese forces were already triumphant in Burma and surging on into Assam. The crash described in the book was of an aeroplane of the American Air Transport Command, carrying not its usual cargo of supplies to the front but 21 US army passengers of whom four were rated VIP’s: a political advisor to General Stilwell (‘Vinegar Joe’), a civil servant from the American Board of Economic Warfare, a member of the US secret service 9, OSS in those days) who happened also to be

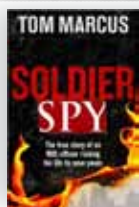
a long-serving agent for the USSR, and a well-known journalist and broadcaster for CBS. The others were soldiers and the aircraft’s crew. The cause of the crash was engine failure, but all these men were evacuated by parachute with only one killed and one seriously wounded, a remarkable feat under the circumstances.

For some reason the first few chapters are written in a style using as many words as possible regardless of whether or not they are needed. The pilot, for instance does not simply take off: ‘with passengers and baggage safely stored the crew chief poked his head through the cockpit door and announced “ready to go”.’ Fortunately this style tails off after Chapter 4 which ends ‘He was surrounded by dense jungle...hysteria threatened to overwhelm him but he was alive.’

After that the reader can relax and the book becomes very interesting. Robert Lynam has put together a lot of research material including, and quoting generously from, reports about the Naga territories and their headhunting inhabitants, written by District Commissioners in the Indian Civil Service from the 1820’s onwards. From these sources he draws the now unfashionable view that the expansion of the Indian Empire was not undertaken as a part of some ruthless master plan, but in the teeth of opposition from administrators and politicians at home, as a means of suppressing constantly repeated attacks by the hill-people of Nagaland against the lowlanders in the Brahmaputra River Valley and this it did. Bit by bit individual Naga villages began asking for British protection, in return for which they offered to pay tributes. And Lynam points out that during the negotiations for Indian independence these Naga states demanded to remain British. This was of course refused. It is intriguing to learn that in 1936 these savages were deeply upset by the news which reached them that King Edward VIII was threatening to marry Mrs Simpson. They thought his conduct was disgraceful and felt personally disgraced by it. This and other things suggest that the Nagas had become rather more civilised than was supposed. And certainly they must have been so in 1943 when they looked after American air-crash survivors as if they were honoured guests, building bamboo shelters for them, carrying written messages and leading them through the jungle. The survivors’ whereabouts was found almost at once by US aircraft, but there was no possible landing ground near it. Drops by parachute, however, were made daily to deliver supplies, and a doctor parachuted in voluntarily to tend the injured man. Word was sent to the nearest British administration post, about 60 miles away, whence a party immediately set out carrying a stretcher for the patient, to hack a path through the jungle to them, about a week’s work. After a month

or so the nearest officer from the Indian Civil Service arrived and led the survivors back to US headquarters in Chabua.

The Nagas of that time regularly hacked off their neighbours' heads and hung them in their bamboo huts as trophies, but Lyman's book explains that it was the right thing to do. The display of severed heads was not just competition: tribal honour depended on it and was probably the main reason why Christianity, as Lyman notes, did not catch on well among them. But I am not sure why he says that they had an especial hatred of white men; he gives no evidence of it and their treatment of the aircraft survivors does not bear it out. Reading this book, there is a slight risk of ending up with a twinge of sympathy for the Headhunters, despite their horrible practices. But that must go to Lyman's credit for the fairness of his account.



Dirty Boot and Hungry Worm

Martin Dewhirst

Soldier Spy: The true story of an MI5 officer risking his life to save yours, Tom Marcus, Michael Joseph, 2016, £20.

Full disclosure: I haven't read any novels by John le Carré, and all I earlier knew (or mistakenly thought I knew) about MI5 was derived from the notorious and extremely interesting memoir of another insider, Peter Wright's *Spycatcher: the Candid Autobiography of a Senior Intelligence Officer*, published in Australia, very much against the wishes of various officials in and out of Whitehall, exactly thirty years ago. This book, on the contrary, 'has been vetted and cleared for publication by his former employer'. Does this make it more or less trustworthy than its predecessor, and how much has MI5 changed since 1987?

Marcus (presumably a pen-name) is a very different person from Wright and no less remarkable. Coming from a broken home and lower-class family, and with a poor formal education, he joined the army as a teenager and risked his life virtually every day for several years while working against the IRA terrorist threat in Northern Ireland. So committed was he to his task, which gave some meaning and purpose to his life, that, unlike many members of the British secret service, he didn't *apply* to MI5, but was *invited* to join it, provided that he coped satisfactorily with the rigorous demands of his initial training programme, involving both anti-surveillance and counter-surveillance skills

and techniques.

He did cope, and continued to risk his life for several more years as an 'operator' or 'surveillance officer' in what he calls (perhaps a little too often, but with justified pride) 'the greatest intelligence agency in the world'. For most of his professional life Marcus was fighting against Irish and Islamic terrorists. He had more, if grudging, respect for the former ('they had a cause'), whereas in his view the latter 'just wanted to commit mass murder anywhere they could. It wasn't about religion or creating a caliphate'. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion.

More recently, the main threat to the UK and to the West in general, has been recognised by professionals, if not by the general public and many politicians as coming from the Kremlin. If you have time to read only one part of this remarkable book, I think it should be chapter 10, about the tracking of a meeting between a Russian Foreign Intelligence (SVR) officer, referred to as DIRTY BOOT, and his British contact, HUNGRY WORM, to and in the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society in Wisley. 'By a million miles the biggest threat to our country and its survival isn't the few thousand would-be mass murderers living amongst us, it's the smooth-talking suit like the one [DIRTY BOOT] we've just allowed to drive away in a taxi'. However, this is only one of the numerous glimpses we ordinary readers get into the 'secret world' that the author gives us. Other stories, about characters such as GLASS WINDOW, SHARP PENCIL, RUBBER PASSPORT, PENNY BLACK, his wife, BROKEN BRANCH, and his son, FALLEN LEAF, BROKEN LAPTOP, and his colleague MUD SLIDE, reveal a great deal that most ordinary mortals are completely unaware of.

The strains and stresses that Marcus was living and working under gradually led to what almost amounted to a nervous breakdown he realised that, despite his readiness to sacrifice himself for a really worthwhile cause, there was one priority that should be placed even higher than his not particularly well-paid vocation. 'A man is only a man if he puts his family first.' The last two chapters describe his early retirement, mention his life-time ban on visiting some thirty countries and reveal his difficulties in finding suitable employment outside the Service. Perhaps this explains why he wrote this book. Was it more therapeutic than having countless sessions with various 'shrinks'?

As an anonymous 'hero of his time', Marcus reminds me of Alexander Litvinenko, whom I did know quite well – another dedicated professional, very intense, 'driven', committed and under-appreciated by the general public. He too made a point of keeping physically fit, neither smoked nor used drugs, also

had a devoted wife and son, and also, so far as I can judge, found it difficult to ‘switch off’. True, Marcus, unlike Litvinenko, drank and used ‘strong language’, which I suppose Litvinenko might have done when with Russians, especially at work, but they were both genuine and extremely professional operatives. As Marcus writes, in that profession you have to make only one serious mistake to be finished. Litvinenko, a strict teetotaler, on one occasion, just over ten years ago, relaxed for a moment and had a sip of tea...

Marcus is still with us. His text has, presumably deliberately, been under-edited; the excessive use of expletives may offend some overly sensitive people, and the frequent use of ‘please’ when the author and his colleagues are sending each other extremely urgent messages might cause surprise. His book may be as likely to deter as to encourage younger readers thinking of applying to join MI5, but the branch in which Marcus worked and about which he writes is only a small part of our Secret Service, whose overall role has never been more crucial than it is today.



Cracks in the Cloister

Peter Mullen

That Was the Church that Was: How the Church of England Lost the English People, Andrew Brown and Linda Woodhead, Bloomsbury, 2016, £16.99.

This is the sexiest book about ecclesiastical history since the chronicles of the Borgia popes. I wondered whether my review should take the form of a Freudian analysis of the authors, but rather I think the best I can do is to give you the flavour with a few quotations.

At Marlborough, Brown’s school, ‘The headmaster told a gathering of senior boys that masturbation was not a sin: He did it himself sometimes when his wife was away; just as he ate fish and chip suppers when she was not there to cook for him.’ We’re not told whether he put salt and vinegar on it – the supper, I mean. Also at Marlborough, ‘Really unpopular boys could be gang-raped anally with a broomstick.’ ‘Theological colleges like St Stephen’s House, Oxford had cultures in which men called each other by girls’ names like Doris and Betty and got excited about frilly cottas.’

Sir Derek Pattison, General Secretary of the General Synod, ‘...moved a Synod member Barnaby Milne into his flat in Pimlico. After Sir Derek had died, Milne set up in business in their old flat as a male prostitute

specialising in sadomasochistic fantasies.’

Teaching at Lancaster university, ‘Linda gazed over the heads of the undergraduates with a sense of joyful liberation: “Sleep with whomever you want!” she wanted to yell, “I don’t care!”’

There is much more of this stuff. But the book does have serious intent which is to demonstrate that the Church of England has lost the people of England mainly because of its long years wrangling over women priests and its continual bitching over attitudes towards homosexuality. The church is fading away because people generally have moved on from such issues.

Brown is a left-wing journalist who writes with intermittent flair; Woodhead is a sociologist and writes a mixture of academic obscurity, jargon and bureaucratic costiveness. Nevertheless, this book is gripping for its insights into the characters of its churchy cast: Runcie, Carey, Habgood, Chartres and, of course, Archbishop Rowan Williams, the self-proclaimed ‘hairy leftie’.

There are some strange references here. For instance, ‘The clergy could and did vote themselves generous remunerations and pension schemes.’ Well, I’ve been a priest for forty-six years, so I must have missed that. The entertaining Brown and the sobering Woodhead have a poor understanding of the law of non-contradiction. They claim that opponents of women priests disingenuously tried to frighten people by predicting, falsely, that this would lead to goddess-worship. How could anyone believe anything so preposterous? Then they actually print the text of a prayer used at Cuddesdon theological college which begins, ‘O God our Mother.’

The biggest piece of misinformation and rewritten history in the book is the assertion that the so-called ‘liberal,’ modernising tendency in the church has lost the culture wars with the conservative Evangelicals. This is nonsense. The liberals got control of the church in the 1960s and they have shamelessly promoted their chums ever since, so that nowadays nearly every bishop in the land is a moderniser and a leftie social-gospeller.

But don’t let me spoil a good tale by chucking in these inconvenient truths. Never mind the facts and to blazes with dull history; just lie back, think of the Church of England, enjoy the debacle, the gossip – and the sex.



IN SHORT

Cat Wars. The Devastating Consequences of a Cuddly Killer, Peter P Marra and Chris Santella, Princeton University Press, 2016, £15

It was Tibbles the cat that did for the Stephen Island wren, a tiny bird with large feet that flapped among the shrubs on the shore of this island. It was uninhabited until a lighthouse was built and David Lyall, the lighthouse keeper, moved in with Tibbles in 1894.

Lyall, an amateur ornithologist, discovered this little wren among the prey that Tibbles brought back to the lighthouse. He preserved the dead wrens and sent the corpses to various ornithologists, who declared it a hitherto unknown species. Within a few years, these small birds in various collections were the only known examples of *Xenicus (Traversia) lyalli*. Tibbles and her progeny, for she was pregnant on arrival to the island, had exterminated all the living ones.

This was not the only extinction because of feline serial killers. According to Peter P. Marra and Chris Santella, authors of *Cat Wars*, domestic cats have contributed to or caused the extinction of 33 reptile, bird and mammal species. And a further 175 species have declined due to cats.

We cat lovers can quibble about the exact figures of the death toll but we cannot deny that in islands where once there were no predators, the introduction of our favourite feline can be a serious threat to smaller endangered animals. A reasonably decent estimate is that a feral cat hunting for its living will kill up to five amphibians, 12 reptiles, 48 birds and 300 small mammals in a year.

That's just the feral cats. Probably about 60 per cent of our owned cats, when they are not snoozing on their owners' laps, are also out in the killing fields of their neighbourhood. And it is these cats, 'subsidised' killers (their phrase not mine), that the authors target in their plea to stop the killing. These cats, they argue, should be kept captive indoors and never let out except into a fully fenced garden. Tough luck for a cat with nothing to do in a small house or flat.

This book sums up the case against cats well but has a simplistic and unrealistic solution – lifelong feline confinement and wholesale slaughter of cats outside the home.

Celia Haddon

Stepinac – His Life and Times, Robin Harris, Gracewing, 2016, £20.

Robin Harris has written a biography of high academic

quality but which is highly readable. Alojzije Stepinac, who became the Croatian Cardinal Archbishop of Zagreb in 1937, sprang from an ordinary farming background and was patriotic, honest and saintly. The major achievement of this book is to lay the ghost of the false propaganda that Stepinac was some sort of fascist sympathiser. This was a typical propaganda tactic of communist regimes against leading churchmen and others.

Stepinac lived in turbulent times even by Balkan standards. Croatia and Croats had always hoped for their own nation state; even when they were in the Hungarian half of the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy, they enjoyed a fair amount of independence. Harris explains how when they were thrown into the Serb-dominated Yugoslav Kingdom after the First World War, they were deprived of their dream of independence. Many Croat statesmen did try to make the new Yugoslavia work but the old dream of statehood persisted and Stepinac, as a patriotic Croat, was not immune to this emotion.

After the German and Italian attack on Yugoslavia in April 1941, the Axis powers installed a puppet state, (Independent State of Croatia), led by the Ustashe a fascist terrorist group. This was confusing for most Croats; like the German population under the Nazis they could not have anticipated the whole range and depth of the wickedness and cruelties that would follow and saw their dream of independence disappear.

The Catholic Church pursued its traditional policy of preserving the church in all difficult circumstances: *to Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's*. Stepinac followed this line but after the war his communist enemies misrepresented him as a fascist collaborator even though he was highly critical of the Ustase whose atrocities he attacked in front of Zagreb cathedral in 1943. He saved many Jews, Serbs, and Partisans from death:

Therefore, the Catholic Church has always condemned, and condemns today, every injustice and violence which is committed in the name of theories of class, race or nationality.

After the war he was tried by the Yugoslav government and convicted of treason and collaboration with the Ustase regime. His show trial matched many others against leading Catholics across communist Europe, notably Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary. At the same time the communist authorities subverted vulnerable priests. Stepinac was released from prison after five

years to house arrest in his home village as a result of American pressure. Tito had broken with Soviet Russia in 1948 and any liberalization or clemency came because of Tito's totalitarian regime's need for food and arms to defend the country from a possible Soviet invasion.

Keith Miles

Summary Justice, Are magistrates up to it? Roger Farrington, Matador publishing 2016, £9.99.

Foreigners and even law abiding natives are surprised to learn that criminal cases start in Magistrates' courts in England and around 90 per cent end there. They are even more surprised to learn that most magistrates have no legal qualifications, being public-spirited people, handpicked by advisory committees looking for leadership qualities.

In 1361 Edward III appointed Justices of the Peace to meet quarterly, and deal with those 'who have breached the king's peace'. Like the monarchy, this idiosyncratic institution has adapted well to the challenges and changes of the passing centuries. Roger Farrington, a former magistrate, gives a picture of its fascinating history in this book quoting from Dickens and Trollope to illustrate the eccentric conduct of courts in the 19th century when stipendiary magistrates (now district judges) were introduced in newly crowded cities. The last century saw the most sweeping changes: the property qualification was abolished in 1906 and women were admitted in 1919. Over the last sixty years magistrates' benches have come to represent

our complex multi-racial society, and are no longer the preserve of county families or nominees from the political parties and trade unions.

This book would be useful for anybody interested in joining a bench. Farrington describes in detail the daily business of the courts: how they are run, the role of Justices' clerks and many other facets of court work. The Magistrates Association provide guidelines for standardized sentencing and arranges training sessions which magistrates must attend throughout their tenure. They are also appraised from time to time by other magistrates and the clerks.

Farrington suggests some reforms which he thinks would improve efficiency. He would like to amalgamate the lay magistracy with the district judiciary while would-be chairmen should become more professional by taking an exam in criminal law and procedure. Lord Denning once remarked that common sense was the most important quality for magistrates who bring their experience of different walks of life to the bench. Farrington also wants committees to look for 'cleverness' but a confident personality who can control court proceedings is equally important. I only met a few magistrates who 'were not up to it' in my twenty three years on the bench; some recognised their limitations and were content to sit as wingers. These days some benches have too many women because employers are reluctant to give time off. With increasing life spans perhaps more men could be recruited after 60 and the retirement age could be raised to 75.

Merrie Cave

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