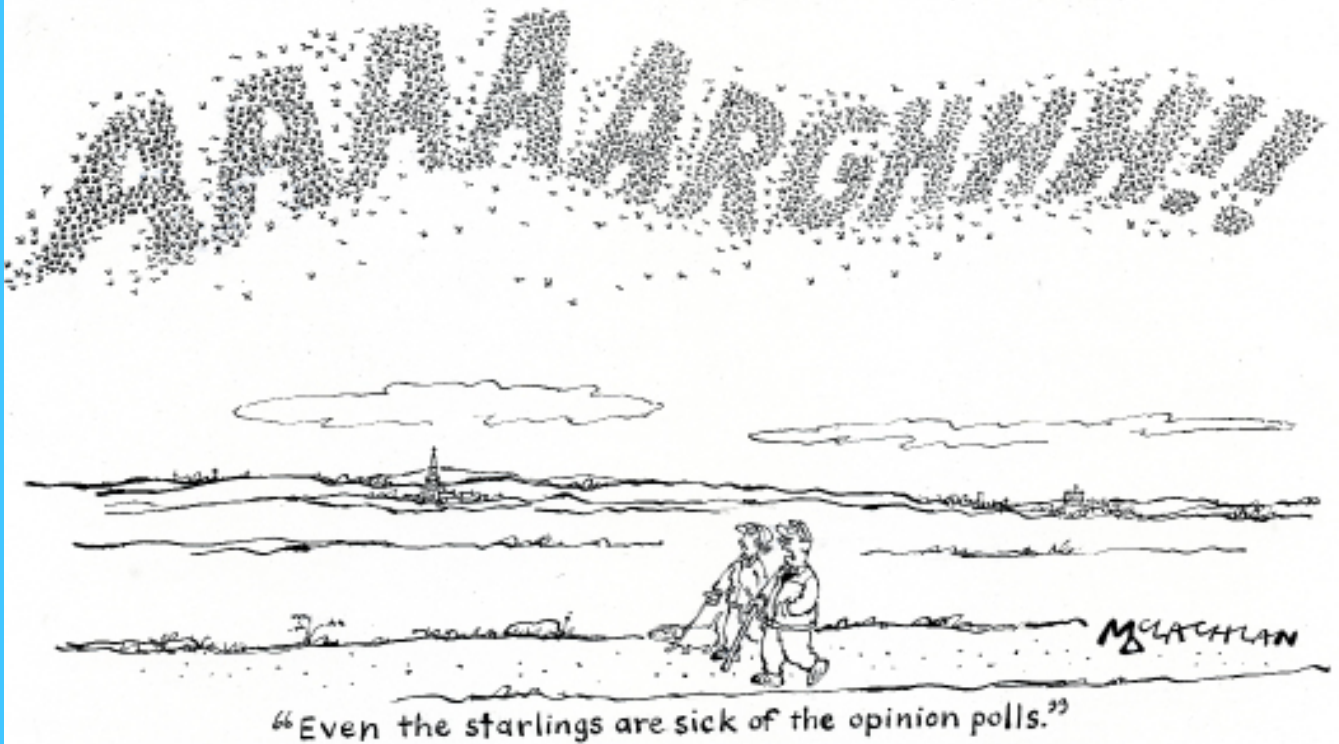


The

# Salisbury Review

The quarterly magazine of conservative thought



**We want our  
Country Back**

*Christie Davies*

**The Wrongs of  
Animal Rights**

*Mark Mantel*

**In the Shadow of  
de Gaulle**

*Alistair Miller*

**Deaf to all Reason**

*Theodore Dalrymple*

**An Islamic  
Germany**

*Paul Weston*

**In Lycra Land**

*Jane Kelly*

Summer 2017  
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The  
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Amber Rudd the Home Secretary should resign. In the last nine months she has had powers using temporary exclusion orders to keep many of the most dangerous jihadists out of Britain. She could have issued thousands of such orders, she issued one. Instead she allowed herself to be overruled by Home Office Officials who hold the safety of ordinary British people in contempt. Thanks to them tens of thousands of extremely dangerous people have been let into the country.

The same goes for our judiciary, who over the last two decades have done everything in their power to allow bogus immigrants, many of them openly hostile to our way of life, to remain in Britain. The safety of our streets means nothing to these vain legal fools if it denies them an opportunity be praised for their sense of fairness and justice at the expense of our money and liberty

Why? The wealthy of this country; judges, media tycoons, lawyers, business men and parliamentarians - having lost the white working class vote in 1983 to Mrs Thatcher, set about destroying the economic power of working class society by replacing it with millions of who were, all but in name, black slaves. Judges, immigration officials, lawyers and politicians opened the doors to an army of poor migrants prepared to work for a few pounds an hour and live in squalor; cleaning the floors of the rich and nannying their children, sewing in sweatshops, sweeping up our rubbish or standing aching legged behind tills or factory benches all day.

As the Romans discovered in very similar circumstances, slavery is never a good idea. We now have a standing army of 25,000 Islamist sympathisers ready to provide, backup, money and arms to 3000 suicide bombers. What makes it even more dangerous is the widespread sympathy of many of peaceful Muslims for them. Twenty per cent of all Muslims, 600,000 individuals, believe that suicide bombing can be justified.

There are several obvious measures the UK government would, if it were a government instead of a collection of self interested posturing individuals, take.

1. With a small naval force seize the Libyan shoreline inland for two miles. Turn all refugees back from the shore.
2. Supply them with food and water on the other side of a defensive perimeter two miles inland.
3. Set up an air shuttle back to the Sub Saharan states the refugees departed from.
4. All ships carrying refugees found in the Mediterranean to be seized and their passengers returned to North Africa.
5. Ban all air and sea passenger traffic to Libya, Somalia, Syria, Iraq, Saudi and Yemen.
6. Cease arms exports to Saudi. Interdict all arms shipments to and from Saudi crossing British or British administered territory, including ships at sea, and those from the US.
7. Institute a capital tax of 55% on all funds held by Middle East Nationals in the UK from midnight.
8. Islamic schools in the UK to be obliged to teach Christian as well as Muslim theology and beliefs in equal measure.
9. The BBC to set aside prime TV and Radio times to deconstruct Islamic history and beliefs. (existence of Muhammad etc.)
10. Mandatory life sentences for people smuggling or having any association with it.

Our 'Government' won't. Led by Theresa May or Jeremy Corbyn, they have a new constituency, its called Moslem Britain



# The Real Reason for Manchester

Myles Harris

In the spirit of Jonathan Swift's 'Modest Proposal' is there a good case to be made for nuclear war? There are far too many of us on the planet to allow its survival, and if you think of us as microbes, the world is in need of an antibiotic. It is not a problem of global warming, but the physical destruction of our species habitat. Since 1970 we have wiped out 67 per cent of the vertebrate population of the earth and 81 per cent of all life in the sea. There have been mass extinctions before, but never at such a speed. It took thousands of years for the dinosaurs to vanish after the great meteorite, we are half way there in fifty.

If we go on as we are then the survival of human beings, and the earth, will not be, as Wellington said of Waterloo, 'a damn close run thing' but a certainty, and as the Bible says, 'that right soon'. This is especially ironic as the recent discovery by NASA that conditions are right for life on one of Saturn's moons suggests life may be everywhere in the stars, even in our solar system, but we may never see it.

It was once thought that dropping the odd nuke would result in perpetual Geiger counter crackling deserts, but Hiroshima, Nagasaki and Chernobyl have shown such fears to be unfounded. It is well-attested in the scientific literature that there was no statistically significant excess of birth defects following the American attacks on the two Japanese cities in 1945. Thirty years on, Chernobyl, to everybody's surprise, is a flourishing wild life sanctuary, the absence of humans allowing many species threatened with extinction to re-emerge.

Although nuclear weapons kill in spectacular numbers, it is a terrible death and we are only talking the odd hundred thousand dead per kiloton, more bang than body count. For a serious cull there is nothing to beat a good old-fashioned infectious disease.

Unfortunately we have the latter under control but have done nothing about its consequence, a catastrophic rise in population. Our problems began with the 18<sup>th</sup> century physician Edward Jenner's invention of the small pox vaccine. There followed vaccines for all the major childhood diseases, eventually leading to the development of a vaccine industry that can respond within a few weeks to an outbreak of a novel disease such as Ebola. Ebola (and similar diseases) could be thought of as the last ditch chemotherapy the Earth puts up to the mortal threat we now pose to its survival. Highly contagious, so much so it kills the doctors and nurses attending it, if left unchecked Ebola would have created large human-free areas. You

are shocked? Then why are we quite happy to spay cats, shoot dogs, gas badgers, castrate farm animals, fell trees, fell continental sized forests and wipe out useful microbes with antibiotics and antiseptics yet are not prepared to put a stop to our growth or let nature do it for us? Instead we face the danger of terrorists, themselves a product of species overcrowding (forget about Islam, a mere side effect) buying kitchen gene editors online for £100 that, as Bill Gates has warned, can produce engineered airborne diseases that can kill 30 million in a year.

Excuses for failing to cut the birth rate are not slow in coming. Right wingers attending the Church of Saints Hayek and Myrdal are told by their preachers that as the world's wealth increases, so the birth rate will fall, water supplies will improve and there is enough uncultivated land to feed twice as many people than are on the earth today. I too would like to believe in the tooth fairy, but then I am grown up, and have witnessed close up both famine and the human folly that attends it.

Cross over the road to the competing church of Saints Marx and Lenin, and you will discover the same blind ignorance. Among the left the focus is skewed to feminism, the rights of black people to have an 'authentic' number of children, and the need to control capitalism. 'Yes dear.'

Both preach the same orthodoxy, that given the success of either competing belief, let wealth have free reign or control its growth, the human population will rise and as conditions improve, numbers will begin to decline. The alternative is to impose a Maoist one child per family rule on the whole world.

Neither is practical or happening. Although the birth rate has halved since the sixties world population is still rising and will go on rising. It was supposed to stabilise at 7 billion but is now heading for 11 billion then onwards and upwards, the results of which we can see as Africa, the Middle East and Asia head for our streets. Simultaneously a geriatric explosion is occurring that will deliver over 100 million Chinese over 80 by mid century. 'People may grow old before they grow rich'. Where there is war and poverty there are children, where there is wealth and stability a plague of the old.

What is being done? Nothing. Elderly lives are prolonged to the point of torture while enquiries among competing aid agencies reveals a near total indifference to birth control. Ethiopia's population in the 1984 famine was 40 million, it is now 100 million and by 2040 will be 200 million. The only solution, soon within the grasp of

science, is to abolish death, just as we can now abolish birth. Ageing we now know is an evolutionary backwater. Most scientists are confident that both ageing and death can and will be prevented, the Greenland shark lives for 500 years, no reason why we cannot adapt our own DNA to imitate it. But we don't have enough time. We will have to wait until our own self created, near total extinction for the survivors, if any, to put it into effect.

Meanwhile as wealth increases so does industrial output, with its attendant miseries of mass consumerism, social breakdown, tourism, cars, aircraft, noise, roads, television, the mobile phone and Everests of rubbish. What will the world look like when one in every four people of the seven billion now alive owns a car and has a bit of road to drive it on?

We could make a start by preventing the world's rain forests, its lungs, from being destroyed by sowing them with land mines to keep out farmers, loggers, town dwellers, cars, and ecologists. We would initially lose a small number of large mammals but with their sense of smell they would adapt, and freed of human predators

would soon gain in numbers. One may regard such a scenario as a desperate hope in a desperate situation. But if we think of the earth as a living organism, which it is, then we are at the ecological equivalent of applying the defibrillator.

Finally, even only as a token, rich countries should offer a discarded mobile phone to every African, Asian and South American woman who accepts long-term contraception, either an injectable or a coil. Such a scheme would be open to fraud – all aid is – but is far less dishonest than practices which seem intent on increasing birth rates to gain more customers. Aid agencies who do not make birth control a priority should have their government funding withdrawn.

Otherwise one is inclined to see President Kim Jong-Un with his threats of nuclear war in a more positive light, even as mankind's benefactor.

Anybody for *Enola Gay*?

*Myles Harris*

# Auf Wiedersehen, Deutschland

Paul Weston

The *Spectator* magazine published an article recently by liberal journalist Alex Massie, in which he said horrible right-wing xenophobes only pretended to love their country, when in actual fact they loathed everything 'progressive' about it. There is much to dislike about our modern, dumbed down, propagandised culture but I think Mr Massie is quite wrong about the purported hatred of country.

The young have little knowledge of Britain and British culture in those halcyon days before Political Correctness, the worship of the other and the hatred of one's own, became the national religion. Most older people however, remember a much nicer country filled with much nicer people whose lives were beneficially moulded by many hundreds of years of Judeo-Christian, Graeco-Roman evolution.

But where Massie gets things magisterially wrong is his belief that the ghastly Little Englanders who feel unhappy about modern society base their pessimism purely on how things are at the moment, rather than how they can only inevitably be in the future. Many Western countries now find themselves in the same position as progressive, go-ahead Britain, fractured politically, socially, racially and religiously, and all with very precarious futures if the current political and cultural establishments continue on their suicidal course.

Germany stands out in particular, ruled by a woman

who seems to think that by accepting millions of refugees from foreign fields she can finally lay to rest the dark history of racially supremacist Germany. But Frau Merkel has made a catastrophic mistake which will have equally catastrophic consequences not only for Germany but the entire Western world. When Germany shudders, the tremors are felt across Europe, and Germany is in for an awful lot of shuddering between now and 2050 because Merkel is effectively replacing the declining native demographic with an ever-expanding Muslim population. When Mark Steyn stated 'The future belongs to those who can be bothered to turn up for it,' he surely had Germany squarely in his sights.

One of the greatest lies disseminated by the Left is that mass immigration to the West is a necessary precondition to the well being of the future elderly and the current welfare state. But this is not true. Many leftists view ill-educated migrants as revolutionary pawns to be utilised in the creation of social unrest and the tearing down of political/social establishments within countries run along democratic and free market economic ideals. The further Left these politicians veer, the more they seem to worship the importation of implacably hostile peoples who clearly bring no present or future economic/social benefits to the West.

There are two astonishing videos emanating from Germany, which suggest this is so. The first shows Green

Party politician Dr Stefanie von Berg proudly declaring:

*Mrs President, ladies and gentlemen, our society will change. Our city will change rapidly. I hold that in twenty or thirty years there will no longer be German majorities in our cities! That is also what female and male migration researchers say! We will live in a city that thrives on having many different ethnicities! That we have plenty of people and live in a super-cultural society! This is what we will have in the future and I want to make it very clear, especially to those right-wingers, (aggressive finger pointing) that this is a good thing!*

In the second video, this one even more shocking, German politicians openly state that wishing to preserve the native German people was redolent of Nazism and racism. I have always maintained the Far-Left think this about all Europeans in general, but I have never heard such nakedly genocidal intentions openly stated before. In response, Stefan Köster, state chairman of the Nationalist Party of Germany (NPD) made a heart-rending case about the importance of families and reiterated the point that German natives were rapidly set to become a minority in their own land. During his speech he was heckled, mocked and abused.

A rebuttal to Mr Köster's plea for national survival was given by a Miss Drese, member of the Social Democrats, who said to much table thumping and applause 'The proposal to ensure the biological continuation of the German people will be, by the democratic parties for whom I shall speak today, rejected with the greatest insistence and condemned utterly. This proposal is racist and inhuman.'

With such perverted and suicidal political ideology, we cannot be surprised by what has happened since these statements were made. In 2015 an estimated one-million plus migrants entered Germany. In 2016 close to half a million. By 2020 German authorities expect the numbers to total somewhere between three to four million which when added to the existing five million Muslim population will put the Islamic demographic of Germany at approximately 10 per cent.

This percentage doesn't sound catastrophic, but it fails to recognise the true demographic picture. Most native Germans are old. Most Muslim migrants are young, 75 per cent of those entering Germany in 2015/16 were males aged eighteen to thirty five. The total number of native German males in that age group number only six

million and their demographic is rapidly declining as native females forego families in favour of careers. A full 30 per cent of these feminist Fräuleins are childless rising to 40 per cent of those educated to degree level. The imported people replacing them are ferociously fecund and their population will grow exponentially. Amongst the under-fives, 40 per cent of Germans are already of non-European heritage.

By 2020-2025 young Muslim males could demographically match the number of young native German males. The Muslim birth rate will then start to outstrip the native birth rate courtesy of imported wives and multiple children. The native demographic is shrinking by some 30 per cent per generation whilst the Muslim demographic doubles. Push this forward another generation and young native Germans will be a minority in 2030 and an even smaller minority by 2050, a mere thirty-three years away.

This has tremendous implications with regard to social stability or indeed outright religious civil war, but what will come long before such a violent scenario is played out is the inevitable economic ruin of Germany. In financial terms it would be foolish to allow in millions of people whose lack of skills clearly act as a drain on the economy. Migrant engineers and doctors won't do this, but semi-literate welfare dependants certainly will. So just who is Germany allowing in, engineers or future welfare claimants?

According to Germany's Federal Employment Agency, 81 per cent of the 2015 influx were totally unskilled, a mere 8 per cent were in possession of only the most rudimentary form of academic qualifications and almost half a million would become welfare dependent. *Reuters* stated the German government would spend 94 billion Euros on migrants by 2020, which means Germany is effectively paying to be colonised. The more children Muslim migrant families have, the more money they receive from the surreally generous state. A family with five children can receive, in various benefits, 7,000 Euros per month. This is the equivalent of a monthly gross wage for a working family of 11,000 Euros which is clearly beyond the dreams of normal native German families. In one admittedly unrepresentative case, an enormous amount of money is being paid out to just one Syrian migrant, his four wives and twenty-two children, amounting to 360,000 Euros per annum.



Over the next ten to twenty years the old Germans will die off. The next generation down will retire and stop paying tax. Germany will then find itself bankrupt as the post-war economic miracle smashes against the rocks of economic reality where the imported tax-eaters gradually outnumber the native tax-providers. Added to this will be the simmering tensions between the natives and the incomers. There are plenty of angry 'right-wingers' in Germany today, but when open-border liberals find themselves having to make the choice between celebrating diversity or putting food on the table there is only going to be one winner.

Germany is doomed. The agents of destruction are as yet unborn or too young to facilitate the destruction,

but the clock of reality, the clock of birth and death, the clock of inevitability is slowly yet metronomically ticking... counting down the final years, months and days of a country that had such a monumental impact on the 20<sup>th</sup> century and now looks set to make an equally monumental impact on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Demographics are destiny and Germany's tragic destiny, if nothing is done to halt it, is inevitably Islamic.

*Paul Weston is founder and chairman of Liberty GB, a political party set up to counter the destructive ideologies of the Left and Islam. His articles are archived: <http://gatesofvienna.net/authors/paul-weston/> and his website here: <https://libertygb.org.uk/>*

# We Want Our Country Back

Christie Davies

**B**rexit was a peaceful revolution. The people spoke and the political class together with its values and priorities, beliefs and prejudices, what continentalised left-wing intellectuals would call its *Weltanschauung*, crumbled. The EU bureaucrats who shared the British intelligentsia's progressive views lost out to direct democracy. Britain's dear old peasants had stood up for themselves. That is why Mr Blair is screaming populism. The progressives including Mr Cameron never believed it would happen. The EU was their eternal rock and yet now all that once seemed solid has melted into air, all that to the left was 'holy' has been profaned and for the first time they have to face the real conditions of life. It is no wonder that they are so angry, that they have marched and demonstrated and tried every dishonest delaying tactic possible to try to thwart the decision of the people.

When the people voted for Brexit, it was not a mere calculation of personal benefit. It was an act of patriotic nationalism, a determination to free Britain from the restrictions and meddling of unaccountable foreign officials with whom the people felt they had nothing in common. They were voting to restore a British identity that in recent decades had been steadily eroded by a political class that did not value it and indeed hated the primordial loyalties on which it was based.

The years before Brexit were characterized by a deliberate attempt to dismantle and downgrade the United Kingdom by Britain's political class and particularly those who called themselves New Labour. They devolved powers to a Scottish parliament which was bound to lead in time to a demand for a referendum on complete independence. It is strange

that those who are now so loudly critical of the direct involvement of the people in the Brexit referendum failed to criticise the Scottish referendum on the same grounds. In Wales there was no popular demand to have a devolved assembly but New Labour decided it was one more opportunity to fragment our beloved country. Finally there was an attempt to split England into eight Regional Assemblies, something that had strong backing from the EU. The EU wanted to weaken and fragment the British nation and to be able to deal directly with the regions, cutting out the British Parliament altogether. In 2004 there was a referendum to establish a devolved autonomous region in the North-East of England. Nearly 80 per cent of the local people voted against it. The master plan had been to hollow out Britain by moving power outwards to the EU and inwards to artificial bodies that commanded no deep loyalties. No wonder our people took their revenge at Brexit.

When the first tranche of East European countries joined the EU in 2004 their citizens were in principle granted freedom to move to any of the existing member states but individual countries were able to block the entry of immigrants from the East for seven years and all but three did. Guess which government rushed to let them in immediately in unlimited numbers against the wishes of its own people in order to encourage a destructive diversity? Yes, ours. It is not the East Europeans in themselves that are the problem, for their grandchildren will become ordinary indistinguishable patriotic British citizens as happened with those who came here as displaced persons after 1945. The problem is the sheer number, close to a million, who

have arrived in a short space of time. England now has the highest population density of any sizeable country in Europe and in consequence no one can afford to buy a house, the countryside is being concreted over and traffic is gridlocked. It was all entirely foreseeable, but for our political class these hardships for the indigenous people were a price worth paying for the destruction of traditional Britain. Another leftist attempt to weaken British identity was the new policy of multi-culturalism, a way of taking away the pressure on immigrants to integrate and assimilate as all previous immigrants have done successfully. There is an insidious pattern in all of this.

The political class had injured and insulted the people of Britain in many ways and came to think it could do so with impunity. Brexit was pay-back time, a time for the current burst of populism that has scared Mr Blair witless.

Does anyone still remember good, honest, trustworthy Mr ‘weapons of mass destruction’ Blair, now attempting a comeback to fight populism? In 1985 thanks to Mrs Thatcher, a patriotic Prime Minister prepared to put her own country first and defy the EU, obtained a rebate worth about £5 billion a year on British financial contributions to the EU. In 2005 Tony Blair under pressure from the EU’s big spenders agreed to a large cut in the rebate which between 2007 and 2013 cost the British economy £9 billion, the equivalent of £344 for every British household in Britain. He called Mrs Thatcher’s rebate ‘an anomaly’ and betrayed his own people by giving away their money. It is because of politicians like him who go native and favour the EU at our expense that it was necessary to leave by a direct decision of the British people, otherwise known as populism. Mr Blair kowtowed to the EU for the same reason that he had dragged us into the Iraq war. He sold his country because he wanted to strut on the international stage and be seen as a ‘statesman’. He wanted to be remembered in history – that at least he has achieved. Populism is the repudiation of his kind of politics. And Brexit is just the start.

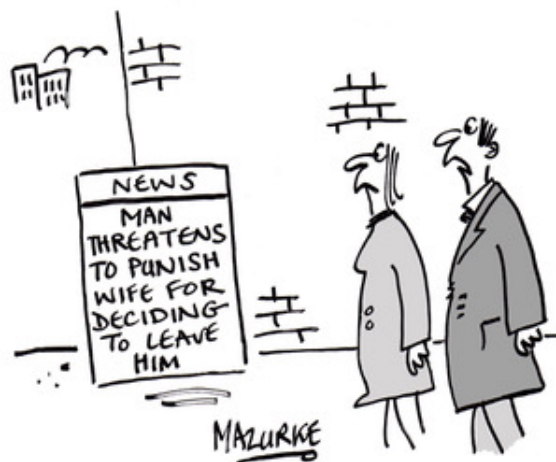
The central questions which the ‘public intellectuals’ always evade or lie about are ‘What holds Britain together?’ and ‘Why are we as a people so loyal and dependable?’. Indeed why do we always quite unselfconsciously speak of ourselves as ‘we’. I am

suddenly reminded of an experience I had when I was attached to the University of Delhi in 1974. The leading Indian anthropologist M N Srinivas, a man of great distinction and outstanding ability, was scheduled to give a public lecture on the nature of Indian society. I sat shabbily dressed in the auditorium surrounded by the well-heeled upper middle class of Delhi, for whom it was a grand social event, clutching biro and notebook, waiting for new insights. Srinivas now delivered his lecture in well-tuned English. It was one of the worst lectures I have ever heard – truly awful. At question time a shrewd Indian in a suit and a wheelchair asked him ‘What makes India hold together?’ Srinivas replied that it was loyalty to the Indian

Constitution. The questioner now moved in for the kill: ‘Are you seriously telling us that when we fought the war against Pakistan in 1971 our solidarity and determination to win were inspired by the Indian Constitution?’ Srinivas was saved from answering by an interruption from the floor. A wild Muslim jumped up and shouted: ‘I was not loyal to India. I am a Muslim. I wanted Pakistan to win.’ I feared that there might be trouble, but to the fury of this enraged follower of the Prophet the Indian

bourgeoisie merely chuckled and tittered. He frothed and ranted for a while and then left quietly at the request of the security guards.

I left the lecture hall knowing for certain two things that I had more or less known before. The first was that if a country contains a large Muslim minority many of them are going to be disloyal. More to the point both Britain and India are held together by primordial ties and not by mere documents. It does not exclude new comers. In the days before Greece joined the EU a Greek colleague seeking British citizenship swore his oath of allegiance to the Queen in my house on my bible. Afterwards speaking of Britain I said: ‘the land of my fathers is dear to me. Now it is your land too and it must be dear to you. You must accept my fathers as your own together with their values, history and traditions.’ I am as aware as any one that these are in a sense invented but it makes no difference. At the core of our British nationalism lies our centuries old individualism and sense of personal independence, a solidarity that excludes only those who adhere to an alien authoritarian ideology. We are not going to throw



*"He sounds as if he'd make an excellent member of the EU team for negotiating Brexit."*

out those who came here in good faith from the EU. We merely ask that they become British in their public identity and loyalty.

After Brexit there were alarmist reports about a rise in crimes involving racial hatred, which included the murder of a Polish factory worker in Harlow. It was soon amplified into a full flung moral panic by the BBC and our hysterical progressive-remainder press and blamed on an upsurge of nationalism following Brexit. It now turns out that the Crown Prosecution Service are not going to charge the violent fifteen year-old killer with a racially aggravated offence. Also no charges have been brought against his companions who turn out not to be the 'racist gang' imagined by the left-wing press but just a bunch of lower-class jobs. It was just one more tragic single punch homicide of a kind that has become all too common in our lawless society. The answer is not to moan about Brexit but to initiate a draconian clamp down on teenage hooligans gathering in public places. It is worth noting that the leftists who deliberately talk up and amplify any kind of violence that can be termed 'racial' are the same people who try to talk down the impact of violent crimes in general, lest the public turn punitive. I can still remember their response to a report of the British Crime Survey that there had been 1,800,000 crimes of violence in a particular year, many not reported to the police. The progressives rushed to reassure the public that in only 12 per cent of these attacks did the victim need medical attention, a mere 216,000 people. Are we not all equal

when attacked? If you knife us do we not bleed?

We do not in fact know whether so-called 'hate crime' is rising, merely that more have been reported and recorded. What constitutes a 'hate crime' is merely subjective, and it is more likely to be reported as such in times of general excitement and to be recorded by police officers under pressure to appease their left-wing masters. Very few of these 'racial attacks' involve violence or even significant hostility. Usually they are nothing more than ordinary pieces of verbal abuse and hassling, which the aggrieved are deliberately encouraged to interpret as racial hatred. It is all total humbug, rhetorical fodder for those who dislike the British people's new assertiveness. I note too that no one has ever seen fit to moralize about the abundant hate mail sent and death threats made by Scottish nationalists at the time of the Scottish referendum.

There are of course bad forms of populism such as that of the Peronists in Argentina, who for decades held screaming public rallies demanding the Falklands, but our populism has been a peaceful one. When bombs go off and shots are fired in Brussels, as often happens, you can be sure that no British populist is involved. We demand nothing from others. We simply want our country back. What is wrong with that?

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

# Travel Narrows the Mind

Michael Warren Davis

I have never managed to lose my old conviction that travel narrows the mind,' is how Chesterton opened his book *What I Saw in America*. It's the subtlest joke in his entire oeuvre. Surely he knew his reader couldn't resist quipping, 'Well, America certainly narrows the mind,' before setting the book down to marvel at his own ready wit, stewing with regret that he hadn't become a famous writer himself.

That aside, it also happens to be his keenest insight. The point is that, contrary to fashionable opinion, seeing more of the world won't make it easier to empathise with its various inhabitants. In fact, it will make substantially less so. For the more a man travels, the less time he spends at home. And the less time he spends at home, the less he can relate to those far afield, with their own homey loyalties and affinities and attachments. 'I hope the Russians love their children too,' Sting mused, as only a world-wise cosmopolitan

would. The squint-eyed Cold Warrior who never strayed more than a hundred yards from Ramsbottom would find the question absurd. They're communists, not Women's Studies lecturers. There'd be no doubt in his mind that they loved their children – no less than they hated decadent Western capitalism. Why should the two be mutually exclusively?

I'll use an example from my own life. In 2015, when I was finishing a Bachelor's at the University of Sydney, a left-wing friend plopped down next to me for a tutorial on Habermas or one of those Frankfurt idiots. When I asked him why he reeked of woodsmoke, he said he'd just come from the tent embassy, where local Aboriginals were ceremonially invoking their ancestors to defend them from the white devils. The tute began before we could establish whether his own ancestors of the Clan McIntyre also dropped by to help. Yet I can't help but think that, had I just come from

Mass smelling freshly of frankincense, he would've thought me some kind of superstitious bumpkin.

So it goes with our globalised elites. In warmly embracing a rich variety of peoples, they nearly always forget their own. Yet the irony is that, if they took more time to become familiar with the West's cultural traditions, they'd be far better equipped to relate to the teeming panoply they've welcomed to our shores. And they almost certainly wouldn't have invited them here in the first place. They'd realise that such diversity has made a mockery of immigrant cultures, and virtually destroyed our ability to enculturate ourselves.

Just take the example of painting. Before the advent of multiculturalism, the Western art-lover could spend his entire life in a state of constant awe at the incredible variety of our creative heritage. They'd marvel at how Parmigianino took Botticelli's clear, soft lines and wrought them into something dreamily grotesque. They'd see how Henry Fuseli's dark ruminations gave way to William Blake's horrifying Manichean visions, and how Samuel Palmer in turn set them at ease in a perpetual twilight. They'd follow Paolo de Matteis to the breathless heights of divine majesty, and then descend into JW Waterhouse's somehow equally breathtaking banality. Each incarnation of our civilization's genius poured into the next, varying as their own muse bid them yet retaining a familial resemblance. A man could spend all his days tracing that thread – being swept up in fits of joy, rage, horror, awe, and agony – and he still wouldn't know the half of it. The same could be said for all cultural medium: literature, music, sculpture, architecture, even fashion and cuisine.

True, the ability to acquire such knowledge was limited mostly to the leisure class. Yet what of our elites today? They've sampled hundreds of cultures, but don't know a single one in any depth. Sure, they might've bought a piece of Aboriginal dot-art on their last trip to Sydney. They might even keep a jade Buddha in their bathroom. Yet they have no real understanding of, or regard for, the values and traditions that underlie those artefacts. They can't distinguish between true Aboriginal art, which is made from elements of the Australian landscape, and the neon monstrosities mass-produced in Chinese sweatshops. They couldn't tell the

difference between the chubby, jovial chap worshipped by Asian folk-religionists and the solemn, skeletal aesthetic followed by proper Buddhists. None of that matters to them. These artefacts are mere souvenirs, to be trotted out to impress their friends.

Happily, certain quarters of the Left are coming to realise that multiculturalism actually trivialises the cultures it embraces. This is where this whole 'cultural appropriation' grievance comes from. The redhead who puts her hair in dreadlocks, listens to Bob Marley, and stubs out cigarettes in a Lion of Judah ashtray used to be an icon of our gloriously diverse society. Now she's seen for what she is: a shameless despoiler of Jamaican-ness. Afro-Caribbean folk are quite right to balk at these crude, pasty caricatures of themselves. It's now evident to them, as it always has been to conservatives, that trendy whites only pick through their customs for

the morsels that suit their purposes and disregard the rest.

Incidentally, the morsels they choose are always those that subvert Western norms, never the ones that reaffirm them. I spent enough time working in a Montego Bay orphanage to know how many ramshackle huts are emblazoned with murals of Her Majesty the Queen. Yet the Anglo-Rastafarians don't give a toss about that Tory stuff, even if it's every

bit as much a part of Jamaican culture as reggae and the Government Yards. It's not about learning from alien peoples: it's about enlisting them, willingly or not, to support their subversive agenda.

So perhaps this is one point on which Right and Left can agree. How we go about rectifying the situation, however, is entirely another. The fact of the matter is that multiculturalism has wrecked our attention span. We've grown too accustomed to mere novelty, mere diversity; we don't have the patience required to immerse ourselves in the truly rich variety of Western culture, or any other culture. Think of it like media. *The Daily Rotter* will tell us all about that hunky transgender fireman who saved an adorably grumpy cat from an endangered African blackwood in Dakar. Meanwhile, it's likely that story in *The Telegraph* about the White House accusing GCHQ of wiretapping Trump Towers escaped our attention. And even if we did give it a once-over, we'd have no prior insights to help us understand what that means for Anglo-



American relations. Our knowledge of the world has become broader but, especially where our own nations are concerned, far shallower. We skim headlines and glance at photos; we don't have any working grasp of the information contained therein.

So, too, with cultures. Rather than taking the time to understand the evolution of (say) Eliot's *The Waste Land*, we got used to simply fluttering from African tribal masks to Sufi poetry to koto music. Globalisation exposed us to such a variety of traditions that we could spend decades skipping from continent to continent as our fancy desired. Even if we can agree that that does justice neither to us nor the peoples whose culture we're 'appropriating', we still have to contend with our flighty and severely reduced imaginations.

Little wonder, then, that what's called 'high art' has become literally infantile in its simplicity: Pollock's paint-splatters, Rothko's squares, Warhol's colour-by-numbers, Emin's squalor, Lasdun's concrete blocks. And the exceptions, too, prove the rule. Liberals created a great national cacophony, installing speakers in pubs and cafes, filling the streets with cars and the

skies with aeroplanes, plopping a television in every house, abolishing the concept of 'inside voices', and handing out iPods that blast primal, computer-generated thumps directly into our brains. Now they pay good money to watch John Cage direct a pianist not to play a single note. Only a toddler would think the ability to sit quietly is any kind of accomplishment. So we've come to see Correggio as little more a pedantic pornographer, whose aim might be accomplished just as well by Lucian Freud's lumpy breasts and distended bellies. How could it be otherwise, given the circumstances?

This may be what it's come to. We may now be forced to start at the beginning: to rebuild Western civilization shape by shape and colour by colour. We may have to re-learn the value of silence before we can re-learn the true value of music. But at least it is a start.

*Michael Warren Davis is a columnist for The Spectator Australia. He writes occasionally for The Catholic Herald, Quadrant, and Taki's Magazine, among others.*

# The Wrongs of Animal Rights

Mark Mantel

It was late afternoon and once again I sat in the shade of the black trees and watched the crackling autumn leaves. With extraordinary caution I lit a cigarette, hoping no scandal would follow. But soon as I took a few puffs a sour-faced woman wearing tattered pig moccasins perched on a bench directly across, so I reluctantly tossed it away. This preemptive surrender caused a man walking a collie dog with a lolling tongue to offer me a punishing glance, for littering. A ring of boys and girls played nearby, but it is no longer permitted to sit and watch the children play, sorry Sir Mick. I started feeling maybe it'd be easier to grow stubble across my mug, wear miserable clothing, gulp whisky from a bottle, and hurl curses at passers-by. But of course, instead, I submitted to the rule and pretended that the park was not really like a customs-office at all. I tried contemplating the heavenly origin of the blossoms and birdsong but there was no poeticizing in me.

Then came some horrible yells. It was a local demonstration that came every so often to the same place. On the corner near the grocery store was the doors of a pet shop that mainly sold canaries and goldfish but also sometimes a kitty cat and on even

rarer instances a puppy dog. The Animal People alighted there now chanting and hollering. Some were arrayed in pajamas and others besprinkled with political buttons, but all with one voice were set on closing the devilish shop. I don't suppose they hoped to dismantle some horrific cat torture-chamber, but this was their very own bastille, so they loved it regardless of how distinguished or lowly the abuses. Now, I grant that the stink inside the shop really hit your nose holes, but I didn't want to see the place stormed, since the owner was a decent sort. She was a bit rough, with a leathery face, but she was also white-headed and probably had no savings. How would she survive if it closed all a sudden?

So, for the first time ever, I decided to take a stand. That is to say I resolved to go over and have a brotherly word with the Animal People, mammal to mammal. I thought that maybe if I made a half-wit out of myself, I could soften them towards the owner. I came over and at once a band of woman surrounded me on the pavement while the men continued to chant. One person, who might have been a woman or a man, even looked directly at me, like all the hymnody was meant just for me. But I couldn't find any one goose-master

to appeal to. So I headed over to the shop's wooden knob to better position myself but this made them think I was a customer and caused some to break with the communal chant in favor of more particularized ditties. Soon, a young man red in hair, with a big happy cartoon chicken painted on his tee-shirt, but with a big frown on his own face, came over to me. I was confused of mind by now but somehow I muttered:

*Listen, I feel as bad about the animals as anyone, (I know, I know, one shouldn't try to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds), but I feel pretty lousy about the shop owner too. It's her only income. If she loses the shop she'll have nowhere to go. Her children don't want her. These demonstrations make her sick for days. She's trying to clean up better but she gets tired...*

At this, the young man took out several dozen photographs of slaughtered animals that might have made good decorations for a Prussian hunting lodge. One was of a rogue elephant who looked pretty upset but maybe the local village had made him that way. By this time, a few more protestors started to whirl round, and I repeated my speech to the newcomers. One of them, a woman nice of face but with a volcanic hairdo, gave me a big lesson on 'puppy mills.' And to be frank, I was forced to wonder at it all, the inbreeding of poor hounds. But our particular shop hardly ever sold canines! What if the owner would agree to not sell anymore? Then would they leave her be? In answer, they sent at me a scraggly man in skinny pants who had a swollen vein at his temple and another one throbbing at his neck. His sentiment was that the owner should be sent to prison and that I should go too, for abetting. Put this way, I could hardly argue back, since he wanted more blood than closing the miserable shop could ever give. So I resolved to tread my cobbled way home.

The whole gang of them flung abuses at my back as I walked away. My head even ducked a little and I was queasy of stomach. I wanted to go butcher a baby crocodile to make a wallet out of him. What made me so sore, as I turned the corner, was that the three choristers I'd appealed to hammered at me loudest

of all!

But the peculiar thing about mobs isn't that they spit and make such clamor as to frighten others away. It is to be expected that a large crowd shouting abuses and insults will interrupt other voices. What is especially funny is how sensitive the ochlocrats are. I remember when a moderate feminist and philosopher, Christina Hoff Sommers, came to the Georgetown campus to give a lecture, student protestors with clenched fists said that her very presence on campus posed a threat to the student population. To protect everyone a 'safe space' was erected equipped with brownies, bubbles, blankets, coloring books, and even videos of puppies. Apparently, a sizeable mass of hard-faced demonstrators, many leaping on their big red feet, holding banners, livid with fury, howling bawdy chants from their platform, is not to upset us. But the grouchy rumblings of a tweed and buttoned philosophy professor speaks of an emergency?

So the trouble, really, is not only that a mob acts like a mob. Nor that a mob interrupts reasoned public discussion. Nor that it demands to be taken seriously. Nor that it expects our gratitude for the benefit it confers. The trouble is that it reigns now over our private talk like a pointed carbine. Its attitude is not only on campuses and public

squares but comes now into our gardens, it's just outside as we sink into our chairs, it breaks the chain of symphony even between friends, for it is ignorant of subtle feelings, repelled by distinctions and weary of particulars. It weasels in at a tender age and blessedly embraces our fibers till they no longer quiver. It is in fashionable districts and slums and shouts all down to its inarticulate realm. There is no brotherly chit chat with it. To all the varieties of mankind a mob is gloriously indifferent, despite its so-called diversity, for it is only possessed of bland feelings amplified. Of all the true and deep experiences that may be had the mob feels itself the only one. Its songs are not sung with joy. Its justice is without mercy or is mercy too late. It is enthralled only with itself.

But all this is nothing. What is especially remarkable is the way our protestors can do the lighting of fires and

This is why we recommend early neutering



smashing of windows and sardonically sip Macchiatos all at once. Some of them may even be burdened with some good in the bottom of their hearts. I don't know, maybe the Animal People just upset me that day, maybe

I should go have some veal chops topped with foie gras and try to find something ineffectual to do.

*Mark Mantel is a lawyer in Richmond, Virginia.*

# All Gas and Dhimmitude

Penelope Fawcett Hulme

Since the Westminster attack carried out by Khalid Masood, a British father of three, who converted to Islam, apart from a desperation to psychoanalyse him to find some exculpating factor, there has been a growing interest in converts. On the BBC Sunday Programme Ed Stourton asked why someone brought up in secular Britain might embrace Islam and wondered if there were any safeguards against them doing it for the wrong reasons. An English Muslim convert told him that any white man converting was considered, 'a prize' by other Muslims.

Sadly it doesn't work the other way around; I recently met a theology student who is very dejected about her treatment by the Church of England and her fellow students. Her problems have not come from her family in Turkey who are secular, or Muslims, but from her Christian fellow students and tutors. She insisted on remaining anonymous in the hope of ever getting a job in the Church.

The most striking thing about her is the way she loves her adopted country. 'English culture, the kindness to people and animals, the politeness and tolerance, that was my entry,' she says. She meant 'entry' to Christianity.

'English culture showed me Jesus,' she said. 'I loved England for its free speech and tolerance so I've been shocked by what has happened to me.'

For people who do not know the modern C of E this

may seem strange. Her fellow students, ironically in a college set up in the 19th century to train missionaries, found her conversion distasteful. Why would anyone leave Islam, the religion of peace? It jarred badly with their multicultural, interfaith beliefs.

'Liberal elements in the church are naturally against conversion,' she told me, 'because of their relativistic point of view. All faiths are now seen as equal.'

Friction with her fellow ordinands training to be vicars, began when she revealed she was less Left

wing than they liked. 'I became unpopular with other Anglicans when I openly supported Brexit,' she said.

'But you are a migrant,' they said, in what I felt was an insulting way. My brother used to regularly visit the UK as we have relatives here. There is now a problem with his entry visa to the UK as there is a worry that they might not return to our homeland. People in the college said to me, 'That's your Karma because you voted to leave the EU.'

Being an Evangelical

Christian she is not the type to embrace the idea of Karma and found this attitude offensive, as it was meant to be. Worse came when she attended a class on Travellers. After using the word 'Gypsies,' instead of the more politically correct term, 'Roma' her tutor reported her to the Diocese, without any discussion or consultation.

'It didn't happen to any other ordinands' she says



*"You have the right to upload one video of an atrocity to You Tube or a similar website."*

sadly. ‘They were more certain of English nuances than me. They are always careful what they say. I am a few months away from ordination and I don’t know now if I will get a job after this.’

British students’ willingness to embrace Islam is also truly remarkable. At UCL, London, in March 2013 a debate, ‘Islam or Atheism: Which Makes More Sense?’ featured Professor Lawrence Krauss, an eminent atheist and Hamza Andreas Tzortzis, a lecturer on Islam. When Krauss saw people being removed from their seats, women put at the back, men and couples to the front, he walked out to cheers and boos from the audience. It got into the press followed by demonstrations against Islamic law being openly enforced in a leading British university. UCL did nothing about it and the practice was not stopped until David Cameron spoke against it in the Commons.

Dislike of ex-Muslims who challenge their former faith, even though they face great personal threat as apostates, is also not unusual on British campuses. In 2015 Maryam Namazie, an Iranian campaigner against Sharia law, was invited to speak to the Warwick University Secular Society. The student union blocked the event. In an email to the society’s president, Benjamin David, a student union official explained: ‘After researching both her and her organisation, a number of flags have been raised. A number of articles written both by the speaker and by others about the speaker that indicate that she is highly inflammatory and could incite hatred on campus.’

David appealed against the decision pointing out that Maryam had always campaigned against violence and discrimination. She was eventually asked back but by then it was obvious that the students could not see the difference between criticising Islam and the racism, which they all detest so much.

In her blog this February she described her recent experiences: ‘Nowadays I find that universities don’t bar me outright as Warwick initially did nor do Islamic Societies cancel and threaten my talk as at they did at Goldsmiths. Their efforts are often more covert though no less sinister. Take Westminster University where I will be debating with Tariq Modood on Secularism and Diversity. The Islamic Society didn’t call for an outright ban but issued a statement asking: ‘How do you feel about Maryam Namazie speaking?’ telling students to contact the university secular adviser to ‘voice their concerns’.

It has been reported that the Westminster Islamic Society has members who refuse to speak to female staff. Their most famous alumnus was Mohammed Emwazi, the Londoner dubbed ‘Jihadi John,’ who graduated from there before going to Syria to join ISIS. He was pictured in videos beheading hostages

before being killed in a joint US-UK drone strike in November 2015.

Maryam also had problems addressing the LSE Human Rights Society. ‘The restrictions imposed were absurd,’ she says. ‘Initially I was meant to debate whether human rights are possible under Sharia Law but those approached refused to debate me or pulled out at the last minute. Omer El Hamdoon, President of the Muslim Association of Britain, asked to do a solo talk instead, which he did in November 2016.

According to Maryam, Hamdoon has defended the shunning of ex-Muslims and death by stoning in an ideal Islamic state. In contrast her talk, which was initially meant to be a public event, was restricted to LSE students and staff due to ‘security concerns’.

‘The stark difference in the way he and I were treated at the LSE speaks volumes,’ she says. ‘Despite speaking on the very same topic, Hamdoon came and went without any concerns being raised or any restrictions placed on his talk.’

She accuses British universities of ‘buying into the Islamist narrative’. Their apparent policy of not challenging it seems to have been adopted by other institutions of the British state, in education, the police and the Church. They remain silent even if young girls are raped, women are forced into marriage and converts/apostates are physically attacked.

The young woman I met, who felt so badly let down, looked anxious as she mentioned the case of Nissan Hussains a Bradford father of five who converted to Christianity twenty years ago, and is now in hiding after years of abuse. After becoming a Christian he and his family were threatened by mobs of Muslim youths who called them ‘traitors,’ rammed and egged their car, smashed its windows seven times, and made an arson attack on their house.

Hussain claims he received little help from the local police who refused to treat the attacks as a religious hate crime or from the Christian church, which he had joined at such cost. He told a newspaper in 2005: ‘We’ve given up on the Church of England, they have done nothing for us. Our lives have been sabotaged and this shouldn’t happen in the United Kingdom. We live in a free democratic society and what they are doing to us is abhorrent.’

He had to leave his job as a nurse after being diagnosed with depression and post-traumatic stress disorder. In 2008, Hussein took part in a Channel 4 *Dispatches* documentary about the mistreatment of Muslim converts after suffering a brutal assault by two men who smashed his kneecap and broke his hand. On November 3rd 2016, as he was finally packing up to leave Bradford, armed police arrived and moved him to a place of safety.

Much of this willingness to let Muslims do as they

wish and the lack of support for converts is bound up in the ethos of 'interfaith dialogue' which is now central to policy in the Church of England. This has largely replaced the Ecumenical movement of the past. Rather than dialogue, some might term this movement, 'Dhimmitude,' meaning non-Muslims appeasing and surrendering to Islam. It was coined in 1982 by Bachir Gemayel, President of Lebanon, after attempts by the country's Muslim leadership to subordinate a large Lebanese Christian minority.

'We want to continue to christen, to celebrate our rites and traditions, our faith and our creed whenever we wish.' He said: 'henceforth, we refuse to live in any dhimmitude!'

There has been no such refusal from powerful people here. Justin Welby, Archbishop of Canterbury sees himself leading, 'a process of engagement within a religiously plural English society'. In October 2015 he called for more interfaith dialogue to assuage what he called, 'the fears of the Muslim community'.

For the Church community relations must not be disrupted even if that means abandoning converts. In 2005, reporter Roy Kerridge, writing for *The Salisbury Review*, accompanied Nissan Hussain to see the Rt Rev David James, then Bishop of Bradford.

'As far as I can understand, the Bishop of Bradford had staked his career on "building a bridge" with the Moslem community,' wrote Kerridge. Asked if he would welcome Muslim converts the Bishop replied, 'No,' explaining, 'Not unless I had an infrastructure of support, which we cannot afford and do not have. We cannot at present give protection to converts from Islam, safe houses for their families and so on.'

'Up to now we've only had occasional conversions, all from men whose families have already disowned them, drunkards, drug addicts and so on.'

The good bishop clearly shared the Islamic distaste for apostates. Last year the current Bishop of Bradford, the Rt Revd Toby Howarth, a graduate of Wycliffe Hall, who has an MA in Islamic Studies and a PhD in Muslim preaching, issued a response to violence in Germany and France and the murder of a French priest while celebrating Mass, without mentioning the word Islam once.

My disillusioned convert had noted what she calls the 'naivety' in much of this. 'I was on an interfaith programme,' she says. 'English people were talking about Islam, romanticising it. I was the only Muslim

convert there but they weren't interested in anything I said. When I questioned anything they changed the topic. I can help with my understanding, but no one in the church wants to hear my views. There are not many Muslim converts and most of us feel totally let down.'

It doesn't take an extreme cynic to suspect some of this cultural cringing in the C of E and our universities is down to funding. Forty percent of Oxford University's total income now comes from research councils, charities, trusts and foundations. In 2015 The Rhodes Trust spent eight million on eighty-nine scholars, including £40,000 to the leader of the 'Rhodes Must Fall' campaign who led protests calling for a statue of the Trust's founder at Oriel College to be removed. In April 2016 Oriel equivocated promising him, 'further negotiations'. A month later on hearing they could lose £100 million in gifts if Cecil lost his plinth, the college decided to keep the imperialist in place.

Between 1986 and 2011, the University of Oxford and the £75 million Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies, which offers scholarships for study, 'of benefit to the Muslim world,' together accepted more than £105m in donations from the Saudi royal family. Of all the universities Oxford has been the largest British beneficiary of Saudi support. The Islamic Studies Centre is also supported by twelve other Muslim countries. Oxford has also received support from the Malaysian government, the Emirates and even the Bin Laden dynasty. Ripon Theological college has a bursary from the King of Jordan.

The total sum from Islamic sources, revealed by Anthony Glee, director of Brunel University's Centre for Intelligence and Security Studies, in his paper, 'Degrees of Influence,' is now the largest source of external funding to UK universities.

'Islam is more complicated than Western people think,' my young Iranian friend said. 'There are people coming who want to sell the Islamic way of life. I came here for the British way of life, not to find Sharia law again.'

England has also turned out to be more complicated than she realised, and very far from the bastion of free speech and tolerance she and so many others fleeing Islam imagine.

*Penelope Fawcett Hulme is a social commentator.*

*Dislike of ex-Muslims who challenge their former faith, even though they face great personal threat as apostates, is also not unusual on British campuses. In 2015 Maryam Namazie, an Iranian campaigner against Sharia law, was invited to speak to the Warwick University Secular Society. The student union blocked the event*

# Deaf to all Reason

Theodore Dalrymple

Recently I was invited to talk at a Dutch university and, as always, was favourably impressed by the politeness of Dutch students even when they disagreed with what I said. They were respectful without obsequiousness, as if some honour, though not necessarily credence, were due to age and experience. No doubt it helps that theirs has long been a society of consensus or compromise rather than of confrontation, but these students, at least, seemed to have mastered the art of disagreement without vituperation or hatred.

It is not that the Netherlands is a stranger to political correctness, far from it. But this correctness, or *pensée unique*, seems to derive more from a genuine social agreement than from any ideological fervour. Of course, the atmosphere may yet change, for the country, like all others, is not immune from the gusts or gales of moral enthusiasm blowing in from elsewhere – principally from America. There was a notice, for example, on the lavatory doors in the university (but not elsewhere) asking that those who used these facilities should not make others uncomfortable by staring at them, presumably in the process noticing that they were of the opposite sex (or in the process of becoming the opposite sex) from that for whose use the facilities was advertised. The notice, already sufficiently cryptic, ended with the words ‘We can do better,’ though better than what was not further specified. It was difficult to believe that this mildly intimidating nonsense was other than transatlantic in origin, or that mockery of it would not be received by those who subscribed to it with anything but fury.

Dutch academics in the humanities have told me that they do not dare reveal their true, conservative-leaning beliefs, not because of fear of open public hostility but because they fear that their careers might not advance if they did. Thus a soft and unopposed authoritarianism, often exercised in the name of diversity, pervades their institutions, together with the feeling that someone who rejects the orthodox pieties does not merely entertain a different opinion about them, but is a bad person. In the modern intellectual circles, virtue seems to consist largely of having certifiably correct opinions.

But things have gone much further in the Anglo-Saxon world, where the kind of hatred that ideology arouses is more prevalent and the bitterness incomparably worse. And the source of much of this bitterness seems to be in the universities. A couple of recent cases from America

illustrate the point.

The controversial but prolific and original political scientist, Charles Murray, was invited to give a lecture at Middlebury College in Vermont. This is an elite liberal arts college most of whose students pay fees of something like \$65,000 a year: hence it is safe to assume that they come from the most privileged sector of American society. Dr Murray believes that, as a result of political, demographic and economic changes, America, at least its white population, is becoming a caste rather than a class society, in which social mobility has become, and will become yet more, difficult. He is most famous (or notorious), however, for his book, *The Bell Curve*, written with the psychologist Richard Herrnstein more than twenty years ago, in which the authors claimed not only that intelligence was a determinant of social and economic position, but that it was in part heritable and that blacks were on average inferior in intelligence (though Ashkenazi Jews, Chinese and Japanese were superior). The authors were explicitly agnostic on the reasons for or causes of these differences. There was much else in the book, which was closely enough argued to call forth many detailed attempted refutations, but it has been remembered, and excoriated, mainly for its supposed aid and comfort to racists.

When Dr Murray tried to speak at Middlebury, about half of the audience of four hundred students rose to their feet and turned their back on him. By doing this, though perhaps without fully realising it, they were implicitly claiming that Dr Murray was so evil a human being – a Himmler, perhaps, or a Goebbels – that no normal human consideration such as good manners was due to him. He whom they accused of dehumanising others in print was himself dehumanised in actual practice.

Worse still, they proceeded to shout, or chant, him down, so that it was pointless for him to try to speak. They kept it up for about twenty minutes, and it was obvious that their protest had been organised. For example the first part of their chanting was of a text by James Baldwin, which they read in unison as a prayer, or from a hymn sheet. Their slogans were simple, rhythmical, simplistic and nasty, repeated *ad nauseam*: for example, ‘Charles Murray, go away/ Middlebury says no way’ (arrogating to themselves the opinion of all Middlebury students) and ‘Your message is hatred. We cannot tolerate it.’ Not gifted with a sense of irony, the students did not notice that, while Dr Murray stood

in dignified silence during this performance, their own faces were often contorted hatred: moreover, hatred based not on real knowledge of his work, but on rumours about it.

Eventually he left the auditorium to give his talk by video at another, supposedly secret venue at the college; but the protesters discovered where it was, and when Dr Murray and the moderator of the meeting, Professor Allison Stanger, tried to leave they were attacked physically and she was slightly injured – though she was explicitly not a believer in his work.

One swallow doesn't make a summer, of course, or perhaps, more aptly, one vulture doesn't make a carcass – in this case, that of freedom of expression. But a fellow-writer of mine at the Manhattan Institute, Heather MacDonald, received very similar treatment at Claremont College in California where she was scheduled to speak about her view (very well-argued) that American blacks have far more to fear from an absence of police than from the police themselves, who are their main shield from violence.

Most worrying of all, perhaps, is the equivocal nature of the support for free speech by academics. Even after being injured by protesting students, Professor Stanger felt able to write in the *New York Times*:

*Political life and discourse in the United States is at a boiling point, and nowhere is the reaction to that more heightened than on college campuses. Throughout an ugly campaign and into his presidency, President Trump has demonized Muslims as terrorists and*

*dehumanized many groups of marginalized people. He declared the free press an enemy of the people, replaced deliberation with tweeting, and seems bent on dismantling the separation of powers and 230 years of progress this country has made toward a more perfect union. Much of the free speech he has inspired — or has refused to disavow — is ugly, and has already had ugly real-world consequences. College students have seen this, and have taken note: Speech can become action.*

It is certainly true that Donald Trump appeared to flirt reprehensibly with violence during his campaign, ranging from wistful evocation of the beatings-up of political opponents of yore to the implication that Democrat electoral fraud might be tempered by assassination. But this cannot justify or extenuate the intolerance, incivility and violence exhibited at Middlebury and Claremont, which can now, thanks to the pusillanimity of the university authorities, best be avoided simply by refraining from inviting anyone whose presence might result in it. A fish rots from the head down, say the Russians; and Hume said that it is seldom that any liberty is lost all at once. Putting these thoughts together, we may conclude that when liberty is extinguished in our universities, liberty will not long survive elsewhere.

*Theodore Dalrymple is a retired psychiatrist. His prison memoir The Knife Went In will be published in June by Gibson Square books.*

## From the Holy Mountain

### William Hartley

The southern borders of Israel narrow like a dagger into the Sinai, with the point reaching the Gulf of Aqaba on the Red Sea and the town of Eilat. This is the Negev Desert, a scorching tract of land where even in April daytime temperatures can exceed 40°C.

The unusual boundary dates back to the first Arab-Israeli war of 1948. The territory had been designated as part of the Jewish state by the 1947 UN partition plan and its capture made this a reality. Back in the early days of Israel's existence a southern seaboard was of some importance. Nasser's Egypt had denied Israel use of the Suez Canal, severely affecting prospects for trade with the east. The result is one of those peculiar confluences of territories. Stand on the beach at Eilat and you can look east to Aqaba in Jordan; famous as the place which Lawrence of Arabia and his Arab irregulars captured from the Turks. They still fly the flag of the

Arab revolt at Aqaba.

Now the canal is open to Israeli shipping and whilst there may be some strategic advantage in possessing coastlines on two seas, it prompts the question: is Eilat more of a burden than benefit to Israel and are plans for development realistic?

The location is certainly scenic and lying in such close proximity to the desert, temperatures can be very high. Just down the coast Jordanian territory gives way to Saudi Arabia against a backdrop of the impressive Hejaz mountains. On the other side of the gulf lies Egypt. Eilat is a town of 47,000 people over 200 km from the next Israeli settlement of any size. Such an isolated location means Eilat can sustain itself in only two ways: as a port or via tourism. However there are those who think that Eilat is dying and economically may have passed the point of no return. The long serving mayor Meir Yitzhak

Halevi takes a different view and believes the town has a bright future. Others see him as part of the problem.

Decline may have been apparent as long ago as the eighties. Back then tourism was showing some signs of a downturn, hence the Israeli government's decision to suspend VAT. Not that the visitor is likely to notice; the price of basic commodities in local supermarkets seems no different to Tel Aviv or Jerusalem.

Eilat's multi-storey beachfront hotels look impressive but at street level there are many empty shops. Locals complain that the mayor encouraged the big chain stores to come to Eilat, which forced them out of business. The idea was that well heeled tourists would fill the place, particularly in the winter months, and indulge themselves in some high end shopping. The reality is that free spending visitors haven't come to Eilat, forcing some hotels to go over to all inclusive packages, meaning that visitors have no need to leave the premises. The head of the local chamber of commerce reports that many businesses are struggling. Hoteliers complain that the main visitors are blue collar Israelis with little money to spend. Although occupancy rates for hotel rooms have been in decline for some years, recently there has been an increase. Cynics point out that this is a result of subsidising airlines to bring in visitors. Earlier this year *Travel Weekly* reported that the Ministry of Tourism is in negotiation with British and Irish airlines, offering to subsidise them at the rate of 45 Euros per passenger for flights to Eilat.

As with the rest of the Middle East Eilat has been affected by the threat of terrorism. The recent downing of the Russian airliner at Sharm el Sheikh just down the coast, has had a knock on effect it seems. Tourism and the Middle East aren't compatible at the moment. It may take a long time for Europeans to recover their nerve. The latest idea to revive Eilat has an air of desperation about it.

Earlier this year prime minister Netanyahu was in talks with the tourism minister to advance proposals for a casino in the town. Mr Netanyahu sees this as a way of 'connecting Eilat to the Israeli economy'.

If tourism isn't doing much for Eilat at the moment then shipping might be the alternative. These days for a seaport to flourish it has to be able to handle container traffic and Eilat is on the small side for this. Elsewhere the solution has been to abandon the older parts of a port, something which has been done from Liverpool to Marseilles and establish modern container handling

facilities on a new site. However Eilat's seaboard is tiny and there is no room for this. The marina looks busier than the port. In the 1980s 40,000 containers were landed at Eilat. By 2007 this trade had all but disappeared. Currently a strange compromise has been achieved. A small container ship loads at Eilat and makes the 30 minute crossing to Aqaba, where there is a good deep water port with modern facilities for handling containers. Indeed Aqaba is considered better suited for container ships than Israel's Mediterranean ports. It is a strange irony that the best port for Israel isn't even in the country and this may have an impact on Eilat's future.

*Globes* online business news has noted the high overland transport costs incurred when moving goods by road north from Eilat to the rest of the country. This it says could only be reduced by the creation of a rail link. Mayor Halevi believes this to be a distinct possibility and claims it will turn Eilat into Israel's 'fifth conurbation'. However both geography and cost are against such a project. There is a railway but it happens to be in Jordan. The Hejaz railway (which Lawrence of Arabia was fond of blowing up) connects Aqaba to Amman. A good argument exists for joining the Israeli and Jordanian railways, creating a link between Aqaba and Haifa on the Mediterranean.

This is the point where strategy runs into economics. Making Aqaba viable would require a rail link running through hundreds of miles of desert to reach the north. Connecting Haifa to the Jordanian network would be easier and cheaper. The small size of the port at Eilat and lack of space to expand makes the prospect of a rail link even more unlikely. At present a roll-on roll-off ferry run by a Japanese shipping line seems capable of handling traffic from Israel's Mediterranean coast through the canal to Eilat.

On the other hand while Eilat continues to wither, further north may be a solution lying in the harsh country of the Negev. Israel has become a world leader in desert greening. Close to Beersheba is the Yatir forest which has been instrumental in halting desertification and has shown the ecological and social value of creating a forest in the Middle East.

Further south are projects in water recycling and desert agriculture. As a consequence the Negev desert has actually reduced in size over the last century. Using modern irrigation technology new strains of crops have been grown. There is water in the Negev but it is



found in the Red Sea. Previously because of the high salt content this was seen as useless for agriculture but things have changed. Israeli agronomists have now found how to irrigate plants using salty brackish water. With desalination being too expensive plant varieties have been developed that soak up everything but salt, creating a big export market. Cotton yields in the Negev now outstrip those of the US. There is potential for the Negev to be Europe's main winter vegetable market and the technology which has allowed this is being passed on to other desert regions of the world. All this greening has driven up the population and there are now 445,000 people living in the Negev. The population of Israel, currently 8.5 million with one of the highest birth-rates in the world, is expected to grow to 10 million by 2030 and the land to the south of the country is there to help absorb this expanding population.

The solution to the decline of Eilat may not lie with

Eilat itself. Assuming Israel chooses the economic benefits over the vaguely strategic, then cooperation with Jordan would be more attractive than building an expensive railway which hits a terminus at the sea. Eilat's problem of isolation may over time be resolved by Israel expanding south and greening more of the once barren Negev desert. If Eilat can't get to the north, arguably an expanding population may bring the north to Eilat increasing the likelihood that a railway may be necessary to serve a growing population rather than a failing sea port and resort.

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# Drinking Cheap Cider on a Park Bench

Theresa Templeton

**D**uring the mid-nineties, when I was at school, I remember we arrived one Monday morning at the beginning of term to find a new girl had appeared at the back of the class. As an intensely shy fourteen-year-old, I would have been terrified to start a new school but this girl, with her hard set face and menacing glare, didn't appear troubled in the slightest, and when the teacher introduced her she merely smirked beyond folded arms. Even without speaking, she emanated that air of malevolence unique to teenage girls from a particular kind of chaotic background.

Expelled from her two previous schools for fighting, we were just more transient faces to her, and she had far too much ambition than to spend her time stuck in a room full of muppets, as she called us. She was absent before the first week was out.

When she occasionally did return after one of her many prolonged disappearances, she always had a yarn to tell about what she had got up to whilst away, which she recanted during the morning register to those of us who had made a habit of sitting in that particular corner of the room. She recounted her stories confidently, and without interruption, after all, nobody dared.

All good teenage adventures begin with cheap cider

on a park bench, and this girl's stories were no different. After getting tanked up on a bottle of *White Lightning*, she would take herself into the dark crevices of the town and meet with her much older friends. Her mother, who she had fist fights with and stole fags off, appeared to be her only family.

She once arrived with bruised and cut knuckles, and we were treated to a vivid account of how it felt to break a girl's nose, she was delighted with how it had crunched under her fist. Another time she 'twatted' somebody with a spade. Several times she arrived hung-over, once after trespassing on the railway line and nearly getting hit. The stories were wild but typically ended the same – usually with her 'shagging in a hedge' or locked a police cell.

What was salient in their retelling, was that there was no self-pity, and no emotion, other than violent excitement, or lurid sexual detail. Not surprisingly, her stay at our school was predictably brief; I do not recall she was with us more than a few months. Her final exit from the British education system was not expulsion in the end – she left because she was pregnant.

The real damage done in these encounters is subtle but devastating. Not for the girl herself, who is

already beyond local authority help, but for those girls compelled to witness and listen.

In the recent debate over Grammar schools, it occurred to me that the need to separate the bright is not nearly as urgent as the need to separate the disruptive, especially those with negative social influence over their peer group. Well-behaved children, whatever their ability, can easily learn in the same classroom, but the entire class can have their education ruined by the presence of one disruptive child, and it has become clear to me over the years that the damage done is far from limited to the academic, it extends into the social realm far more perniciously.

Her stories, while at the extreme end of the spectrum, were still not so unusual to my fourteen-year-old self to arouse any feeling of absurdity. Excessive yes, but absurd, no. Stories of school girl sexual encounters reached our young ears frequently: stories of girls sleeping with multiple men, or with their stepfathers, or with random strangers, and such warped experiences wove into our understanding of what men wanted from us, and therefore what sexual archetype we thought we were supposed to espouse.

We might all laugh at the tracksuit-clad girls with the orange faces and Crayola eyebrows, but they are only a reflection of the moral ethos of the pseudo-culture that raised them. Girls do not dress and act independently, but seek to closely reflect what they see to be the standard among their peers.

Like a stone thrown into water, the influence ripples outward, altering the social perception of all who dwell in the same small pond. I'm afraid it is a myth that all these sexually active girls are considered sluts by their peer group; in truth, it is typically these hard faced and promiscuous alpha females who set the tune for the others to dance to. In their minds, the totem of the Slut is elevated high above the totem of the Good Girl.

I recognise now, the harm done by early and repeated exposure to girls from sexually promiscuous and socially deprived backgrounds. Such girls shaped and steered my early opinions, and the influence should not be underestimated. Not only did I think it quite normal for teenage girls to 'shag' older men in hedges, but I imagined this kind of thing happened as milestones along the road to love, happiness and stability. Through the pernicious influence of both sexualised teenage culture, and a society that fails to condemn it, teenage girls are led to believe that it is sex, not marriage, that is the portal into adult life.

Sex education lessons deliberately took a non-

judgemental stance on girls and their sex lives. Just a reiteration of consent, facts and safety. It was, as Peter Hitchens says 'Do what thou wilt, but make sure you wear a condom when you do it'. The whole atmosphere accumulated to give me the impression that I was somehow failing to mature. As I fumbled to roll my condom down over a banana, some girls remarked casually that it felt different from putting one on a real penis, and I felt a stab of inferiority, and I knew the free packet of condoms that were handed to me at the end of the lesson would likely remain unopened. It's bad enough to be trapped in the hyper-sexualised world of the working class teenage girl, it's an even worse fate if you're not very good at it.

Perhaps it is not all bad news though; I grew up during the hideous Britpop years, at the height of ecstasy and rave culture, when getting hold of alcohol was as easy as strolling into an off-licence with a cleavage

and a fiver. Clubs like the *Hacienda* held mythical thrall to school girls, who often made it inside.

But this nightlife culture has shrunk considerably thanks to tax increases and a crack downs on under age drinking and recent NHS

statistics suggest drinking, smoking and drug use have halved among British teenagers in the last ten years. Let's hope the trend continues.

Girls also report now, that thanks to social media, they fear being 'slut shamed' – a devastating experience of public condemnation from anonymous online cruelty, not just from children they know, but potentially from anybody in the world. In the long run, these wider and more serious repercussions might be making them more discreet about what they do and with whom they share their experiences.

Teen pregnancy has also shown a decline. Who knows, maybe the free condoms worked. Even so, it leaves me wondering why the schools could not engineer these social changes at a local level, why they lacked the confidence to teach traditional gender roles, or even suggest it as an option. Why nobody condemned the level of sexual exposure that so shaped our teenage years is beyond me, I have never even heard it discussed as a problem. Whether we have Grammar schools or not, it's time some of these other issues endemic to comprehensives were given the attention they deserve.

*Theresa Templeton is a journalist.*

# Alpine Democracy

Marcus Ferrar

How democratic is a referendum? One may argue that asking the electorate to decide directly on an issue of vital importance is eminently democratic. Strange though it may seem however, the Brexit vote has been treated with some scorn in Switzerland, the land of the referendum *par excellence*. The Swiss have little time for a vote that is called by a Prime Minister to bolster his authority. The key rule in Swiss referendum practice is that any group of citizens able to raise a certain number of signatures can oblige the government to hold one. As a result, citizens are voting at least half a dozen times a year on issues ranging from immigration to health insurance, educational reform and renovating the village hall. That, say the Swiss, is direct democracy.

The opinions of a small Alpine nation may seem of limited interest to Britons, who show little appetite for voting on multiple issues, let alone embarking on constitutional reform. Better keep to the system we have, one might argue. Except that system of Parliamentary democracy pioneered by England hundreds of years ago has already been shaken. Brexit is being advanced by a Prime Minister who has not won a general election, Parliament has been side-lined, and there is no effective Parliamentary opposition.

Constitutional upheaval is therefore taking place already, and at this time it may be worth taking a serious look at the practice of a nation known for its stability, prosperity and conservative instincts. All the more since Switzerland is currently dealing with an issue similar to Brexit. A referendum called by supporters of the populist People's Party to place limits on foreigners entering Switzerland was narrowly accepted in a vote held in 2014. If enacted literally, it would have resulted in automatic cancellation of all Switzerland's bilateral agreements with the European Union. These agreements give Switzerland many of the benefits of EU membership, but oblige it to respect freedom of movement.

However a decision taken in a Swiss referendum is effective only when Parliament has passed a law implementing it. At the end of last year, Parliament did so merely by introducing mild measures favouring local workers in consideration for jobs, but with no quotas on foreigners and no discrimination against citizens of EU countries. The anti-foreigner People's Party protested that the will of the people was not being respected, and

there was a sense of unfinished business. The influential *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* newspaper called for 'a cleansing thunderstorm' in the form of another referendum, but what shape this could take is still under debate. Instead of deciding again on quotas for immigrants, voters may be asked whether they prefer restrictions on entry of foreigners or continued access to the single market. That would force the Swiss, embedded as they are in the middle of Europe with an economy closely intermeshed with its neighbours, to acknowledge that restricting foreigners could have painful consequences.

Alternatively they may be asked whether Switzerland should continue its bilateral agreements with the EU, which are up for renegotiation. If the vote on that was 'No', there would be no hindrance to setting quotas on foreigners. One way or another, the issue is not dead, and some sort of a new vote on Europe seems inevitable.

This Swiss practice of 'direct democracy' may seem tortuous, but it does offer people a chance to find their way out of a quandary. In a country in which citizens who can gather enough signatures can demand a referendum, one popular vote can effectively cancel out an earlier one – if the people choose to do so. Significantly, the People's Party has so far made no move to consult the electorate again, perhaps sensing a change in the public mood.

One consequence of the facility of holding referendums is that it focuses Swiss voters on issues. Coalitions of political forces vary according to the question addressed. As a result no party can rule by itself, and politicians have to work with each other to build consensus. This is favoured by a proportional voting system that makes it well-nigh impossible for one party to dominate. For more than half a century, the coalition government has comprised socialists, a centrist Christian party, a liberal conservative party and a populist party with roots in the countryside.

To outsiders, the Swiss political scene may seem boring and fossilised. But the inbuilt bias towards consensus-building is prompted not by mulish conformism but by the destructiveness of earlier conflict. In the 19th century, Swiss fought a civil war because they were unable to resolve deep-seated differences among language-groups and between Protestants and Catholics. The painful memories of the past still resonate and discourage Swiss from conflictual politics, all the more since deep divergences also pit city-dwellers against

mountain people. In practice, Swiss political debate is as animated as in the UK, but there is a strong tradition also of getting together in a café afterwards to agree.

The UK system of first-past-the-post representative democracy usually enables a party to rule for a good few years on the basis of the political programme that it has presented to the electorate. But the Member of Parliament elected in your constituency may not be the one you voted for, and he or she may exercise little influence amidst 649 others. Also, there is no assurance that Members will represent the opinions of their voters. Thus, although 70 per cent of voters in Oxford voted Remain last June, both of Oxford's Members of Parliament voted to trigger Brexit.

Democracy of course implies accepting the will of the majority, like it or not. However under the Swiss system, citizens have more opportunities to make their views felt. You win some and lose some. This may seem a recipe for inconsistency and weak government. But Switzerland's experience is not that. Although decisions are taken more slowly than in the UK, the painstaking consideration of all views consolidates public support behind a decision once it is finally made. People can

participate frequently in the process, and feel less put upon. The end-result is Switzerland's renowned political stability.

If Britain were to follow the Swiss example, this could mean another referendum on Brexit, taking into account that some Leavers may not have wanted to leave the single market. The question asked could be: 'In our future relations with the European Union, do you wish to restrict free movement of EU citizens into the UK or stay in the single market?' This could be the 'cleansing thunderstorm' that would enable people to make their voices heard again on a complex and far-reaching issue.

In reality, this is unlikely to happen, since the present UK government has no interest in holding a new referendum. More likely we shall continue with existing constitutional tradition – even if Parliament has already been partly undermined. If so, we should be wary of invoking the democratic quality of the Brexit decision. This British form of direct democracy is less close to the people than the Swiss model – which has helped create a sober-minded, conservative and prosperous society.

*Marcus Ferrar is a British citizen who worked for Reuters in Switzerland for 27 years and lives in Oxford.*

# In the Shadow of de Gaulle

Alistair Miller

*Mon village ne s'appellerait plus Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, mais Colombey-les-Deux-Mosquées*

With the elimination of the mainstream establishment Left and Right candidates (socialist and republican respectively) in the first round of the French presidential election, an unprecedented event in modern French political history, the outcome of the second round seemed a foregone conclusion. As *Le Figaro* (the standard of the French right) put it, 'Emmanuel Macron will beyond doubt be the next president of the French Republic'. Within hours of the news, candidates of Left and Right alike had rallied around Macron, the youthful born-again-independent pro-federal-EU progressive liberal, to assure him victory against the rival *Front National* candidate, Marine Le Pen. Angela Merkel offered her support (the common fight against extremism trumping any considerations of 'foreign interference') as predictably did Juncker.



As I write (the final round is yet to come), the odds are still weighted in Macron's favour, and he may well be president by the time this edition of *The Salisbury Review* goes to press. But the game has taken a dramatic turn. At a joint press conference with Marine Le Pen, the impeccably aristocratic Nicholas Dupont-Aignan, right-wing anti-EU Gaullist republican and first-round candidate (his party *France Debout* took 5 per cent of the vote), announced that he would be forming an alliance with Le Pen; he would serve as prime minister should she be elected president. Dupont-Aignan acknowledged that their policies differed in several respects, and these differences would have to be worked out. But these were mere details compared with the great issues on which they were united. Their task was simple: '*sauver la France*'.

The significance of this development is that for the first time, a respected mainstream politician has acknowledged Le Pen. She is no longer a pariah, an

untouchable, ‘the monster’s daughter’, but a legitimate politician with whom one can do business. Despite her efforts to clean up *Le Front National*, to disassociate it from the unsavoury rabble of monarchists, nostalgic colonialists, Vichy apologists, neo-fascists and anti-Semites with whom it was associated under her father, Jean-Marie Le Pen, it was inevitable that she would never escape his shadow. In 2015, she even expelled him from the party he founded (they have not spoken since) following his reiteration that the Holocaust was ‘a mere detail in the history of the Second World War’ – the notorious ‘*détail*’ which more than anything put him beyond the pale of political decency. But Marine Le Pen has now come in from the cold.

Macron, naturally, has denounced ‘*la combine*’ (the scheme) as ‘nationalist, reactionary and anti-European’. But putting aside the baggage of her father, and reading and listening to Marine Le Pen’s speeches, what stands out is not only that she makes frequent reference to de Gaulle, but that her message *is* de Gaulle’s. Gaullism has long been out of favour among the mainstream Right, which for forty years has joined the Left in adhering to the prevailing twin dogmas of economic liberalism and multiculturalism. The québécois sociologist Mathieu Bôck-Coté notes in his book *Le Multiculturalisme comme Religion Politique* that the rot set in with Valerie Giscard d’Éstaing in the 1970s. Whereas his predecessor Georges Pompidou, the heir of de Gaulle, condemned the protestors of May 1968 as well-nourished nihilists who had renounced traditional attachments to God, family and country, Giscard d’Éstaing argued that the Right should welcome the ‘cultural revitalisation’ they represented and redefine itself as the party of progress, merely ensuring that progressive prescriptions remained liberal. This was also the era in which mass immigration was instigated. For the political establishment in France, de Gaulle, the saviour of his country, is indeed a nationalist and a reactionary. Yet not even they could argue that he was a fascist!

In a revealing book published last year (*De Gaulle avait raison: Le Visionnaire*), Gérard Bardy argues that if one looks at what de Gaulle said, thought and wrote – on the political class, sovereignty, Europe, economic liberalism and Islam – there emerges a prescient analysis of much that is wrong with France today. De Gaulle spoke of European union but it was a common endeavour, a collaboration of peoples who shared ‘the same Christian heritage,

the same way of life, joined by innumerable bonds of thought, art, science, politics and commerce’; there was no question of abolishing nation states: ‘*Nous ne voulons pas d’une Europe supranationale. Les nations, ça existe!*’ he declared in 1965 to a gathering of parliamentarians. The European Commission, de Gaulle told his ministers the next year, was composed of *irresponsables* who had ‘colossal power’ and exercised ‘an exorbitant role’. As for facile talk of a supranational assembly sitting in Strasbourg, divorced from the national interests of its member states and consisting of ‘technocrats issuing laws from their offices’, this could only issue from ‘*un Jean-Foutre!*’ (an idiot). Nor was de Gaulle a notable proponent of mass immigration or multi-culture. In 1959, he confided that ‘It is very good that there are French who are yellow, black and brown. This shows that



France is open to all races and that its spirit is universal. But only on condition that they remain a minority. Otherwise, France would no longer be France’. And he was dubious that

Muslims could be integrated: ‘The Arabs are Arabs, the French are French. Do you suppose that the body of France can absorb ten million Muslims, who tomorrow will be twenty million and the day after forty million?’ For de Gaulle, European civilization was essentially Christian civilization, its cultural roots lay in Greece and Rome; and France could not renounce its Christian heritage, the source of its deepest moral and spiritual values, any more than it could renounce its revolutionary inheritance, the secular values (the *laïcité*) of the Republic. De Gaulle was also deeply mistrustful of unfettered free markets and anglophone liberal individualism, a position that had its origins not in any political or economic dogma, but in his Catholic humanism, the social doctrine of the church. The question was ‘how to find a human solution for modern industrial society’. Above all, de Gaulle was on the side of the ordinary person: ‘*La République, c’est le peuple!*’.

Le Pen’s policy agenda – the recovery of French sovereignty and a national currency, ‘*le patriotisme économique*’ in place of ‘*la mondialisation sauvage*’, an end to immigration, ‘*une société humaniste*’ that values its workers, and above all, her cry ‘*oui, la France existe!*’ – comes straight out of de Gaulle’s book. However, although her impeccably Gaullist calls for a ‘*Fabriqué en France*’ movement, for state support of key industrial sectors, for preventing French industry from falling into foreign hands, and for an end to Chinese dumping, are not as outrageous or economically illiterate as many

suppose (she cited the economist and Nobel laureate Maurice Allais, the French equivalent of Josef Stiglitz, at length on the matter in a recent speech), and France has a long tradition of state *dirigisme* dating all the way back to Colbert, any call for protectionism, however limited, is bound to come across as illiberal and ‘isolationist’. Macron, by contrast, has argued for deregulation and lower taxes to free up the sclerotic French economy. Likewise, although Le Pen’s call for France to exit the euro is founded on a perfectly sound economic analysis – she notes that the imposition of a single currency has caused a 20 per cent loss of French competitiveness relative to Germany since 2001, that the euro is in effect ‘an undervalued Deutsche Mark’ – it is a step too far for most French. For obvious historical reasons, France is not detachable from the EU in the way Britain is.

Can Le Pen and Dupont-Aignan together fashion a more market-friendly pro-entrepreneurial economic stance? Might they even consider working for radical reform *within* the EU? For without France, *there is no EU*. A shift here, in policy and in tone, might be enough to tip the balance of the election.

There has been precious little support for Marine Le Pen in the French media. It is as if an exclusion zone had been declared around her. Le Pen’s Trump-like contempt for ‘the media-political system’ (*‘la caste’*), which verges on the paranoid (like Trump, she phones editors to complain about their coverage), is understandable. Even *Le Figaro* has disdained to give Le Pen’s arguments a hearing – the paper is owned by a supporter of François Fillon, the mainstream right republican candidate. A victory for Le Pen would simply spell *‘la catastrophe immédiate – politique, sociale et financière’* (the editorial the morning after the first-round result); there is no choice now but to vote for Macron; and that is that. But one commentator, Ivan Rioufal, did slip through the net with an article neatly entitled *‘Macron, l’enfant gâté*

*d’une France malade’* (‘Macron, the spoiled child of a sick France’), which, though stopping short of endorsing Le Pen, delivered a savage denunciation of the political class, its ‘post-national ideology’, its cosmopolitan contempt (*à la* Hilary Clinton) for ordinary people and their predicament. Le Pen’s attachment to an ‘archaic’ anti-liberal economic platform is unfortunate; but, argues Rioufal, at least she understands that the destiny of her country is at stake – the very idea of nationhood, the family, and Western civilization. Macron, by contrast, has declared *‘il n’y a plus de culture française’*.

As I am writing, a nervous and excitable Macron is delivering a message of hope and optimism for the future, his message reinforced by a large backing group of teenage cheerleaders. Perhaps his confection is more palatable to the electorate than their facing up to the uncomfortable reality: that there are now some 750 *zones sensibles* (no-go areas) in and around French towns and cities, the ‘lost territories of the Republic’, inhabited by first, second and now third generation immigrants for whom France means nothing. But there will come a time when France must face that reality.

In Michel Houellebecq’s novel *Submission*, set in 2022, the *Front National*, led by a certain Marine Le Pen, is defeated by a united opposition and a new radically inclusive France is born, a France that embraces Islam and institutionalises its customs and laws. Europe is set on the path to Eurabia. That is one possibility; but there is another. In the words of François Mauriac, *‘Quand de Gaulle ne sera plus là, il sera encore là’*. De Gaulle will endure.

*Alistair Miller is a teacher.*

This article was written before the French election. Emmanuel Macron was elected President.

# We all now live in Lycra Land

Jane Kelly

There was a distant time when clothes were a mark of respectability and even aspiration. My mother clad in M&S sweater, for we did not belong to the class who could afford Jaeger, and neat A-line skirt, would insist on school uniforms being folded and put away as soon as we arrived home from school. Clothes were valuable. They had to be cared for.

As lower-middle-class people we favoured natural fibres, cotton rather than crimplene which was considered hopelessly vulgar. All our clothes took

laborious amounts of ironing and coats brushed before we went out. Shoes also had to be polished, buttoned or laced. Children and adults also dressed very differently from each other in those days. When my mother wasn’t busy with that, she was out seeking out bargains, buying ‘good’ clothes which would last for years.

‘You’ve had good wear out of that,’ adults would say, almost the only compliment given to children.

Collars and ties disappeared some time ago in the fantasy of ‘inclusiveness’. Good old Jaeger, founded

in 1884 to cater to men who wanted good suits, royal ladies and well-dressed women from the Shires, has just gone into receivership and failed to find another buyer. No one wants to pay a lot for their everyday clothes anymore, but seriously appalling clothing which define a losing class, shouting out failure as loudly as the choice of certain names, are now the main market.

Sports shops such as J D Sports, shelves sweating and heaving with trainers in lurid colours and racks of gender-free vests and track-suit pants, represent the future for a large proportion of the population. In April J D Sports, which sells trainers and tracksuits as ordinary clothing, received an eighty one percent increase in pre-tax profits last year, that's £238.4 million, a quarter of a billion pounds.

'Athleisure' wear as it's now known, is not about a new love of sport and the body beautiful, quite the converse, it's all about staying safely in front of the TV. Forget the 'Ath'. This is the uniform of the great British unemployed and dispossessed, who have no jobs, no aspiration and very little hope of changing anything for the better. Mass immigration has depressed their wages, taken their jobs and shown them up for what they are – a class of people de-skilled and undereducated and made redundant by successive governments over the last thirty years. They buy their lurid clothes from foreign workers employed because they are more motivated to work, and most of the clothing is produced abroad by people who have to work or starve.

Two years ago, the impeccably dressed British Council did a survey asking 5,000 18 to 34-year-olds from around the world what they think of Britain. They loved 'Brand Beckham,' and The Queen but concluded that we drink too much, are 'Rude,' 'Unfriendly,' 'Ignorant' and above all, 'Lazy'. According to a recent report almost one in ten adults have not walked continuously for five minutes in the past four weeks, except that is to the TV, computer and the fridge, in a never ending circle.

As a nation we are now as famous for our laziness as we once were for good manners. It seems that many people these days do not have the energy, the time or the inclination to get dressed in much at all. They remain in their pyjamas to take their children to school and do the shopping. Last January, Tesco gave its store managers permission to eject customers wearing their pyjamas, as the supermarket revealed it has received numerous complaints about shoppers wearing nightwear. A Head-teacher in Darlington also appealed for parents to stop

wearing their pyjamas at the school gates after she noticed an increase in the number of parents failing to get dressed for the school run. Some were even wearing them to school assemblies and meetings.

Food and clothes are now cheaper than they've ever been, people have all the goods and labour-saving devices they want, yet they have slipped into something which looks more like debilitating depression than affluence. For 'laziness' we might surely read instead, 'depression'. After all our parents and grandparents were not like this, they got up in the morning, put on collar and tie and went to work. We now have a large group of people grinding along the bottom who have lost track of any real meaning in life; many of them self-destructively fat.

One in four British adults are obese. According to the UN Food and Agriculture Organisation, the UK has the highest level of obesity in Western Europe, ahead of France, Germany, Spain and Sweden. At current rates more than half the population will be seriously over-weight and waddling around in sweat pants by 2050.

The evidence of hopelessness among the under-class has been obvious since they got their greasy hands on fast food and throw-away consumer goods, about the same time schools stopped giving less academic girls cookery lessons, and lower-class people gave up on marriage, religion

and mixing with their neighbours in pubs.

Our grandparents perceived clothing as an outward sign of respectability if not virtue, notions replaced these days by the idea of 'self-esteem'. By our clothing we can now see the lack of self-love and self-worth among poorer English people.

We gave up on well-made, long-lasting overcoats, well-cut dresses and jackets as we also shed cultural values, which had defined us. Nothing has been put in their place apart from trash. There are not likely to be any more jobs available in the future, and there is no sign of education equipping people for a rich interior life suitable for healthy idleness. It is almost possible to imagine that in the future the white underclass of the UK will simply disappear, bringing about its own extinction through early death, overtaken by other ethnic groups which still practise vigour, self-discipline and aspiration so cherished by our grandparents in their starched collars and polished shoes.

*Jane Kelly was a celebrity journalist for the Daily Mail.*



# A Polish Empire?

Mark Griffith

A lot of people inside and outside Eastern Europe are asking what happens if the tottering tower of Jenga bricks that is the EU should collapse? The big northern countries, Germany, France, Holland and Scandinavia, would prosper mightily. Italy would return to her bicycle tyre economy, discreetly letting out the air on the lira each year when no one was looking, the Greeks would continue cheating on their taxes, and Spain would go on living off tourists. What however about the old EU countries in the east? Some members of the former communist East Bloc countries are quietly discussing a possible new trading bloc.

They could do it, but there are two worries. The first is whether such a trade bloc would have much chance of working if it got big, or would be worth bothering with if it stayed small. The second is why another bloc at all?

After all, there is a trade bloc ready to join with far less onerous conditions than the EU (European Union), called EFTA (The European Free Trade Association). Back in 1970 it had more member countries (9) than EU precursor the EEC (6 countries) but it shrank as the EEC/EC/EU grew. Nonetheless, EFTA still exists. It has 3 well-known members (Iceland, Norway, and Switzerland) + 1 rather smaller member (Liechtenstein, an independent principality whose foreign policy and currency is handled by the Swiss – Liechtenstein used to lead the world in false teeth manufacturing) making 4 in total. I hope the charming lady from their ruling family I once met at a weekend in Dorset will forgive me that summary. Perhaps we can say that if Luxembourg is a legitimate territory to count as a member country of the EU, then microstate Liechtenstein can fairly be called the fourth country in EFTA.

So Hungary or Poland or Slovakia or the Czechs could easily ask to join EFTA. All a country needs to do to be in it is ask to join, and promise to keep to its low-or-no-tariff regime (certainly lower than the EU) – although existing members can always refuse of course.

Then there is the daring idea of not being in a trade bloc at all. Actually trading freely. We might hope that Dutch/British economist David Ricardo's proof in the 1820s that tariffs actually reduce wealth on both sides of a tariff barrier might be better known among trade ministers 190 years on, but there's no accounting for ignorance. Of course, economists dispute how good Ricardo's proof (the first result using a numerical model recorded in all economics) really is, but since no-one has

yet found where the proof goes wrong we might guess it's pretty good. Anyone who can give a convincing refutation of Ricardo will get an Economics Nobel Prize, that's for sure.

But back in the sad world of everyday politics where most countries' banks and cabinets don't even know who Ricardo was, some kind of bloc might make sense, if only to reassure conventional people. It's worth noting that average wages in EFTA have consistently been above average wages in the EU over several decades (exactly as Ricardo would predict, of course).

The chief concerns among one-time members of COMECON plus the Baltics, one-time vassal states within the Soviet Union itself, is twofold. One is that for them not being sucked back into an unequal status as satellites of Russia is very important, so they feel the need to band together on many issues. This gets them thinking that the EU is somehow connected to NATO, that NATO members are safer against possible Russian bullying if they're also in some kind of US-blessed trade bloc.

Since both Norway and Turkey are in NATO but not in the EU and both have land borders with Russia, this idea that EU membership makes you safer doesn't really add up. Still, anxiety harms clear thought, and the former Soviet satellites have every right to be anxious, given their centuries of experience keeping one eye on Moscow.

The second problem is that countries like Hungary, Slovakia, the Czechs, the Slovenians, Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia also rather like the money the EU hands out to poorer states. They also appreciate how EU membership gives some counterbalance to some of their own nuttier national politicians. Italians frequently say they trust Brussels corruption over the home-grown corruption of their own political parties. This view is widely shared in most of the ex-communist-ruled (often also ex-Habsburg-ruled) countries that feel closer to the Danube than to the Rhine.

So if they want to stick together in the event of an EU collapse, they might want a bloc of their own. Funnily enough, they have one ready that someone made earlier. It was formed in the 1990s so its members could jointly plan how to get into the EU, and it still meets to discuss some topics of joint interest. It's called 'the Visegrád Four'.

This group is named after a pretty little town with a

castle in northern Hungary where the foreign ministers of the four member countries first met: imagine a smaller Hungarian version of Chester or York. As always in Hungarian, the lone 's' is pronounced 'sh', so 'Vishegrad'.

The Visegrád Four isn't in any sense Hungarian-led, despite the name, and a big imbalance inside it favours another member. Hungary, Slovakia, and the Czechs added together are still outnumbered by 40 million Poles. Poland also has a high birth rate and informal trade links with the large Polish diaspora in Chicago. This might be why a recent suggestion by Austrian politician Norbert Hofer that his country might become member five got a chilly reception. The four former communist nations might have been huffy about allowing their 18th and 19th-century imperial rulers into their cosy club, or it might be that dominating the club suits the Poles for now. The 1770s partition of Poland, agreed between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, wiped it from the map. The 1939 partition of Poland was between the USSR and a united Germany-Austria. The Poles might object to Austria joining Visegrád on both grounds. A third reason might be 'V4' members didn't want to be seen getting chummy with Hofer's extreme-nationalist Freedom Party.

The Visegrád Four do a bit of military co-operation together, so it's also a kind of miniature proto-NATO (although none of them have the slightest intention of

leaving the larger American-backed association) as well as being a kind of not-so-miniature proto-EU.

The idea of letting one or more of the Baltics or perhaps also Slovenia (the richest and northernmost fragment of former Yugoslavia) join is occasionally mooted. It seems in general to get nowhere. However, were the EU to really descend into chaos, a Visegrád Five, Six, Seven, even Eight could easily look plausible. All of the four plus the three Baltic republics and Slovenia are in the EU and all eight are in NATO as well. So the fit wouldn't be too uncomfortable.

Nonetheless, Ukraine's recent crisis saw Poland being assertively anti-Russian, while the smaller three members were less keen to offend Moscow. So even a common front among existing V4 members seems elusive. Despite having two ready-made post-EU options, V4 and EFTA, no-one's publicly making a move until the EU really reaches the brink.

Britain helped set up the more free-trade-minded EFTA in 1960 to counter the EEC, and East Bloc countries have been more pro-free-trade within the EU than the Franco-German protectionist line. It would be funny if the quartet of countries that formed to jointly negotiate entry into the EU, again worked together to join the more easy-going EFTA.

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# Men on the Pill

Lindsey Dearnley

**H**ave you swallowed *The Red Pill* yet? No, *The Red Pill* is not some kind of new psychedelic, though it may change how you perceive reality. For those unfamiliar with internet parlance; taking *The Red Pill*, or becoming red pill, is a term adopted from the 1999 film *The Matrix* to describe the experience of disillusionment one undergoes when doubt sets in about liberal ideology. It isn't surprising, therefore, that a recently released documentary exploring the Men's Rights Association, provocatively entitled *The Red Pill*, began drawing hostilities from the blue-haired radicals before production was even completed, for the title alone insinuates a truth outside of the feminist narrative. The furore surrounding its release illustrates precisely why it needed to be made in the first place.

*The Red Pill* almost didn't make it to the cinema screens. Funding was pulled, crew members quit, and if production hadn't been enough of a trial, the protests

and cinema boycotts surrounding the release of this small, independent American documentary almost succeeded in preventing it from ever reaching the light of day. Unfortunately for those who wished to bury the film, their howls and pot banging only succeeded in raising awareness of this otherwise very low-key production and my interest was piqued enough to download the film myself and watch it. You just can't buy that kind of publicity.

The filmmaker, Cassie Jaye, we learn in the opening scene, is a twenty-nine-year-old actress turned documentary maker. Tired of being stabbed to death in minor horror film roles, she instead chose to use her on-set experience to cut herself a new career path behind the camera instead – a feat that you might have thought feminists would be applauding.

In a voice-over, Jaye explains how the idea for her film arose after she stumbled across 'A Voice For

Men', an online community hub of the Men's Rights Association, where men known as MRA's gather to support each other and vent frustration. Shocked at how much anger was directed towards women, Jaye wondered what kind of maladjusted characters harboured such resentful views and why they referred to themselves as 'red pill'd' on feminism. Therein lay the angle for her next documentary – a hit piece on the basement living, Trump voting misogynists of the Men's Rights Movement.

Yet when she travels to their various American homes to confront them, she was not met with socially inadequate woman-haters as she imagined, but ordinary men with genuine grievances to air. She interviews some luminaries of the MRA – Dr Warren Farrel, author of the *Myth of Male Power*, Paul Elam, the creator of *A Voice For Men*, and Dean Esmay, founder of *National Coalition For Men*. A controversial set of characters; not least because Elam is well known for his derogatory online rants against women, but Jaye takes a largely passive role, allowing the men to simply state their cases. Through this series of interviews, a broad spectrum of male inequality emerges, from custody battles to battered husbands, and in the end, it is Jaye herself who is 'red pill'd' as her feminist conditioning gives way to a more balanced assessment of reality.

Our boys and men are in trouble, Jaye is told, and the issues they face are not being addressed. Are 'Male tears' something we should print on coffee mugs when almost 80 per cent of all suicides are male? Why are we so preoccupied with gender ratios in the boardroom, when men also perform the most dangerous jobs, making up 95 per cent of work-related deaths? And where is our compassion for those men that suffer domestic abuse in numbers almost equal to that of women?

Boys' grades are declining, fewer enrol in university. Many are reluctant to marry thanks to the financial ruin that divorce proceedings can bring, and custody laws leave fathers with very little say in the lives of their own children. Perhaps most crucially, when the hour of need arrives, it is men who are expected to face the draft and lay down their lives in service. Men are 'the disposable sex' and yet still, relentlessly, they are forced to hear themselves cast as the oppressors, and women as their eternal victims.

The documentary also features a number of interviews with women who support men's rights. I suspect feminists are even more desperate to silence these female detractors, for they devalue their argument that the Men's Rights Movement is really just an excuse to engage in orgies of misogynist male bonding. I found one of the most salient among these interviews to be with Erin Pizzey, founder of the first women's refuge

in London, a refuge she is now banned from entering, and banned from all conferences, because her views are not deemed 'politically correct'. 'To me, it's been fraud all these years', states Pizzey with bitterness. She explains that if men were noted to be victims as often as women, then domestic abuse would no longer be a gendered issue.

Pizzey realised early on that domestic abuse was not simply 'men hitting women' but was more a case of symbiotic violence. A grainy film clip is shown of a group of women in the early seventies refuge, discussing violence with a young Pizzey. One woman begins to speak 'I'm a violent person,' she says, and another agrees 'I'm very violent also'. Out of the first 100 women admitted to the refuge, 62 admitted to being violent towards their partners and children. 'It ring fences money. Feminism is an enormous industry, violence against women organisations, they get well over a billion a year' says Pizzey. But for suggesting that men may also need refuge from women, Pizzey was made a pariah of the feminist community. 'All I had to do was say "yes you're right, men are the enemy"', but I just couldn't.

Jaye is clearly moved by the people she interviews, and it was this point where the production and financial issues began. Although not mentioned in the film itself, reactions to Jaye's emerging sympathies almost derail the whole project, The film's feminist interviewees, among them Katherine Spillar, Executive Director of the Feminist Majority Foundation, accused Jaye of 'giving the MRA's a platform' (despite being given the same platform themselves). Discouraged by the feminist backlash, her funders pulled out, along with crew members, fearing association with a film that might present men's issues in a favourable light. If Jaye had been under any illusion before about the aggressive nature of modern feminism, the spell was now well and truly broken. Smears ensued, threats of career suicide, and it looked as if *The Red Pill* would be shelved unless she could find new sources of funding.

Remarkably, as the money dried up, people power stepped in — a kick-starter campaign saw donations pour in from all over the world, from men and women alike, along with messages of support, and a demand to hear both sides of the debate without feminist censorship. \$204,000 was raised, amassed by people tired of being told what to think by radical ideologues.

It is doubtful that *The Red Pill* detractors ever watched the film itself, not least because the usual suspects were already out in force at the première, signing petitions, marching with their placards and chanting their yawnsome catch phrases, and unfortunately the disruption succeeded in getting a number of venues to cancel. After three UK venues

pulled out, the documentary had its world première in New York on October 7th and London on November 19th – International Men’s Day, at the Soho Hotel, but had significantly more trouble in Australia, where the Melbourne premièr planned for November 6th was cancelled after a Change.org petition, created by a woman who never watched the film, accused *The Red Pill* of promoting a ‘disgusting violent message’. It drew over 2000 signatures pressurising the cinema into cancelling. Vice Australia appeared delighted with the outcome, headlining the story: ‘Why Australian Men’s Activists Had Their Bullshit Documentary Banned’.

A further attempt to screen the film in Sydney was also protested into cancelling, so that the film didn’t reach its Australian audience until January 14th, at a cinema in Brisbane, the exact location of which had to be kept secret until the night before the showing, in order to elude the detractors.

Footage of event protests are shown throughout *The Red Pill*, and it must have been the final wake-up call for Casie Jaye to find herself the target of them. I applaud anybody who can sit through the footage of feminists activists shutting down a Men’s Rights conference, deemed as a ‘hate conference’ by one of the neon-haired crazies who sneers ‘cry me a river, fuckface’ at a man who explains he was trying to raise awareness for men’s issues after his brother committed suicide. It’s little wonder Jaye ends the film with a provocative statement: ‘I no longer call myself a feminist.’

Still, they failed at silencing. *The Red Pill* is out and available for download. One wonders when the offence crowd will realise that censorship doesn’t work in the digital age.

*Lindsey Dearnley is a journalist*



## The Triumph of Islam

*“That England that was wont to conquer others  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.”*

(Richard II, 2:1, ll. 65-6)

Sorrowful tramp of boots on sanded streets:  
In winter’s grey, sad companies of men  
Manhandle Churchill’s coffin with dull beats  
Of drum and growling brass. Grown men and  
children

Sag heads and make their peace, and St Pauls  
greet

The last of England, mourned in fen and glen:  
The state he served, those thin wan faces tell,  
Has hollowed like the booming, death-march  
bell.

Mere thirty years from Pericles’ repose  
Refulgent Athens died in Sparta’s fist.

In Ludgate Hill foxish lawyers at their windows  
Watched Churchill pass and since have ticked  
their list

Of state-upturning statutes which in prose  
Have sundered epic: mealy “one-world” grist  
Which Albion’s beaches ramped with unjust  
laws

Bringing the millioned *umma* to these shores.

That stocky soldiery, those weeping folk,

That stark January day, in thirty years

Fast shrivelled to an untamed tribe bespoke

On sink estates of pierced lips and ears,

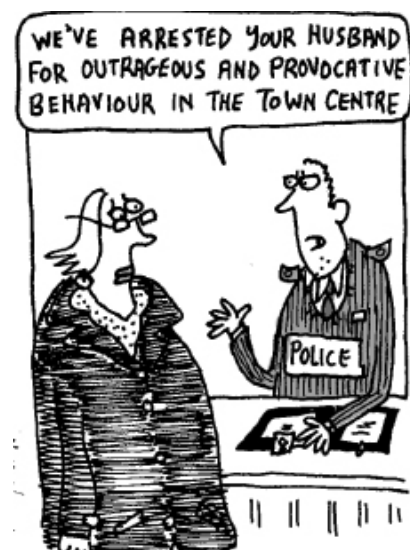
Their pride as great-strength oxen at the yoke

Neutered by those lawyers’ brats whose fears

Of nation-love have brewed with other spawn

A curdled rainbow in a sullen dawn.

*John Medlin*



# The West; Reconciled to its Dissolution

Daryl McCann

James Burnham's ominous *The Suicide of the West* was published in 1963. Perhaps the key line in the whole book is his proposition that the ultimate purpose of American-style liberalism or progressivism is 'to permit Western civilization to be reconciled to its dissolution'. The rise and rise of Donald Trump has seen a resurgence of interest in the political writings of James Burnham, who died in 1987, and that is no coincidence. For instance, the new quarterly magazine *American Affairs* – both pro-Trump and cerebral: yes, it is possible – hailed Burnham's political writings, especially *The Managerial State* (1940), as vital to any attempt to roll back the PC ideology driving the West towards ruination.

Burnham, in *The Managerial State*, asserted that old-fashioned capitalism, as Adam Smith knew it, had transmuted into something altogether different. The archetypal industrialist or entrepreneur has been superseded as the dominant economic force in society. A new managerial elite – government and non-government executives, administrators, commissioners, bureau heads and so on *ad infinitum* are now in charge of our world. The old capitalist class had, out of economic self-interest as much as anything, endorsed notions of freedom. They were, at the same time, suspicious of granting too much power to the

state because it would impinge on their own authority. Businessmen who focused primarily on the domestic economy had no problem with patriotism and mostly saw merit in national sovereignty and the supremacy of parliamentary rule. In contrast, an emerging new governing elite, according to Burnham, would not necessarily be imbued with patriotic or democratic sensibilities. Why was it in their interest to champion liberty? Burnham, writing in 1940, might have been describing Jean-Claude Juncker and those who dwell in the Palace of Europe.

Seventy years later John Fonte investigated the ideology of this New Class in *Sovereignty or Submission: Will America Rule Themselves or be Ruled by Others?* (2011). He wrote of its 'transitional progressivism' and 'post-democracy' attitudes hardening into something more specific such as 'global governance'. The venom and fury of Project Fear aimed at the Brexit campaign appears to corroborate Fonte's analysis. And yet, to paraphrase Mao, it comprises but one half of the sky. Julian Krein, editor of *American Affairs*, argues that PC rectitude politics complements or, at least, serves the interests of our transnational managerial or ruling elite. Politically correct identity politics has resulted in the division of America into latter-day tribes who are all victims, allegedly, of White



Man's Privilege. This 'balkanisation', as Krein puts it, 'only strengthens managerialism by preventing a majoritarian confrontation with it.'

What connects a transnational elite of technocrats and the internationalist Left, I would argue, is not only opportunism, although that's surely in the mix. In the American context, for instance, Wall Street and businesses in general, not to mention private citizens employing the undocumented as domestic servants, have every incentive to endorse NAFTA and keep the US-Mexico border porous. On the other hand, progressive politicians, activist judges, radicalised academics, mainstream media personalities, Hollywood celebrities and so on, need to signal the virtue of their post-America creed at every opportunity. The ideological glue bonding the transnationals and the internationalists, however, is a new manifestation of millennialism. We might call it, borrowing from C Wright Mills, a Left Power Elite (LPE), a congruence of influential agents who wish to steer the country in the direction that best suits their own ambitions and worldview rather than interests of the general population.

Former President Barack Obama, who has just agreed to give a \$400,000 speech at the behest of a Wall Street firm, is a perfect example of the millennialist progressive. His 2008 campaign hyperbole should have been warning enough: 'Change will not come if we wait for some other person or some other time. We are the ones we have been waiting for.' The 2009 speech, 'The New Beginning', delivered at al-Azhar University in Cairo, was another giveaway. He reached out to prominent members of Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood, the intellectual antecedent of radical Islamic terrorism, in what may be described as an act of civilisational self-abasement. The 2015 Iran Nuclear Deal was not only another act of appeasement, but confirmation that Obama believed his presidency was a transformative moment in human history. The messianic touch had, of course, been there from the start: '...I am absolutely certain that generations from now, we will be able to look back and tell our children...this was the moment when the rise of the oceans began to slow and our planet began to heal.'

Barack Obama's Catastrophic Anthropogenic Global Warming (CAGW) allusion is instructive because belief in CAGW is at the core of modern-day leftist or progressive ideology. Western civilisation's contribution to the world – in this case, the Industrial Revolution – is always destructive. From Christopher Columbus to the Opium Wars and beyond it has all been one long horror story. Frank Joyce, writing for *Salon* magazine in 2015, illustrated the point perfectly with this line: 'The future of life on the planet depends on bringing the 500-year rampage of the white man

to a halt.' James Burnham could not have asked for a clearer confirmation of his *Suicide of the West* prognosis. The evidence of nihilism, regrettably, is now almost ubiquitous in the West, including in schools. NUT leaders fume at the very idea of promoting 'fundamental British values'. Last year, at their annual conference in Brighton, they denounced the 'cultural supremacy' inherent in any educational programme that appeared Anglocentric, 'particularly in the context of multicultural schools and the wider picture of migration'.

Jeb Bush fared poorly in the 2016 election cycle, and yet he got one thing right when he asserted that Donald Trump was 'a creature of Barack Obama'. Candidate Trump, shrewdly, presented himself as an outsider and, despite his billionaire status, there was truth in this. In three crucial ways Trump had not been a member of the LPE. In the first instance, the source of Trump's wealth is (mostly) American real estate and 23,000 (mostly) American workers. As a consequence, he was able to form a patriotic alliance with the working men and women of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. He did this by distinguishing the transnationalism of Wall Street (NAFTA, the Trans-Pacific Partnership, the export of labour to Mexico and Asia, and so on) from his economic nationalism: 'Buy American, hire American!' Secondly, he provoked the PC brigade at every turn – thus, Radical Islamic terrorism was no longer 'violent extremism' but, well, radical Islamic terrorism. Finally, though not least in importance, Donald Trump spurned Obama's messianic 'heal the world' millennialism, replacing it with the more down-to-earth America First stance. This does not mean, as Trump himself pointed out in an interview on his hundredth day in the White House, he was an isolationist throwback; it meant that he was a pragmatist: 'I'm a nationalist and a globalist.'

To be a pragmatist, or the 'ultimate pragmatist' as the writer Jack Random claims, is to be an 'extreme panderer'. Trump, in the latest caricatures, is a hollow man without any serious convictions apart from self-promotion. But Donald Trump's pragmatism and deal-making could simply suggest that ideology never held any appeal to the results-driven Manhattan business mogul. This is in striking contrast to Barack Obama's professorial fondness for every New Left concept ever conceived, as detailed in Stanley Kurtz's *Radical-In-Chief*. The hardheaded and no-nonsense Trump seems decidedly plebeian juxtaposed with the inspirational Obama, and yet as James Burnham once said about true believers: 'An ideologue – one who thinks ideologically – can't lose. He can't lose because his answer, his interpretation and his attitude have been determined in advance of the particular experience or

observation. They are derived from the ideology, and not subject to the facts.’

The election of Donald J Trump marks a setback to the ideology of progressive millennialists who imagine that out of the ashes of a post-America world the phoenix of a global people’s community will emerge. Since the war against White Male Privilege – also known as Western civilisation – has replaced class struggle as the *raison d’être* of the Left, the Trump presidency has brought his ideology-driven detractors very nearly unhinged. In their worldview, informed by a dogmatic creed rather than facts, President Trump is variously a KKK enabler, fascist, Brownshirt, sexual

deviant, business charlatan, Russian agent and so much else. In a gathering at Yale University, in April 2017, a group of American ‘mental health experts’ declared it was their ‘ethical responsibility’ to warn the public about the ‘dangerous mental illness’ of President Trump’s psychological state. I am reminded of Soviet-era psychiatrists who diagnosed those disagreeing with Leonid Brezhnev’s official ideology as suffering from ‘psychopathological mechanisms’ of dissent. Maybe madness is also in the eye of the beholder?

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

# White Flight

Patricia Morgan

Only fairly recently have I really felt able to tell people about that tipping-point which, decades ago, drove me to join the white flight out of East London. We had seen the West Indians move in. The shocked locals made shuddersome comments about monkeys and jungles. Despite all the romance about the East End always having been a carnival of vibrant diversity, the only Africans anyone is likely to have previously seen were black figurines holding up ashtrays. But, once settled, not in great numbers, black faces were soon an accepted part of the pub and street scene. They came to our parties and we went to theirs.

Some of the 30,000 Asians that came to the UK after Idi Amin’s expulsion sprinkled themselves around our neighbourhood. Christian or Hindu, they were often professional or business people and, if anything, a cut above the native residents or, as my mother said: ‘the new Jews’. A girl from my Grammar school married one, as did my sister-in-law. The in-flows were more or less in keeping with what David Goodhart in his *Road to Somewhere* (Hurst 2017) sees as allowing ‘people to be absorbed into that hard to define thing we call a ‘national culture’ or ‘way of life’.

Then it started to become difficult to go out after dark without being walked into and groped by scruffy Asian males. When this happened at noon by East Ham station, the man punched me as I pushed him away. I went to the police, who did not want to know. My cat was confined and abused by new residents across the way. The RSPCA did not want to know. When I went to remonstrate, two veiled women came to the door followed by a man who told me: ‘it’s our area now, get out!’

Mention of this still makes some shuffle uncomfortably, imbued as they are with the notion that hearing anything

bad about an immigrant is *ipso-facto* racist, something reinforced by the multi-million ‘hate crime’ industry. In Rotherham, at least 1,400 youngsters were sexually abused between 1997 and 2013 and predominantly by Pakistani men immune to inquiry.

In 1971, the white British were 86 per cent of London’s population, but only 45 per cent in 2011 – as for many other cities. A white face is rare in Tower Hamlets or Newham or Ilford (part of the borough of Redbridge) which was once ‘posh’ with its ‘Madam shops’, parks and semis. Now a lone white boy ends a crocodile of dark schoolchildren. Mosques and temples have replaced the grand Victorian pubs that were once community hubs. My neighbouring borough of Hounslow came comparatively late to this, but has its expanding Somali ghettos, along with all the Turks and Afghans joining the Indians and Pakistanis. Hounslow leads with second ‘homes’ in back gardens and for building on every inch of green for its swelling multitudes. The stores and cafes in my own borough – criticised for not having enough ethnic residents, might as well have staffing policies banning all but Eastern Europeans and women in hijabs. Like my acquaintances, I now echo cockney David Abbott in his *Dark Albion* when he spoke of seldom hearing English on transport or in the streets. There was media outrage when Nigel Farage complained at being uncomfortable in a train with no English speakers.

If anything bubbling to the surface is speedily quashed, it has taken a liberal élite luvvie like David Goodhart to get some respectful attention that might help to detoxify this issue. He had become increasingly convinced that his fellows were too enthusiastic over migration and too indifferent to national identity. In Goodhart’s great social divide are the Anywheres, or progressive, secular liberals

with a high value on autonomy, mobility and little on national, local or social attachments. Anywheres like immigration, human rights and European integration. One in my locality apologised for only finding red, white and blue bunting for a residents' event. EU flags flew for the Queen's jubilee. She is a hate figure.

Anywheres dominate political parties, governmental and social institutions and media, as with the BBC's liberal-left, naïve view of the world. Tony Blair in 2005 spoke of how a changing world was 'indifferent to tradition.... No respecter of past reputations. It has no custom and practice. It is replete with opportunities, but they only go to those swift to adapt, slow to complain, open, willing and able to change.' Blair opened the British labour market to eastern Europeans in 2003 – seven years before the EU required it – and pushed hard for Romania and Bulgaria to join in 2007. Goodhart recalls how Gus O'Donnell, then the country's most senior civil servant, spoke of how he had argued for 'the most open door possible to immigration... I think it's my job to maximise global welfare not national welfare.' Got an aging population, just bring in the birth bulges from afar. Problem solved! Leftists and marketeers both see no society, just aggregates of millions of individuals who happen to live in physical proximity and can easily be transplanted. The lack of social solidarity, membership and shared values is positively seen as providing greater choice. The estrangement this brings, along with the drive to create a 'lifestyle', fosters the growth of identity groups who now direct policy making in lieu of common allegiance and purposes.

Somewheres are more rooted, socially conservative, communitarian, moderately nationalistic, and value continuity and stability in their lives. Goodhart mentions how a segment of Somewheres may be hard xenophobes or authoritarians – these are often paraded as bogeymen to deflect attention from Islam. What is overlooked is how malevolent Anywheres may be. These nice people, gung-ho for aiding the needy and high on human rights will, as I have witnessed, plot to ruin the prospects, jobs and marriages of others who may disapprove of progressive education or want criminals jailed. They see Somewheres as *untermenschen*; describing them as 'red-meat' and red-necks at that conference on abolishing prison I attended, or as a 'basket of deplorables' by Hilary Clinton who thinks she lost because of the FBI, KGB, KKK and racist voters. When those in an intellectual bubble persuade themselves that their views are the only ones permissible, detractors are morally inferior and/or sick. There has been the drive for censorship to crush the press and leave the *Guardian* as the new *Pravda*. Students from Balliol, Oxford refused an interview for the *Daily Mail* because it was a 'fascist rag' and a 'hateful publication'.

The shock of Brexit and Trump's victory reminded the liberal élite that the deplorables still had the vote; making many doubt democracy and elections. While these have difficulty taking aboard the message that this revolt is about cultural loss and is not soluble by helping the 'deprived' and reducing inequality, something Goodhart sees as much of a myth, along with the gender pay-gap, what also cannot be dismissed is how the white working class has lost economically. With the demise of well-paid manual jobs for those without academic qualifications, post-industrialisation took away the status and pride of labour and weakened the social contract between employers and employees who now prefer to hire foreign labour they do not have to train. Lower class males 'have lost their place in society with no encouraging narrative of advance, unlike young women and ethnic minorities'. One answer is to move from Blair's 'university for all' model towards vocational education and apprenticeships.

The means-tested benefits system must be confronted. It disincentivises effort and discriminates against two-parent families; helping to demoralise men by taking away the incentive to work to provide for a family. At odds with popular aspirations, Anywhere élites want all mothers working full time and all children in full-time day care. A quasi-Marxist, all-party war on domesticity, maternal care, mutual support and interdependence has ensured that Britain has one of the most family-unfriendly tax and benefit regimes in the world.

In what is all uncannily close to what some of us have been long saying, Goodhart restates how families still provide care across the generations and how lone-parent homes are poor for children. Then he dithers. Anxious not to discriminate, he wants tax allowances for cohabiting as well as married couples, if they can 'prove they live together'. He admits that marriage has greater stability and better child outcomes, but there is the tired cop-out, at odds with evidence, that this is down to individual factors beyond social influence. He thinks that greater financial security and social recognition 'might nudge wavering cohabitees to take the leap into marriage', but why and how if they receive equal recognition and cannot change anyway?

To the question of ethnic majority cities Goodhart really has no answer. The Anywheres have had their way but, if they want to be tough on populism, they must start being tough on the causes of populism. Other people still live here.

*Patricia Morgan is an independent researcher and author on social affairs. Her most recent book is The Marriage Files, Wilberforce publications.*

# Conservative Classic — 66

*Portrait of a Village* Francis Brett Young

Alistair Miller

Francis Brett Young was an accomplished novelist and poet. Although his name is now almost forgotten, his novels were best-sellers in the inter-war years. He had travelled widely and the exotic locations of many of his works must have added to their appeal. His verse epic *The Island*, a celebration of Britain and its history from the Romans to 1940, was acclaimed in its day. However, it is his evocation of an English village that is probably his masterpiece.

The story of the English village has long been one of decline and destruction, documented since the 1920s by the likes of H J Massingham and Ronald Blythe. However, in his *Portrait of a Village* of 1937, Francis Brett Young offers us an enduring vision. Modernity looms large: the flight of the young to the cities, mechanization – George Mason's garage is 'an impudent eruption of galvanised iron beset by metallic debris' – and mass production, but Monk's Norton is still a going concern, complete with sub-postmistress, baker, butcher, blacksmith, saddler and wheelwright. Against this backdrop, the author offers us vivid descriptions of nature and the seasons, evocative mood pictures, and penetrating depictions of the characters and interwoven lives of the villagers. Indeed, such is his forensic skill, it comes as no surprise that he was once a doctor, Brett Young notes that numerous correspondents claimed they knew 'not only the village of which I had written but the people whose portraits I had essayed'.

Harry Hawley, the butcher, is the village rogue. He is an inveterate gambler who drinks heavily, yet his sound business sense has sent both his children to private schools. He is a devoted father and husband; his wife is as modest and delicate as he is coarse. Some guess that his delicate wife's serenity 'conceals a profound unhappiness', for he is unfaithful; but she has known his defects from the start. Captain Grafton is a general good sport, popular because although 'undoubtedly a "gentleman", he is no snob'. His tragedy is that the war 'was not only the climax of his existence but, probably, the only part of it that nature qualified him to justify'. His attitude to politics and life is that of 'a puzzled schoolboy'; and he finds refuge in 'binges' that bring him 'blind to the world' to the bedroom of Miss Burlingham, the district nurse. George Collins and his wife, both of old farming stock, are probably the happiest couple in the village. Their sons have returned from agricultural college and the future is assured. Mr Collins drinks Worcestershire

perry, 'which must not be broached till next year's blossom appears'; and Mrs Collins' face, which is quite unwrinkled, 'has the ruddiness of a Worcester Pearmain'. By contrast, poor Mr Hallow is only called a farmer 'by courtesy or by charity'. His land is overgrown, his hedges broken and his cattle nondescript. He lives from hand to mouth and his wife resents it. They have no children. To escape her bitter tongue, Mr Hallow spends the evening fishing for perch in the pool by the mill and finds solace 'in rapt contemplation of the still pool's glassy surface'.

The village has its guardians. Mrs Bentley, the sub-postmistress, is 'a bright little old lady with exquisite manners and a tiny voice ... A born gossip, without the faintest suspicion of malice, she is a greater repository of secrets than anyone else in the village'. The imperious Miss Abberley, whose ancient lineage – she regards the Norman nobility as 'recent interlopers' – 'diamond-hard' mind and Daimler landaulette earn her the respect of the whole neighbourhood, knows everything that happens in Monk's Norton and round it, not because she wishes to intrude, but 'for sheer love of omniscience, and out of the shrewd and cynical pleasure her mischievous sophisticated intelligence derives from the human comedy'. She lives at The Manor among works of art and furnishings of impeccable taste; indeed, she herself is a work of art, 'regrettably irreplaceable'. And then there is Dr Hemming, the country doctor, who during his seventeen years of practice in the village has become 'its friend, its counsellor, its universal confidant'. He is 'neither cultured nor erudite', deficiencies that are apparent as soon as you enter his house – there is no piano, and there 'are no pictures and no books to speak of'; but he is 'a source of rich humanity as well as of practical wisdom'. A small bookcase by his bedside contains cheap reprints of the classics and hints at a secret past, but 'his present contains no secrets save other people's'.

The most attractive character, and clearly the author's favourite, is a newcomer. Hilda Martin, the postmistress's lodger and schoolmistress is 'a brisk, energetic young woman', not pretty, but with 'an air of health and freedom in which some would find beauty'. She is 'undoubtedly better-read and better educated than anyone of her own age'. Because of her calling, she cannot be classed a 'lady', and 'has never, in fact, set foot in The Grange or The Manor' – though she could hardly care less. She is a keen naturalist and an amateur musician. Her front

room is graced by photographs of classical nudes, 'which, because of their subjects' sex and their lack of any attempt to conceal it, have led to some doubts on the subject of Miss Martin's morals'. She is 'probably more completely alive' than anyone else in the village.

Although *Portrait of a Village* is lovingly crafted, there is no sentimentality or false nostalgia. The labourers live in cottages that, though picturesque, are little more than hovels; and although they are tough and long-lived, 'the ills which cripple them, Dr Hemming will tell you, are mainly those which are due to exposure and damp'. The Miss Sheldon-Smiths of The Grange, whose father is Lord of the Manor, 'are honest, pleasant, good-natured girls' but 'so anxious ... to know nobody but the right people that, in this sparsely-populated district, they hardly know anybody at all.' And the author notes the liberating effect of the arrival of the wireless on the 'unlettered, bookless minds' of the village women.

The men, with their football, cricket and drinking (the bar-parlour of the Sheldon Arms is 'the cosiest room in Monk's Norton'), 'are more fortunate in their pastimes' than the women; but there is a well-established Women's Institute, and even a choral society, founded and conducted by that 'apostle of culture' Miss Martin. The young people's passion is dancing: fox-trots, two-steps, waltzes, jolly polkas and even Quadrilles – all performed with decorous grace and skill in the village hall. The whole village turns out for the Hunt, and Miss Martin's schoolchildren are released early for the occasion. The hound-van arrives from the kennels; the huntsmen, whippers-in and foot-followers gather on the green; the master decides which cover to draw first – the word goes round 'Pritchett's Wood'; and 'the whole excited concourse goes streaming away down the lane'. The day is punctuated by 'sudden crashes of distant music', or 'the melancholy quaver

of a horn drifting down from the bluebell woods'.

Above all other familiar sounds, the church bells (one treble and one tenor) are 'the voice of the village' and speak of 'its littleness and its humility'. Mr Follows, the rector, regrets that the church tower does not hold 'a nobler peal' but he is nevertheless 'proud of his little church'. When he intones 'Dearly beloved brethren' in his refined voice with its Oxford vowels, nobody could guess 'the doubts that are burning in his heart'. On Sunday, the young people prefer the evening service, 'which is shorter and brighter'. Emerging from the church into the golden air of a summer's evening, those who are 'walking out' sort themselves into couples and steal away. They often follow the path to the old water mill and along the brook to Long Dragon Piece and Pritchett's Wood, where 'even the shyest of lovers may feel their embraces secure'.

And so the darkness falls on Monk's Norton. But in July, before the evening mists begin to rise, the Sunday evening lovers are slow to turn homeward:

*... the very earth over which the linked lovers pass is drenched in a silvery phosphorescence of cut hay lying in swathes, and the milk-mild air that fans their hot cheeks as they go is peopled by luminous wings of gauzy ghost-moths silently eddying in a dance of death and of love as ecstatic as theirs, and only a little more brief.*

Joan Hassall's finely detailed wood engravings perfectly complement the author's mood pictures; each is superbly evocative. Although Francis Brett Young depicts a lost world, the people he portrays are timeless and familiar in their essential qualities and characteristics. *Portrait of a Village* is a memorable vision of people who despite, or perhaps because of, their foibles and limitations are essentially decent; people who *because* they are rooted in time and place, we recognise as quintessentially English.

## Dr James Docherty 1929-2017

James Docherty, a long standing subscriber, died in April after a long illness borne with his customary stoicism and cheerfulness. After his retirement from medicine he became one of our most prolific contributors, on whom I would depend for reviews of books on medical subjects. However his interests went much further and we shared similar views on many subjects including the vexed question of why and how Scottish attitudes had radically changed since we were young – I had been a student in Scotland.

Many doctors have been prominent writers: Anton Chekhov, Somerset Maugham, Arthur Conan Doyle, A J Cronin. It seems if there is an inclination to scribble, medical training must enhance powers of observation and precision. James wrote a best seller, an instruction book for children on sex education, articles for various periodicals and numerous short stories but he excelled in cameo subjects. He discovered a true story about ordinary people caught up in the tragedy of the Great War; it was also an interesting example of how George V has been an underrated king. (SR Summer 2015). James was particularly exercised about the scandals of child abuse which has often become a witch hunt on which normal rules of evidence do not apply, leading to many innocent people languishing in prison. He wrote some articles about this problem in the *Review* and as James Lang, published a novel (online) *Unjust Cause* as exciting as a thriller and a salutary read.

*Merrie Cave*

# Reputations – 55

John Henry Newman

Peter Mullen

Newman was born in London, the son of a City banker, and his mother was a deeply spiritual Calvinist of the moderate, Arminian variety. Newman's upbringing was greatly influenced by his mother's piety and he writes movingly at the beginning of *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* of his early heartfelt Evangelicalism. He went up to Trinity College, Oxford aged sixteen, took a second class degree and was elected a fellow of Oriel where he met those other High Churchmen, Pusey and Froude.

In 1824 he was ordained in the Church of England and attained the living of St Mary's, Oxford in 1828. In 1832-33 Newman went with Froude and Froude's father on a Mediterranean tour and it was during this period that he wrote many of his early poems which later appeared in his *Lyra Apostolica*, also the renowned hymn *Lead Kindly Light*.

In 1833 parliament suppressed ten Irish bishoprics, and John Keble preached his Oxford assize sermon on National Apostasy, Newman was in the congregation. This occasion marked the beginning of the Tractarian, or Oxford, Movement to which Newman contributed a number of tracts, including the most controversial Tract Ninety (1841) in which he argued that *The Thirty-nine Articles* were Catholic in spirit. This argument was widely judged implausible and it was then that many of the Tractarians realised that their aim to find in the Church of England a *via media* between Rome and Protestantism was impossible and became Roman Catholics. Newman agonised for two more years before resigning his parish in 1843 and retiring to nearby Littlemore. In October 1845 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

After studying in Rome for a year, he was ordained priest, returning to England to establish a branch of the Oratorians at Edgbaston, Birmingham. Here he did much pastoral work among the poor during the cholera epidemic of 1849.

His lectures *Anglican Difficulties* were published in 1850, followed by his *Catholicism in England* (1851) and *The Idea of a University* (1852) which he wrote while Rector of Dublin Catholic University, a post he held from 1851-58. Throughout the 1840s and 1850s he preached numerous brilliant sermons and these too received wide publication and public attention. In 1864 began the great controversy which caused Newman to

write his *Apologia*. The evangelical Charles Kingsley wrote an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* in which he said,

*Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be.*

Newman's defence was in the *Apologia*: one of the finest of all volumes of Christian apologetics and most perfect of autobiographies.

In 1865 he published his magnificent long poem *The Dream of Gerontius*, set to music half a century later by Edward Elgar. His *Grammar of Assent* (1870) is a very finely discriminating work of philosophical theology, building on the place of analogy in talking about the faith and introducing new arguments in favour of belief, which he described as *convergent probability*.

Newman became much embroiled in ecclesiastical politics around the time of the Vatican Council. He opposed the extreme faction – the so-called *Ultramontanes*, led by Cardinal Manning. For his support in these controversies, Pope Leo XIII invited Newman to Rome in 1879 and appointed him Cardinal. He returned to Edgbaston where he died in 1890.

What makes Newman such an inspired prophet is that in the middle of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, he foresaw the extreme secularism and the relativising of truth, which is our current orthodoxy. He correctly identified the root causes of secularisation and saw how it would proceed. He said:

*The Church's highest praise is only that it admits a variety of opinions. But why should God speak unless he meant to say something?*

He foresaw with astonishing accuracy our sentimental, hedonistic, therapeutic, relativized secular society a century and a half ago. Newman regarded authentic teaching within a genuine university as essential for the continued understanding of the Christian Faith: In his *The Idea of a University* he repudiated the 19<sup>th</sup> century utilitarian agnostics who said that the subject of theology should have no place in higher education. Newman demonstrated fluently the nonsense to which their argument inevitably leads:

*Are we to limit our idea of university knowledge by the evidence of our senses? Then we exclude history. By*

*testimony? Then we exclude metaphysics. By abstract reasoning? Then we exclude physics. Is not the being of a God reported to us by testimony, handed down by history, inferred by an inductive process, brought home to us by metaphysical necessity, urged on us by the suggestions of our conscience?*

Since the 1960s, the English church has slavishly followed secular fashion and supported all the so-called ‘reforms’ in social morality and public policy from abortion on demand to homosexual marriage. Is it possible that the church might one day actually fulfil its vocation and resist one of these secular innovations? Newman foresaw the church’s sycophancy and scorned it:

*Let all who are inclined to retreat ask themselves whether they contemplate any position in their rear at which they propose to make a stand.*

Newman was a man of the sort and quality we do not find too many of these days. He was far more learned and humane than our mere academics with their particular *fields* and their *research projects*. He was a rounded soul, a scholar – an example of what, in better days, was called *a man of letters*. Of course the *bien pensant* inhabitants of today’s universities – places where it is possible to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree in tourism with golf studies – Newman would be dismissed as a notorious elitist. How would he reply?

*In a state of society such as ours in which authority, prescription, tradition, habit, moral instinct and the divine influence go for nothing, in which patience of thought and depth and consistency of view are scorned as subtle and scholastic, in which free discussion and fallible judgement are prized as the birthright of each individual this I own it gentlemen frightens me.*

Because Newman was a poet, he found ways of expressing the eternal truths memorably in verses that people can learn easily and call to remembrance when they are needed:

*Firmly I believe and truly, God is three and God is one;*

*And I next acknowledge duly, manhood taken by the Son.*

St Augustine wrote: ‘If you would know a man as he really is, the very quick and essence of a man, you should read his prayers.’

What better than to end with one of Newman’s:

*O Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen.*

## Helen Szamuely 1950-2017

We are very sorry to report the untimely death of one of the leading polemicists of the campaign against the EU and a good friend and contributor to the *Salisbury Review*.

Helen was born in Moscow of a Russian mother and an Hungarian father. Both her parents opposed Soviet Communism, took part in the Hungarian rising and eventually settled in London. Like many others with a foreign background, Helen was proud to become British and like her father Tibor, displayed an uncompromising opposition to what she thought was wrong or wicked.

After Margaret Thatcher’s Bruges Speech when organised opposition to the EU began, Helen burst like a meteor on the Eurosceptic scene. Indeed if words could really kill, the EU would have died years ago from her passionate invective backed up with an encyclopaedic knowledge of the background and arguments. She was a founder member of the Anti-Federalist League which turned into UKIP, became the research director of the Bruges Group as well as working for the Campaign for an Independent Britain and several members of the Lords and Commons. It was especially helpful to us that she could quickly summarize and comment on the numerous Euro-sceptic booklets that we needed to review. She also organized the Red Lion talks in the Westminster pub when every month a speaker would give a detailed exposition of some aspect of the EU. Unlike many intellectuals, Helen was not above performing mundane tasks; she helped me, along with others, stuff the *SR* into envelopes. Every quarter our labours were enlivened by her amusing gossip about the EU, its minions and opponents and going on in Westminster.

*Merrie Cave*



# Roy Kerridge

I have just finished reading *The Churchill Factor* by Boris Johnson. Most writers address themselves to a readership of their own age, or older. Not Johnson, he envisages and obviously gets a readership of the young sophisticated kind. He wishes to convert them to a respect for Churchill. This is an uphill task, for today's Know Alls would laugh in your face if you told them that Winston Churchill was a founder of the Welfare State. I don't mind – let Attlee take the blame.

If you have a spare fifteen minutes, go on the Tube, Johnson advises, disregarding those for whom the only Tube is the Bakerloo Line for he is a writer who definitely has the common touch. Occasionally his style becomes too common, even coarse, but on the whole he is delightfully readable. Satirist Tom Lehrer once declared that the reason why the words of most folk songs are so deplorable is 'because they are written by the people'. As Mayor of London, Johnson was a bit too much a man of the people for my liking, as witness his handling of the horrendous Olympics, Elton John and all. Nevertheless I was quite looking forward to seeing him as Churchill's successor, a literary Prime Minister. Many people thought this would happen if we left the EU.

Both Boris Johnson and Winston Churchill give the lie to those who believe that only a person of humble origin can appeal to the masses. Who could have been more remote from the people than the ex-grammar school boy Heath, and who more close to their heart than old Harrovian Winston Churchill? If there's one thing that the people like, it is a convivial soul who gets a bit drunk sometimes. Humorous birthday cards reflect this feeling very well.

As his title suggests, Johnson's book re-emphasises Carlyle's old message, that History is not a matter of impersonal laws but one of strong personalities. Who stronger than Churchill, a competitive young man remarkably akin to the young Wodehouse. Such young men are not quite Kerridgean characters, however much I might admire them. I now see that my brother Paul, a successful architect, artist and a composer was himself a competitive young man. At the time, I thought he was only being obnoxious. He berated our mother for not sending him to public school, the natural home of competitive young men.

I still can't make head or tail of the last war, but I greatly enjoy Churchill's books on his early life and

on his experiences in Africa. Most of these books were first serialised in *The Strand Magazine*. What bliss – an easy chair and a pile of old *Strand* magazines.

Like Churchill, Boris Johnson is competitive and appears to overcome setbacks in his career with aplomb. Johnson can never be as great a man as Churchill or P G Wodehouse despite many similarities. Unlike them he went to university. Both Churchill and Wodehouse would have liked to have gone to Oxford, but their failure to do was a blessing in disguise. We might have had a communist Churchill, who knows. Many people think that the lunatic ideas of young men in herds are only harmless phases. A varsity lunacy too often remains in the victims' mind forever, biding its time until the ex-student gets into power. Then we have men marrying men or small children in school being expected to change sex to and fro.

Boris Johnson examines the popular idea that Churchill was a racist, as opposed to Hitler obviously. He more or less dismisses the idea, though Churchill's belief in the Anglo Saxon race looks odd today. I would not only reject the idea that Churchill was a racist, I would reject the word 'racist' itself. It makes no sense and Mayor Johnson was wise to divest himself of the company of Lee Jasper, Race Adviser. The word racist can apparently encompass and link Churchill with his belief in Anglo-Saxons and his preference for the Masai over the Kikuyu, to Hitler who murdered millions of Jews and Gypsies. Throw out this useless word. Fervent Anti-Racism often leads to Anti-Semitism, since the Jewish race and religion are one. No one I know has ever been handed a leaflet inviting him to become a Jew, but at least we can be thankful for the Jews we already have.

Johnson also dismisses the claim that Churchill helped to found the EU. Churchill's unclarified idea of a United Europe did not seem to include Britain, a country he linked to the USA by language rather than race. The word 'Christendom' is seldom mentioned by Churchill or Johnson, so I'll bring it in now, as a happier image of Europe, America and much of the Commonwealth. As for the EU, uncannily prophesied by Dostoyevsky in his Pushkin Speech, getting in and out of it has wasted half the twentieth century and seems set to bedevil us well into the twenty first.

Failure to appreciate Gandhi and his message is regarded by Johnson as one of Churchill's mistakes.

I was brought up amidst anti-imperialist ranting, so I am far more imperialist than Johnson. After all, India, like Ireland, did not exist as a nation until imperialised.

The early anti-imperialists, defiant chiefs, princes and kings in Africa, Asia and elsewhere win my approval on the whole as native Conservatives. Some were killed or exiled; others became friends of Empire. Imperialism rolled on until the next far more formidable group of rebels came along, the ones who had been to university and become progressive Anglicised Marxists. They were given free rein to ruin the Empire to Churchill's chagrin and mine.

Churchill's involvement in the Siege of Sidney Street is definitely regarded as a mistake by Johnson. I think that Churchill was brave to go there with top hat and gun, and right to call out the Army. The besieged gunmen holed up in Sidney Street were neither anarchists nor ordinary jewel thieves. They were busily founding the USSR, which began and ended in crime sprees. Peter the Painter, one of their leaders who escaped, went on to become a ruthless commissar under Stalin. Johnson is wrong to suggest that he never existed.

Now I will concentrate on matters closer to home. My Bolshevik grandfather, a Polish Jew named Adolf

Gerson, came to England for a brief visit in 1911. I am almost certain that he hoped to 'launder' the proceeds of the Sidney Street jewel robbery. This was one of his jobs, and it had its perks. How did he come by the Faberge Coronation Egg, looted from the Tsar's Winter Palace? When I was a lad, my grandfather would take out this Egg and let me gently play with it. My uncle took it to Australia and I believe it was sold by auction when he died.

For years I tried to discover my grandfather's revolutionary name. At last, only a few months ago, I discovered that the name I knew him by, Adolf Gerson was really his long sought for pseudonym. His real name was the ignominious Abram Gorman which is not even mentioned in the Bible. Alas, I am not of the Tribe of Gershom. Where did he get the name 'Gerson'? Could Mrs Gerson have been an old flame of my grandfather?

The Siege of Sidney Street was one of the most important events in world history and Churchill was quite right to get involved. My grandfather thought himself to be on the side of Good but he was deluded, unlike clear sighted Churchill.

Apart from this flaw of underestimating Sidney Street, Boris Johnson has written an excellent book.

## ETERNAL LIFE



**A**lthough I am retired from being Rector of St Michael's, Cornhill in the City of London, I am still Chaplain to two livery companies. Earlier this year at a livery company lunch, a man with a shiny face, white hair and an extravagant suit asked me about St Michael's, Cornhill and what I used to do there. I suppose I might have answered all sorts of things, but I decided to mention the most important. I said, 'We said our prayers.' A look of enormous sheepishness – I won't say lost sheepishness – spread across his face. He said, 'Well, yes, I know. But that's just the *form*, isn't it? I mean you're really here to make friends among the bankers, raise some money and keep the roof on.'

All those things and a lot more besides, but the most important business for Christians is saying our prayers. Over what turned out to be a long lunch, he asked me what I meant by prayer. I said, 'Thinking about God. Talking to God. Listening to God.' He gave me a benevolent, not to say patronising, smile and said, with great sympathy in his voice, 'Oh come on, you

don't really believe all that old stuff!'

'Yes I do. And I wouldn't go to church if I didn't. If I just wanted fellowship, I'd go to the pub. If I wanted only music, I'd go to the Wigmore Hall.'

'Well,' he said 'I'm a scientist, a microbiologist actually, and I can see what's plain and obvious: that people believed in God in the old days only because they didn't have proper scientific explanations for things.'

I managed, I think, to preserve my manners, but it was a struggle, in the face of such crassness and shallowness of mind. I sometimes think God must feel poorly when he recollects that he has given us a mind and we stubbornly refuse to use it. I left God out of the conversation for a bit. I thought the best thing to do with this scientist was to talk about science.

He explained to me, in his science by numbers, which was about as interesting as painting by numbers, how in what he called 'the real world' rational thought is governed by cause and effect. 'We observe that when one thing happens another thing routinely follows.' And then, like Miss Kelly back in my primary school,

he furnished me with an example: 'You drop the apple and it falls to the ground.' He delivered this species of intellectual enlightenment with another benign and superior smile.

'Yes,' I said, 'we think we observe causes and effects. I agree with you. And this leads me to believe that the world was caused by God.'

From the look on his face, you would have thought I had insulted his wife or, spilt gravy down his Bill Badger trousers. 'Oh no', he said. 'Scientists know that the universe began with the Big Bang, and that was a cosmic accident.'

What this enlightened microbiologist was arguing was that the entire thread of history is sustained by cause and effect, but the whole thing began with an accident. Why believe that? Besides, an accident can happen only within a system where order is the rule.

The lamb chops arrived and the conversation moved from astrophysics to genetics: from, as you might say, Hawking to Dawkins. My friendly militant atheist and master of the undistributed middle next told me that freewill is a delusion – everything we do is caused by our genes. I asked him why, then, do some people do one thing and others other things. He looked upon me with extravagant pity: 'Because different people have different genes.' He didn't add the word, 'stupid', but it was there in his intonation.

This is when the conversation became truly fascinating. We talked of mice and men. My luncheon companion told me that men and mice shared 98 per cent of the same genetic pattern, or, as he called it, 'blueprint', as if humankind were a set of mechanical drawings. I said, 'I'm afraid this doesn't convince me of the importance of genetic makeup. I'm quite partial to a bit of Stilton, myself and I'm renowned for my timidity. But if I'm 98 per cent mouse, why haven't I got bigger ears?'

There are so much real and obvious differences between mice and men that to talk about a mere 2 per cent difference in their genetic patterns shows not how important genetic information is, but how irrelevant it is. As a matter of fact we are not actually 98 per cent like mice. It is doubtful if we are even 2 per cent like mice. He started to bang on about evolution and how our physical and mental faculties developed in order to cope with the demands of our environment. I asked why, if this is the case, do we have such big brains while we use only a tenth, or less, of the brain's resources. What physical demands, according to the gospel of evolution, have produced such a complex instrument only to leave nine tenths of it idle?

There is this ridiculous and mindless notion going about that belief in God is some sort of 'primitive' notion dispelled now by the godless miracle of modern

science. Science in the modern sense is not the only form of knowledge and it has only been on the go for 400 years. Are we really to believe that this new occupation for the human mind can tell us about the origin of life, the universe and everything? Who shows the most arrogance and prejudice then: the scientist with his theoretical prejudices or the Christian believer who, along with Shakespeare, knows that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the scientific philosophy?

And when it comes to identifying 'primitives', was Plato primitive or Aristotle? Were the Old Testament prophets primitive? Was the Psalmist primitive when he said, 'For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers: the moon and the stars which thou hast made.' When he sang those sublime words, was he only filling in the gap as it were and waiting for the Big Bang salesmen to come along and tell him the universe is an accident? Augustine primitive? Aquinas and Anselm primitive? The great Immanuel Kant primitive? Kant who spoke of the certainty of the 'Starry heavens above and the moral law within' – and both these things the creation of the eternal God.

What about the painters? You look at a Giotto and you see a picture; but what is truly revealing about the experience is that through the picture you see the reality to which it points, and that reality is indubitable. Was Bach in *The St Matthew Passion* primitive? When he declared that he wrote all his music 'to the glory of God' are we to imagine that this greatest of all composers was merely an unbeliever using a figure of speech and that, when he wrote the C-minor chorus near the end of that sublime work, he was looking forward to a time when some *aficionado* of the laboratory would come along with a test tube and tell him the truth? That last chorus *is* Our Lord being laid in the tomb.

It is important that these things are said. As the devil must not be allowed all the best tunes, so the unbelievers should not be thought to possess the best reasons. When we look over the whole stretch of human thought, the greatest philosophers have been religious philosophers. But philosophy is not that important in the end. As Wittgenstein said, 'Philosophy is a ladder, and when you get to the top of the ladder you can throw it away.' He also said, 'It is not *how* the world is that is mystical: it is *that* the world is.' The astonishing fact that there is something and not nothing. What is truly important, is the joining of thought with our deepest feelings, the whole man incarnate, after the pattern of Christ.

*Peter Mullen's most recent book is Unreal City and is the second volume of memoirs covering his years in the city of London as the Rector of Cornhill to his retirement in 2012.*

# ARTS AND BOOKS



## The New Cold War Martin Dewhirst

**Who Lost Russia? How The World Entered A New Cold War**, Peter Conradi, Oneworld, 2017, £18.99.

This is a useful book, generally accurate, though Putin is referred to as ‘an ambitious thirty-seven-year-old lieutenant-general’ and as a ‘colonel’, and it is a rather superficial account of events and developments in Russia and a few of the other parts of the former USSR since 1991. It is worth reading because of the two important topics raised directly in the title and indirectly in the subtitle. It is more useful to pose important questions than to answer them. Peter Conradi’s monograph is a good firststep along the way.

He questions whether what happened in Russia in 1991 amounted to a revolution, quite rightly putting the ‘R’ word in inverted commas. He doesn’t discuss in detail the other key ‘R’ word, religion(s), even though the Soviet Union was officially atheist. Nor does he assess the implications of the real (digital) revolution that took place in several parts of the world at about this time. One could claim that there *was* a revolution in some of the other parts of the former Soviet Union, but of Russia one might say that there was a coup and then a counter-coup, because the top leadership of the country was then split into three factions. It took the supporters of the ‘failed’ coup nearly a decade to get back into power, but almost immediately they did manage, with help from others, to prevent the opening up of most of the Soviet secret police’s archives, the completion of the trial of the CPSU and the KGB, the serious punishment of any of the leaders of the coup and the implementation of even a highly selective lustration process and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. What resulted, apart from chaos and poverty, was the replacement of state socialism by a hybrid system of state capitalism and state-controlled oligarchic capitalism. Of course, there was only token repentance for the GULAG, a whole series of crimes against humanity no less heinous than the Holocaust. State-controlled atheism was partly replaced by the state-controlled Moscow Patriarchate version of Orthodox Christianity. The Far Left was largely replaced by its close neighbour, the Far Right.

Who is the person most responsible for this catastrophe? I agree with Conradi, who supplies an answer to his own question at the very end of the book, but as in a review of

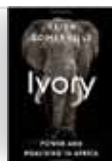
a ‘who dun it?’, it would be unfair to spell out the name of the chief culprit. Who else should share the blame? Yeltsin, Berezovsky, Voloshin, unprincipled journalists both Russian and foreign, Western statesmen and their advisers, an array of politicians and businessmen, and many others who think they understand more about Russia. Conradi helpfully translates the notorious German word ‘Putinverstehher’ as ‘Putin apologists’, since these dangerous people *misunderstand* Putin.

When did the ‘New Cold War’ get under way? Here the author is evasive, but he should be commended for not going along with the received opinion that, as Russia is now building some sort of capitalism, a Cold War is impossible. What such people refuse to perceive is that in Russia since 1917 the real Cold War is always primarily and predominantly a *domestic* phenomenon. Only later does it affect Russian foreign policy. This is why the Cold War can be regarded as having resumed in 2000, with the attempts to control the Russian media and start, slowly but surely, to implement a long-term strategy to ensure that society would again be firmly subordinated to the Russian state, with the Presidential Administration, hardly mentioned by Conradi, becoming more important than the government, and the Parliament reduced to what Lenin regarded as a talking shop.

This book would have been even better if its author had made more use of Russian-language sources – for instance, Vladimir Pastukhov’s study which translates as ‘Restoration Instead of Reformation’ (or ‘Re-formation’), which came out several years ago. Conradi does, however, mention that the box symbolising the fatuous American plan for a ‘reset’ shortly after the Russian invasion of Georgia not only displayed a mistranslation of the key word into Russian but spelt it in Latin, not Cyrillic, characters, the ‘experts’ involved evidently not realising how condescending and offensive this could be to any Russian. Conradi also does not mention some of the most important works on contemporary Russia that have come out fairly recently in English such as Karen Dawisha’s pathbreaking *Putin’s Kleptocracy: Who Owns Russia?* and Charles Clover’s *Black Wind, White Snow: The Rise of Russia’s New Nationalism*. The former monograph makes it obvious that many of the current Russian decision-makers might be crooks with very impressive criminal records. They are, of course, to be presumed innocent until they are given a fair trial, ideally in The Hague – a point completely ignored by Conradi. Charles Clover suggests that at least some of the men in high positions in Moscow today *do* have a sort of ideology – neo-Eurasianism, that Conradi mentions only very briefly. Far from having ‘lost’ Russia, these people have every intention of hanging on to

all of it and, with luck, of making it even bigger. This has extended the length of the New Cold War, and we must hope that it doesn't lead to a New Hot one – provoked, perhaps, by someone not in Russia.

I think we are still experiencing the last or at least the penultimate stage of *Soviet* history, with Russia still being led (or misled) largely by men with a very 'Soviet' upbringing and mentality. Conradi quite rightly points out that only after its defeat in World War II did the rulers of (West) Germany learn the lessons that their predecessors should and could have learnt after the end of World War I. Many Russians have not yet reached that level of political and ethical maturity.



## The Ivory Trade

### Celia Haddon

**Ivory. Power and Poaching in Africa**, Keith Somerville, Hurst and Company, 2016, £20.

Four thousand years ago there were elephants all over China but by the second century BC their numbers had drastically fallen owing to the demand for ivory. So Chinese traders, then as now, bought their ivory from Africa. Today about protected 200 elephants hang on in a Southern Yunnan province but in contrast the import of ivory has flourished. The killing fields for elephant ivory have been outsourced to Africa.

Two years ago the Chinese authorities promised to ban the legal trade in ivory by the end of this year and retail outlets should now have been closed. Will this make a difference? Perhaps. More likely, believes Keith Somerville, prices will start rising and therefore smuggling ivory will pay even better than it used to.

*Ivory. Power and Poaching in Africa* is a very serious, very well researched book on the economics of ivory, though sometimes the sheer bulk information overwhelms the reader. All the figures showing plunging elephant numbers are here, African country by African country. This book tells you everything you need to know about the ivory trade and not very much about the majestic beasts that are unfortunate enough to grow the ivory.

The arrival of Europeans in Africa also spelled doom for thousands of elephants. Hunters enjoyed killing them so much, and profited so well from their tusks, that one of the hunters, Jacobus Botha, boasted of killing 22 in one day. Gordon Cumming who shot his elephants from horseback killed 105 elephants in one trip and made £1000 from the ivory (£90,000 in today's money.) William Baldwin killed eight elephants in half an hour.

Some of the hunters turned conservationists. Frederick Selous, the inspiration for Rider Haggard's Alan

Quartermaine (and what a bore he was!), killed hundreds of them and then complained that they were getting scarce and he could no longer make a living by hunting them. It is disgusting that one of the biggest game reserves in Africa, established after his death, is named after him.

Somerville is keenly aware of the irony that colonial white men slaughtered thousands of the elephants, then turned conservationists and blamed black African poachers for the continuing decline. Little wonder then that after independence the new African rulers were not averse to taking over from the white hunters. Widespread corruption meant that while poachers were occasionally put in gaol, their employers, often politicians or rich traders, were exempt from punishment.

African wars and rebellions have made serious weapons widely available and elephant butchery easy. The Janjaweed, the irregular militia in Sudan, for years has raided for slaves, ivory, weapons and livestock between Sudan and other central African states. Insurgent groups, like the Lord's Resistance Army in Uganda, also killed elephants for their meat and funded themselves by selling ivory.

Nor are the animals safe from the regular armies of African states, whose officer class, sometimes at the highest level, are not averse from occasionally trading in ivory on the side. Indeed, sometimes the illegal ivory trade is in the hands of the game wardens themselves, or even those employing the wardens. Corruption goes right to the top in most African countries so it is only those at the bottom, the poachers themselves, who suffer arrest.

Many reserves are now run like military camps. Intruders and poachers may be gunned down like the elephants they have slaughtered. Local people, whose crops are sometimes ruined by the animals, have little gain except for a few low paid jobs caring for tourists. And the tourists, of course, are white. Little wonder then that poaching remains an attractive option for the locals.

Somerville thinks that many of the large save-the-elephant charities go along with this template, supporting conservation parks where local people have no stake in the elephant's survival and little reason to care about their possible extinction. He favours licensed hunting, possibly with a quota for local people, a solution that would not be popular among those who give money to elephant conservation. And indeed, it is hard to warm to a system that encourages rich Westerners, like the millionaire dentist who killed Cecil the lion with a bow and arrow, to come half way cross the world to slaughter Africa's wildlife.

The good guy is Botswana, a country remarkable for its strong record of democratic government. It has one of the largest elephant populations in Africa, and one of the smaller populations of humans. The tsetse fly makes cattle farming difficult and therefore game

flourishes in tsetse regions. Indeed Botswana has so many elephants that it could afford to ‘harvest’ some of its ivory by licensed hunting without reducing the elephant population. Yet under pressure it had to fall into line and ban licensed hunting in 2014. The result was more poaching.

Just as banning all recreational drugs does not stop the illegal drugs trade, so Somerville claims banning ivory has utterly failed to stop elephant slaughter. 14,606 African elephants died in 2015, of which sixty per cent were gunned down by poachers. At the moment more elephants are dying than are being born.

So the move earlier this year by China to close down the legal ivory retail trade may not make much difference. The demand will still be there. Wholesale prices may have dropped temporarily but a price drop also occurred after the original ivory ban in the 1990s. Prices (and therefore profit to the poachers) soon rose again when smugglers found new ways of getting round the ban.

Keith Somerville has relentlessly tracked down every single statistical fact about the ivory trade. It’s a difficult book to read from start to finish because of its sheer thoroughness. He asserts that only the involvement and remuneration of local people will save the elephant but is unable to provide much evidence. This is the same argument that has been made by Rosaleen Duffy in a more readable though less reliable book, *Nature Crime*.

As a piece of research *Ivory. Power and Poaching in Africa* is outstanding, (though the indexing could be better). But the author, apparently an honorary professor at the Centre for Journalism at the University of Kent has forgotten the first rule of journalism, which is that copy has to be readable, as well as worthy. Despite his dogged litany of facts and figures, I was left unconvinced that elephants in Africa can, or will be, saved by giving local people an incentive to preserve them. Perhaps, like the mammoths before them, these large animals are doomed to extinction at the hands of humankind.



## Clever Apes Scott Grønmark

**On Human Nature**, Roger Scruton, Princeton University Press, 2017, £17.95.

Does the fact that human beings are self-conscious, rather than merely conscious, represent an unbridgeable gulf between humanity and the rest of the animal kingdom? Or does it, as evolutionary biologists contend, just mean we’re a bit cleverer than other creatures, but still essentially one of them? That’s the starting point of this rich, accessible little book, which is both a companion

piece to, and a distillation of, Roger Scruton’s majestic 2014 work, *The Soul of the World*.

According to Scruton, the binary choice presented by scientific reductionists like Richard Dawkins – brainy ape v something special – is a false one: we are both. Viewed as ‘human beings’, we are indeed talented animals, but seen as ‘persons’, we are something quite different. Unlike animals, persons are ‘free, self-conscious, rational agents, obedient to reason’. The person is ‘an emergent entity, rooted in the human being but belonging to another order of explanation than that explored by biology’. The idea that ‘selfish gene’ theory somehow explains humanity simply won’t do: it might explain how we got here, but not what we are. Exploring the evolution of the human animal doesn’t allow us to understand the human person, any more than describing the process by which Wagner came to compose the Ring Cycle ‘explains’ the work itself. Evolutionary biology cannot even explain that ours is the only species to have created music and art, activities which confer no obvious evolutionary advantages.

As a result of self-consciousness, human societies are not simply groups of co-operating animals: ‘...they are communities of persons, who live in mutual judgment, organising their world in terms of moral concepts that arguably have no place in the thoughts of chimpanzees.’ When a chimp does something, we can only provide a causal explanation: x happened to the chimp, which caused the chimp to do y. By contrast, we are aware of ourselves as rational agents responsible for own actions, and capable of providing reasons for our choices – and we assume the same is true of everyone else. This isn’t a trivial difference; it’s a vast chasm, on our side of which exist moral concepts such as sin, responsibility and guilt, along with notions of rights, duties, honour, and piety, which are hard to explain away as mere evolutionary adaptations. Scruton’s discussion of sexual morality, particularly the ‘ethic of pollution and taboo’ which encompasses the universal horror of incest, is thought-provoking.

On a lighter note, Scruton suggests that our unique ability to make judgments explains why we are the only creatures capable of genuine laughter. We are, he claims, typically amused by the contrast between aspiration and achievement, in other words, things that ‘fall short’. We can coax animals to the verge of judgment, and therefore of amusement, but ‘...by getting to the verge they reveal how wide for them is the chasm that human children will cross with a single stride.’

But laughter aside, does this assault on the distinctiveness of the human condition matter in practice? I suspect it goes some way to explaining the willingness of many to excuse, and in some cases to celebrate mob violence in the wake of some supposedly provocative incident like the death of a black suspect during an arrest: the

policeman who killed the suspect is treated as a rational, self-conscious agent, expected to furnish reasons for his actions, while ‘protesters’ who use the suspect’s death as a pretext for a riot are demoted to the status of irrational animals who simply couldn’t help reacting the way they did. It strikes me that same double standard is often applied by left-wingers who criticise the response of the Israeli authorities to terrorist attacks, while justifying the terrorists who have somehow been ‘forced in to it’. It might also explain the vogue for describing Islamist terrorists as having ‘been radicalised’, which implies that they had no choice in the matter.

It does seem perverse that scientists, utilitarians, and philosophical materialists, having supposedly raised the status of mankind by removing God from His throne, should then proceed to downplay mankind’s uniqueness. For Scruton, it’s not so much the loss of faith that’s the problem, as the loss of the religious view of life – of the religious ‘posture’ which ‘provides another kind of support to the moral life.’ Without this, he asserts, ‘Human nature, once something to live up to, becomes something to live down to instead. Biological reductionism... makes cynicism respectable and degeneracy chic.’ The evidence is all around us.



## City of Angels Christie Davies

**Revisiting Toronto the Good, Violence, Religion and Culture in a Late Victorian City**, William Reimer, Winnipeg, Gerhard, 2016, £13.99

Toronto the Good got its name because it was a large, modern late nineteenth century city dominated by the Evangelical Protestant churches, an even mixture of Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists. The Evangelical Protestants were both socially and politically influential and they infused the culture of the city with their moral zeal. Reimer is able to show in detail that the rise of evangelical fervour in the city was a major factor in bringing about a massive decline in crime and particularly violent crime, including murder and domestic violence. The Evangelical Protestants condemned violence and advocated a high degree of personal self-control. The temperance movement with which they were closely associated brought about a marked fall in heavy drinking, which had been a common precipitator of brawling between young men and of domestic violence, both of which could lead to serious injuries and even death.

Reimer shows that the existence of engrossing church activities kept men away from the taverns. It is notable how much influence women exercised

within the evangelical churches and their affiliated organizations for women strongly promoted temperance and deplored domestic violence. Women also benefited from a moral revolution that curbed male excess and replaced it by Christian manliness. Toronto became a remarkably peaceful place, despite the absence of heavy policing. It is no wonder, as Reimer remarks, that Ernest Hemingway hated Toronto; he much preferred libertine Paris.

Reimer is backs up his analysis with relevant detail, including statistics, vivid contemporary newspaper accounts and biographical sketches of the leading moral entrepreneurs among the church ministers, politicians and strong minded women – an excellent piece of micro-sociology.

We can see a historical counterpart in Reimer’s work to David Martin’s contemporary sociological study of the spread of popular Protestantism in Latin America. What is particularly important for the women in these South American countries is that their newly Protestant husbands have given up their old macho culture of hard drinking, brawling, gambling and whoring and become respectable family men and reliable bread-winners, truly new men.

William Reimer’s sensible book will have many angry critics, most of them trapped by leftist ideology. Marxists want material explanations and dismiss Methodism as a mere device of the capitalists for producing disciplined factory workers. One British Marxist has even claimed that Methodism ‘artificially’ held back the growth of a revolutionary consciousness among the working class. For other more moderate leftists the fall in crime in the late nineteenth century was because of rising living standards and quite independent of the impact of religion. They are wrong. If you look at the British data for the late nineteenth century to see how crime rates fluctuate across the trade cycle, it is only theft that declined in good times and rose again in a recession. Violent crime actually rose when wages did because men had more money to spend on booze. Sunday schools instilled protestant morality in the young people of the lower middle and working class so that when their former scholars grew up, they always diverted money to domestic purposes. Sobriety and domestic life replaced violence, something that did not happen when the Soviet Union industrialized and men went out and got beastly drunk on vodka, rather than staying in their squalid and inadequate family homes.

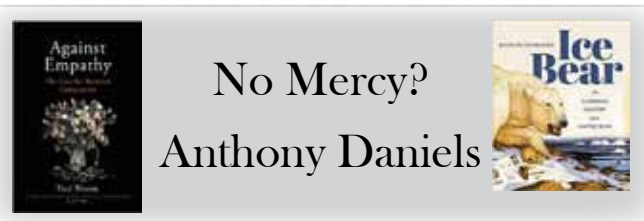
If standard of living were the key, why was there a huge rise in both acquisitive and violent crime between the mid-1950s and the early 1990s, years of rising prosperity and generous welfare payments when incomes were much more equal than they had been in the earlier decades of the century? This era was of course a time of declining religious commitment and with it of the concomitant ethic of respectability and self-control.

These data from another time period strongly support Reimer's thesis about nineteenth century Toronto. It is no wonder that irreligious left wing criminologists tried so desperately to deny against all the evidence that crime was rising in the latter half of the twentieth century, when as Jerzy Sarnecki in Sweden has shown the welfare state had if anything fuelled crime. They could not face the fact that crime was rising because of a decline in personal self-control, the flip side of the lesson provided by Reimer's study. Yet as he shows, the earnest Protestant reformers of personal behaviour were also heavily involved in reform politics and particularly in promoting the improvement of housing conditions and the more compassionate treatment of prisoners. They were not in any sense one-sided in their vision in the way that progressive criminologists are.

Beyond the progressive criminologists lie the critical criminologists, many of whom are criminals *manqué*. They used to turn up at conferences in donkey jackets, smelling of pot and talking of lower class ruffians as rebels. Any attempt by a sociologist or historian to show how crime blighted neighbourhoods was dismissed as a 'moral panic'. The critical group only went into retreat when their feminist colleagues became outraged by their trivialising male violence against women. Nevertheless modern anti-religious radical feminists are rarely willing to acknowledge what Reimer has clearly shown, that Evangelical Protestant movements, in which pious women played a prominent part, generally improved the position of women. What offends them is the nineteenth century Protestant women's emphasis on the domestic virtues. Many Canadian and other historians often almost get to the point of conceding the validity of Reimer's arguments and then back off, probably because to agree totally would be ideologically unpopular in the circles in which they move.

Reimer refers in passing to those who trace the fall in crime right back to medieval times, that age of a quite different faith when the most esteemed activities in society, those valued by the elite, involved violence. Yet the only U-curve in crime that really matters is the one found between 1850 and 1990, when violent crime fell dramatically to a very low level and then rose again just as rapidly. Crime has fallen again since the 1990s, but it is still far higher today than in the inter-war period.

Reimer rightly points out that the legacy of Toronto the Good is a city, which today by North American standards is reasonably peaceful. What he is not saying vigorously, nor does anyone else, is that today's multi-faith Toronto is a far more violent and drug-ridden city than the old Toronto the Good. What cannot be stated in Toronto the Politically Correct is that today's successor and rival religions are quite different from and inferior to the Evangelical Protestantism which decried violence against women and gave women their proper voice.



**Against Empathy: The Case for Rational Compassion**, Paul Bloom, Bodley Head, 2017, £18.99. **Ice Bear: The Cultural History of an Arctic Icon**, Michael Engelhard, Washington University Press, 2016, \$29.95.

As theology was once queen of the sciences, so empathy (the ability to put ourselves in the place of others) is now queen of the virtues; and since we live in times of self-esteem and self-praise as the indispensable key to personal advancement, no one admits to lacking empathy. Moreover, it is frequently claimed that the greatest evils arise from an absence of empathy, so that enemies lose the status of fellow-human and, preparatory to extermination, are called vermin, rat, cockroach, etc. Empathy prevents this dehumanisation.

No doubt sickened by the unctuous self-righteousness and self-congratulation by which claims to empathy are now so often accompanied, Paul Bloom, a professor of psychology at Yale, has written a polemic against it. Empathy, he says, is not the virtue that everyone takes it to be; on the contrary, it often distorts judgment and makes people behave worse than they would have done without it.

First, however, the question of style. Professor Bloom writes serviceably enough, but he is fond of quoting Adam Smith's *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (not necessarily in agreement, but always with respect) and it is painful to compare the limpid beauty of Smith's prose with his own. Modern writers seem always to favour a conversational style, as if their readers can cope with nothing more formal. No doubt I am in a minority, but I think this unfortunate.

The main argument that Professor Bloom deploys against empathy is that it destroys a sense of moral proportion, and that such a sense is necessary for the exercise of true virtue. The problem with empathy, as the author sees it, is threefold: that it tends to be exercised only in those cases which by chance come before the empathiser, which are necessarily few in number; and that it is also necessarily restricted in scope because one cannot truly empathise with thousands or millions of people whom one does not know, and yet whose suffering and need may be very much greater than that of the cases with which one does empathise.

Empathy is also potentially indiscriminate: one can empathise with people who ought not to be empathised with. What would it be, for example, to empathise with the commandants of extermination camps, or with Pol

Pot? If anyone said that he empathised with Fred West or Dr Shipman we should beat a hasty retreat.

In place of empathy, Professor Bloom would have us be compassionate on a more rational basis. Our attempts to do good should not be based on empathy for a cat stuck up a tree, or for a child whose parents need to raise a vast amount of money for an experimental treatment that might save his life, but on cooler calculation. The million pounds needed for the child to have the treatment could save the lives of ten thousand children by means of insecticide-impregnated mosquito nets; we should therefore disregard the empathic feelings in the single case that have almost certainly been manipulated by newspapers or television, and concentrate on the ten thousand.

This is all very well, but the author grossly underestimates the intractable complexity of the human situation and the uncertainties in life. He concedes (generously!) that we may, indeed must, be more concerned with our own children or immediate neighbours than with distant thousands or millions; but he does not tell us how much more, or how we can reconcile the competing claims of people for whom we have deep feelings and those who necessarily remain for us abstractions. He is keen that we should give more to charity, especially to charities that help the most disadvantaged, but he does not tell us exactly what proportion of our income should we give, nor how we shall know that the charities do good rather than harm. And what would become of civilisation if everyone behaved ethically in the Bloomian sense? Devoted as we all would be to the alleviation of poverty by giving every possible penny away, there would be nothing left over for the cultivation of the art of living. In any case, the closer we are to the suffering we wish to alleviate, the more likely it is that we shall actually be able to alleviate it.

While I share Professor Bloom's evident dislike of the oily emotionalism of our time, and it is a pleasure to read a book that attacks it, at best he demonstrates that empathy is not a sufficient guide to ethical action; but he emphatically does not demonstrate that it is never necessary or salutary. When he says 'we are better off without empathy' he is, as my wife puts it, trying to make himself interesting, for merely to say that empathy is valuable when disciplined by rational thought is not a very exciting message: something more extreme is needed to attract attention. In fact, his target is really sentimentality rather than empathy and, oddly enough, his rationalism returns sentimentality by the back door, for it proposes that people should behave better and more generously than they ever could.

*Ice Bear* is a lavishly and beautifully illustrated history of Man's attitude to polar bears, and is an interesting case history of the vagaries of Man's empathy for and

sympathy with these splendid creatures. The Inuit (as Eskimos must now be called, though as far as I recall no derogatory meaning ever attached to the latter term) always felt an immense empathic veneration for them, even as they hunted them for food, fur and commercial gain; Europeans have gone through several phases in their attitude to them, treating them as commodity, as vicious enemy, as test of virility, and latterly as cuddly but endangered victims of our own rapaciousness, in the process sentimentalising them. This history demonstrates how difficult it is to align our feelings appropriately with objective reality, and how easily we skitter from one exaggerated reaction to another. *Against Empathy* is an example of this: if empathy is not the touchstone of virtue, it is not a virtue at all. Of course, I feel for the author.

## A Lust for Fatal Adventure

David Twiston-Davies

**Brave Lives: the Members and Staff of the Travellers who fell in the Great War**, Sheila Markham, Pen & Sword, 2016, £20.

Forty-eight members and two in-house servants of the Travellers Club in Pall Mall made the ultimate sacrifice in the First World War. Their names are recorded on a large honey-coloured memorial plaque outside the Coffee Room, but they rarely receive more than an occasional glance from their successors passing by to lunch or dinner today. So the Librarian, Sheila Markham, conceived the idea of commemorating them in these mini-biographies.

The membership was smarter in 1914 than it is today, though we count a Field Marshal, distinguished diplomats, civil servants and authors as well as some low scribbling fellows among our number. A significant proportion then were aristocrats with comfortable private incomes who, bored with peacetime soldiering, had taken generous leave for travel and sport in the Empire. But when the call came they rallied to the colours with enthusiasm. Among those with established civilian careers were Major Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bt, an Oxford don who wrote a popular history of the Boer War and excelled as a left-handed medium pace bowler, according to *Wisden*. Gresham Leveson Gower was a House of Lords clerk and Charles Bruce a civilian who commanded a Belgian field hospital, where he caught enteric fever at the age of fifty.

The first to die was Major Lord John Cavendish, who had won a DSO in the Boer War and was killed delivering

a message on foot to the 1<sup>st</sup> Life Guards in Flanders seven weeks after war broke out in August 1914. The pattern is repeated with almost industrial frequency throughout *Brave Lives*. Captain Ernest Brabazon of the Coldstream [sic], died inspecting a machine-gun post in July 1915; Lieutenant Lyulph [sic] Howard was killed by a shell while investigating a collapsed dug-out in September 15. When Captain Lord Elcho arrived in Egypt in April 1916 so many of his friends were already dead when he wrote to his mother: 'Tell Papa he must write off his sons and concentrate on his grandsons who, thank God, exist'. Already wounded twice he died gallantly rallying the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars against the Turks four months later.

What makes this book different from the newspaper obituaries of ancient veterans which have become popular in the past 30 years is that all too often their entries resemble shards of broken glass, glinting in the rubble of war. This is partly because they are compiled by club members and kinsmen of the deceased, whose perceptions are different from those of professional obituarists. Some concentrate on the career and the circumstances of an action. Others draw on family archives or recount stories handed orally down to descendants. The best is Winston Churchill's *Times* contribution on his fellow MP Major Valentine Fleming, an Oxfordshire Hussar and much beloved father of the novelist Ian, killed in 1917. After alluding to his dislike of the bitter pre-war Commons strife, it concludes: 'As the war lengthens and intensifies and the extending lists appear it seems as if one watched at night a well-loved city whose lights which burn, which burn so true, are extinguished in the darkness one by one.'

Although friends tended to write in an elegiac mood, not all the material is entirely admiring. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilfrid Abel Smith's letters criticised the 'disgraceful' Christmas truce in 1914, blaming the badly led Scots Guards; he ordered his Indian Army gunners to shell the German positions. And he was no more flattering about the Irish Guards whose CO was killed in the firing line because his 'rotten officers' could not do their job. Never was a commanding officer more mourned by his Grenadiers when a sniper claimed Abel Smith in May 1915.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Farquhar had been an affable messmate in the field but was a testing husband at home, where he once hurled an inedible leg of lamb out of the window. Appointed ADC to the Duke of Connaught when Governor-General of Canada, he commanded Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry which arrived in France in December 1914. He lost so many men he started the then unusual practice of recruiting from the ranks, and survived for three months.

Col 'Conk' Marker was an aide-de-camp to Lord Curzon the Viceroy of India, whom he heartily disliked

and spied on for Lord Kitchener, who became a close friend. He was fatally injured in a bombardment of the HQ at Ypres where a shell killed five other officers.

What struck me when I first read these chapters was the authenticity of John Buchan's novels which capture the lust for adventure and love of sport in the service of the Empire – and therefore was disparaged as elitist tosh when I was young. Captain George Sandeman, killed with the Hampshires north of Ypres, could have been a character in a novel by 'Sapper' (HC McNeile). He belonged to 'the Breed that has always existed in England; and will always exist to the world's end'. Paul Winby writes that Sandeman was a barrister, an historian, a fine cricketer and a wine merchant ... a true Renaissance man.

Less is known of others. The son of a blacksmith, Lieutenant Frederick Corley went into service at thirteen and served in the Royal Norfolk Regiment. He was a waiter at the Travellers before joining up again with the Border Regiment, when he described himself as a butler, before being commissioned into the Royal Fusiliers to be killed near Le Touquet. Sergeant Ernest Chittenden was the son of a colour sergeant in the Scots Guards, who had been head waiter at the club before being lost in the Arras area. A happier story is that of Alcide Mane, the French chef who arrived at the club the summer of 1914 but was called back to the French colours then returned to his kitchen with the peace.

Although 40 of those who died were soldiers, the club lost four naval officers. Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot Bt, commander of the 1<sup>st</sup> Cruiser Squadron, was about to attack a German battle cruiser at Jutland May 31 1916 when he was overwhelmed by four other German ships. The same day Sub-Lieutenant Algernon Percy was blown up in the battlecruiser *Queen Mary* but was only slightly injured. He gave his life jacket up to sailor, saying he was all right, then failed to be picked up by rescue boats. A week later Commander Manuel Dasant went down off Scotland with Lord Kitchener in *Hampshire* on a voyage to help the Russians improve their munitions. Lieutenant-Commander Patrick Shaw Stewart, a legendary Fellow of All Souls, poet and merchant banker, commanded the Royal Naval Division in the trenches where he died in December 1917.

Those in the air included Captain Lord Lucas, a one-legged former war correspondent and the model for Peter Pienaar, Buchan's character in *Mr Standfast*, who held several government posts before joining the Royal Flying Corps to be shot down on a reconnaissance mission behind enemy lines in France. Lieutenant Viscount Ipswich was training as a pilot when he came down in a RE8, a notoriously difficult aircraft. Billy Cotton, the future bandleader who was a pilot trainer, claimed many years later to have seen him doing a loop when he came down without any wings.

Some of the same names appear on the plaque to the 25 members who died in the Second World War. But I was surprised to find that I had written an obituary for the *Daily Telegraph* of Captain Piers St Aubyn, an airborne officer in the Second World War, who died in 2006, aged 85. He was a nephew of Lieutenant Piers St Aubyn, a Boer War veteran who resigned from the club after going bankrupt, but redeemed himself by joining up again in 1914 to die at sea on his way to join the General Staff in India.



**Fascism: The Career of a Concept**, Paul E. Gottfried, Northern Illinois Press, 2016, \$45.00.

One of the difficulties with political taxonomy is that words are often coined in an attempt to name something that may be real. Over time, they acquire a cloud of meanings somewhat removed from their original. They can then be saved by attaching adjectives, for example, *state-socialism*, *anarcho-socialism*, *utopian-socialism*, and so forth. Or they become attached to so many divergent things that they cease to have any agreed meaning, and end merely as vague terms of approval or disapproval.

Fascism is a word of this latter kind. Mussolini was called a fascist – obviously. So was Hitler. So was Franco. So was Pinochet, and the Shah of Iran and the Ayatollah Khomeini, and Enoch Powell, F A Hayek, Ayn Rand, and Margaret Thatcher, and Ronald Reagan. So is Donald Trump, Theresa May and Nigel Farage. So is Vladimir Putin. So are social workers, police officers, and school teachers. We may all be, or have been, bad people by certain lights. But a word applied so freely, to so many different people, of such radically divergent personalities and points of view, has surely lost any useful function.

If it retains any function, it is as a tool of persecution. If enough people call you a fascist, however defined or undefined, it can be bad for your career. You may have trouble finding work in a university or the state sector. You may be harassed by the police. You may be followed about by self-proclaimed ‘anti-fascists’. Perhaps they will have trouble explaining what you have in common with Adolf Eichmann or Julius Evola, or what these had in common with each other. But they are a noisy, and occasionally a violent irritation.

The purpose of this book is to rescue the word, by trying to give it an objective meaning. Gottfried’s general view is that fascism *did* exist. It existed as a response, between 1917 and 1945, to the chaos created in Europe by the

Great War, and as a counterweight to the challenge of Soviet Communism. It gained much power from grudges over territorial losses, actual or prospective. It was, for men of a certain age and experience, a continuation of the close and meritocratic bonds they had found in the trenches. It involved a rejection of bourgeois liberalism, and it involved the promise of a social and economic system that would benefit all groups, so long as they were legitimately within the nation. There was a taste for political violence and for authoritarian government. When war eventually came, they generally found themselves on the same side against Britain and its allies. Apart from this, however, the various fascisms of the age had little in common.

The Italian Fascists often called themselves modernists, but they worked within a traditionalist society, and they compromised with Monarchy and the Roman Catholic Church. The German National Socialists *were* modernists. Hitler was a revolutionary, in love with modern science, and his Germany was a place connected by new motorways and television transmission towers, and dominated by a military-industrial complex only slightly behind Britain and America in developing the jet engine and the atom bomb. Because it lasted so long, Franco’s Spain went through traditionalist and technocratic phases that had little real connection to each other. Some fascists were Christians like Franco. Some were pagans like Himmler. Some were mysticists like Hitler and perhaps Julius Evola. Some were anti-semites. Some were not. Some were biological racists. Some were not. Some wanted war. Most did not, except perhaps against Soviet Russia, when they often hoped others would do much of the fighting.

Whatever its antecedents – and these are hotly-disputed – the fascist period lasted just over twenty years. Unlike Soviet Communism, it had no canonic texts. Mussolini wrote much, but was essentially a journalist, and his time in office was a work in continual progress. *Mein Kampf* was respected, but not seen as a universal blue-print. Fascism had neither the intellectual nor the temporal space, nor mostly the murderous urge to conformity to solidify into the Orthodox Marxist-Leninism that existed by the time of Stalin’s death.

And it is over because most of the fascist *regimes* went down in 1945. It is also over because the American managerial capitalism imposed on Western Europe after 1945 took away the electoral base of fascism. This provided high and continuous economic growth that reconciled people to a kind of bourgeois liberalism and it provided a military shield against the Soviet Union. The word remains, not the thing.

This book works as an academic study of its subject matter but also has a polemical function. Gottfried is one of the fathers of what is called the Alternative Right. This is a break with what he and his allies see as the failed

conservatism of the past three generations. It rejects the leftist obsession with equality, and the neo-liberal project of globalisation, and the fusion of both into a neo-conservatism that fights endless wars of aggression to no purpose that can be honestly explained. This Alternative Right is a diverse movement, and I know that Gottfried has little time for some of its more esoteric strands. But it is a rising force in the English-speaking world. Its two most significant achievements, after barely a decade of existence, have been the British vote to leave the European Union and the election of Donald Trump. The leftists have set up their usual *mantra* of ‘The Fascist Danger,’ and are confidently waiting for the black shirts to be put on and the first administrations of castor oil. Some are waiting for Auschwitz to be reopened.

*Treating any Right or any nationalism as identical to the one that enraged the ideological battle of interwar Europe opens the door to methodological abuses. Among these abuses, and indeed the most conspicuous one, has been the supposed discovery of a ubiquitous fascist danger. Emotional predispositions are imagined to furnish a sufficient cause of why fascist movements arise and flourish. Once having reached this point the interpreter does not merely exaggerate the applicability of his criteria of investigation. He may also succumb, more importantly, to the temptation of extravagant political rhetoric. [p.41]*



## Not all harems and perfume Penelope Tremayne

**The Myth of the Andalusian Paradise**, Dario Fernandez-Morera, ISI Books, 2016, \$23.96.

The myth that is the subject of this powerful book is perhaps an American one; at any rate I have not come across it in England. It is of some kind of visionary Utopia in Spain in the Middle ages, with the Lion lying down with the Lamb: that is Islam, Christianity and Judaism all living at peace with each other in happy prosperity. But the picture that Dario Fernandez-Morera offers is very different from that; instead he shows us a Graeco-Roman state of Byzantine origin, overrun in the early fifth century by the Visigoths, emigrants themselves, fugitives from southern Russia and the Balkans; German by blood and Orthodox Christian by faith, who settled and ruled in Spain and remained there until the eighth century when they themselves were bloodily overrun by the Moors: red-hot devotees of Islam, pouring out of Africa and bent on conquering the world.

And so they might have done, had they not underrated the third racial group, the most heavily taxed and theologically hated and despised in the peninsula: the Jews. These did not raise rebellions; they accepted degradation – at one stage they were even compelled to wear a yellow tab in public. Quietly they worked their way into the mechanism of the state. Slowly the state grew rich, the Jews themselves grew even richer, and in the outside world a vague notion grew up, if not about a Spanish Paradise, about a Land of Plenty in which as the author puts it, the Jews ‘enjoyed as much stability and legal protection as they had ever had’. They prospered economically and democratically and reached a stage which they came to make up ‘a larger proportion of the population than in any other European country’. Spain even came to be considered ‘a historically Jewish country’.

During all this long and gruelling period the Islamic faith was compulsory, on pain of death. But Christianity was never eradicated; it simply went underground, through this long period of Islamic rule, though it suffered a good many martyrdoms and a gradual shift from the Visigoths’ Greek orthodoxy to the Roman Catholic, a change which must have called for courage as the Protestant Reformation in Northern Europe took hold. But Fernandez-Morera does not go into that – wisely for Moslem fanaticism presented a much closer danger. The Moors were described by one of their own commanders ‘as a people who love death as much as you love life’, a phrase much quoted in the British press recently.

The greatest drawback of this book is its density; many potential readers may be daunted not only by the length of the text but by the addition of 100 pages of notes in very small print, full of further information.

Fernandez-Morera has immersed himself very deeply in his subject and at times when emphasizing a point he is carried away into sentences that go on for half a page or more without drawing breath – I counted 59 lines in one. This can be tiring to read as can his consistent rejection of the words ‘Byzantium’ and ‘Byzantine’ in favour of ‘Christian Greek Roman Empire’. This is tedious and grows more so with repetition. But the contents of the book make the effort of reading it worthwhile. And he is right to remind us how different Europe would be now if Spain had not achieved the Reconquista from Islam in the fifteenth century.

Those who hesitate before so large a book might find it helpful to begin to read the very good and short (five pages) Epilogue first. It will nerve them to set sail.





## The Secret Life of the Public Library

John Jolliffe

**Reading Allowed**, Chris Paling, Constable, 2017, £14.99.

The subtitle of this unusual book is ‘True Stories and Curious Incidents from a Provincial Library’. It is also an account of the ups and downs in the life of a public librarian on the edge of a large provincial town. The downs are the more numerous, including a very wide range of difficult customers, some of them barely sane, others harmless and pathetic, often with pitiful hard luck stories of their own. All of them, or nearly all, seem to have been treated by the author with great humanity.

Failed artists and writers are cheerfully catered for, as are children. You might think theirs was a contented section supplying C S Lewis and Harry Potter to grateful young readers. In fact it is predictably far the noisiest area, ‘a seething, chaotic, souk of colliding infants, breast-feeding mothers, and weary grandparents being tugged towards the DVDs.’ On the other hand, there is a self-contained three-year-old waiting patiently, with a picture book, almost half as tall as she is about Bread, its history, how to make it, etc. Asked by her mother if she would like anything else as well, she explains that it is the only book she wants, and leaves, hugging it to her cardigan against any possible attempt to remove it.

With the grown up customers the Librarian is expected to be confidant, counsellor and mediator to numerous ‘bemused, threatening, and often deeply troubled people, many of them rough sleepers’. Inevitably, smells are often pungent and unpleasant, occasionally varied with overpowering aftershave.

A Chinese woman appears, with insistent questions about a photographic exhibition, long since finished. When asked if she is a member, she replies ‘Yes, I’ve been one for donkey’s horses’.

Lavatories regularly become blocked, and when eventually cleared, reblocked, and sometimes used for the secret injection of drugs. Heavy use of the computer leads to breakdowns and of course to long delays in its repair. Another problem is the theft of mobile phones, if left unattended even briefly, even at the reception desk. There is not much else about the place that is worth stealing.

Apart from these problems, more or less relevant to the actual functions of the library, it is the modern equivalent of the parish pump, where anyone can innocently wander in and probably find someone to talk to, and above all to compare grievances. Another

couple wanders in, discussing new limits on weekly alcohol intake suggested by nanny government, and easily reached, the couple thought, in a single session, and therefore to be regarded not so much as a limit as a reasonable target. These are the functioning alcoholics who can still undertake manual work where they can find it. More surprising is a story-teller who describes an acquaintance, a silversmith by profession, John James by name, and an expert car thief, who claims to have been the main getaway driver for the Great Train Robbers. Reference to the internet confirms his story, and the shortness of time which he had actually served in prison when caught. Typical requests include ‘I am looking for the will of my father, who died forty years ago in Canada;’ ‘Can you let me have the postal address of the Home Secretary?’ ‘Is Arthur Scargill still alive?’ ‘Do you have a stapler/pen/pencil/change for the printer/the time in Montreal?’

Towards the end of the book there is a deep bow in the direction of Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American steel millionaire, whose legacy included 2,509 libraries worldwide, including the one in Herne Hill, founded in 1906. But the writing is on the wall. Forty redundancies are announced for the author’s own library, and other cuts are threatened. On the whole, the acting profession is chiefly known for self-obsession, but the admirable Mark Rylance has nobly called the libraries ‘the fabric of our communities’, in a protest against a local council’s plans to close five out of ten of the borough’s libraries and replace employees with volunteers.

What are the chances of these and similar words being heeded? All the same, the more of them that are there, the better.



## The Artistic Herd

James Snell

**The New Philistines**, Sohrab Ahmari, Biteback, 2016, £10.

Identity politics, that very modern ideological constellation, with its fixation on race, class and gender, has migrated from academia into the arts. Queer theory, feminist readings, post-colonial studies – all these have carved out significant positions at the heart of the art world. Many artists and ‘creatives’ aspire to these doctrines; they increasingly govern the propagation of culture as well as new criticism of canonical art. Such things matter more than could be expected.

Sohrab Ahmari in this brisk polemic argues that these developments are tragic. Identity politics has made contemporary art less true, less beautiful and less worthy of the name; and such things ‘disfigure’ our cultural life

and take the arts further from the universal idea, and the universal ideal.

This author truly loves the arts, he cares about our culture, and, for all the good it does him, the contemporary artistic scene. Ahmari knows of what he speaks, and for him the bastardisation of art at the hands of faddish artists is less a matter for anger than a profound waste.

One wasted opportunity was a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Globe theatre last May. It was the first play staged by Emma Rice, a progressive, even radical voice, during her tenure as the Globe's artistic director. Ahmari documented what followed, complete with Bollywood-themed musical interjections and unnecessary additions to the script. His sardonic assessment of it in the *Wall Street Journal* at the time adds a necessary humorous element to what could have been either an angry or sorrowful commentary.

Ahmari's appreciation for Shakespeare is both palpable and deeply sincere, but it never tips over into misty-eyed adoration. Every mention of the playwright by the sobriquet 'the Bard' is liable to make less devoted readers twitch, but simple reverence is not on offer here. Ahmari's criticism rests less on the lack of respect shown to the greatest writer in the English language, and more on the fact that, by being so cavalier with Shakespeare's work, Rice places ideological goals above artistic ones, and therefore sells her audience short, denying them an opportunity to experience the timeless wonder on offer. At heart, this is a confrontation of artistic ideologies: an intensely contemporary attempt to use art to advance political aims, and a desire to see art released from this political straitjacket and restored as an end in itself.

One unsatisfactory element of this book is the way Ahmari draws a direct comparison between the 'identitarians' of today and the court artists of the past. He compares those engaging in the current attempt to make art conform more to this ideological standard to those court artists who, under dictatorships, produced state-sanctioned, political work. This interpretation contains two important errors. Though many artists remain Marxists, and there is something distinctly Maoist about the way modern proponents of identity politics operate, unlike artists employed to produce approved material in the Soviet Union, the 'identitarians' have a choice. They could choose whether or not they spend their artistic lives consciously promoting dogma, yet they answer in the affirmative.

Martin Amis and others have argued that it was impossible to be a court artist under Stalin or his successors and to do good work; this is not true. Some of the sculpture and architecture produced in the USSR has a chilly, monolithic beauty unparalleled elsewhere. Certainly Russian music, the visual arts and especially cinema, experienced something of a renaissance under

communism. The survival of this art is testament to the human spirit and the enduring power of beauty. Perhaps more damning than this comparison, then, that even with the freedom liberal democracy allows, many artists have not only fallen into ideological poverty but also produced work which is neither true nor beautiful.

The creation of beauty is no longer the artist's primary intention. Politics now provides the impetus, and this is almost always tedious and predictable. In a world where individuality is prized over everything else, and the pressure on artists pushes them to be transgressive, countercultural and radical, it is remarkable that so many end up sounding the same, and having the same thoughts. Even the titles of exhibitions are barely distinguishable. 'Social Identity and the Moving Image' is, as Ahmari points out, hardly distinct from 'Political Identity and the Moving Image'.

Ahmari is at his best when he describes the homogeneity of this artistic class – the 'herd of independent minds'. This book is no jeremiad, for it overflows with good humour, wry comments and droll descriptions. When Ahmari tours some galleries and exhibitions, reporting in their own words the ambitions of many contemporary artists, which in turn demonstrates their extreme dullness, the book becomes very funny.

He transcribes conversations, littered with verbal filler, incomplete thoughts and needlessly obscure language, and reproduces text from a roundtable discussion organised by a celebrated art magazine, *Artforum*. The paucity of ideas is directly related to the impenetrable, Byzantine language employed to communicate them.

This from *Artforum*: 'How do visibility, legibility, materiality – the very stuff or mediums of art – affect manifestations of identity?' Jamie Crewe, an artist explains his work: 'Without wanting to be trite, it does, like, weirdly, like, synchronise with thoughts about, like, how much you want to be seen, in terms of, like, thoughts about identity, uh, thinking about the stakes of visibility and invisibility, legibility and obtuseness'.

Ahmari also touches on popular culture, where ideas derived from the identity politics of the art world are beginning to seep in. He lists a selection of films which have recently come under criticism from this political trend, and the specious reasons why this was so. Often this resembles nothing more than undigested regurgitation of pseudo-academic theory.

Such things may not have mattered once, but though high culture is now entirely absent from the lives of so many, the general public 'still has TV and the movies'. This is the place to find beauty and entertainment in general circulation. Ahmari's argument here is a worthy one; his suggestion that popular culture has taken up some of the burdens of elevating the public is true, though his suggestion that 'genuinely mesmerising images and real beauty' can be found in Christopher

Nolan's Batman movies falls a little short of the mark.

The films of Paolo Sorrentino, particularly *The Great Beauty* and *Youth*, are exquisitely beautiful, and considering the intellectual impotence of much contemporary art, they come as close to high culture achieving a high circulation as is possible in our era. But Sorrentino has been criticised; his deliberate use of the beautiful bodies of his actors and actresses, alongside gorgeous shots of the city of Rome and alpine tundra, has been called 'relentlessly male' and declared exemplary of the 'male gaze', which proponents of identity politics do not approve of. Everything is political and must be held to new standards; nothing can escape criticism on

ideological grounds.

Ahmari's argument is more profound than a simple disdain for this criticism of aspects of popular culture, which is almost reflexive. This is in many ways a symptom of an artistic worldview that despises canonical texts. There is a more profound cultural question – whether we will continue to esteem the great artists, the great writers, the great thinkers of the past, or instead condemn them for not demonstrating modern sensibilities. Ahmari's book provides a welcome counterblast to this insidious trend, and justifies the pursuit of truth and cultivation of the beautiful in a way which is amusing and important.

## FILM

### Harry Brown

Directed by Daniel Barber

Scott Grønmark

When a DVD of *Harry Brown* arrived in the post shortly before its release in 2009, I glanced briefly at the accompanying blurb, and knew what to expect. A National Lottery-funded film about an old soldier living on a bleak London council estate terrorised by a violent, drug-dealing, multi-ethnic youth gang would be bound to involve a traditional left-wing narrative. No doubt the old soldier and the gang would overcome an initial mutual distrust by realising that they were both victims of society: a lifetime in the army, we would discover, had rendered the old boy unfit for modern life, while a lack of community compassion had condemned the youths to a brief, chaotic existence. Eventually, the ex-serviceman would form a touching friendship with one of the young thugs, and the gang would turn out to be a pretty decent bunch of kids, just aching for the chance to become brain-surgeons, human rights lawyers or 'community organisers'. I slotted the disc into the DVD player without enthusiasm but was delighted to have all my assumptions disproved: it turned out to be a gloriously right-wing vigilante revenge thriller, extolling the virtues of courage, honour, discipline, loyalty and justice (the genuine, as opposed to the 'social', variety).

The title character, superbly played by Michael Caine, is a decorated former Royal Marine who saw action in Northern Ireland during the Troubles. One day Harry sets out from his neat little council flat to visit his wife, who is dying in hospital. Scared to use an underpass 'owned'

by the local thugs, he goes the long way round. By the time Harry reaches the hospital, she is dead. Shortly afterwards, his only friend is murdered by members of the gang. The authorities have essentially abandoned the estate to criminals, and the police apparently cannot bring the killers to justice. Harry gets drunk after his chum's funeral, and, when one of the gang tries to rob him at knifepoint, kills his attacker using the job's own knife. This gives him an idea: despite being a septuagenarian suffering from emphysema, he decides that, if the state can't, or won't dispense justice, he will do the job himself.

The key scene involves a visit by Harry to the home of a local drug-dealer, from whom he hopes to buy a gun. In the house, which looks like something out of Hieronymus Bosch, a semi-comatose girl appears to be dying of an overdose. Harry tells the dealer, portrayed as a repellent demon by Sean Harris, and his henchman that they really should take the girl to hospital. The ensuing argument inevitably ends in violence: the drug dealer holds a gun to Harry's head, pulls the trigger – and the gun jams. Harry shoots him, and as the psychotic criminal lies sprawled amidst his marijuana plants, his bare torso covered in tattoos, his brain addled by drugs, with a bullet in his stomach, Harry, neatly-coiffed and wearing a suit, tie, and a symbolically black coat remarks: 'You failed to maintain your weapon, son.' There's evidently a price to be paid for an undisciplined existence, just as there is for a life spent selfishly satisfying one's animal appetites while refusing to acknowledge any sort of duty to others. Just before polishing off the wretch, Harry quietly explains, 'You should have called an ambulance for the girl.' Naturally, Harry rounds off an eventful evening by driving her to a hospital.

While the idea of a man in his seventies, no matter how fit, running around a dystopian London bumping off well-armed young hooligans is undoubtedly far-fetched,

the makers avoid the Hollywood cliché of having a superannuated action-movie star pumped full of Botox performing athletic feats which would finish off someone half their age. By way of contrast, when another night of vengeful mayhem ends with the gang's leader in Harry's sights, the old man drops his gun, clutches his chest, and collapses, only to wake up in hospital. What I found far more unlikely was the idea that someone as intelligent and self-controlled as the chess-playing former soldier would have mismanaged his affairs so badly as to end up retiring to a repugnant dump. It's a relief to learn that the brutalist South London estate where the film was shot was demolished in 2014, despite objections from the Design Council.

Critical reaction to *Harry Brown* was mixed. *The Times* thought it 'morally and politically repugnant', while the *Sunday Times*, blithely ignoring the skilful direction and taut scriptwriting, despised it, awarding it a single star. The *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, described it as 'a film that really matters... Brilliant!' Even *The Guardian*

was refreshingly uncensorious, and appreciative of the riveting central performance: 'What a tremendous role for Caine. I can't imagine anyone else carrying it off.' Indeed. It did well at the British box office, not, obviously, as well as the outstanding *Gran Torino*, the Clint Eastwood film released the previous year, to which it bears some similarity. In it, Eastwood plays a cantankerous and openly racist widowed Korean War veteran who takes on the ethnic youth gang, which is terrorising his similarly ethnic neighbours.

One of the great mysteries of modern cinema is why, when audiences regularly respond enthusiastically to films whose values are broadly conservative, the industry keeps churning out left-liberal propaganda, most of which fails dismally at the box office. But the greatest mystery surrounding *Harry Brown* is how the makers managed to secure £1m of National Lottery funding. Did the largesse-dispensing quangocrats not realise they were subsidising a conservative classic?

## ART

### Queer British Art 1861-1967

Tate Britain

5th April - 1st October 2017

John Hughes-Davies

The queers have taken over the Tate. The main exhibition in Tate Britain in 2017 is the Hockney retrospective, a wonderful celebration of his life as talented artist and invert; while Cerith Wyn Evans has filled the Duveen gallery with an intricate geometry of light, an entire mile of bent neon tubes. Its creator, a Welsh-speaking queer from Llanelli, has constructed a splendid convoluted fairyland suspended from the ceiling. But queerest of all is the dedicated exhibition, *Queer British Art*, whose exhibits stretch from 1861 when the death penalty for sodomy was abolished to 1967 when unnatural sexual acts committed in a private place ceased to be a criminal offence. It is shocking to think that in 1835 two men convicted of sodomy were hanged in public in London, a barbaric practice that today is only to be found in the savage and morally disgusting parts of the Muslim world, notably in Iran, Saudi Arabia and Islamic State and among the Taliban, places where queers are thrown from the top of a tall building, stoned to death or killed by toppling a wall on them.

However, the curators do not seem to have noticed that

these dates only relate to England and Wales. In Scotland capital punishment for sodomy was only abolished in 1889, the last jurisdiction in Europe to do so. Sex between men in Scotland only ceased to be a crime in 1980 when a majority of English MPs in the Westminster parliament decided it should be. It was about this time that the Scottish Nationalists began to grow in strength, no doubt affronted at this interference with their national traditions. There is hardly a mention in the exhibition at the Tate of the vast population of kilt-lifters living north of the border. Someone ought to complain to Ruth Davidson, the handsome Calvinist lesbian who leads the Conservative and Unionist Party in Scotland, about this shameful neglect.

This splendid exhibition explores many facets of queer history with paintings of gay people, paintings by gay artists and ambiguous paintings of naked people that are still being argued about. It was not possible in the past to openly show homosexual desire and so much of what is on display relies on interpretation; surely much more use should have been made of the seriously filthy pictures that circulated clandestinely among queers in the past and have since been published or hung in public galleries, such as the obscene drawings of the gay artist John Singer Sargent. Sargent was obviously a poof for he wore a bespoke suit when painting, understood women's fashions, was one of the few guests at Oscar Wilde's wedding and was close to the man on whom Marcel Proust based his outrageously queer character Palamède de Guermantes, baron de Charlus in his novel *Sodome et Gomorrhe*. Yet Sargent is only

represented here by his tiny impressionist portrait *Vernon Lee* 1881 (she was born Violet Paget) which wonderfully captures the androgynous ambiguity of that weird lesbian feminist.

There are several paintings here by the queer Cornish artist, Henry Scott Tuke (1858-1929) showing young boys bathing naked in the sea, as was once the custom; ladies, like Gwen Raverat on the Cam who hid herself from it with a parasol, were expected not to look. I am sure, though, that many slappers did and that bourgeois queers arranged their summer afternoon strolls to pass a male swimming place. Most people saw Tuke's portrayal of the boys' hairless, pallid half-grown bodies as entirely innocent, indeed sweetly pretty, since most of the time their genitalia were carefully hidden, albeit by a quite unnatural arrangement of limbs and oddly placed tufts of grass and flapping towels. Real men will have seen them as emetic – Tuke-puke. But there is an archness about them that queers would have recognised and it might also have aroused the suspicious of the censorious.

Tuke was a mediocre artist, indeed an Academician, who placed his bathers against a faux-impressionist background, and his work fell out of favour until today when he has once again been pink-pounded on to the elegant drawing room walls of fashionable gays. Tuke's paintings inspired the verses of the poetaster pederasts Charles Kains Jackson and Fr Rolfe, Baron Corvo author of *Hadrian the Seventh*. In addition to being a gifted author Corvo was a highly skilled photographer who took photographs of naked Italian boys, often stressing the *membrum virile*, in order to entice the pederasts of Cornwall to come to Venice to have sex with them. For some reason these well-known art-study photos are not in the exhibition even though they would have gone well with an item that is present, the obscene illustrations for a new edition of *Lysistrata* in 1896 by yellow-booker Aubrey Beardsley. Corvo's photographs are far superior to the snaps in the exhibition taken by Wilhelm von Gloeden, a gay German hiding in Sicily who also cavorted with local youths.

There is an entire section in the exhibition devoted to the theatre, an institution which appeals to queers because it is a floating world, a world of illusion where roles change rapidly, the very opposite of the world we square straight people inhabit, for we are smugly certain of who we are and of how things ought to be. Once the theatre became known as a haunt of queers more and more queers wanted to become actors and to be found a job by Binkie Beaumont. Among many other items, the theatre is represented in the exhibition by Noel Coward's soft, monogrammed red dressing gown in a glass case and the harsh world outside by the heavy, heavily barred and bolted door from Oscar Wilde's cell in Reading gaol. It is a profound found-object worthy of Marcel Duchamp. The white cell door is hung on the wall next to and competing with Robert Pennington's 1881 full length portrait of the Irish dramatist. The door

wins. In a display case nearby is the calling card that the brutal, twice-divorced militant atheist, the Marquess of Queensbury, father of Wilde's lover Bosie Douglas, sent to Wilde. Queensbury had scrawled on it 'For Oscar Wilde posing as a somdomite'. Wilde foolishly sued for libel. Queensbury's detectives now produced a series of rent boys with whom Wilde had had some form of carnal connection; the prostitution that dared to speak its name. Given the likely age of some of the more youthful boys Wilde might still have been sent to prison today, taken there in a prison van shackled to Rolf Harris.

The Bloomsbury queers are well represented with a fine painting of Vita Sackville-West who posed in a contrasting green top for William Strang's *Lady in a Red Hat* 1918, while looking intently at her lesbian lover Violet Trefusis. It is an eternal gem of a painting. *Ars longa, vita brevis*. Here too is the iconic portrait of the long fingered, tickly-bearded, myopic Lytton Strachey lying down reading, painted in 1916 by (Dora) Carrington. Placed within the Bloomsbury portraits is a masterly painting by Duncan Grant of *PC Harry Daley* 1931, a portrait of a cultivated, openly queer copper from Hammersmith in his traditional policeman's uniform complete with tall helmet. He was the lover of the stilted novelist E Morgan Forster, a timorous little pansy who liked rough trade, having started with an Egyptian tram-driver. Unfortunately Daley like many gay men also had a tragic yearning for what he called 'normal men', tough, beefy, indeed straight ones.

This widespread problem is what lies behind the gifted gay illustrator's John Minton's (1917-57) painting *Dressing Rooms at Whitehall* 1953 which was reproduced in a coronation album. A guardsman sits on a bed while his bright red tunic hangs behind him. By long established custom these gallant soldiers of the realm would have sex in St James's Park with generous queers such as the Conservative MP and Minister Ian Harvey, whose career ended when he was caught in the bushes with a Coldstream Guard. Others went to Chatham to call out 'Hello Sailor' to young matelots. It was this that led the Bishop of Rochester, Christopher Chavasse, to declaim in the House of Lords: 'There is no more baneful or contagious an influence in the world than that which emanates from homosexual practice. It makes a life of leprosy.' The musician and surrealist George Melly, who wrote *Rum, Bum and Concertina*, has a rather different take on the way he sought out generous 'rouged and corseted' old gentlemen while a seaman in the Royal Navy. And sure enough here in the exhibition are John Praxton's *Head of a Cretan Sailor* 1940 and Edward Burra and Izzy Orts' *Dance Hall in Boston Docks* 1937 in which a massive simian-faced thoroughly disquieting sailor in uniform with blank eyes stays straight out at the viewer. Another uniformed sailor in the picture is a self-portrait of Burra.

One of the best lesbian portraits is Karl August Büchel's oil painting *Radclyffe Hall* 1918 which with her sober

black jacket and cravat, dangling monocle and cropped hair quietly conveys her essential butchiness, something later satirized by Anita Loos. Hall set a fashion for the progressives but after the scandal caused by the publication and prosecution of her lesbian novel *The Well of Loneliness* in 1928 they all had to tone it down a bit so as not to be jinxed. Una Lady Troubridge the sculptor and Hall's lover is well represented in the exhibition by a very striking bust of the Polish ballet dancer Vaslav Nijinsky as the faun in the one-act ballet *L'après midi d'un Faune* 1912 that captures perfectly his exotic qualities.

There is very little in the exhibition to disgust all but the most virulent queer-haters except perhaps the appalling Francis Bacon and the collages made from illustrations from library books stolen from Islington Public Library by Joe Orton and Kenneth Halliwell. These were altered, collaged and returned to the shelves so that a play by the gay Emlyn Williams appeared retitled 'F\*\*\*d by Monty'. The pair were caught in a sting operation and sent to prison

for six months, a lenient sentence for such a vile offence. They had cheeked the librarians and it was very bad cheek indeed. Libraries are a sacred space, no place for larking.

But the exhibition also has the exquisite abstract sculpture *Balanced forms in Gunmental and Cornish Granite* 1956-7 by Marlow Moss born Marjorie, and the wonderfully rendered, bursting out flower painting *Lilac and Guelder Rose* 1936-7 by Gluck (Hannah Gluckstein, sister of the Conservative politician Colonel Sir Louis) the cross-dressing lesbian lover of the famous society florist Constance Spry. They were the eternal butch and femme. Just these two items by themselves quite justify a visit to the exhibition at Tate Britain.

The exhibition provides a valuable and at times touching and saddening historical account of a group of people whom in the past we have dealt with grossly unfairly.

*John Hughes-Davies covers many art exhibitions in London and elsewhere.*

## IN SHORT

**Sea Change**, Richard Wellings (ed), IEA, 2017.

It is very disappointing, when so much effort and expense goes into producing a book, to find it dominated by notions of 'Property rights' and the 'Quota' system, to transform the Fishing industry, while ignoring present realities.

This book was supposed to produce clear and considered solutions to UK problems and identify the areas of government activity that can be put back into the hands of individuals, families, civil society, local government, charities and markets. Written by six academics, with no sea-going fishing experience, only Rachel Tingle covers the history and background properly, while the others fail the publishers' own initiative and send out a wrong message.

When the United Kingdom leaves the Common Fisheries Policy, the competency of the 200 nautical mile/median line zone is returned to Westminster. The living Marine resource, the fish, shellfish, and mammals within that zone, by International Law belong to the Nation, not to a few individuals. Those without practical experience do not understand the unique mixed ground fishery around the UK, and fail to understand that we need a policy tailor-made to fit our new circumstances, not comparing us to other areas, especially Iceland, where the resource is in the hands of a few.

The Editor writes about many long-established sea fisheries having experienced substantial declines in catches, quoting the North West Atlantic, where landings of fish have fallen by approximately 55 per cent since the 1968 peak and within these totals, the yield of certain species has collapsed. Perhaps best known is the 98 per cent fall in cod catches in the North West Atlantic between 1968 and 2003 with the species virtually disappearing from the seas off Canada where it was once

abundant. The problem was thought to be over-fishing, but the cause, with cod, was environmental. The water became colder, and the cod moved to warmer areas. There are no fences in the sea, and wild fish can't be enclosed like farm animals.

The book shows, as is common in academic writing, that the 'experts' think they know best, and that the fishing industry are the villains. However the industry itself originally exposed the horrors and waste of discarding, caused by quotas, and the disastrous fishing management policies driven or created by politics. It was the industry that pushed for and developed selective gear to catch the required types of fish. If the recommendations of this book were carried through, it would put the resource in the hands of a few, making them very wealthy, while not solving the discard problem, or utilising the resource to its full capacity.

The whole purpose of full fisheries control returning to us, is that people in coastal communities benefit. The answer is not the quota system and property rights, so strongly promoted in this book, which in a mixed fishery puts the resource in the hands of a few. The misreporting, and inaccurate scientific data will lead to conflict, whereas we all need to work together, starting with a time fishing allocation as outlined by *Fishing for Leave*.

*John Ashworth*

**Hungary and the Defence of European Civilization**, Sergio Fernández Riquelme.

Sergio Fernández Riquelme, a historian and professor of sociology at the University of Murcia in Spain, has written a Spanish-language book entitled *Hungary and the Defence of European Civilization*, examining the conservative and identity policies of Viktor Orbán's government and its open defiance of

the European political status quo.

In his work, published as part of the series *La Razón Histórica*, Professor Fernández Riquelme presents a historical synthesis of this linguistically and ethnically unique central European country, which in recent years has often hit the headlines in the European press because of the Orbán government's vehement opposition to large-scale migration, staunchly opposed not only by Hungary but other Central European nations as well.

The volume also addresses identity issues within the European Union in the face of the socio-cultural homogenization that accompanies the era of globalization.

(Fernández Riquelme, Sergio: *Hungría y la defensa de la civilización europea*, Murcia, 2016, 'La Razón Histórica')

*Miklós Cseszneky*

**The Charles Douglas-Home Memorial Lecture.** Harry Mount 'Betrayal of Trust: How the National Trust is Losing its Way'.

Did I receive a guide to children's activities for the holidays or leading adventure playgrounds? No, it is the National Trust's list of its historic properties. Here children can run screaming in the woods and long grass, dress up as pirates or princesses. 'Get bored by the beach, why not go wildlife watching', learn cycling, go kayaking, 'rock-pool rambling' or 'wild camping'? On the cover, two adults in funny hats are bent double shuffling in beach foam. A collie dog looks back bemused. I was given a year's membership, but will not be renewing it.

Harry Mount says much about the Trust's Kiddie-fication of heritage in his Charles Douglas-Home Memorial Lecture, (Dumbing down the House.) Perhaps the Trust's target visitors explain the bad spelling and grammar on its superfluous notices. These convey simple information as if to morons, rammed home with patronising exclamation marks.

The Trust is embarrassed by its over 50s white membership. It is as eager to dump these as the Church of England is to get

rid of its 'quintessentially English' image. Mount describes how the head of a leading museum was 'horrified' that the Trust's Peckover House in Wisbech was not attracting Polish agricultural workers. Going by the dark ethnic children advertising the Trust's sites, would Polish and other white faces be welcome? Where whites do appear, often with children of colour, they may be fill-ins for those who were unavailable at particular photoshoots. Even the mother with three children appealing to 'Look after the places that make life special' wears a hijab.

My spring magazine arrives fronted by an ugly man with a massive head, one bejewelled Imperial eagle on his head and another on his chest. This is Henry Paget, 5th Marquess of Anglesey, who inherited Plas Newydd and splashed his fortune on flamboyant costumes and theatricals. The Trust admits that 'many assumed he had same-sex relationships, although there is no evidence of this.' Then there is Edith Craig of Smallhythe Place, Kent, who shared her house with two close female friends.

As every publication, show, film, firm, must have a LGBT promotion, the Trust is not going to be left out of this Gadarene stampede. Indeed, it 'challenges the notion of a historic house' or the heritage it is supposed to conserve, in favour of a 'national Prejudice and Pride programme' marking 50 years since the partial [?] decriminalisation of homosexuality. By exalting places where homosexuals might have trod, it is 'celebrating' those who 'challenged conventional notions of gender and sexuality'. These also appear to be in short supply. Never mind: 'the less visible residents of Trust places – the servants, the gardeners, the chauffeurs' may all have had 'lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender experiences'. To 'acknowledge the potential of queer stories' is 'to open a space for their recovery.' Now kiddies, think of what the butler might have been doing with the stable boys. More fun!

*Patricia Morgan*

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