

The United Nations throughout its 30-year history has not lived by the force of majorities; it has not lived by the force of arms. It has lived only—I repeat, only—because it has been thought that the nations of the world, assembled together, would give voice to the most decent and humane instincts of mankind. From this thought has come the moral authority of the United Nations, and from this thought its influence upon human affairs.

Actions like this do not go unnoticed. They do not succeed without consequences, many of which, while only imperfectly perceived at the time, soon become an ineradicable part of a new and regrettable reality. Let us make no mistake: at risk today is the moral authority which is the United Nations' only ultimate claim for the support of our peoples.

The decent and humane instincts of mankind! There was little room for them in the debate in the Third Committee. I believe that the United States was right in its unqualified opposition to the resolution, and I wished that the British representative on the Committee could have expressed himself in equally forthright terms; though perhaps this was too much to expect at a moment when Britain was preparing to receive, with the servility due to a large creditor, the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, one of the most energetic sponsors of the resolution, and the policy it represents, which in the end is nothing less than the elimination of the state of Israel and the moral and physical destruction of the Jewish people.

But I believe that the United States was also right in its grave warning of the consequences which would ensue for the United Nations itself, if the General Assembly in plenary session should endorse, as it has done, the resolution of its Third Committee. The United Nations may be an appropriate forum for discussion of the Arab-Israeli conflict in the hope of arriving at some

understanding which may help to promote the cause of peace. But it cannot fulfil that function if it has identified itself with the cause of anti-Semitism; much less can it pretend, with any credibility, to be the conscience of the world and the guardian of human rights and human dignity.

The United Nations has conferred upon anti-Semitism a moral authority it has never previously possessed in modern times, and threatens the world once again with all the horrors which were thought to have been exorcised by the defeat of National Socialism. Anti-Semitism was once the opium of the *lumpenproletariat* and the lower-middle classes, until for a time Hitler elevated it to the dignity of a national religion; today it has become the LSD of the Arab peoples, leading them, with the encouragement of the Soviet Union and its satellites, on dizzy trips into a stratosphere where the Final Solution may seem once again to be at hand. They cannot expect, however, nor can the United Nations expect, that countries with any claim to be civilised should accompany them on such a flight.

A DAY IN NEW YORK! A great city bankrupt; a Jewish writer and teacher, "New York's secular rabbi" (as Frank Kermode has called him) on his death bed; and the United Nations preparing to go on official record as an anti-Semitic organisation, like the Black Hundreds or the National-Socialist Party. It is not surprising, perhaps, that New York can be frightening. *Stupor mundi*, one might say, the wonder of the world, as it was said of the Emperor Frederick II, who alternately dazzled and scandalised his contemporaries by the mere fact that such a being could exist.

R

Kwickie Service

Nobody else in the queue suspects
my world is not yours. You let fall
my cold hand, bloom smothers my eyes.

From the deserted stop you watch me.
I am now among the others.
My pennies rattle in the plastic bowl.
Doors whisper shut. This *Kwickie Service*
(I think I have never seen you so sad)
draws me towards the ferry to cross
from your side of the river to mine.

Peter Reading

Home Office

I am given the advice but no definition, on entering the country, to have my position "regularised", which feels like being a member of a shadow cabinet shadowing his counterpart in the real government. The real government acts with power—the counterpart who devotes his time to power & not to shadowing. I am a shadow of the person I would be if I were in the home office & am full of dark resentments, being out of power, out of favour, outside the home office & still in it: I am a shadow citizen needing some kind designation, but they say:
who are you?—
who has loved,
a shadow making love
to a shadow, each with a power-

ful imagination of how powerful these shadows might be, given definition: what acts might we not perform!—as our counterparts in the flesh which is given definition by the bone—they tell me I might enter & I am given leave, but my position is not regularised, if I enter I may not stay under present regulations, my imagination is irregular, my position is not defined but in my imagination I am constantly entering in many irregular positions; we are shadows governed by a home office which is regular & interested in power; when one is out of power, one is neither regular nor interesting, one is a shadow of a home office, full of dark resentments.

Robert Vas Dias

The Hyperboreans

Those city states staked out
On flat, thousand-acre sites
Of damp moorland
Are the theoretical locations
Most of us inhabit.

The iron-bound, leather volumes
Of political philosophies
Silting the dust
In brown country-house libraries
Are fulfilled here .

(Just turning a tap on proves it).
Rough, pictish hordes scrabbling
Like bodied clouds
Drain away into our sealed ducts
From bare hills.

Though proofed against most of their
Uncivil, natural subversions,
We, too, invent,
Within bedded walls, our own
Distanced locations,

The unmapped settlements only we
Can find a way to, where a train
Stops by a sign

At the rail-head, near the new
Workers' co-op.

Helewyn the letters say. Cerilic
Or Gaelic? The paint glistens.
Stacked with soft peat,
A line of yellow trucks shunts out
To the power station;

While, on afforested slopes,
Chain-saws bite into spruce and fir.
The pine huts
Everyone lives in fresh keenly
Of green juniper;

Their strenuous inhabitants smile
In a chill light, then go on working.
They know all the
Objections to this bracken frontier,
Lawless, chastening;

And if their loves are seldom easy
Their only authorities are those
Black, cairnless summits,
And these their energetic combines
Are subduing.

Tom Paulin