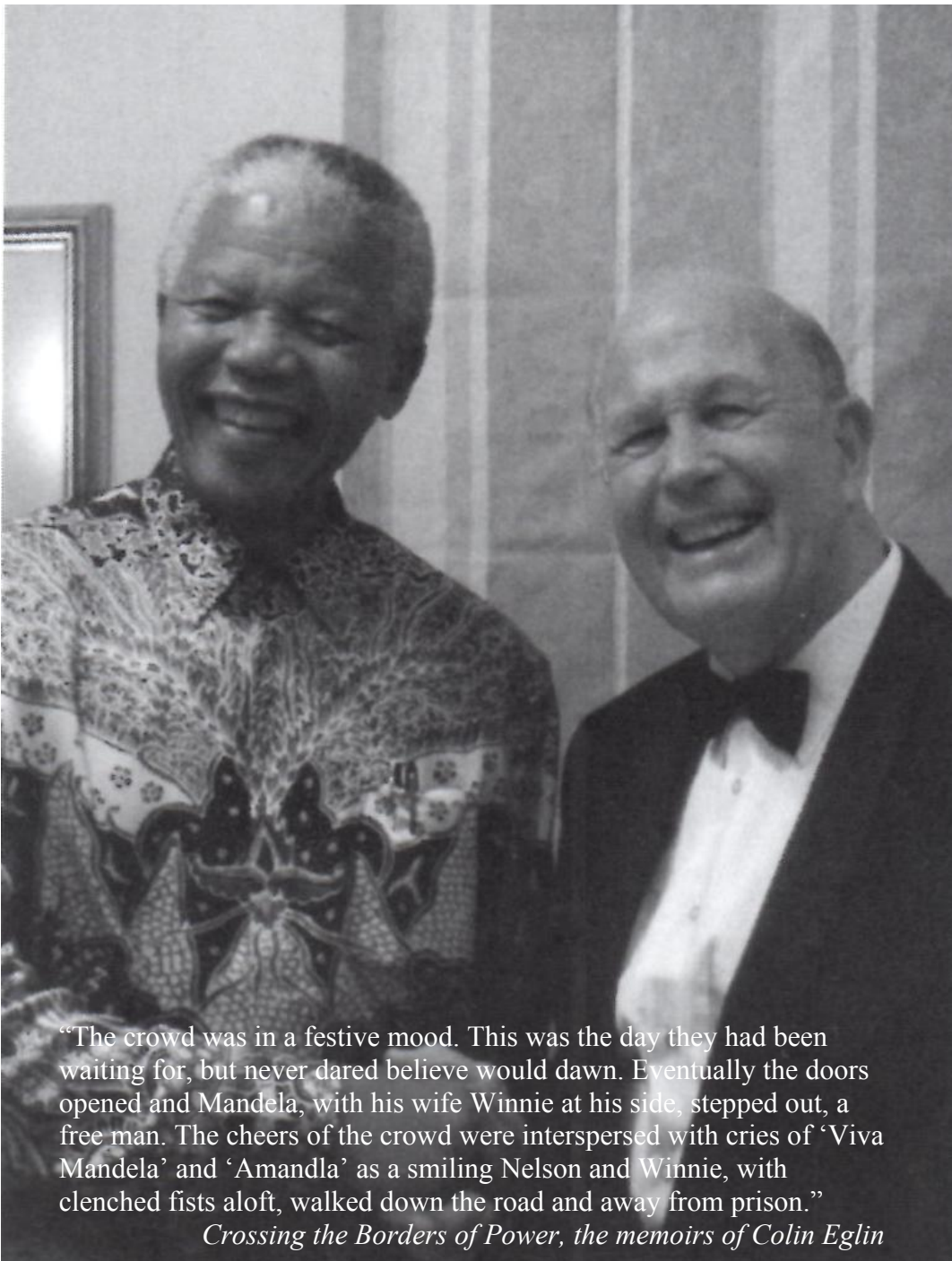




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INTERLIB

Journal of the Liberal International British Group



“The crowd was in a festive mood. This was the day they had been waiting for, but never dared believe would dawn. Eventually the doors opened and Mandela, with his wife Winnie at his side, stepped out, a free man. The cheers of the crowd were interspersed with cries of ‘Viva Mandela’ and ‘Amandla’ as a smiling Nelson and Winnie, with clenched fists aloft, walked down the road and away from prison.”

Crossing the Borders of Power, the memoirs of Colin Eglin

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Photo credits: Cover: Tina Hirsch (from Colin Eglin's autobiography *Crossing the Borders of Power* – Jonathan Ball Publishers, Johannesburg, 2007). Others by Stewart Rayment & the Helen Suzman Foundation.

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I had not anticipated another interLib in 2013. Though we all knew of Nelson Mandela's frail condition we hoped he would go on forever – he will of course. Mandela was not a Liberal, but a few days before his death South Africa lost another of its champions, Colin Eglin. A sad week. It felt appropriate to remember these giants of the political arena.

Stewart Rayment

Nelson Mandela – a memoir

The Rt Hon Lord (David) Steel of Aikwood KT KBE

Nelson Mandela was a unique example of grace and forgiveness, leading his country out of minority rule to open democracy. He provides a permanent inspiration for other political leaders around the world on how to behave.

The world-wide resistance to apartheid can be said to have started in earnest in March 1960 when 69 protesters outside a police station in Sharpeville were shot dead. The Sharpeville massacre as it became known caused the formation of the Anti-Apartheid Movement (AAM) and as student at Edinburgh University I was an immediate member. A photograph on the steps of the Old Quadrangle shows me bearing a placard in a demonstration calling on the catering department to cease the sale of South African oranges. A more serious demonstration lasted for years on the pavement outside the South African embassy in Trafalgar Square.

Nelson Mandela was by this time a prisoner on Robben Island (along with many others I have visited his former cell on the island – now a major tourist attraction – where the guides are former fellow prisoners). The President of the African National Congress was Oliver Tambo who lived in exile in London and with whom I shared regular platforms at AAM rallies.

In 1966 a delegation from the AAM headed by their brilliant secretary Abdul Minty waited on me in the central lobby of Parliament to ask me to become the Movement's President. As a new and junior MP I was astonished. "Why me?" I asked. They explained without embarrassment that they had lost their first President, Barbara Castle, to the Cabinet in 1964 and had now just lost their second, David Ennals, for the same reason; "So we are looking for someone not likely to go into the Cabinet! I accepted and held office until I became Liberal Chief Whip in 1970, being succeeded by the much more appropriate Bishop Ambrose Reeves and then Archbishop Trevor Huddleston.

In 1970 we had the embarrassment of a tour in the UK of the Springbok rugby team – white only of course. The "Stop the Seventies Tour" organization had sprung up alongside the AAM, but not part of it, to object to rugby and cricket teams chosen on a racist basis touring Britain. Some of their methods were unpopular such as the digging up of cricket pitches. Unfortunately one of the Springbok matches was to be in my own constituency where rugby is almost a second religion. My opposition to the match nearly cost me my seat as my majority slumped that year to 550 after three recounts.

I made the first of many visits to South Africa in 1972 where I stayed with one of the leaders of the Black Sash – the brave white ladies who struggled to help the victims of apartheid and publicise the injustices of the system. It was odd having to meet "banned" persons like Helen Joseph only in the pews of St George's Cathedral. When I was Liberal leader I gave the annual freedom lecture at Cape Town university in 1986, visiting among others Desmond Tutu and Chief Buthelezi (as a result of the latter Winnie Mandela refused to meet me) and memorably Alan Paton, the author of *Cry the Beloved Country*, and of course Helen Suzman – at that time the sole opponent of apartheid in the South African Parliament who was to become a good friend.

One memorable meeting was with the Foreign Minister Pik Botha. By this time Nelson Mandela had been moved from Robben Island to Pollsmoor prison on the mainland, but I had been refused permission to visit him. I protested to Botha, and he complained that we were paying too much attention to "this terrorist" – "The chap's got no experience of government. He's hardly made a speech or held a press conference". He must have seen my jaw dropping for he added quickly "Not that it's entirely his fault". So my first meeting with Nelson Mandela was when I was to receive him at the House of Commons on his first visit to London four years later.

But in 1986 it was still the policy of Her Majesty's Government for ministers not to talk with the ANC as a "terrorist organization". Immediately after my conversation with Botha I was in Lusaka dining with President Kenneth Kaunda, who was convinced that the third world war would break out over South Africa. Zambia hosted the liberation centre which included the ANC and other movements. The British High Commissioner hosted in his residence a meeting with Oliver Tambo and his young aide Thabo Mbeki, later to become co-campaigner at many events and in due course Mandela's successor as President.

In 1988 the impresario Tony Hollingsworth organized an extraordinary concert at Wembley stadium ostensibly to celebrate Nelson's 70th birthday, but in fact to galvanise public opinion world-wide to press for his release. Robert Hughes MP (now Lord Hughes) was the active chairman of the AAM's executive committee and liaised over the hugely successful event. It included major international stars speaking or singing including Harry Belafonte, Stevie Wonder, Jessye Norman and Richard Attenborough. It was broadcast to 67 countries with an estimated audience of over 600 million. There is no doubt that the event hardened sanctions against South Africa (crucially in the USA) and added pressure for Mandela's release.

When eventually he was released a second similar event was organized in 1990 two months after his release when the man himself spoke for half an hour calling for sanctions to be maintained until the regime changed. He received an 8 minute standing ovation before he could even speak.

David Steel

**Long live Mandela- in the next life!
Viva!**

Dear Friends,

As my childhood hero slipped away from his life on Earth, I kindly ask that you pause tonight or in the morning to think on the life of Nelson R Mandela, former President of the Republic of South Africa.

Madiba's office sent me a photograph of him in 1999 as he retired from Presidential office. It is a great gift which I treasure.

He has slipped away from this life, may each of us reflect on the purpose of our own lives and the

things we can each do to support each other in the great spirit of Ubuntu.

Ubuntu is an African philosophy, ancient, but a believe well versed by Madiba who said that "we are who we are because of other people".

I am who I am because of Mandela!

With much love,

Mike Little

Thank you, Madiba. For freeing the people. Not just in South Africa. For saving a country I love from civil war. And for showing us what a man can be.

Steve Yolland

A visitor said to Mandela "You have given dignity to the black people". Mandela replied "No, you are wrong. I have given dignity to the white man. There is no dignity in the oppressor"

Wendy Kyrle Pope: Chair LI(BG)



Colin Eglin: Liberal Statesman

Tony Leon

In November 1994, at the end of the first session of South Africa's first democratic parliament, I arranged for a small group of Democratic Party MP's to have lunch in Pretoria with President Nelson Mandela to discuss some challenges affecting the new legislature. On arrival in the dining room at the official residence, Mandela arranged the seating with this instruction: "Colin, you sit at the head of the table- you are the senior man here in terms of service". Mandela was referring to our veteran parliamentary caucus chairman, Colin Eglin, who had first been elected to parliament some thirty -six years before in 1958. So advised, he and the rest of our group arranged ourselves and sat down to lunch. But Eglin, would outlast Mandela in terms of political service by some years –he would go on in parliament for another decade, finally retiring in 2004.

That Eglin and Mandela died a week apart and were buried within days of each other perhaps conjoins them in death, as sometimes the cycles of South Africa's turbulent political history brought them together in life. Eglin, ever the realist, would also have understood quite how Mandela's passing would overwhelm and dwarf everything and everyone else as well.

Eglin's death, at the age of 88 after a short illness, draws the curtain on an immense and consequential career characterised by equal measures of tenacity and intelligence, and an adaptive pragmatism which married the pursuit of principle to the realities of an often changing political environment. He was also famously irascible, and on his own description had a reputation for being "Mr Gruff". He was also fascinated by, and relentlessly travelled, the wider world, and even just months before his death had gone on a visit to some of the sites of his Second World War service in Europe. In fact his war service and action in Italy was the defining feature of his young life, which made a remarkable counterpoint to certain National Party MPs, who sabotaged the war effort, but who accused him and his party of being 'unpatriotic.'

The physical pain of his diminishing mobility being considerably outweighed, on his account, by the pleasure of meeting families of his fellow servicemen.

Colin outlived every political leader he served under or succeeded him, from Sir de Villiers Graaff to Dr Van Zyl Slabbert, bar this writer and current leader Helen Zille. Our own relationship, separated by a gulf of over three decades in age, was characterised by the fact that I was just thirteen years old when he first became leader of the Progressive Party in 1971 and when I became leader of the Democratic Party in 1994, he was still a member of its then very reduced parliamentary caucus. This rather intimidating fact certainly meant I paid special attention to his wise counsel and he was famously very forthright in the advice he provided. He was what could be described as a 'critical loyalist' –unflinching in his commitment to the political cause to which he devoted his life and unrelenting in his view on how it could be best advanced.

But of the many relationships he forged, both within the confines of party and across the political aisle, the most significant was with Helen Suzman. Appropriately both these fine servants of the liberal cause would be honoured by receiving the Liberal International Prize of Freedom. Eglin and Suzman and his other great political and personal friend (and leadership successor) Zach de Beer, were three of the baker's dozen parliamentarians who broke with the United Party over its equivocations on the racial issues which dominated white politics in 1959 and for the decades which followed. But in the 1961 general election it was only Suzman who retained her seat in parliament. But it was Eglin from outside of the legislature, first as the small Progressive Party executive chairman and later as leader, who provided the essential support. If Suzman provided the movement with its voice and charisma, it was Eglin who maintained, and crucially also modernised, its engine room. Suzman later wrote of his critical role: "It was only his own party that underrated him."

This criticism was correct in the sense, and despite Suzman's support for his leadership and opposition on both occasions to his ousting, that Eglin was twice elected and then replaced as party leader. His first tenure (1971-1979) was crowned by success –he led his party out of its one-seat marginalism on the periphery of white politics to official opposition status within six years. Yet he also became a personal victim of his own achievement. Because for all his outsize political gifts, he lacked the compelling charisma of one of the men he recruited from the groves of academe to parliamentary service, Van Zyl Slabbert, who ousted him as leader. Ironically, in turn, Slabbert had one crucial deficiency which Eglin had in spades: staying power. Eglin, on one occasion described the pursuit of the liberal cause on the stony soil of South Africa as “the politics of the long haul.” And when Slabbert, despairing of any change from the platform of the tricameral parliament, quit the leadership in a fiery act of self-immolation in 1986, it was again to Eglin that his shell-shocked colleagues turned to give the lead. His next leadership period was less successful and in the 1987 election, the resurgent right wing Conservative Party replaced the Progressive Federal Party as official opposition in 1987. A year later, Eglin handed over the leadership to his friend De Beer.

But freed of a leadership role, Eglin in parliament and more significantly at the World Trade Centre had his finest hour. He played an immense, often unheralded, role at the constitutional negotiations from 1991 onward, which inked the new constitution and the country's new democratic order, the achievement of which was the motive force for his five decades in politics. Colin Eglin was, in every sense, a great soldier.

Tony Leon was an MP from 1989 to 2009 and served as Leader of the Democratic Party and Democratic Alliance from 1994 to 2007.

A Tribute to Colin Eglin Peter Soal

Colin Eglin was a founder Trustee and one of the initiators of the Helen Suzman Foundation. During planning for the 1994 election with Colin, Zach de Beer, James Selfe, me and others, it was suggested that a Foundation be established as a vehicle for raising money abroad. The intention was that it would revert to a research organisation after the election, a task it has fulfilled admirably. We agreed on its establishment and I was sent off

to seek Helen's permission, which authority she readily gave.

Colin remained involved with the Foundation until recently when he retired as trustee. He was then made a Trustee Emeritus. This pleased him as he and Helen had a strong mutual regard and fondness for each other. It was Patty Suzman who wrote recently that Helen regarded Colin with great admiration - a high accolade as the list of those she admired wasn't very long!

Colin was born on 14 April 1925 into a modest Methodist family living in the first South African garden city of Pinelands. His father died when he was 9 and he was sent to live with an aunt and uncle who farmed near Hobhouse in the Eastern Free State. There he attended a mainly Afrikaans medium school and gained insight not only into the language but the psyche of the people. This stood him in good stead in the years to come when, as leader of the Party, he launched his 'Modern City Afrikaner' programme which was to produce, amongst others, Van Zyl Slabbert.

Following Hobhouse he attended the de Villiers Graaff High School at Villiersdorp where he matriculated at 14. At this tender age he registered at UCT for a Bachelor of Science degree in Quantity Surveying. War had been declared a few months earlier and Colin watched developments with great interest. It is romantic but incorrect to claim that Colin faked his age to go to war. In his memoirs he makes it clear that when he turned 18 in 1943 he came to an arrangement with his Professor that he would enlist and return after the war to complete his degree.

Now followed one of the most formative periods of his life. It included the battle of Mount Solé on his 20th birthday, a few weeks before the end of the war, an event which made an indelible impression on his soul. It was during these years that his commitment to democracy and liberty deepened. Mount Solé was a shrine for him as he returned there on many occasions during the next sixty eight years to stand gazing at the mountain where, as a young man, he became an adult. Colin's last trip to Mount Solé was just a few months ago.

He returned to UCT and completed his degree, married Joyce and moved to Pinelands. It was during this period that his interest in politics was awakened and he became a member of the Torch Commando. He was now deeply involved in

politics and became a member of the United Party being elected to the Pinelands Municipal Council, the Provincial Council and, in 1958 as the Member of Parliament for Pinelands. In 1959 he one of a small band, disillusioned with the UP lurch to the political right, who broke away and formed the Progressive Party. He and all the rest, except Helen, lost their seats in the 1961 election. Then followed the long slog to 1974.

Colin became the leader of the party in 1971 and in three short years, with his steely determination and unflagging energy, transformed it into a formidable force. In the 1974 election we won 6 seats and Pinelands followed at a by-election a few months later so that, in the words of Helen, "Mrs Rosenkowitz and her sextuplets" could march into Parliament when it reassembled shortly afterwards. Before he was re-elected to Parliament in 1974 he and Helen did a tour of Africa visiting a large number of important countries and speaking to their leaders, being warmly welcomed wherever they went. His intrigue with China led him to many visits and the appeal of that vast country and their people was such that he arranged for a number of groups to visit.

Internally, Colin was determined to improve the situation of the party and negotiated mergers with the Reformists in 1975 when they broke away from the United Party and with the Japie Basson group in 1977 when they declined to join the merger between the United Party and Theo Gerdener's Democratic Party. The new Progressive Federal Party became the Official Opposition at the 1977 election. Further challenges were put on hold as Van Zyl Slabbert became the leader of the party and Colin could devote his time and energy to his other loves - travel and Africa. He had a fascination with Africa and as the now spokesman for Foreign Affairs, visited most parts meeting with heads of state and influential decision makers. In later years he was a founder of the African Liberal Network.

But it was at Kempton Park that Colin came into his own. Many have said that it was as though his life to then had been preparation for just this moment. Much of our oft praised liberal constitution is due to Colin's clear grasp of the principles of liberal democracy and the constraints and provisions of those institutions charged with protecting and advancing these. Colin's negotiating prowess was recognised by Joe Slovo in particular and, when an impasse was reached, the two would get together and generally

find a compromise and way forward that enabled talks to continue and, eventually, a worthy constitution to emerge. His intellect, presence and engaging manner were recognised and respected by all in those tumultuous years of 1990-1993.

Following Joyce's death in 1997 he married Raili who cared for him tenderly in later years. He loved his family, especially his three daughters and was enormously proud of his five grandsons. Colin had a vastly generous character and I don't just mean that he always wanted to pay for lunch! He had a generosity of spirit and wanted the best for all. He worked for the common good. When the Progs were formed in 1959 we adopted a policy of qualified franchise on a common roll which was bold at the time. But, following the mergers in the 70's, he set up a committee under



the chairmanship of Van Zyl Slabbert to review our policies. He privately urged Van Zyl to arrive at a recommendation which included a general, universal franchise as this would include all our citizens and keep the PFP relevant.

Colin had a love for freedom, democracy, South Africa and all its people. David Steel has described him as "A giant of practical Liberalism" and that he certainly was, always providing sensible and realistic alternatives.

I join Andre du Toit when he writes that Colin made a remarkable and sustained contribution to our politics and public life for close to six decades and he will be sorely missed. Rest well, dear friend.

Peter Soal
Helen Suzman Foundation,

The View from Ankara

Dr Turhan Ozen

Turkey and its neighbourhood are exotic. It feels far away and very different. I am sure many in our audience have been to the region but there is still a lot of desire for further understanding. Nothing can replace having access to first hand experience for quenching our curiosity. We are lucky today to have plenty of that. All our speakers were born and brought up in Turkey.

FOCUS ON THE INDIVIDUAL

The subject that we have been asked to cover is challenging, with many actors, little known history, and peculiar conditions each adding to the complexity.

I have a scientific background. Scientists tackle complexity by trying to simplify the problem. For example, rather than looking for individual aspects we look for patterns that emerge to give an overview. This technique has helped us innovate ideas that were beyond imagination. However, in social sciences we need to be careful with this approach. We use words such as secular, liberal, Islamist, etc to communicate our opinions about people. Let me draw your attention to a couple of issues with this approach.

Firstly, as Liberal Democrats we champion the well-being of the individual because it is not possible to have a happy society with unhappy individuals. Often it is not possible to put individuals in one particular box or the other. They may belong to more than one or any at all. If we end up putting someone in the wrong box, we may end up turning their life into misery.

Secondly, the meaning that is attributed to the terminology varies depending on the personal experiences. In engineering for example, projects fail when the engineer does not have a good grasp of the terminology and misinterpret the ideas communicated to him. There are many countries that are called Republic which has nothing to do with democracy yet live in a monarchy which is an example for how a democracy should be.

When we speak about different parts of the world, we need focus on the individual and be cautious of what may go missing in translation. Error in science results in faulty application but a political misjudgement

results in terrible human misery. For example, our hesitation to denounce the military coup in Egypt resulted in hundreds of civilians being murdered and the military rule that was toppled down by peaceful protests returned to power.

OTTOMAN HERITAGE

It is difficult to understand Turkey, Middle East, Balkans and Caucasus without mentioning the Ottoman heritage and the traumatic experience of breaking up. Many conflicts that still remain unresolved stem from not breaking up along natural lines. Ottomans provided an environment where people from different races and religions lived mixed with each other. It is very difficult to break up a country that is not segregated.

People of Turkey are not made of one race of Turks. They share common genetic makeup and culture with Kurds, Armenians, Georgians, Greeks and all former Ottoman peoples. When I visited Armenia a couple of years ago, people were answering me back in Armenian because they were mistaking me for an Armenian. The food that I had was what my mother cooked at home. The music was the same tunes that I heard growing up, I could even understand some lyrics and they danced the same folk dances.

The Ottoman break-up was traumatic. Many people died, and many more had to abandon their homes. Having experienced this, the founders of the new states, including Turkey, tried build nation states with a uniform identity. It was a brutal process. Moreover, it failed to create wealth which could glue the society together and paranoid attitude towards the people prevented entrepreneurial spirit to develop. To justify their actions, ruling classes often resorted to politics of fear. Education system made people believe that everybody was scheming against them and neighbours were ready to invade their country at the first opportunity.

They treated their minorities terribly. As recently as 1989, a quarter of a million people were forced to exile from Bulgaria to Turkey. There are about a million people displaced from their homes because of the conflict between Armenia and Azerbaijan in 91.

Between 92 and 95, 100 thousand people were killed in Bosnia. In Turkey more than 40 thousand people died in conflicts with the Kurds since 85. Ten decades on continuing fragility of stability in Balkans, Caucasus, and Middle East is proof that nation building by design does not work.

When people talk about Ottomans, it is often mistaken for longing for an empire and dreaming of resurrecting it. Ottoman system was not ideal; it had its own problems. What people miss about Ottomans is not the empire they miss the culture of coexistence and embracement of diversity. People want their liberty. They want to be able to travel to the neighbouring countries to see their relatives and engage in trade with each other.

Let me share with you a personal memory. I was born in east Turkey. When we moved to Istanbul I could not speak Turkish. I was going to start school the next year. To prepare us, my mother banned talking Kurdish at home and she also asked us to not reveal our ethnicity to anybody.

In Turkey, every morning, schools start with an oath ceremony where all the students swear that they are Turkish and they will sacrifice themselves for the Turkish race. One morning a teacher approached me after the ceremony and asked if I was Turkish. I hesitated for a moment. I cannot tell you how long that short moment felt. So many thoughts went through my mind. I was torn apart between telling a lie or revealing my identity. I ended blurting out the truth but I was very worried for a long time about the repercussions. I cannot claim to speak for Kurdish people. I grew up in Istanbul I have not witnesses what they have been through. I would not mind being Turkish. However, I would be lying if I said I was Turkish. I am Kurdish and it is a strong part of my identity.

Recently these morning oaths were abolished in Turkey. I must praise the current government for doing that because it is a huge political risk in a country where 20-30% of the population votes for racist parties.

ISLAMOPHOBIA

Similar to my Kurdish Identity I also identify myself as Muslim but I cannot claim to speak on Muslims behalf. I do not practice it devoutly. However, religion plays a significant role in shaping the identity of a society. Even if an individual chooses to be atheist, their identity is shaped by religion as a consequence of living in the society. They end up culturally Jewish,

Christian, Muslim or any other religion. They can relate to the people sharing their culture. For example, Palestine problem is perceived as a Jewish-Muslim conflict but most vociferous campaigners that I know lobbying for Palestine in London are atheist.

Unfortunately, most of Middle East is suffering under similar terrible conditions ruled by regimes that impose their authority with fear similar to mafia. The public live in terrible conditions that do not improve while the ruling classes live in isolation and are prepared to do anything to maintain their grip on power. In order to justify their cruelty to the international community they resort to scaremongering. We often fall prey to this because we do not hear the voices of the public. There is especially a serious misrepresentation of Islam. In fact Islamic culture is exactly same as Jewish or Christian culture.

Civilisations evolve like the human growing up throughout life, learning from the past experiences into maturity. After we are born, we start learning few words first. Then we expand our vocabulary and start to grasp concepts. The way we understand jealousy, pride and hate is through either our own experience or by experience passed on to us by others. The best way to pass experience on is through stories.

Religion passes on such values through stories too. Religious texts consist of stories that instil or reinforce its values. The stories in the books of Islam, Judaism and Christianity are exactly the same deep in to the detail including the names of the heros.

The difference that we experience does not stem from belonging to different religions but due to different life experiences. The culture that you will experience in Armenia and Georgia is similar to Turkey or Middle East yet they are Christian countries.

In all countries which have high levels of poverty, people are religious. Religion is the last thread that binds them to life and gives them some hope to continue. In Georgia, I witnessed how churches are filling up with crowds of people in a constant stream. Walking in the streets of Tbilisi I felt like I am in Mecca. People stop when they see a church, turn to it, do some prayers and continue walking. It is similar to the circumambulation ritual in Mecca.

PEACE and STABILITY CAN BE ACHIEVED THROUGH EU MEMBERSHIP MODEL

Turkey has many unresolved problems with almost all its neighbours. With Greece there are disputes over the

Aegean Sea and Cyprus. Syria wants back the city of Hatay. Armenia calls the east of Turkey, 'Western Armenia'.

The prospect of Turkey joining in the EU is a natural solution to conflicts with Greece. There will not be any need to make a compromise on Aegean dispute because both countries will be able to move around it freely.

By developing a loose EU like trade agreements with the rest of the region Turkey can bring stability to the region and resolve these difficult conflicts. If people could trade with each other and their wealth start to depend on each other, the future generations can grow up without the hostile feelings instilled in them and celebrate all that they have in common. I believe this is the active foreign policy of Turkey at the moment.

In the last decade Turkey has taken brave steps in democratisation front as well. Their policies towards minorities is significantly better than the previous administrations. The conflict with Kurds seem to be on path to a resolution. They have also set a positive image for the Muslim culture with their success in improving their democracy and a growing economy. There is still a long way go and there is no room for complacency at this stage. The progress that Turkey has made is not only important for Turkey but is also an inspiration and hope for the people of many countries that Turkey has close ties with.

The Turkey Forum - The View from Ankara was held on Monday 4th November from 7.30pm at the National Liberal Club

Turhan Ozen is the chair of Liberal Democrat Friends of Turkey and the membership secretary of Ethnic Minority Liberal Democrats. He has been a member of the Liberal Democrats since 2007 & ran in 2010 local elections for Islington. He is a candidate for the 2014 European Parliament elections for London.

Other speakers were Selcuk Gultasli a journalist writing for the Zaman Media Group, based in Brussels, and Ekin Can Genc, the Inter-national Officer for Turkish Liberal Youth.



CONTRADICTIONS OF PALESTINE

These are some personal musings from my recent stay in Palestine. Others can and have recorded the history, this is something different.

We are walking on the ramparts of the old city of Jerusalem, ahead of us a middle aged woman shouts, in English, abuse at a man in a garden below us. She is accusing him of throwing rubbish onto the old Ottoman walls, she is probably right. He swears back at her. She looks at us, expecting support, she has heard us speaking and knows we speak English, she speaks to us. I turn my shoulder and blank her; normally I would have agreed with her. But this is his quarter of the city, he sees her as the other, an interloper, despite the rubbish we know he is right, it is his city, and he may do as he pleases.

We are walking through the old quarter of Nablus; our guide shows us photos of a family on a wall. They were killed when the occupying force thought that one of theirs had been killed by someone in the house, so they all died. The last time I saw photos like this was in a village high in the Apennines in Italy, there a whole village had been killed by the occupying force when someone in the village had killed one of the occupiers. Plus ca change, plus c'est the meme chose.

Now we are in an olive grove, high above the Jordan valley, the land below us is rich alluvial soil; in this climate it could sustain two crops a year. But the people whose land it is may not irrigate, so only one crop can be taken, wheat or maize and the vegetable which could have been grown must be imported. Meanwhile the occupiers, in their new properties high on the hill tops, have lawns and swimming pools. Anywhere in the Middle East that sort of use of water would be profligate, like the green ornamental shrubs I saw in Dubai being irrigated, but here it is wicked beyond belief.

As we walk along a short stretch of road a young conscript jumps out of his jeep, he is almost young enough to be my grandson. He is not quite sure who we are, so he cautions us to be careful. I resist the temptation to ask him if there are lions around, as all the local people couldn't be more friendly.

After a picnic lunch we visit one of the few water treatment plants that are allowed by the occupiers. One of the men treats us to an impromptu concert; the style in which he is singing comes from medieval Andalusia when the Moors ruled in southern Spain. It is ironic that in those 'barbaric' times all three Abrahamic faiths

lived in a sort of peaceful co-existence, rare today indeed.

Two days later we are in Bethlehem, standing by a Banksy cartoon, which happens to be on a very big wall, odd how the height of the houses in the old ghetto of Venice look very like a wall too. I wonder why this wall makes me think of that? I think of other walls I have seen, Hadrian's Wall, the Berlin Wall, the former now a tourist destination, the later crumbled into dust, one day here too.....

We return to Jerusalem on a local bus, our large suitcases in the place under the bus for big items. The soldiers of the occupation get on at a check point, they look at our passports and wish us good day, no one and no machine has checked our cases; clearly this is not a security check, but a system of control and humiliation. We've lived in London, we know what a security check it. Or is it a form of profiling, we are elderly and not Arab, we have seen profiling in London too, we know what it looks like.

Later in the souk, there are soldiers of the occupation perhaps two hundred metres apart, the souk is crowded, one could do a lot of damage before they could stop you, so what is their point, simply that they can?

Finally I am at the airport. There is a huge water feature, water spraying up from the ground and down from the ceiling, I am sure it is recycled, but what a mockery of the country which I have just left, where water can be turned off at the whim of the occupying power. I spend no money, but drink a lot of the (free) water and childishly flush a lot of toilets.

Janice Gupta Gwilliam

Obituary: Robert Scott 21 May, 1942 - 17 October, 2013

Few members of the Scottish Group have risen to the heights of a G8 Conference – Bob Scott is the exception; but then Bob was an exceptional man.

Bob Scott was born in Stanley, Perthshire, and spent a large part of his working life with the RAC where he rose through the ranks from patrolman to superintendant with responsibility for the North of Scotland, the Highlands and Islands. In the 1990's his career path changed and he entered politics. A dedicated Liberal and Liberal Democrat, Bob was elected to Perth and Kinross District Council in 1991 and to Tayside Regional Council at a by-election in

1993. When the elections were held for the new unitary council in 1995, Bob won the Strathord and Logiealmond Ward where he was re-elected until his retirement in 2007.

As convener of the council's roads and transport committee from 1998 to 2002 he had a very hands-on approach and could be found doing duties with the snow plough crews in mid-winter at Drumochter and acting as the co-driver for a ScotRail train between Perth and Inverness. In 2002 he was unanimously elected as the first Scottish Liberal Democrat Provost of Perth and Kinross. He was civic head and host during the G8 Conference at Gleneagles Hotel in 2005.

Among many other activities his interest in maps led him to become a volunteer with the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, both as a guide at their premises in the Fair Maids House in Perth and assisting with refurbishing and cataloguing the map collection in their archive. He had a lifelong fascination with lighthouses and following his retirement from the council, took up the study of pharology (the science of lighthouses) both in Scotland and abroad. He rapidly gained an encyclopaedic knowledge of many lighthouses in Scotland, having visited every one in Britain and further a field, and was a popular lecturer on the subject.

Councillor Peter Barrett, Scottish Liberal Democrat Leader on Perth and Kinross Council, described his friend and former colleague: "*He was kind and generous and a committed to Liberal ideals but with both feet firmly planted on the ground. He was a great counsel; a calming influence but also a committed and effective politician on the pavement in this community and in council committees. Bob was highly respected across the political spectrum.*"

We will miss him terribly. He was great fun to work with and we spent a lot of time arguing on the one hand and setting the world to rights on the other and I never doubted his judgement or his sincerity. He was extremely hard working, but campaigning with him had its frustrations. Bob knew everybody and would spend ages talking to one individual. I famously on one occasion canvassed two dozen houses while he was in one. When he emerged from the house he was fairly apologetic and admitted shortly afterwards that he'd had a cup of tea and two scones while I had been busy on the doorsteps.

Willie Wilson

reviews

On the Front Line, by Marie Colvin Harper Press 2012

Shoes, or their absence, that was always part of the problem. When she lost an eye, Marie Colvin was barefoot because it was easier to wade through water that way. She lost her life going back for her shoes. This may seem frivolous, but it is a common denominator.

I don't normally like journalists; as a politician I find them lazy and ill-informed, always looking for the downside. I'm not sure what their agenda is, but I



Collage from a series created by Lucy Brennan Shiel shortly after the death of Marie Colvin.

doubt if their employer's agenda is mine, nor the common peoples'. Colvin was an exception, her agenda was very much the people who suffer the consequences of war. That said, the likeness between Marie Colvin and Carmine Zuigiber is that she was always in the right place at the right time. Her motives, in the main laudable and her reportage often made a difference. War is never right, even when the cause is. As Colvin said 'the need for frontline objective reporting has never seemed clearer.'

I've never been in anything like the situations Colvin described. The closest was being escorted out of a Bethlehem refugee camp by the Israeli Defence Force – young conscriptees, terrified of the task before them (Dædalus couldn't have built a better maze) and thus potentially light on the trigger – their command post had lost sight of us and kidnappings were in vogue at the time. Unconcerned, we even managed to shake off

our PLO minders and met some Popular Front people. Colvin would probably have asked 'why were battlefield weapons deployed by the IDF for a policing task?'

In 1993 Marie made the front cover of *Vogue*, there's an accolade. The beginning this book is full of the tributes of the great and the good; somehow those of the women have the most resonance.

On the Front Line is, as it says, a collection of Marie Colvin's journalism and an indispensable memoir to the wars of our time, and also why they are always wrong.

Stewart Rayment

Scotland's Global Empire, a chronicle of Great Scots, by Jock Gallagher Whittles Publishing 2013 £20.00

I suspect many readers will have met Jock Gallagher at one Liberal conference or another. Now he has given us a chunky book in praise of Scots. I turned to 'The Power' since politics is our primary interest. Scotland has generally pulled above its weight in the Palace of Westminster and Jock credits 10 out of 53 Prime Ministers – Bute, Aberdeen, Balfour, Campbell Bannerman, Bonar Law, MacDonald, Douglas-Home, Blair and Brown. Gladstone was of course, MP for Midlothian and Churchill sat for a Dundee seat, though not as Prime Minister. Jock forgets Rosebery – don't they all? The only Liberal PM not to have his portrait hung at the National Liberal Club (unless you count a bit of stained glass). Jock is too gentle with them – ducks the issue of Blair and Brown and omits the serious crimes of Balfour & Bonar Law.

As to the others, south of the border it is good to be reminded that some of these villains are Scots - Gove, Fox, Iain Duncan Smith.

Of Liberals, as I've said, this is a gentle book, we all have our short-comings, but none so many as the small men who ousted Charles Kennedy & Ming Campbell.

But I am rambling, and you can read better in the book. There are international perspectives, sport, entertainment. And here's the secret (since it was almost certainly omitted for cost reasons) - here is a link to the website which has the index for the book - <http://www.whittlespublishing.com/userfiles/shop/231/Scotland's%20Global%20Empire%20Index.pdf>

Stewart Rayment

