CHAPTER 1

NATIONAL IDENTITY AND GLOBAL MIGRATION: LISTENING TO THE "PARIAHS"

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Returning to Dublin in 2004 after fifty years away, I expected that when I walked past Bewley's Oriental Café the smell of coffee would evoke an almost Proustian recollection in me. As a child I lived for a time just near the Bagot Street Bridge. My Irish mother had brought her two sons "home." "Spud" Murphy, who taught us "the Irish" at school, used to greet me with "*A hogan dhu an gael?*" ("Do you speak Gaelic?") and then, since he knew I came from Fiji, would add, half in jest, "You eejit, Fiji, don't they even teach you the Gaelic down there?" As a child brought up on the myths and legends of Cúchulainn, Róisín Dubh, John Mitchel, and the evil Black and Tans, I resolved to avoid such mortification by learning Irish quickly. Snippets of the poems still come to me: "*Do eirig me a madhan* …" ("I get up in the morning …").

  This struggle to assimilate, to belong, was soon thwarted. It was not that identifying by speaking "the Irish" was a partial, nostalgic, and romantic choice of a way to belong but that, like millions of others before us, my brother, my mother, and I soon left again "across the water" in search of a better life. Since then we have lived in many countries, new versions of the wanderers in Greek, Jewish, and other ancient literatures. My late brother became culturally an Englishman, I moved on to Australia, and my mother wandered the world, to come to rest at ninety-eight years of age in the hills outside Melbourne.

  In 1952 we were still among the millions of forced migrants of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries who left the "old country" for

new peripheries. Like the myriad Irish men and women who had preceded us, when we left it was time for lament, above all for my mother, who still has a Paul Henry on her wall and who reminds us that John Mitchel, the leader of Young Ireland who was transported to Tasmania in 1849, was our ancestor. Now his face stares out from the mantelpiece of my home in the Morvan, deep in *la France profonde*. The millions who migrated in earlier centuries and from other far distant places also lamented. When I left Fiji they sang "*Isa Lei*" ("Isa, you are my only treasure"). When I left New Zealand they sang "*Po kare kare ana*" ("*E hine e, Hoki Mai ra,*" "My girl, return to me"). In the nineteenth century, when they left for the Australian colonies, they sang about "leaving old England forever." The voyage that they and we made after leaving was long: five weeks from Dún Laoghaire even in 1952. All that was home was being left for destinations that must sometimes have seemed like the gates of hell. I was reminded of this when I visited William Smith O'Brien's cottage at Port Arthur in Tasmania and gazed at the pictures on the walls and the names of the men who had stayed there or been transported for political crimes, including Canadians who had joined in the rising of 1837.

Long after they arrived in their new "homes" these migrants kept their languages and their customs, and they were torn between "Home" and home. This was a theme of Australian literature well into the twentieth century. It has also been captured beautifully in Alistair McLeod's haunting stories of Scots in the freezing fishing villages of Canada's east coast. The stories of migrants are myriad. Some decided to make the best of it, others to go Home, perhaps never to find it again, for Home has a way of disappearing into memory as customs and places change with time. I have seen a woman's letters that gradually changed from Gaelic into English over twenty years as her own Australian world changed. Her feelings are re-evoked in a recent collection by Denise Burns, who is trying to unite her two affinities, Australia and Ireland: "I realize I am working on it when I have dreams of North Queensland green frogs playing the bodhran" (Havenhand and McGregor 2003, 61).

In 1952, when my mother, my brother, and I left Ireland, we lamented as our forebears had for centuries. We knew that we had lost worlds in space and time. Those worlds would remain as no more than memories and deceits. Yet by 1982 the same was not true for migrants. After the 1980s their experience has been radically

changed by globalization, the process of creating a truly global market in capital, goods, and labour through the use of new digital technologies. Before it became obvious in the 1990s that the nation state had more capacity to survive than many had expected, the thrust of the process was summed up in the titles of two best-sellers by Kenichi Ohmae: *The Borderless World: Power and Strategy in the Interlinking Economy* and *The End of the Nation-State and the Rise of Regional Economies*. Despite the survival of nation states in a new form, globalized digital technologies have created a world as truly new as it became when Columbus first sighted the Americas. Globalization has completely changed the sense of time and space that tore us from our past and our roots in earlier times. No longer is the primary point of reference for our economics and social development, for capital and goods, the nation state. The destinies of the latter are decided by the flows of global capital and goods, and woe betide a state that ignores those imperatives. Labour follows those flows and is regulated by their requirements, being invited in or expelled as required by political actors, including the power brokers of nation states (see, for example, Human Rights Watch 2002). The best writers who used to argue that the nation state played a primary role in the global world of migration, such as Christian Joppke, cannot gainsay what everyday practice reveals today: global migration as a driver towards universalization (see Joppke 1999 and 2005). This reality is summed up in the words of Australia's leading scholar of such movement (Hugo 2002, 79):

> It is important to realize that in the early postwar era almost all Australians operated within labour markets bounded by a state so that they could see the capital city of the state as the centre of gravity of that labour market. Increasingly, those labour markets were extended to encompass the nation with the centre being in Sydney and, to a lesser extent, Melbourne. However, in the globalizing world of the last decade the boundaries of labour markets have extended further so that many look to global cities such as London and New York as the centre of gravity of their labour market.

My four children are now in Australia, but a couple of years ago two were working in New Zealand, another was in East Timor, and

another was checking out prospects in New York, and plans are again being made to work overseas. They are good evidence for Professor Hugo's assertion.

Scholars of globalization—of the lightning-fast movement of labour around the world and the emergence everywhere of multiethnic and multicultural societies as a result—have rightly noted that never before in recorded history has there been so much migration. It is important to indicate the dimensions of that migration. First, let us admit that most human beings still stay at home. They grow up there and they feel that they "belong." They are Irish or Australian or Canadian. Even if, as individuals, they migrate, it is in the expectation that they will either return home or simply change allegiance to a new home. They will either assimilate or create a new syncretic culture.

Statistics give us only half the picture of what is happening. They are ever changing and gain meaning only as a long series. They also depend for their usefulness on definitions, on answers to questions on departure cards such as, are you departing "permanently" or "long term" (meaning, in the Australian case, for longer than twelve months)? They require interpretation to help us to understand our problem. For example, most of the people who made the one billion overseas trips recorded in 2001 by travel agencies would fall into the group of those who "belong." If these trips were made on the basis of one to each person, that would mean that one fifth of the world's population went overseas, but probably most are multiple trips made by much smaller numbers of businesspeople. Australia had a population of 20 million in 2001. Three and a half millions made overseas trips that year. Clearly most came home, or the country would be even more sparsely populated than it is. This is much less true, however, of the 150 million or more people who migrate every year inside huge territorial states such as China and Indonesia, or the further 100 million who leave legally for permanent destinations overseas every year, or the 22 million refugees and similar individuals who have no place to go. These figures still leave out an incalculable number of illegal migrants (see UNRISD, and Castles and Miller 1993).

In the nineteenth century people were transported from Europe and then from South Asia, Vietnam, or China to serve as labourers in vast diasporas. Nothing has really changed in that regard. Human

beings are still forced to migrate by globalizing pressures, although today we separate definitionally, and with little justification, economic migrants from refugees and other categories (see Laferrière 1996). As Sami Nair (1997, 73) notes,

> We have entered a period of a huge displacement of population. I use the word "displacement" deliberately, for when the populations of entire regions leave this is not because they want to leave, but because they are obliged to by the situation. In fact, what is called globalization, the extending of the economy to the globe, goes together with uprooting of entire peoples, abandoned by the flight of productive structures, left to the blind forces of the world market. Even rich countries undergo these changes fully.

Nair also notes that now the migration is from peripheries to centres, if those terms have any more meaning; that the flow is much more rapid; and that the sort of labour to which migrants are put is quite different. Once destined to be agricultural labourers or factory fodder, today most go to take service jobs or highly skilled employment, both of which have been created by the global digital revolution (see Sassen 1998). Recently, even more unusual developments can be observed around the world, and particularly in Australia and Canada. We might wonder whether these developments are working in reverse for the Republic of Ireland, which was once characterized by net emigration but is now host to thousands of immigrants. It is striking that in the past ten years or so one million Australians have left to find work overseas, an increase of 146 percent between 1992 and 2002, turning Australia from a destination for migrants to a transit station with as many emigrants as immigrants. You may wonder how many "still call Australia home." While they are still on their second way station they probably do, and then they think of it, as Italians and Chinese of an earlier generation did, as the place they want to be buried in. The jury, however, is still out for the real wanderers who have lived in three or more countries. One third of those who have left say that they are not sure whether they will return to Australia and 20 percent of males say that they will not (Hugo 2002, 79, 88). Unwittingly supporting the notion of the transit station is a Victorian survey that showed that more than 80 percent

of such emigrants intended to return to Australia, and one-quarter said that they would do so within two years (Williams 2003).

These migrating masses, including the Australians, certainly head to *El Norte* or *l'Amérique*, as their forebears did, to get a job in the global markets as opportunities are destroyed at home. However, they also increasingly expect to move on to new places of employment or return to base much more rapidly and frequently than they did (see Ong 1999, and Hewison and Young 2006). Families live in different states and commute by plane, as, for example, Hong Kong's "astronauts" shuttle each weekend to and from Australia and the United States. They are polyglot and multiethnic, and frequently hold two or more passports. Their children change from idiom to idiom depending which branch of the family they are visiting. A "semi-English," the lingua franca of a new global workforce, is now spoken, David Crystal (1996) tells us, by one-fifth of the world's population. The overall result is the "ethnoscape" described by Appadurai (1990, 297) and exemplified by O'Connell Street in Dublin. This makes global migration qualitatively different in character from earlier migrations. People who live in this way belong in many places and in one at the same time. They may experience striking generational clashes, as exemplified in Clara Law's film about the Chinese diaspora, *Floating Life* (1996), but their world is small when compared to the world separated by vast distances in space and time that I grew up in. The notion of a global neighbourhood is no mere metaphor for them.

The global migrant of today is often described in the literature as being "in between" or "in transition" (Blanc, Basch, and Schiller 1995). I use the image of the airport transit lounge, a place of quick and superficial familiarity, where most travellers are going to or from home, but 10 percent are just going. If they are refugees, they often do not know whence or whither, as the immense forces of globalization hurl them forward in a quest for survival. This travelling mass cannot have their common identity defined by their origins, or, like some latter-day Pilgrim Fathers, or Zionists, or the "builders of Britain in the southern seas," by their projects. They are related to the others only by their present condition as members of a mobile workforce, with many places of abode or none. The common humanity seen in the quick smile and nod in that transit lounge

comes from their common fluid situation of being, their anonymity or lack of discernible status or identity. Hannah Arendt, herself a refugee without a destination, saw them as "*Heimatlos*" and drew our attention to the idea that we should learn our modern morality and ethics from the pariahs of the world, as they are the symptomatic group of the modern age. She added, "I am more than ever of the opinion that a decent human existence is possible today only on the fringes of society, where one then runs the risk of starving or being stoned to death" (Arendt 1992, 29). She wrote mostly of Jews and other displaced persons in the aftermath of the Second World War, but today the *Heimatlos* are between two and five times as numerous, and of all races, ethnicities, and religions.

What globalization has produced is a new world, which has been added on to an old majority world of nation states that undeniably still exists and continues to try to plug up increasingly porous borders. It is certainly still a smaller world, but it is a world in which millions live. The French call it their *vécu*. It is by reference to this world of "ethnoscapes" that its denizens establish how they see themselves and their hierarchies of values. I wish to focus for a moment on the reality of a totally new world, as it is so important to the themes of this book. It has brought a changed sense of time and space for millions of migrants, many more than in the whole of previous history. It is this that marks off the experience of the migrant today from those in past eras. In 2004 a plane brought me from Melbourne to Dublin in twenty-four hours, for one-fifth of what it cost fifty years ago. I remain in constant telephone contact with all those who are dear and not so dear to me. Above all there is the miracle of the Internet, which means that for work purposes I am there and here at the same time. If in 1952 my family was perhaps a little unusual as we had already lived in five countries, today, when I have lived in ten, I am no longer unusual. Push me hard and I would not be able to say where "Home" really is, and I certainly did not think of singing a lament when I left Melbourne: I can be back there in no time. I carry two passports, an Australian one and an Irish one.

The migrant of today may and can live in many places almost at once. Not enough is being written about the effect of these changed rhythms, or the way they create a new world emotionally. One Anglo-Bangladeshi young woman said, "They say that home is where the

heart is, but I do not know where my heart is" (Eade 1997, 159). I do not know either. Nor, I will suggest, do millions of others.

I suggest that this new worldview "from below," or "of the sparrows," is almost totally ignored by those "who belong." I believe that it is inattention to their lived world and its feelings that will doom to failure the policies being adopted by "host" communities around the globe in what has been called the "new nationalism." Empowerment for human beings based exclusively on having a single national identity is no longer appropriate to the world. Dual nationality is allowed by increasing numbers of states. There are just too many people for whom the notion of a single national identity lacks validity or for whom categorization as exceptions appears increasingly nonsensical. Our task is to make that clear to people who do not agree.

Since Aristotle proclaimed that a person without citizenship was like Homer's madman, without hearth or home and rightly excluded, the *Heimatlos* have been seen as deeply threatening to those who "belong" to a community united by its common past and values. In the world of the city state, the *polis*, a person was defined and found identity in where he or she came from, through a "heritage." Thucydides (1968, 116) puts into the mouth of Pericles a speech that set the tone for what was expected:

> I shall begin by speaking about our ancestors, since it is only right and proper … to pay them the honour of recalling what they did. In this land of ours there have always been the same people living from generation to generation up till now, and they, by their courage and their virtues, have handed it on to us, a free country.

Newcomers could be allowed to join, to belong, only by leaving behind their past and adopting the heritage of their place of destination, which became their new home. In the world of nation states that emerged from the sixteenth century onwards the demand was that an outsider, the Other, who wanted some rights—that is, an identity—had to join the national family by naturalizing, or by repudiating the heritage of his or her parentage. Even Australia, a country desperate for immigrants that made it ever easier between

1967 and 1994 for migrants to obtain nationality and citizenship, still demands knowledge of English, albeit rudimentary, a short period of continuous residence, and an oath of allegiance implying readiness to fight for Australia in a war. In each demand we see the underlying claim to loyalty to a putative national culture, to the Australian heritage, the Anzac tradition (see Davidson 2003).

   In a world of Homes, where everyone was identified by what national family they belonged to, or where they came from, it was not surprising that when a person left one Home for another, that person had to give up or transfer some of the loyalties she had to her forebears in order to be assimilated and to be acceptable. While this was a hard and sometimes cruel choice, it was manageable while the numbers of new arrivals were few. Again not surprisingly, new countries such as Canada or Australia, whose populations were built on immigration, were the first to face the reality that having too many newcomers makes a rapid and radical transfer of loyalties impractical.

   I will again use Australia to illustrate this assertion. It is obvious that even by the end of the nineteenth century the sense of a heritage or patrimony that demanded loyalty was weak in Australia. This was true when compared with the great open republics of France and the United States, or oppressed nations even in the mid-twentieth century. Nevertheless, in breeding that curious hybrid the Anglo-Celt, so aptly discussed by Michael Hogan (1987), there was at least some sense that the "crimson thread" that united us all was loyalty to Britain and British traditions. There was also a fierce commitment to defence of the national borders from the supposed hordes of peoples of other races who might immigrate and threaten that British heritage. There are cannons designed to repel the Russian menace from the south coast of Australia rusting just before my window as I write this.

   Australian subjects of Her Majesty defined themselves by their whiteness until 1967. This meant that even Russians really played less of a role in the national imagination than Asians did. Yet Australia was built on immigration, and from 1945 the government made it easier and easier to immigrate and to obtain citizenship. By 1990 Chinese and Vietnamese were only just behind Britons and New Zealanders among new arrivals and citizens. Australia demanded

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no more than that one half of a married couple speak rudimentary English and that they had resided for two years before they were invited, indeed at times practically begged, to swear the oath of allegiance.

The newcomers rapidly took on a multiethnic complexion after 1945 and today there are members of at least 150 ethnicities living in Australia. Faced with this plurality of voices, the Anglo-Celt majority conceded the right of the first generation to assimilate at their own pace, for that was what the vaunted multicultural policy amounted to. Their children, having been brought up in Australia, necessarily shared in its patrimony. Eventually, there were so many ethnics using their own idioms that even school curriculums were changed in the 1980s, as education for cross-cultural communication became an object. Again, this can be seen as a compromise by the majority. While learning foreign languages in order to understand other cultures is really futile when there are 150 of them, it did make clear that it was not disloyal to speak another language. Australians today are light years away from the 1950s, when Italians were told on buses to speak English and the inhospitable attitudes of the Anglo-Celts seemed "un-Christian" to the hapless *cafone* (see Bosi 1973). Today, because the children of parents from non-English-speaking backgrounds (known as "NESB" in Australia) speak English as well as their mother tongues, Australia can rightly boast that it is one of the most polyglot countries in the world.

Despite these compromises with a world of great numbers of migrants by a majority with little heritage of its own, the federal state, and most older Australians, still assumed that the process was one of shifting loyalties from an old Home to a new Home. This was revealed in the adamant refusal, expressly stated in the first National Agenda on Multiculturalism of 1989, to negotiate about the patrimony of British legal and political traditions. Australians learned to eat souvlaki, but not to trade in the Magna Carta for Aristotle.

The policy that newcomers are switching homes and allegiances, and that this is fair and just, basically worked until the migration of globalization started and a new world of millions of *Heimatlos*, people for whom a single place of belonging meant little or nothing, became a reality. This has brought Australia and most other nation

states face to face with the real problem of the beginning of the twenty-first century: that there are two different contexts within which individuals live today, and each establishes quite different worlds of meaning and hierarchies of value for those who live within them. Where there is more than one such world there can be only mutual incomprehension and a dialogue of the deaf. Long before Lyotard reminded us of this in his work on *le différend*, Bartolomé de Las Casas had been obliged to recognize the incommensurability of languages when considering the peoples living in the New World of the Americas. He argued that, just as Europeans esteemed these peoples of the Indies barbarous, so they considered Europeans barbarous because they could not understand them (Las Casas 1992). This realization that there could be no communication between people from different worlds about what is important and valuable, since only some practices and ethics have meaning for them in their context, was, however, made poignant by what Lyotard added. Where two such worlds meet and cannot understand each other, much less agree, it is the one that controls the contextual language that imposes its rules and its discourse, adjudicating when there is no rule of judgement applicable to both arguments: "A case of *différend* between two parties takes place when the 'regulation' of the conflict that opposes them is done in the idiom of one of the parties while the wrong suffered by the other is not signified in that idiom" (Lyotard 1983, 9).

   The two worlds, that of those who belong and that of the pariah, breed different understandings, not only about what matters and what we should be loyal to but also about what loyalty is. Writing about France, Sophie Duchesne (1997) has characterized these with regard to strangers and "non-citizens" as the "heritage" and the "scruples" approach. The first is broadly that adopted by the majority of people who grow up within one nation state. For them the highest value is loyalty to one's forefathers and to the patrimony, no matter how flawed, that they have passed on. For them outsiders, such as the millions of newcomers who form the labour force of globalization, cannot feel the same about that past, since it was not their forefathers who made that world. Those who "belong" see the immigrants as guests, obliged to abide by the loyalties of the "host" country. This is reiterated *ad nauseam* in the literature and epitomized

in the German word *Gastarbeiter* (literally, "guest worker").

The demand that new migrants commit themselves to a new exclusive history has no meaning for those whose loyalties are not to any past, and certainly not to a singular one.

Against the "Periclean" view of what makes humans loyal, Duchesne has perceived an alternative emerging , the "scruples" view, which defines loyalty not in terms of where people have come from but in terms of who they are making their future with. In pop language: "It ain't where you're from; it's where you're at." This view privileges space, and the relative indeterminacy and difference of people, over time and history. Those with "scruples" do not develop ethics of loyalty to others in the same predicament in terms of a common patrimony or where they come from. Arendt writes that the symptomatic pariah groups of our time develop a warmth of human relationships and can breed a kindliness and goodness, of which human beings are otherwise scarcely capable, because the worlds of belonging that kept them apart have literally disappeared (Arendt 1968). The loyalty to their heritage of those who "belong" is experienced by the pariahs as injustice and cruelty. Precisely what makes them *Heimatlos* also means that they cannot quickly find another Home. Pushed out by economic and political pressures, the suffering millions cannot queue in orderly fashion to get into safe havens, and they cannot fit in with the national priorities of these places. They come, and will come, legally or illegally. Often they have no precise place in mind but keep moving forward until they can stop. Today they know from bitter experience that they can expect little charity from the places in which they seek refuge. They are witnesses to the lack of charity of nationals attached to histories other than theirs. Tragic confirmation that this experience of the "wandering Jew" is now general for pariahs comes from the letters of so-called illegal aliens incarcerated in camps in remote places in Australia. A not untypical letter (quoted in Burnside 2003, 137) runs,

> You have written that you came from England to Australia. How did you leave such a good country and live in this country whose president is the enemy of humanity? Sorry you love it too much. But I can never forget what Australia did with me and rest of Tampa.

Like Kafka's K, they do not want charity from the Castle. They want rights and, since they belong nowhere, they want rights before they pledge loyalty to someone else's incomprehensible and emotionally meaningless history (see Davidson 1996)

Here we come to the dialogue of the deaf. It would be wrong simply to accuse the defenders of a heritage of being "out of date," or cruelly unaware of the changes imposed by globalization, or hypocritically willing to enjoy the benefits of globalization without assuming its burdens. A generation that has grown up as "nationals" can argue, rightly, that the highest virtue is loyalty to those who struggled to create a particular patrimony worthy of defence against change, and believe that newcomers must agree before being empowered. Coming from the pariahs, I cannot like nationalist views, but I would be foolish to think that my views make any sense to those living in their world, and vice versa. It is no consolation if in an academic conceit I tell myself that all nations are myths, built, as Ernest Renan told us, on forced amnesia about repressed minorities, and that both sides of politics have deliberately fostered a new nationalism during the past twenty years in Australia. It is futile to note that in schools in New South Wales the curriculum makes computer studies, civics, and Anzac history compulsory, in an unholy union of global technology and Periclean attitudes against the outsider, or that the federal civics programme is a total distortion of national history, in claiming that Australia is simply the best, fairest, freest, and most democratic of states, and therefore all young Australians should learn to defend it. Even if Home, as one single, exclusive place, is a completely irrelevant value for millions of migrants, it is not for the majority of Australians, Canadians, and Irish. The polls show overwhelming popular support for government policies of exclusion of global migrants except on national terms, even where there are blatant breaches of international law, as has been the case with Australian federal policy since the early 1990s.

The forced migrant knows that national majorities support the policies of their governments about who and what is a threat and should be excluded (Burnside 2003, 137). Another letter from a migrant detention centre reveals that they know that within a Home the scruples approach also exists: "I was thinking that all Australians are heartless. But I am now realizing that there are people outside

who really care and think about me" (Burnside 2003, 140). Among the young and those who have travelled or themselves are torn between Home and Home, the primary value is not loyalty to an exclusive set of forefathers or history but loyalty to all human beings. The polls show that they are a decided minority in most advanced countries, but as the global job market drives young people overseas their numbers can be expected to increase. Meanwhile, their readiness to endorse the clamour of the pariahs for universal rights makes it easy for the heritage group to depict them as disloyal to the nation.

We hear the clamour for rights from the *Heimatlos* and their supporters. Since rights are agonistic and legalistic, and arise from conflict, they generate winners and losers. They must threaten what the community putatively wants and weaken national identities. As the new nationalists refuse their international obligation to concede the priority of universal rights over those of any community, groups that demand their observance appear disloyal to the national heritage. Indeed, since universal rights by definition imply a critique of the claims of any community over individuals, the "scruples" group is necessarily critical of the priority given to the nation and national identity. Today, however, following the logic of *le différend*, the insistence that the highest values privilege individual rights is trumped practically everywhere by appeals to loyalty to a national patrimony. The reasons why the excluded want rights, and why they criticize charity, or, in Australia, the vaunted national "fair go," go unheard.

Even the views of the richest and most powerful of the new migrants go unheard or unheeded by the dominant national group who dispose such things according to the priorities of their world. The following lines come from the woman who set up the Southern Cross Association to represent the 860,000 Australian expatriates and led a successful campaign to defend them against loss of citizenship rights under section 17 of the Australian Nationality and Citizenship Act of 1948 (Havenhand 2003, 19–20).

> Expats are also punished … by the failure of Australian governments to properly consider the impact of laws and policies, or, in some cases, the lack thereof, on Australians living abroad. Some of this may simply be because our voices have never been heard in any organized fashion before.

We need to listen to such unheard voices as they express values for conviviality that arise from their powerlessness in a world where only those who belong nationally have any rights. As Alain Brossat (1994, 30) wrote, the lived question for pariahs is this:

> How does one keep civilization as a home, justice as one's horizon, communication as a vital everyday ambition in the very whirlwind that keeps you from *Zuhause*, from your elementary rights, your language and your community? How does one remain a civilized human being at heart through such brutalities and radical discontinuities?

If we wish to bridge the gap between the two worlds, we should listen attentively to the answers of the pariahs and their supporters about what is important for a virtuous human being in a globalized world.

The excluded pariah, buffeted by the misfortunes of his world, has known since Sophocles wrote about Oedipus that, as the outsider, he is doomed to be the object of the aggressive defensiveness of the warrior citizen. Constantine Cavafy, the child of a multiethnic society, wrote a poignant poem about the misplaced fear of the barbarians at the gate who are not there at all, yet that fear is what those who defend a patrimony feed on even today. Witness this letter: "Your government is always introducing us to your people that we are criminal or terrorist or something else" (Burnside 2003, 139). In relation to the nation state the pariahs want universal rights, but from those who "belong" they yearn for "care and thought." This could be misunderstood (and sometimes is) as a call to learn about them and why they come. It is this, but it is more. The surplus is to care without being able to understand them, who they "really" are, without first attributing an identity and a status to them. The view "from below" of the sparrows is far from that of the Olympian eagle concerned with *raison d'état*. Las Casas first saw the need for unreserved acceptance precisely because it was impossible to understand the world of the Indians, with whom there was no common language (see Davidson 2003 and Warner 1999).

Globalization's pariahs also know the virtues of rejecting Aristotle. They want others to live according to the value of mildness. Where

the Periclean view, which is still the highest virtue of the nation state, was masculine in its cult of the warrior citizen who will die for his heritage, mildness has been described as a "feminine" virtue (Bobbio 1995, 36–37). I have summed it up elsewhere as "holding to our belief about the good in the face of rival and disputing views, and yet not imposing our own view when we have the desire, the anger or the power to do so. It is thus an ethical attitude, not a legal right with a corollary duty" (Davidson 1997, 2).

The plea of the pariah in the face of *le différend* is for us all to suspend judgement, to live together and to convert by example. The virtues of trust, tolerance, and love move to the top of their hierarchies. It is therefore a demand for a return to something like religious ethics, not so far from the claim to universal rights, a claim asserting a recognition of the human being —Emmanuel Levinas (1969) would call it "the face before us" —shorn of any attribute. What are universal human rights but an insistence on respect for individual dignity shorn of social distinction, a respect that is never to be subordinated to any claimed common good? If the "common good" is given pre-eminence, it can quickly turn into oppression by the majority.

The pariahs' claim for rights and the privileging of these virtues is really circular. The ideas of Las Casas were quickly transformed by the fathers of international law, Francisco Suárez and Francisco de Vitoria, into a defence of free movement around the globe and intimations of a theory of world citizenship.

The lesson is for all humane beings is this. If we live in a world of the absolute Other, peopled by individuals whose histories have not been ours but with whom we must live in peace and harmony, we will have to accept each other much more at face value, without any attempt to explain things by reference to a history or culture behind the face we see. The sparrows have a very short historical memory.

I end with a reminder for those who still wish to see the world only from the point of view of those who belong. It comes from yet another wise "wandering Jew" writing about citizenship: "Man is not a tree and humanity is not a forest" (Levinas 1969).

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