

## Saved at the post

## Nerve tingler

## Bernard Levin: the way we live now

# Hands up all in favour of democracy



## Ronald Butt

# Two essentials for Tory survival

Since then she has sh  
obdurate Heathites who



"come over to their side." The ad hoc staff protest committee, who meet Grade again tomorrow, now plan to place the advertisement on Monday. Its text: "Transmit or be damned."

## Solidarity

Could the breakaway Notts miners' union be the centre around which an alternative TUC crystallizes? Officially thought to be giving the TUC conference a wide berth, Notts NUM general secretary Roy Lynk was spotted entering a Blackpool hotel at the weekend. I understand he was the guest at a private buffet given by Eric Hammond, leader of the electricians' union. Hammond backs the engineering workers in their dispute with the TUC over accepting government money for ballots and has warned of a "cataclysmic split" in the union movement. He is obviously being taught by masters.

## Crash landing

Yesterday I reported how Sir Alfred Sherman, Tory philosopher and founder of the Centre for Policy Studies, was ejected from a private reception at the TUC conference in Blackpool. Today I have to report that he has gatecrashed another event hosted by Granada TV - a buffet for the TUC general council. On this occasion no one had the courage to throw him out, and he tumbled happily for an hour.

BARRY FANTONI



"No one wants your book but I know someone at Tory Central Office"

## Offside

Labour councillors in Swansea have got themselves into a proper tizzy over their much publicized opposition to apartheid. The council

found that he cannot even command the obedience of half his most militant section, even when they have a real grievance.

Now let us turn - the connection is stronger and deeper than that they are both men who stopped thinking altogether as soon as, about the time of the first Reform Bill, they had acquired their present set of beliefs - to Lord Wedderburn, the eminent juriconsult who may well be the

Few of the citizens of Wandsworth can be aware that living in their midst, in the humdrum surroundings of Gressenhall Road, SW18, is the Fourth Successor of the Promised Messiah. But that is what more than 10 million Ahmadi Muslims scattered around the world believe, recognizing Hazrat Mirza Tahir Ahmed as the supreme head of their movement.

Of those 10 million, not more than about 10,000 live in Britain. The largest number - three or four million - live in Pakistan and so, until last year, did Mirza Tahir. He would much rather be there still, enjoying the mangoes from his gardens at Rabwah, in Punjab, which he boasts are the best in Pakistan. But circumstances have for the moment made that impossible.

The Ahmadis were enthusiastic supporters of the creation of Pakistan and provided its first foreign minister, Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, who died last Sunday at the age of 92. But from the early days of the state they came under attack from the mullahs (orthodox religious leaders) as being non-Muslims because they regarded their 19th-century founder, Mirza Tahir's great-grandfather, as a prophet, whereas Muslim orthodoxy insists that Muhammad is the last of the prophets.

In 1953 a campaign to have them declared a non-Muslim minority led to serious rioting in Punjab. In 1974, the Prime Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, gave in to a second wave of agitation. The Ahmadis were officially declared non-Muslims and an affirmation of belief in the finality of Muhammad's prophethood was written into the oath of office of both president and prime minister.

Although thus excluded from high political office, and from marrying other Muslims, the Ahmadis were left largely undisturbed as a community until April 26 1984, when, after a further intensive campaign by mullahs, carried on with some official encouragement, President Zia promulgated an ordinance forbidding them to call themselves Muslims or use any Islamic terminology to describe their buildings and activities. They were also

not for some time now, that in the event of a Labour government taking office after the next general election, Lord Wedderburn would be appointed Lord Chief Justice as soon as the post fell vacant, at which, I confess, thoughts of horses and consuls sprang unbidden to my mind.

All this, as you may suppose, is tending somewhat. It is tending towards the conclusion that this

is a natural to anyone who has ever owned an old, blind, incontinent and smelly dog which they cannot bear to have put down, is enthusiastically bringing that day nearer by its magnificent idiocy over the AUEW's determination to take public money for its postal ballots.)

Some are now saying that the legislation has failed because it has rebounded upon its initiators; many strike ballots, conducted under the

## Edward Mortimer meets the spiritual leader of 10 million whose life could be at risk

# The Muslim feud Pakistan has exported to SW18

It was immediately after this that Mirza Tahir left Pakistan and came to London. The anti-Ahmadi campaign had included accusations that the movement had kidnapped a well-known mullah, and demanded that Mirza Tahir should be interrogated in connection with this crime. But, he insists, he is not in any sense a fugitive from justice.

"As far as the government of Pakistan is concerned, it has not levelled any accusation against me or initiated any inquiries against me, in spite of pressure from the mullahs." The government, he says, had held a series of inquiries into the alleged kidnapping, each of which "reached a stage where it exonerated me and the community", but each time the findings were kept secret and a new inquiry was set up.

This had been going on for 18 months before Mirza Tahir left Pakistan on April 26 last year. What made him decide to leave, he says, was "not any allegation but the ordinance of April 26" which "did not leave any room for any head of the Ahmadi community to remain in Pakistan".

The Ahmadis firmly believe themselves to be Muslims - indeed the only true Muslims, recalled to the essence of Islam by the message of their founder, Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. This does not, they say, involve any denial of the Prophet Muhammad's status as "Seal of the Prophets" (Khatm al-Nabi'in), because Mirza Ghulam did not claim to bring a new revelation of divine law which would replace or

the law of Moses and the gospel of Jesus Christ.

That being so, it is clearly impossible for the head of the Ahmadi community to discharge his duties without making any public reference to Islam. Yet, under the terms of the ordinance, anyone claiming publicly to be a Muslim is required to declare that he regards Mirza Ghulam as an impostor - something equally impossible for a conscientious Ahmadi to do. Mirza Tahir was thus obliged to leave Pakistan to continue discharging his duties as head of the community.

Not that he is a stranger to this country. He studied here in the 1950s at the School of Oriental and African Studies. In this respect there is some similarity to the Ismaili community whose leader, the Aga Khan, studied at Harvard under the great British orientalist Sir Hamilton Gibb.

But Ahmadis stress that whereas Ismailis are a very wealthy community whose prosperity derives from commerce, and which does not actively seek converts, the Ahmadi community has relatively small economic resources - its most distinguished members being public servants such as diplomats or army officers - but does seek actively to propagate its version of Islam throughout the five continents.

Certainly the "London Mosque" in Gressenhall Street is a modest affair, without pretension to rival the glamour of the new Ismaili Centre in South Kensington. A larger centre for the Ahmadi

proaches, I believe that the weasel words of the Labour Party will be seen to be quite inadequate as a guarantee that the union members' newly-acquired democratic rights will not be stolen from them and given back to the Scargills and Bucktons and Todds. And that is only one of the reasons for my belief that Mrs Thatcher will win her third, vital term.

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Mirza Tahir: had to leave

seem provocative, but the Ahmadis were using it as a telegraphic address in 1924, long before the present capital of Pakistan, or indeed Pakistan itself, was even on the drawing board.

The irony is that in present-day Pakistan it is a crime even to describe any Ahmadi building as a "mosque". Worse than that, a climate has been created in which mullahs can with impunity describe Ahmadis as enemies of Islam deserving death, and anyone who has a grudge against an individual Ahmadi can take action against him with little fear of legal sanction. Ten prominent Ahmadis have been murdered in Pakistan since April 1983, mostly in the province of Sind, and attempts have been made on the lives of three others. In no case has the assailant been arrested.

Last month an anti-Ahmadi conference was held in London. Participants, speaking in Urdu, are said to have described assassination of Ahmadi leaders as a sure way to enter paradise. In a message, President Zia promised to "persevere in our effort to ensure that this cancer is exterminated".

Mirza Tahir has not asked for asylum in Britain. He remains here temporarily - resisting appeals from the growing Ahmadi community in America (particularly among American blacks) for him to make his home there - because London provides not only religious freedom but also an ideal situation for contact with Pakistan and other countries. He firmly expects to

naighter for strength in one set of circumstances, it will not acclaim her if it believes that she is now displaying not strength but rigidity. Besides, the electorate becomes bored in time with any style of politics, and custom is perhaps beginning to stale Mrs Thatcher's. She is not helped by the instinctive urge of the media for change and she suffers from the instinctive dislike of probably most media individuals (I do not refer to official editorial positions, or official television neutrality) which subliminally colours much news analysis, not least on some allegedly neutral television current affairs programmes.

Many opinion-formers still long for the vision of the planned society which formed their own opinions in the Sixties and Seventies. They long for government intervention in the name of every sort of equality. They detest her emphasis on personal responsibility and enterprise. They cannot bear the thought that Mrs Thatcher has been successful against inflation and in the resumption of economic growth when they expected her to fail. The popularity of her denationalization programme is an affront to their expectations. They have been wrong so far. But they now scent that the political wind is changing.

On Mrs Thatcher's side is the evidence that on most issues, unemployment apart, the country is

policies and today sit pinnacles above a cabin very much her own creation of great strength is also danger in eminence since she is much as embodying the error in her own person that error is laid at her door.

Her leadership could, of course, be seriously challenged before the next election: it would simply defeating for the party policies would come under pressure to change's sake if became seriously worried was looming. To yield pressure would be as dan stay rigidly in the present

Two things are needed that the government should more like a team in which members are seen to be more in their own right: the political independence to cabinet government above all, the Chancellor enabled to produce an ex but non-inflationary Budget directly (by creating or for acceptable lower-paid indirectly (by boosting engine for job-creation. making of the next six probably be crucial for ment's future. Communi presentation alone will third term for Mrs Thatcher

## moreover... Miles Kington

# Scotland relive the 45

Last Saturday afternoon I spent an enchanted hour in the Gramophone Emporium at 21, St Stephen Street, Edinburgh. If Aladdin had been an early music fan he could not have been locked away in a more enticing grotto. The place is stacked to the roof with ancient classical 78s, early jazz 78s, rare jazz LPs, antediluvian piano rolls, forgotten 45s of the 1950s and machines that will play the most historical records through great horns. I overheard an American asking proprietor Michael Levy how much one of these machines cost.

"That one is £450", said Levy. There was a silent pause.

"I only name that price because it is well worth it," said Levy. "We can do you a machine for £150. But for £450 we also throw in a stack of old 78s and 250 needles for the

"I'll come back to you player," said the American. "You do that," said Levy.

Like all great enthusiasts Levy is not content just with things he loved. He wants people to love it as well. He has started marketing 78s which are too rare or for people to buy, and over 30 tapes of jazz rarities and other rarities on Emporium shelves. I found buying two tapes which cost items as "She's a Corn-F Girl" by Mal Hallett; "I Pink with a Blue-eyed Ba and his Big Ten and "D Street Blues" by the M Blue Blowers." WARNING: Michael Levy on his sleep one. "Two of these vintage sides might be



Labour fiefdom, has banned Crawshaw's rugby club (vice-president Denis Thatcher) from appearing at the town's St Helens ground because of the invitation side's tour of South Africa. No sooner had this motion been passed when someone noticed that the ground has a huge display promoting South African Airways, which is wheeled out when Glamorgan plays cricket there. Now the city fathers are dithering over whether what is sauce for Crawshaw's is sauce for Glamorgan.

## Dab hands

The top available job in the art world, for which the outgoing Arts Minister, Lord Gowrie, is being tipped, is the chairmanship of Christie's. Gowrie used to work as a dealer for Thomas Gibson in London and would be the ideal man to restore confidence in the auction house, in the wake of its scandalous American operations. Meanwhile, Gowrie's successor, Richard Luce, drew a few sniggers yesterday by claiming he has always been interested in the arts. Only the other night, he said, he went to his local Chichester Theatre. An what was on? The low brow *Scarlet Pimpernel*, starring Donald Sinden.

**PHS**

forbidden to use the *azan*, or public call to prayer.

Deprived of his passport, unable to publish in Yugoslavia or travel abroad, Milovan Djilas is neither silent nor, at 74, retired. Today sees the publication here of the last of his volumes of memoirs; when I spoke to him earlier this week he had lost none of the political acumen which has marked his career as communist revolutionary, partisan leader, one of Tito's highest aides and, finally, rebel against the government he had helped create.

Djilas, unlike Sakharov and other Russian advocates of liberalization, is permitted to talk to foreign journalists. He does not stint his criticism.

For Djilas, the present Yugoslav state structure is incapable of dealing effectively with either the country's economic difficulties or its recurrent nationalist clashes, particularly over the Kosovo Albanians. Yugoslavia cannot offer an attractive model for Third World or Soviet bloc countries. The Hungarian economy is more successful, says Djilas, than Yugoslavia with its vaunted workers' self-management.

Djilas maintains that he would have grown increasingly critical of communism even without his break

with Tito or the rift with Moscow. He describes his visit to the Soviet Union early in 1948, when he was shocked by Stalin's gluttony and evil cunning. Stalin told the Yugoslavs to solve their difficulties with the Albanians promptly. "We have no special interest in Albania," he said. "We agree that Yugoslavia swallow Albania."

Did Djilas expect Mikhail Gorbachov to usher in a new period of reform? "This is not a man with fresh ideas; he has emerged from the apparat, more vigorous than his predecessors and keen to improve the system rather than change it." He thought President Reagan would cope well at the November summit. After long experience of dealing with communist leaders, Djilas is convinced that the only way to negotiate successfully is from a position of strength.

The Reagan approach was basi-

cally sound, although it could be "more elastic". While the West remains strong, Djilas believes there will be no major war. He has few doubts about Yugoslavia's policy towards Moscow; trade relations may grow, but there is no question of a return to the Soviet political sphere.

In his latest volume of memoirs, from 1945 to the present, Djilas describes his trials and years of imprisonment, made more bearable by the visits of his wife and son, and by writing novels and part of his translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* on toilet paper. Yet his treatment was better than that of the thousands of political prisoners who suffered the appalling conditions of Goli Otok, the barren rock in the northern Adriatic where the Tito regime, of which Djilas was then still part, confined the "Cominformists" and other opponents.

# Gorbachov, by the man who spoke to Stalin

community in Britain is now being built at Tilford, Surrey, under the name of "Islamabad" - which may return to Pakistan, hoping that "the ordinance will go overboard with the dictator himself".

Djilas does not deny his own part in this "tale of defeat and disgrace" which he sees as an inevitable consequence of concentrating absolute power in the hands of a few ideologically committed men.

Among several intriguing descriptions of the prominent politicians he met as leader of official delegations in the post-war years, Djilas tells of being received by Churchill, toothless and in his night-cap and still in bed in his London house, which was "no larger or more luxurious" than the villas of Yugoslav communist officials. They found much in common in their assessments of the USSR, but Churchill ended their talk with a compassionate plea that the Yugoslav government treat its peasants better. Djilas envied the "royalist unanimity of the British people" but found a luncheon with the editors of the most respected British newspapers as enjoyable as an interrogation by Yugoslav political police.

**Iain Elliot**

*Milovan Djilas's Rise and Fall is published today by Macmillan (£14.95).*

gramophone as well."

There were five people in the shop, though there was only room for four. We executed complicated minuets and gavottes, avoiding each other's feet and umbrellas. "Have you got any . . . ?" I asked Michael Levy.

"We have got everything," he said. "For instance, I think you will enjoy the LPs in this valise here."

From under the feet of an uncomplaining customer he drew forth a plastic handbag full of mouth-watering items. I picked out an LP by the great trumpeter Henry "Red" Allen, a man who had reached maturity by 1928 but who went on playing his eccentric, sideways-inspired trumpet for another 40 years, always sounding more advanced than anyone he ever played with.

"Is this . . . ?" I asked. "Yes, it is," said Michael Levy. "But Red Allen is really a bit modern for me. You'll have to ask Neil."

Neil was a young, twinkle-eyed assistant who had obviously been hired to deal with any music which was dangerously later than 1928. He looked at the LP and raised a thumb in my direction.

"If Neil raises his thumb, it's OK," said Michael Levy.

Williams sides might call . . . "I buy them as well."

Shuffling sideways at other customers, I found have always wanted, even didn't know they existed of 1950s tracks by Jimi spoon, the most beguiling singer who ever drew chuckle-inflected breath album of sides recorded Adrian Rollini, the invented the goofus air fountain pen, though playing the vibraphone.

"Are they . . . ?" Michael Levy.

"Neil would know," said Levy.

Neil raised a thumb. I was gunning down the London, playing Mich tapes on my Gottfried motorized tape system. I heard "Slippin' Around and Miff's Stompers or Like That" by Luis Burning Eight to better The long rolling green hill Steel's homeland, somehow very good backed by Sh and "Bessie Couldn't He only sad thing about getting London is that there was pre-historic bazaar-like Levy's Emporium to go to.

Those damned Scots I beaten again.