GRADE 12, UNIT 1

INDEPENDENT LEARNING SELECTIONS

The Independent Learning selections will reside in the Interactive Student Edition in time for back to school 2016. Students will be able to interact with these texts by highlighting, taking notes, and responding to activities directly in the Interactive Student Edition for an interactive experience.

Until that time, the selections are available in this document. This unit includes:

Accidental Hero, Zadie Smith
The New Psychology of Leadership, Stephen D. Reicher, Michael J. Platow, and S. Alexander Haslam
Speech Before Her Troops, Queen Elizabeth I
The Battle of Maldon, from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 991, (trans. Burton Raffel)
Defending Nonviolent Resistance, Mohandas K. Gandhi
Pericles’ Funeral Oration, Thucydides (trans. Rex Warren)
About the Author
Thucydides (approx. 460–404 B.C.) was an ancient Greek historian and the author of History of the Peloponnesian War, the first account of the struggle between Athens and Sparta to analyze the warring nations’ moral and political policies. An Athenian general, he was exiled for twenty years after a military failure. Thucydides wrote his History in exile.

BACKGROUND
Sparta and Athens were the most powerful city-states in ancient Greece. After allying to defeat the Persian Empire, they turned on each other. The Peloponnesian War (431–404 B.C.) lasted thirty years and absorbed the entire Greek world. Sparta was victorious, but the long war left all of Greece impoverished.

Pericles’ Funeral Oration

In the same winter the Athenians, following their annual custom, gave a public funeral for those who had been the first to die in the war. These funerals are held in the following way: Two days before the ceremony the bones of the fallen are brought and put in a tent which has been erected, and people make whatever offerings they wish to their own dead. Then there is a funeral procession in which coffins of cypress wood are carried on wagons. There is one coffin for each tribe, which contains the bones of members of that tribe. One empty bier¹ is decorated and carried in the procession: This is for the missing, whose bodies could not be recovered. Everyone who wishes to, both citizens and foreigners, can join in the procession, and the women who are related to the dead are there to make their laments at the tomb. The bones are laid in the public burial place, which is in the most beautiful quarter outside the city walls. Here the Athenians always bury those who have fallen in war. The only exception is those who died at Marathon,² who, because their achievement was considered absolutely outstanding, were buried on the battlefield itself.

When the bones have been laid in the earth, a man chosen by the city for his intellectual gifts and for his general reputation makes an appropriate speech in praise of the dead, and after the speech all depart. This is the procedure at these burials, and all through the war, when the time came to do so, the Athenians followed this ancient custom. Now, at the burial of those who were the first to fall in the war Pericles, the son of Xanthippus,³ was chosen to make the speech. When the moment arrived, he came forward from the tomb and, standing on a high platform, so that he might be heard by as many people as possible in the crowd, he spoke as follows:
“Many of those who have spoken here in the past have praised the institution of this speech at the close of our ceremony. It seemed to them a mark of honor to our soldiers who have fallen in war that a speech should be made over them. I do not agree. These men have shown themselves valiant in action, and it would be enough, I think, for their glories to be proclaimed in action, as you have just seen it done at this funeral organized by the state. Our belief in the courage and manliness of so many should not be hazarded on the goodness or badness of one man’s speech. Then it is not easy to speak with a proper sense of balance, when a man’s listeners find it difficult to believe in the truth of what one is saying. The man who knows the facts and loves the dead may well think that an oration tells less than what he knows and what he would like to hear: Others who do not know so much may feel envy for the dead, and think the orator over-praises them, when he speaks of exploits that are beyond their own capacities. Praise of other people is tolerable only up to a certain point, the point where one still believes that one could do oneself some of the things one is hearing about. Once you get beyond this point, you will find people becoming jealous and incredulous. However, the fact is that this institution was set up and approved by our forefathers, and it is my duty to follow the tradition and do my best to meet the wishes and the expectations of every one of you.

“I shall begin by speaking about our ancestors, since it is only right and proper on such an occasion to pay them the honor 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. They certainly deserve our praise. Even more so do our fathers deserve it. For to the inheritance they had received they added all the empire we have now, and it was not without blood and toil that they handed it down to us of the present generation. And then we ourselves, assembled here today, who are mostly in the prime of life, have, in most directions, added to the power of our empire and have organized our State in such a way that it is perfectly well able to look after itself both in peace and in war.

“I have no wish to make a long speech on subjects familiar to you all: so I shall say nothing about the warlike deeds by which we acquired our power or the battles in which we or our fathers gallantly resisted our enemies, Greek or foreign. What I want to do is, in the first place, to discuss the spirit in which we faced our trials and also our constitution and the way of life which has made us great. After that I shall speak in praise of the dead, believing that this kind of speech is not inappropriate to the present occasion, and that this whole assembly, of citizens and foreigners, may listen to it with advantage.

“Let me say that our system of government does not copy the institutions of our neighbors. It is more the case of our being a model to others than of our imitating anyone else. Our constitution is called a democracy because power is in the hands not of a minority but of the whole people. When it is a question of settling private disputes, everyone is equal before the law; when it is a question of putting one person before another in positions of public responsibility, what counts is not membership of a particular class, but the actual ability which the man possesses. No one, so long as he has it in him to be of service to the state, is kept in political obscurity because of poverty. And, just as our political life is free and open, so is our day-to-day life in our relations with each other. We
do not get into a state with our next-door neighbor if he enjoys himself in his own way, nor do we give him the kind of black looks which, though they do no real harm, still do hurt people’s feelings. We are free and tolerant in our private lives; but in public affairs we keep to the law. This is because it commands our deep respect.

“We give our obedience to those whom we put in positions of authority, and we obey the laws themselves, especially those which are for the protection of the oppressed, and those unwritten laws which it is an acknowledged shame to break.

“And here is another point. When our work is over, we are in a position to enjoy all kinds of recreation for our spirits. There are various kinds of contests and sacrifices regularly throughout the year; in our own homes we find a beauty and a good taste which delight us every day and which drive away our cares. Then the greatness of our city brings it about that all the good things from all over the world flow into us, so that to us it seems just as natural to enjoy foreign goods as our own local products.

“Then there is a great difference between us and our opponents, in our attitude towards military security. Here are some examples: Our city is open to the world, and we have no periodical deportations in order to prevent people observing or finding out secrets which might be of military advantage to the enemy. This is because we rely, not on secret weapons, but on our own real courage and loyalty. There is a difference, too, in our educational systems. The Spartans, from their earliest boyhood, are submitted to the most laborious training in courage; we pass our lives without all these restrictions, and yet are just as ready to face the same dangers as they are. Here is a proof of this: When the Spartans invade our land, they do not come by themselves, but bring all their allies with them; whereas we, when we launch an attack abroad, do the job by ourselves, and, though fighting on foreign soil, do not often fail to defeat opponents who are fighting for their own hearths and homes. As a matter of fact none of our enemies has ever yet been confronted with our total strength, because we have to divide our attention between our navy and the many missions on which our troops are sent on land. Yet, if our enemies engage a detachment of our forces and defeat it, they give themselves credit for having thrown back our entire army; or, if they lose, they claim that they were beaten by us in full strength. There are certain advantages, I think, in our way of meeting danger voluntarily, with an easy mind, instead of with a laborious training, with natural rather than with state-induced courage. We do not have to spend our time practicing to meet sufferings which are still in the future; and when they are actually upon us we show ourselves just as brave as these others who are always in strict training. This is one point in which, I think, our city deserves to be admired. There are also others:

“Our love of what is beautiful does not lead to extravagance; our love of the things of the mind does not make us soft. We regard wealth as something to be properly used, rather than as something to boast about. As for poverty, no one need be ashamed to admit it: The real shame is in not taking practical measures to escape from it. Here each individual is interested not only in his own affairs but in the affairs of the state as well: Even those who are mostly occupied with their own business are extremely well-informed on general politics—this is a peculiarity of ours: We do not say that a man who takes no interest in
politics is a man who minds his own business; we say that he has no business here at all. We Athenians, in our own persons, take our decisions on policy or submit them to proper discussions: For we do not think that there is an incompatibility between words and deeds; the worst thing is to rush into action before the consequences have been properly debated. And this is another point where we differ from other people. We are capable at the same time of taking risks and of estimating them beforehand. Others are brave out of ignorance; and, when they stop to think, they begin to fear. But the man who can most truly be accounted brave is he who best knows the meaning of what is sweet in life and of what is terrible, and then goes out undeterred to meet what is to come.

“Again, in questions of general good feeling there is a great contrast between us and most other people. We make friends by doing good to others, not by receiving good from them. This makes our friendship all the more reliable, since we want to keep alive the gratitude of those who are in our debt by showing continued goodwill to them: whereas the feelings of one who owes us something lack the same enthusiasm, since he knows that, when he repays our kindness, it will be more like paying back a debt than giving something spontaneously. We are unique in this. When we do kindnesses to others, we do not do them out of any calculations of profit or loss: We do them without afterthought, relying on our free liberality. Taking everything together then, I declare that our city is an education to Greece, and I declare that in my opinion each single one of our citizens, in all the manifold aspects of life, is able to show himself the rightful lord and owner of his own person, and do this, moreover, with exceptional grace and exceptional versatility. And to show that this is no empty boasting for me present occasion, but real tangible fact, you have only to consider the power which our city possesses and which has been won by those very qualities which I have mentioned. Athens, alone of the states we know, comes to her testing time in a greatness that surpasses what was imagined of her. In her case, and in her case alone, no invading enemy is ashamed at being defeated, and no subject can complain of being governed by people unfit for their responsibilities. Mighty indeed are the marks and monuments of our empire which we have left. Future ages will wonder at us, as the present age wonders at us now. We do not need the praises of a Homer, or of anyone else whose words may delight us for the moment, but whose estimation of facts will fall short of what is really true. For our adventurous spirit has forced an entry into every sea and into every land; and everywhere we have left behind us everlasting memorials of good done to our friends or suffering inflicted on our enemies.

“This, then, is the kind of city for which these men, who could not bear the thought of losing her, nobly fought and nobly died. It is only natural that every one of us who survive them should be willing to undergo hardships in her service. And it was for this reason that I have spoken at such length about our city, because I wanted to make it clear that for us there is more at stake than there is for others who lack our advantages; also I wanted my words of praise for the dead to be set in the bright light of evidence. And now the most important of these words has been spoken. I have sung the praises of our city; but it was the courage and gallantry of these men, and of people like them, which made her splendid. Nor would you find it true in the case of many of the Greeks, as it is true of them, that no words can do more than justice to their deeds.
“To me it seems that the consummation which has overtaken these men shows us the meaning of manliness in its first revelation and in its final proof. Some of them, no doubt, had their faults; but what we ought to remember first is their gallant conduct against the enemy in defense of their native land. They have blotted out evil with good, and done more service to the commonwealth than they ever did harm in their private lives. No one of these men weakened because he wanted to go on enjoying his wealth: no one put off the awful day in the hope that he might live to escape his poverty and grow rich. More to be desired than such things, they chose to check the enemy’s pride. This, to them, was a risk most glorious, and they accepted it, willing to strike down the enemy and relinquish everything else. As for success or failure, they left that in the doubtful hands of Hope, and when the reality of battle was before their faces, they put their trust in their own selves. In the fighting, they thought it more honorable to stand their ground and suffer death than to give in and save their lives. So they fled from the reproaches of men, abiding with life and limb the brunt of battle; and, in a small moment of time, the climax of their lives, a culmination of glory, not of fear, were swept away from us.

“So and such they were these men—worthy of their city. We who remain behind may hope to be spared their fate, but must resolve to keep the same daring spirit against the foe. It is not simply a question of estimating the advantages in theory. I could tell you a long story (and you know it as well as I do) about what is to be gained by beating the enemy back. What I would prefer is that you should fix your eyes every day on the greatness of Athens as she really is, and should fall in love with her. When you realize her greatness, then reflect that what made her great was men with a spirit of adventure, men who knew their duty, men who were ashamed to fall below a certain standard. If they ever failed in an enterprise, they made up their minds that at any rate the city should not find their courage lacking to her, and they gave to her the best contribution that they could. They gave her their lives, to her and to all of us, and for their own selves they won praises that never grow old, the most splendid of sepulchers—not the sepulcher in which their bodies are laid, but where their glory remains eternal in men’s minds, always there on the right occasion to stir others to speech or to action. For famous men have the whole earth as their memorial: it is not only the inscriptions on their graves in their own country that mark them out; no, in foreign lands also, not in any visible form but in people’s hearts, their memory abides and grows. It is for you to try to be like them. Make up your minds that happiness depends on being free, and freedom depends on being courageous. Let there be no relaxation in face of the perils of the war. The people who have most excuse for despising death are not the wretched and unfortunate, who have no hope of doing well for themselves, but those who run the risk of a complete reversal in their lives, and who would feel the difference most intensely, if things went wrong for them. Any intelligent man would find a humiliation caused by his own slackness more painful to bear than death, when death comes to him unperceived, in battle, and in the confidence of his patriotism.

“For these reasons I shall not commiserate with those parents of the dead, who are present here. Instead I shall try to comfort them. They are well aware that they have grown up in a world where there are many changes and chances. But this is good fortune—for men to end their lives with honor, as these have done, and for you honorably
to lament them: Their life was set to a measure where death and happiness went hand in hand. I know that it is difficult to convince you of this. When you see other people happy you will often be reminded of what used to make you happy too. One does not feel sad at not having some good thing which is outside one’s experience: Real grief is felt at the loss of something which one is used to. All the same, those of you who are of the right age must bear up and take comfort in the thought of having more children. In your own homes these new children will prevent you from brooding over those who are no more, and they will be a help to the city, too, both in filling the empty places, and in assuring her security. For it is impossible for a man to put forward fair and honest views about our affairs if he has not, like everyone else, children whose lives may be at stake. As for those of you who are now too old to have children, I would ask you to count as gain the greater part of your life, in which you have been happy, and remember that what remains is not long, and let your hearts be lifted up at the thought of the fair fame of the dead. One’s sense of honor is the only thing that does not grow old, and the last pleasure when one is worn out with age, is not, as the poet said, making money, but having the respect of one’s fellow men.

“As for those of you here who are sons or brothers of the dead, I can see a hard struggle in front of you. Everyone always speaks well of the dead, and, even if you rise to the greatest heights of heroism, it will be a hard thing for you to get the reputation of having come near, let alone equaled, their standard. When one is alive, one is always liable to the jealousy of one’s competitors, but when one is out of the way, the honor one receives is sincere and unchallenged.

“Perhaps I should say a word or two on the duties of women to those among you who are now widowed. I can say all I have to say in a short word of advice. Your great glory is not to be inferior to what God has made you, and the greatest glory of a woman is to be least talked about by men, whether they are praising you or criticizing you. I have now, as the law demanded, said what I had to say. For the time being our offerings to the dead have been made, and for the future their children will be supported at the public expense by the city, until they come of age. This is the crown and prize which she offers, both to the dead and to their children, for the ordeals which they have faced. Where the rewards of valor are the greatest, there you will find also the best and bravest spirits among the people. And now, when you have mourned for your dear ones, you must depart.”

1. bier (bihr) n. movable frame on which a body or coffin is carried to the grave.
2. Marathon battle during the first Persian invasion of Greece. It ended in a decisive victory for the people of Athens and their allies.
3. Xanthippus (ZAN thih puhs) Athenian general and statesman noted for his heroism and leadership during the Greco-Persian Wars.
4. Our constitution is called a democracy democracy comes from the Greek word demos, meaning “the people,” and kratos, which means “rule” or “authority.” The Athenian constitution is the origin of the term.
5. consummation n. completion or fulfillment.
6. sepulchers (SEHP uhl kuhrs) n. tombs or graves.
Defending Nonviolent Resistance • Mohandas K. Gandhi
Speech

About the Author
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869–1948) was one of the twentieth century’s foremost political, spiritual, moral, and cultural leaders. His campaign of nonviolent protest helped India gain independence from the British Empire. A champion of tolerance and a symbol of Indian national pride, he became known as Mahatma (Great Soul) Gandhi.

BACKGROUND
This speech was given by Mohandas Gandhi before he was sentenced to six years in prison for stirring up rebellion. As the leader of the Indian nationalist movement, Gandhi worked tirelessly to achieve political goals nonviolently, through boycotts, strikes, and passive refusal. He is honored by the people of India as the father of their nation.

Defending Nonviolent Resistance

Before I read this statement, I would like to state that I entirely endorse the learned advocate general’s remarks in connection with my humble self. I think that he was entirely fair to me in all the statements that he has made, because it is very true, and I have no desire whatsoever to conceal from this court the fact that to preach disaffection toward the existing system of government has become almost a passion with me; and the learned advocate general is also entirely in the right when he says that my preaching of disaffection did not commence with my connection with Young India, but that it commenced much earlier; and in the statement that I am about to read, it will be my painful duty to admit before this court that it commenced much earlier than the period stated by the advocate general. It is the most painful duty with me, but I have to discharge that duty knowing the responsibility that rests on my shoulders, and I wish to endorse all the blame that the learned advocate general has thrown on my shoulders, in connection with the Bombay occurrences. Thinking over these deeply and sleeping over them night after night, it is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crimes of Chauri Chaura or the mad outrages of Bombay. He is quite right when he says that as a man of responsibility, a man having received a fair share of education, having had a fair share of experience of this world, I should have known the consequences of every one of my acts. I know that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk, and if I was set free, I would still do the same. I have felt it this morning that I would have failed in my duty, if I did not say what I said here just now.

I wanted to avoid violence, I want to avoid violence. Nonviolence is the first article of my faith. It is also the last article of my creed. But I had to make my choice. I had either to submit to a system which I considered had done an irreparable harm to my country, or incur the risk of the mad fury of my people bursting forth, when they understood the truth
from my lips. I know that my people have sometimes gone mad. I am deeply sorry for it, and I am therefore here to submit not to a light penalty but to the highest penalty. I do not ask for mercy. I do not plead any extenuating act. I am here, therefore, to invite and cheerfully submit to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, the judge, is, as I am just going to say in my statement, either to resign your post or inflict on me the severest penalty, if you believe that the system and law you are assisting to administer are good for the people. I do not expect that kind of conversation, but by the time I have finished with my statement, you will perhaps have a glimpse of what is raging within my breast to run this maddest risk which a sane man can run.

I owe it perhaps to the Indian public and to the public in England to placate which this prosecution is mainly taken up that I should explain why from a staunch loyalist and cooperator I have become an uncompromising disaffectionist and non-cooperator. To the court too I should say why I plead guilty to the charge of promoting disaffection toward the government established by law in India.

My public life began in 1893 in South Africa in troubled weather. My first contact with British Authority in that country was not of a happy character. I discovered that as a man and as an Indian I had no rights. More correctly, I discovered that I had no rights as a man because I was an Indian.

But I was not baffled. I thought that this treatment of Indians was an excrescence upon a system that was intrinsically and mainly good. I gave the government my voluntary and hearty cooperation, criticizing it freely where I felt it was faulty but never wishing its destruction.

Consequently, when the existence of the empire was threatened in 1899 by the Boer challenge, I offered my services to it, raised a volunteer ambulance corps, and served at several actions that took place for the relief of Ladysmith. Similarly in 1906, at the time of the Zulu revolt, I raised a stretcher-bearer party and served till the end of the “rebellion.” On both these occasions I received medals and was even mentioned in dispatches. For my work in South Africa I was given by Lord Hardinge a Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal. When the war broke out in 1914 between England and Germany, I raised a volunteer ambulance corps in London consisting of the then resident Indians in London, chiefly students. Its work was acknowledged by the authorities to be valuable. Lastly, in India, when a special appeal was made at the War Conference in Delhi in 1918 by Lord Chelmsford for recruits, I struggled at the cost of my health to raise a corps in Kheda, and the response was being made when the hostilities ceased and orders were received that no more recruits were wanted. In all these efforts at service I was actuated by the belief that it was possible by such services to gain a status of full equality in the empire for my countrymen.

The first shock came in the shape of the Rowlatt Act, a law designed to rob the people of all real freedom. I felt called upon to lead an intensive agitation against it. Then followed the Punjab horrors beginning with the massacre at Jallianwala Bagh and culminating in
crawling orders, public floggings, and other indescribable humiliations. I discovered too that the plighted word of the prime minister to the Mussulmans of India regarding the integrity of Turkey and the holy places of Islam was not likely to be fulfilled. But in spite of the forebodings and the grave warnings of friends, at the Amritsar Congress in 1919, I fought for cooperation and working with the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, hoping that the prime minister would redeem his promise to the Indian Mussulmans, that the Punjab wound would be healed, and that the reforms, inadequate and unsatisfactory though they were, marked a new era of hope in the life of India.

But all that hope was shattered. The Khilafat promise was not to be redeemed. The Punjab crime was whitewashed, and most culprits went not only unpunished but remained in service and in some cases continued to draw pensions from the Indian revue, and in some cases were even rewarded. I saw too that not only did the reforms not mark a change of heart, but they were only a method of further draining India of her wealth and of prolonging her servitude.

I came reluctantly to the conclusion that the British connection had made India more helpless than she was before, politically and economically. A disarmed India has no power of resistance against any aggressor if she wanted to engage in an armed conflict with him. So much is this the case that some of our best men consider that India must take generations before she can achieve the dominion status. She has become so poor that she has little power of resisting famines. Before the British advent, India spun and wove in her millions of cottages just the supplement she needed for adding to her meager agricultural resources. This cottage industry, so vital for India’s existence, has been ruined by incredibly heartless and inhuman processes as described by English witnesses. Little do town dwellers know how the semistarved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness. Little do they know that their miserable comfort represents the brokerage they get for the work they do for the foreign exploiter, that the profits and the brokerage are sucked from the masses. Little do they realize that the government established by law in British India is carried on for this exploitation of the masses. No sophistry, no jugglery in figures can explain away the evidence that the skeletons in many villages present to the naked eye. I have no doubt whatsoever that both England and the town dwellers of India will have to answer, if there is a God above, for this crime against humanity which is perhaps unequaled in history. The law itself in this country has been used to serve the foreign exploiter. My unbiased examination of the Punjab Martial Law cases has led me to believe that at least 95 percent of convictions are wholly bad. My experience of political cases in India leads me to the conclusion that in nine out of every ten the condemned men were totally innocent. Their crime consisted in the love of their country. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred justice has been denied to Indians as against Europeans in the courts of India. This is not an exaggerated picture. It is the experience of almost every Indian who has had anything to do with such cases. In my opinion, the administration of the law is thus prostituted consciously or unconsciously for the benefit of the exploiter.

The greatest misfortune is that Englishmen and their Indian associates in the administration of the country do not know that they are engaged in the crime I have
attempted to describe. I am satisfied that many Englishmen and Indian officials honestly
believe that they are administering one of the best systems devised in the world and that
India is making steady though slow progress. They do not know that a subtle but effective
system of terrorism and an organized display of force, on the one hand, and the
deprivation of all powers of retaliation or self-defense, on the other, have emasculated the
people and induced in them the habit of simulation. This awful habit has added to the
ignorance and the self-deception of the administrators. Section 124-A, under which I am
happily charged, is perhaps the prince among the political sections of the Indian Penal
Code\textsuperscript{12} designed to suppress the liberty of the citizen. Affection cannot be manufactured
or regulated by law. If one has an affection for a person or system, one should be free to
give the fullest expression to his disaffection, so long as he does not contemplate,
promote, or incite to violence. But the section under which Mr. Banker [a colleague in
nonviolence] and I are charged is one under which mere promotion of disaffection is a
crime. I have studied some of the cases tried under it, and I know that some of the most
loved of India's patriots have been convicted under it. I consider it a privilege, therefore,
to be charged under that section. I have endeavored to give in their briefest outline the
reasons for my disaffection. I have no personal ill will against any single administrator,
much less can I have any disaffection toward the king's person. But I hold it to be a virtue
to be disaffected toward a government which in its totality has done more harm to India
than any previous system. India is less manly under the British rule than she ever was
before. Holding such a belief, I consider it to be a sin to have affection for the system.
And it has been a precious privilege for me to be able to write what I have in the various
articles, tendered in evidence against me.

In fact, I believe that I have rendered a service to India and England by showing in non-
cooperation the way out of the unnatural state in which both are living. In my humble
opinion, non-cooperation with evil is as much a duty as is cooperation with good. But in
the past, non-cooperation has been deliberately expressed in violence to the evildoer. I
am endeavoring to show to my countrymen that violent non-cooperation only multiplies
evil and that as evil can only be sustained by violence, withdrawal of support of evil
requires complete abstention from violence. Nonviolence implies voluntary submission to
the penalty for non-cooperation with evil. I am here, therefore, to invite and submit
cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a
deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only
course open to you, the judge, is either to resign your post, and thus disassociate yourself
from evil if you feel that the law you are called upon to administer is an evil and that in
reality I am innocent, or to inflict on me the severest penalty if you believe that the
system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of this country
and that my activity is therefore injurious to the public weal.\textsuperscript{13}

1. disaffection n. discontent; disillusionment.
2. Bombay . . . Chauri Chaura occurrences of outbreaks of violence in Indian cities and
villages.
3. extenuating (ehk STEHN yu ay tihng) adj. lessening the seriousness of; excusing.
4. Boer challenge rebellion in South Africa against British rule. The British suppressed
the rebellion in 1902 after resorting to guerilla warfare.
5. the Zulu revolt in response to the imposition of a poll tax, Zulu forces protested and later engaged in armed revolt against British colonial authorities.
6. the war . . . between England and Germany World War I.
7. Lord Chelmsford viceroy or governor as representative of Edwin Montagu, Secretary of State.
8. Rowlatt Act series of repressive acts that limited the powers of the Indian people.
9. the massacre at Jallianwala Bagh under orders of General R. H. Dyer, fifty British soldiers opened fire on a crowd of peaceful Indians, firing 1,650 rounds of ammunition. The general was dismissed from his duties.
10. Montagu-Chelmsford reforms formally known as The Government of India Act of 1919, an attempt to slowly place power in Indian hands.
11. sophistry (SOF uh stree) n. unsound or misleading arguments.
12. Section 124-A . . . Penal Code Gandhi was charged with sedition, inciting people to riot against British rule.
13. weal n. well-being.
The Battle of Maldon
from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 991 (trans. Burton Raffel)
Poetry

About the Text
The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle consists of entries about significant events and the activities of kings and bishops. The earliest important entry refers to events in A.D. 449; the last entry was made in 1154. Many entries are only a single line; the longest entry, a description of William the Conqueror’s death in 1087, is over a hundred lines long.

BACKGROUND
The Vikings were infamous warriors and pirates from Norway, Denmark, and Sweden who raided coastal towns and ports in Europe from the 700s to the 900s. This poem recounts a battle between the Vikings and Anglo-Saxons in 991. It opens with the war parties aligned on either side of a stream, the present-day River Blackwater near Maldon, England.

The Battle of Maldon

“In this year Olaf (Tryggvason, later king of Norway) came to Folkestone with ninety-three ships, and plundered the outskirts, and then went on to Sandwich, and proceeded from there to Ipswich, and completely overran it, and then went on to Maldon, and there Ealdorman\(^1\) Byrtnoth with his army came out to meet him, and fought against him. And they killed the ealdorman, and were masters of the battlefield. And, later, peace was made with him, and the king acted as his sponsor when the bishop confirmed him.”

[The beginning and the end of the poem are missing.]

... was broken,
He ordered a warrior to free the horses,
Whip them away, then stride into war
With his mind on his hands and his heart high.
And Offa’s kinsman discovered, watching
Retreat cut off, that cowards had no place
With Byrtnoth; he released his beloved falcon,
And as it flew to the woods walked toward the battle,
An open promise of courage that everyone
Saw; no one could doubt his pride
Or his youth. And Edric was there, eager
To follow his lord, stepping forward
With a ready spear. For as long as his hands
Could hold a sword and a shield he swung them
Bravely, sealing his boast that battle
Would find him fighting beside his chief.

Then Byrtnoth rallied his men, riding
And shouting, showing his soldiers where
To station themselves, and how to stand,
Commanding the rows of shields to keep straight
And strong and to hold off fear. And when
His troops stood firm he slipped off his stallion
And posted himself in the center, where the men
Of his household were grouped and his heart led him.

Then the Viking herald hailed them, standing
On the opposite shore and bellowing his message
Across to the English earl, the loud
Threats of the Norse and Danish raiders:
“The bold seamen have sent me here
To tell you: if you want protection, quickly
Pay its price—and you’d better buy off
Our spears with tribute before we send them
Smashing against your shields. But gold,
If you have it, will save you; we’ll sell you peace.
And if you who make decisions, who lead
These people, decide to ransom their lives,
These seamen will freely furnish you quiet
And safety. Buy security from us
And we’ll turn back to our ships, put your treasure aboard,
Set out to sea on the freshening tide
And leave you our absence—your best protection.”

Then Byrtnoth spoke, raising his shield
And shaking his spear, hurling an angry
And resolute answer back in their faces:

“Listen, sailors. Can you hear what we say?
We offer a tribute of tempered steel,
Javelins and spears with poisoned points,
Weapons and armor you’ll wear only
In death. Messenger, this is your answer:
Tell your leaders the unlucky news
That this earl and his army don’t shake at their boasts,
But will stand and defend their homes and fields
And all this land and these people, who belong
To Ethelred, my king. You pagans² die
When the swords swing. And how could I let you
Return to your ships burdened with treasure
Yet without the fighting you came for, wasting
Your trouble in traveling so far to our country?
Wealth doesn’t drop from our hands, here.
We forge our peace on the points of our spears
And they’re yours for the asking: blood, not gold.”

Then he ordered the English shields to stand
In a line along the bank. Neither
Army could reach the other: after
The tide ebbed, the waters whirlled
As the current swept down against them. It felt like
An endless waiting for steel to clash,
The English blades, and the Danes, drawn up
In battle array on the banks of the Panta.
Neither could injure the other; only
A handful died where arrows fell.

Finally the tide drained out: the rows
Of waiting Danes rushed to the ford.³
But Byrtnoth ordered the bridge held
And sent a battle-hardened guard:
Wulfstan, Ceola’s son and born
To bravery. As the first sailor came forward
He swung his javelin and the Dane dropped.
And Alfhere and Maccus stood beside him,
Unafraid, a pair of warriors
Who would never have fled from the ford but kept it
Swung shut on the Danish swords, held it
While their hands could hold their spears. But the Danes
Learned quickly, and seeing clearly the kind
Of defenders they’d found fell back, began
A sly deceit. The hated strangers
Begged for permission to land, a place
To lead their men safely across
Into battle.

And Byrtnoth’s pride said yes.
He began to call over the swift, cold water,
And his soldiers listened:

“The ford is open,
Cross it and come to us. Quickly. Only
God holds the secret of victory.”

So, the sea wolves, the Norse sailors,
No longer afraid of the stream, crossed west
On the Panta, carried their shields over shining
Water and brought seamen and spears to land.
Byrtnoth and his warriors waited to meet them,
Ready, their linden shields linked rim
To rim in a wall raised on their arms
And firm. Then fighting hung on a sword blade,
Glory in battle; the time had come
For fate to pluck out ripened lives.
The armies shouted, and above them the eagles
And ravens circled, greedy for carrion.  
Then sharp-honed steel flew from their hands,
Fine-ground spears; and the bows hummed,
And blades thudded on upraised shields.

   The charge was savage: soldiers fell
On every side, and lay where they dropped.
Wulfmar was wounded and slept on the bloody
Field, Byrtnoth’s nephew, killed
By the sudden sweep of a hooked broadsword.
But the seamen were paid in kind. I heard
That Edward offered a proper tribute,
Struck a Dane so sharply that he fell
At his feet and fought no more. For which
His chief thanked the chamberlain, when the chance
Came.

   So they stood, neither
Yielding, every warrior eagerly
Planning another’s death, his point
The first to show eternity to a mortal
Soul. The slaughtered were thick on the ground.
And they stood firm. Byrtnoth held them,
Ordered every thought on the battle
And the glory of beating back the Danes.
A brave warrior raised his weapons
And came at Byrtnoth, waving his shield.
The earl strode as boldly toward him,
Each of them thinking the other’s pain.
The sailor threw his Italian spear
And Byrtnoth was hit; he pushed quickly down
With his shield and burst the wooden shaft
To splinters; the spear sprang out. Then,
Angry, he shoved his spear through the guts
Of the proud Dane who’d wounded him. Wise
In war’s tricks, he stabbed his javelin
Deep in the dangerous Viking’s neck,
Reached to his life and let it spill free.
Then he quickly turned on another,
Shattered his mail, threw the poisoned
Point between the woven rings
Into his heart. And the earl was happy
And laughed and gave thanks to God for what
The day had granted him.

But a Danish hand
Threw a careful spear, ran it far
Into Byrtnoth’s body, and deep. A boy
Was standing beside him, beardless and new
To war: he ripped the bloody lance
Out of Ethelred’s earl and flung it
Back as hard as he could. This
Was Wulfmar the younger, Wulfstan’s son.
The point went in, and the Norseman who’d wounded
His chief lay quietly across his spear.
Then another seaman came stalking the earl,
His rich bracelets, his rings, his hammered
Mail, and the jeweled hilt of his sword.
Byrtnoth unsheathed the brown-edged blade,
Broad and sharp, and struck at the sailor.
But another Norseman knocked his arm
Away, and it hung useless. The yellow-handled sword fell to the ground:
He would never hold it again, or any
Weapon. The old warrior still
Could speak and he called to his soldiers to fight,
Asked his closest comrades for death
In victory. Then his legs could hold him no longer;
He looked up at Heaven:

“Lord, I thank You
For all the joy earth has given me.
Now, my Father, I need your grace:
Allow my spirit to leave me and come
To You, Prince of Angels, grant
My soul a peaceful journey in
Your protection and keep it safe from the devil’s
Spite.”

Then the pagan seamen killed him,
And both the warriors who’d stood beside him,
Alfmar and Wulfmar, who stayed close to their chief
In death as in life. And those who lost
Their taste for slaughter began to run.
Godric, Odda’s son, was the first,
Fleeing from honor as he left the lord
Who’d loaded his arms with presents and rings:
He leaped onto Byrtnoth’s horse, sat
In a stolen saddle he’d never deserved,
And fled with both his brothers, Godwin
And Godwig, none of them fighting men.
They turned from the battle, scurried to the woods,
Flew to the town, and saved their lives,
They and many more than was right
If kindness and gifts had kept in their minds,
The memory of Byrtnoth and the honor he’d shown them.
So Offa had warned him, early that day,
When the army assembled in council: many
Spouted courage and flaming words
Who would run and hide when the danger was real.

So the troops had lost their leader, and the king
His earl; all of Byrtnoth’s household
Saw that their lord was dead. Then
His proud followers ran at the Danes,
Eager, and fearless, and quick. Every
Heart among them hung on a double
Wish: to lose their life, or avenge
Their lord. And Alfric’s son whipped
Them on, Alfwin, young and boldly
Shouting:

“Remember how we boasted,
Sitting on benches and swilling mead,
Drunk with ambition, dreaming of war:
It’s come. Now we’ll discover how brave
We are. You all should know my name,
Born of a mighty Mercian\textsuperscript{5} race;
My old father was Alhelm, an ealdorman,
Wise, and blessed with worldly goods.
None of my country’s people shall taunt me
With turning away from this army, running
Back to my home, now that my chief
Has fallen in battle. I know no bitterer
Grief: he was both my kin and my lord.”
He went forward, weighing his strokes,
Until his blade reached to a Viking’s
Life, and the seaman lay on the ground
And was dead. And Alfwin’s words hurried
His mends and comrades back to the battle.
Offa spoke, shaking his ashen Spear:

“Byrtnoth is slain, and Alfwin Has said the only words we need To hear. We all must urge each other To harry the Danes as long as our hands Can hold our weapons, the hard-bladed sword, The spear and dagger. Odda’s weak-kneed Son, Godric, has betrayed us all: Seeing our master’s horse, many Saw Byrtnoth riding in flight, and fled, Scattering the army across the field And breaking the shield-wall. May he be damned For routing six so many men with his fear!”

Lofson spoke, raising his linden Shield:

“I swear not to flee a step From this field, but go further, avenging my lord In battle. Nor will the brave warriors Of Sturmer need to taunt me that now, Lordless, I let my heart turn coward And pull me home. Only the point Of a Viking spear shall sweep me away.” And he fought angrily, despising flight.

Then Dunner spoke, shaking his lance, A simple peasant, shouting above The din, praying that every warrior Avenge Byrtnoth:

“No one can flinch Or falter, remembering our beloved lord.” And then they charged at the Danes, careless With their lives, and Byrtnoth’s followers fought Savagely, praying only that God Would grant them revenge and Viking hearts To pierce.

And their hostage lent them his eager Hands, a Northumbrian captive from a fighting Family, Ashforth, Edglaf’s son. He threw himself into their fight, firing A steady stream of arrows: some
Were caught by a shield, some killed a Dane,
And as long as his arms could stretch a bow
He fought on the English side.

And Edward
The Long stood in the vanguard, swearing
Never to give up a foot of the ground
On which his better lay. He broke
The seamen’s shield-wall, struck them down,
And before he joined his chief fashioned
A vengeance worthy of Byrtnoth’s name.
And so did Ethric, the earl’s comrade,
Swinging a furious sword. And Sibricht’s
Brother, and many more, splitting
Danish shields and fighting stubbornly.
Shields crumbled and mail rang
With a terrible song. There Offa slew
A Dane, who dropped to the earth, and there
Offa himself fell: war
Quickly cut him down, but not
Before he’d filled the promise he gave
His lord, in the boasts he’d always made,
That they should both ride back to Maldon,
Come home unhurt, or lie in a heap
Of corpses, killed by the Danes. He lay
As a soldier should, beside his chief.

Then shields were smashed as the sailors advanced,
Hot with war; a host of Englishmen
Were spitted on their spears. Wistan charged them,
Thurstan’s son, and struck three
To the ground before he fell and was still.
They fought hard; no ground and no quarter
Were given; warriors dropped, heavy
With wounds, their bodies weary, their souls
At endless rest. And all the while
Oswold and Edwold, two brave brothers,
Called out encouragement, begged their kinsmen
And comrades to stand firm in the midst of slaughter
And use their weapons well.

Then Byrtwold
Spoke, lifting his shield and shaking it;
The old fighter proclaimed a solemn
Message:
“Our minds must be stronger, our hearts
Braver, our courage higher, as our numbers
Shrink. Here they slew our earl.
And he lies in the dust. Whoever longs
To run from this field will always regret it.
I’m old. I want no other life.
I only want to lie beside
My lord, near Byrtnoth, who I loved so well.”

And Godric, too, Ethelgar’s son,
Called them to battle. His spear flew
Like death itself, as he stood in the foremost
Rank and hewed\(^9\) and cut down Danes
Till a sword point reached him, and he died. And this
Was not the Godric who’d run from the fighting . . . . .

1. Ealdorman (AWL duhr muhn) n. chief or lord.
2. pagans (PAY guhns) n. non-Christians.
3. ford n. shallow place in the stream where one can cross by wading.
4. carrion (KAR ee uhn) n. decaying flesh as food for scavenging animals.
6. routing (ROW tihng) v. driving off in retreat.
7. hostage (HOS tihj) n. person given as a pledge to ensure certain conditions are met; in pre-modern Europe, nobles would keep the sons of other families to raise, ensuring their families would remain allied.
8. mail n. flexible metal body armor.
9. hewed (hyood) v. chopping or cutting as with an axe.
Speech Before Her Troops • Queen Elizabeth I

Speech

About the Author
Elizabeth I (1533–1603) ruled England from 1558 until her death, triumphing over many challenges to her throne and nation. The young queen’s courage and judgment brought stability and prosperity to her nation through the loyalty she inspired. She is often regarded as England’s greatest monarch, and the era of her reign is named the Elizabethan Age.

BACKGROUND
In the late 1500s, England and Spain were in conflict over trade to the Americas. In 1588, Spain decided to invade England and sent a large fleet of warships that came to be known as the “Spanish Armada.” As the English troops prepared to meet the seafaring invaders, Queen Elizabeth I spoke to them about the coming battle.

Speech Before Her Troops

My loving people, we have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes,¹ for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor and my blood, even the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain,² or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms: to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject; not doubting by your obedience to my general, by your concord³ in the camp, and by your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over the enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

¹. multitudes n. masses of people.
². Parma or Spain reference to the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Spanish noblemen and military commanders who led the invasion of England.
³. concord n. harmony.
About the Authors
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BACKGROUND
Great leaders have inspired people through the centuries. Historians and psychologists have long tried to understand why figures such as Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Winston Churchill, and Mohandas Gandhi were such lightning rods of inspiration. What made people follow them? Researchers don’t have a definitive answer, but they are coming close.

The New Psychology of Leadership

Recent research in psychology points to secrets of effective leadership that radically challenge conventional wisdom

“Today we’ve had a national tragedy,” announced President George W. Bush, addressing the nation for the first time on September 11, 2001. “Two airplanes have crashed into the World Trade Center in an apparent terrorist attack on our country.” Bush then promised “to hunt down and to find those folks who committed this act.” These remarks, made from Emma T. Booker Elementary School in Sarasota, Fla., may not seem extraordinary, but in subtle ways they exemplify Bush’s skill as a leader. When viewed through the lens of a radical new theory of leadership, Bush’s 9/11 address contains important clues to how the president solidified his political power in his early months and years in office.

In the past, leadership scholars considered charisma, intelligence, and other personality traits to be the key to effective leadership. Accordingly, these academics thought that good leaders use their inborn talents to dominate followers and tell them what to do, with the goal either of injecting them with enthusiasm and willpower that they would otherwise lack or of enforcing compliance. Such theories suggest that leaders with sufficient character and will can triumph over whatever reality they confront.

In recent years, however, a new picture of leadership has emerged, one that better accounts for leadership performance. In this alternative view, effective leaders must work to understand the values and opinions of their followers—rather than assuming absolute
authority—to enable a productive dialogue with followers about what the group embodies and stands for and thus how it should act. By leadership, we mean the ability to shape what followers actually want to do, not the act of enforcing compliance using rewards and punishments.

Given that good leadership depends on constituent cooperation and support, this new psychology of leadership negates the notion that leadership is exclusively a top-down process. In fact, it suggests that to gain credibility among followers, leaders must try to position themselves among the group rather than above it. In his use of everyday language—such as “hunt down” and “those folks”—Bush portrayed himself on 9/11 as a typical American able to speak for America.

According to this new approach, no fixed set of personality traits can assure good leadership because the most desirable traits depend on the nature of the group being led. Leaders can even select the traits they want to project to followers. It is no accident, then, that Bush has often come across to Americans as a regular guy rather than as the scion of an elite East Coast Yale University dynasty.

But far from simply adopting a group’s identity, influential presidents or chief executives who employ this approach work to shape that identity for their own ends. Thus, Bush helped to resolve the mass confusion on 9/11 in a way that promoted and helped to forge a new national unity. Among other things, people wondered: Who or what was the target? New York? Washington? Capitalism? The Western world? Bush’s answer: America is under attack. By establishing this fact, he invoked a sense of a united nation that required his leadership.

From Charisma to Consensus
Nearly 100 years ago the renowned German political and social theorist Max Weber introduced the notion of “charismatic leadership” as an antidote to his grim prognosis for industrial society. Without such leadership, he forecast, “not summer’s bloom lies ahead of us, but rather a polar night of icy darkness and hardness.” Since then, the notion of charisma has endured, alternatively attracting and repelling us as a function of events in the world at large. In the chaos following World War I, many scholars continued to see strong leaders as saviors. But in the aftermath of fascism, Nazism, and World War II, many turned against the notion that character determines the effectiveness of leaders.

Instead scholars began to favor “contingency models,” which focus on the context in which leaders operate. Work in the 1960s and 1970s by the influential social psychologist Fred Fiedler of the University of Washington, for example, suggested that the secret of good leadership lies in discovering the “perfect match” between the individual and the leadership challenge he or she confronts. For every would-be leader, there is an optimal leadership context; for every leadership challenge, there is a perfect candidate. This idea has proved to be a big moneymaker; it underlies a multitude of best-selling business books and the tactics of corporate headhunters who promote themselves as matchmakers extraordinaire.

In fact, such models have delivered mixed results, contributing to a partial resurgence of
charismatic models of leadership in recent decades. In particular, James MacGregor Burns’s work on transformational leadership in the late 1970s rekindled the view that only a figure with a specific and rare set of attributes is able to bring about necessary transformations in the structure of organizations and society.

How, then, do we get beyond this frustrating flip-flop between those who argue that a leader can overcome circumstances and those who retort that circumstances define the leader? In our view, strong leadership arises out of a symbiotic relationship between leaders and followers within a given social group—and hence requires an intimate understanding of group psychology.

In the 1970s Henri Tajfel and John C. Turner, then at the University of Bristol in England, performed seminal studies on how groups can restructure individual psychology. Tajfel coined the term “social identity” to refer to the part of a person’s sense of self that is defined by a group. As Turner pointed out, social identity also allows people to identify and act together as group members—for example, as Catholics, Americans, or Dodgers fans. Social identities thus make group behavior possible: they enable us to reach consensus on what matters to us, to coordinate our actions with others and to strive for shared goals.

Tajfel and Turner’s original social identity framework does not refer to leadership explicitly, but it helps to clarify why leadership requires a common “us” to represent. Leadership theorist Bernard Bass of Binghamton University has shown, for example, that leaders are most effective when they can induce followers to see themselves as group members and to see the group’s interest as their own interest.

The emergence of social identity helps to explain the transformation in the strategies of rulers associated with the birth of modern nation states in the nineteenth century. According to historian Tim Blanning of the University of Cambridge, before national identities emerged European monarchs could only rule as autocrats, using power (rather than true leadership) to control people. But once people identified with nations, effective monarchs needed to rule as patriots who were able to lead the people because they embodied a shared national identity. Monarchs such as Louis XVI of France who misunderstood or ignored this shift literally lost their heads.

More recently, we affirmed the importance of social identities for leadership in an experiment we called the BBC Prison Study, an investigation of social behavior conducted within a simulated prison environment. We randomly assigned volunteers to two groups: prisoners and guards. Surprisingly, we found that meaningful and effective leadership emerged among the prisoners but not among the guards, because only the prisoners developed a strong sense of shared social identity based on a common desire to resist the guards’ authority. The guards, on the other hand, lacked a group identity, in part because some of them were not comfortable being in a position of authority; accordingly, they did not develop effective leadership and ultimately collapsed as a group.

One of the Gang
When a shared social identity exists, individuals who can best represent that identity will have the most influence over the group’s members and be the most effective leaders. That is, the best leaders are prototypical of the group—they not only seem to belong to it but also exemplify what makes the group distinct from and superior to rival groups. For example, Bush was connecting with Middle America—intentionally or otherwise—when he littered his speeches with verbal gaffes, something that columnist Kevin Drum suggested in the Washington Monthly worked in Bush’s favor in the 2004 election. Indeed, those who scoffed at Bush’s awkward utterances suffered, because their criticism cast them as an alien elite out of touch with most ordinary Americans.

Even the way leaders dress can help them appear representative of the groups they lead. Bush’s leather jackets and cowboy clothes round out the image of him as a regular guy. In the same vein, the late Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat adopted the headscarf of the peasantry to identify himself with his people. The founder of Pakistan, Muhammad Ali Jinnah, wore a dress made of distinctive items from the various regions of the new country, suggesting a newly unified national identity and establishing himself as its figurehead.

Such examples counter the notion that leadership requires a particular set of personality traits or that leaders should behave in a fixed way. The most desirable traits and actions have to fit with the culture of the group being led and thus vary from group to group. Even some of the most oft-touted leadership traits, such as intelligence, can be called into question in some settings. Some people consider being down-to-earth or trustworthy as more important than being brilliant, for instance. Where this is the case, being seen as too clever may actually undermine one’s credibility as a leader, as Bush’s tactics suggest.

Followers may also shun an otherwise desirable trait such as intelligence if doing so helps the group differentiate itself from competitors. In a study published in 2000 by Turner, now at the Australian National University, and one of us (Haslam), we asked business students to choose the ideal characteristics for a business leader. When the students were confronted with a rival group that had an intelligent leader (who was also inconsiderate and uncommitted), the students wanted their leader to be unintelligent (but considerate and dedicated). But when the rival leader was unintelligent, virtually nobody wanted an unintelligent leader.

If fitting in is important for gaining influence and control, then anything that sets leaders apart from the group can compromise their effectiveness. Acting superior or failing to treat followers respectfully or listen to them will undermine a leader’s credibility and influence. Similar problems can emerge if a leader and followers are separated by a wide compensation gap. Financier J. P. Morgan once observed that the only feature shared by the failing companies he worked with was a tendency to overpay those at the top.

Another experiment of ours, which we reported in 2004, confirms Morgan’s wisdom. We created work teams in which leaders’ remuneration was either equal to, double, or triple that of followers. Although varying the remuneration structure did not affect the leaders’ efforts, team members’ efforts diminished markedly under conditions of inequality. As the late Peter F. Drucker, then professor of management at Claremont Graduate
University, wrote in his book The Frontiers of Management, “Very high salaries at the top . . . disrupt the team. They make . . . people in the company see their own top management as adversaries rather than as colleagues . . . And that quenches any willingness to say ‘we’ and to exert oneself except in one’s own immediate self-interest.”

Favoring Fairness
Another reason not to lavishly compensate those at the top is that followers are likely to perceive such financial inequity as unfair. Followers generally respect fairness in leaders, although what fairness means can depend on the followers. Ways to be fair as a leader include refraining from helping yourself and making sacrifices for the group. Gandhi won people over by adopting an Indian villager’s dress, which symbolized his refusal of luxuries; Aung San Suu Kyi similarly attracted supporters with her willingness to endure ongoing house arrest to promote collective resistance to military rule in Myanmar (Burma).

Effective leaders can also display fairness in the way they resolve disputes among group members. Favoritism, or even the appearance of it, is the royal road to civil war in organizations, political parties, and countries alike. In some cases, however, leaders should favor those who support their own group (the in-group) over those who support another group (the out-group).

In a 1997 study conducted by one of us (Platow) in New Zealand, people endorsed the leadership of a health board CEO who allocated time on a kidney dialysis machine equally between two fellow New Zealanders. Yet when the CEO had to split the time between a New Zealander and a foreigner, people liked the leader who gave more time to the in-group member. And in a 2001 study we asked Australian undergraduates about their support for a student leader, Chris, who had distributed rewards between student council members who were known to either support or oppose core student positions (regarding cuts to university funding, for example). Chris was more popular to the extent that he showed a preference for the council members who supported the in-group position. And when Chris showed such partiality, the undergraduates were more likely to back him and devise ways to make his proposed projects succeed.

People do not always prefer leaders who are biased against the out-group, however. A leader who represents a group that holds a strong belief in equality must treat in- and out-group members equally. Thus, when a member of the British Parliament recently put British families before migrants in allocating public housing for those in need, charitable groups, religious groups, and socialist groups all protested strenuously. Good leadership does not mean applying universal rules of behavior but rather understanding the group to be led and the types of actions it esteems and considers legitimate.

Wielding Words
But, of course, leadership is not simply a matter of conforming to group norms. Anyone who is in the business of mobilizing people—whether to get them to the polls, to the office, or to protest an injustice—must also work to shape and define those norms. Presidents and other leaders most often mold social identities through words, as Bush did
in his 9/11 address.

The most effective leaders define their group’s social identity to fit with the policies they plan to promote, enabling them to position those policies as expressions of what their constituents already believe. In the Gettysburg Address, which begins, “Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal,” Abraham Lincoln strongly emphasized the principle of equality to rally people around his key policy objectives: unification of the states and emancipation of the slaves.

In fact, the Constitution contains many principles, and no one stands above all others, according to historian Garry Wills in his Pulitzer Prizewinning book, Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America. Nevertheless, Lincoln elevated equality to a position of supreme importance and made it the touchstone of American identity. After Lincoln’s address, Americans interpreted the Constitution in a new way. As Wills writes of the Gettysburg audience: “Everyone in that vast throng of thousands was having his or her intellectual pocket picked. The crowd departed with a new thing in its ideological luggage, that new constitution.” This reshaping of American identity as centered on equality allowed Lincoln to unite and mobilize Americans around freeing the slaves—a previously divisive issue. Through his skills as a wordsmith, this supreme entrepreneur of identity secured one of the greatest achievements in American history.

Identities and Realities
If Lincoln’s definition of American identity moved people to create a more equal society, then the realities of emancipation served to reinforce equality as the core of American identity. That is, there is a reciprocal relation between social identity and social reality: identity influences the type of society people create and that society in turn affects the identities people adopt.

An identity that is out of kilter with reality and that has no prospect of being realized, on the other hand, will soon be discarded in favor of more viable alternatives. Our BBC Prison study provided a stark warning as to what happens if a leader’s vision is not accompanied by a strategy for turning that vision into reality. In this study the collapse of the guard system led participants to set up a commune whose members believed passionately in equality. But the commune’s leaders failed to establish structures that either promoted equality or controlled those who challenged the system. In the end, the commune also tottered, and the enduring inequality led even the most committed to lose faith. They began to believe in a hierarchical world and turned to a tyrannical model of leadership that would bring their vision into being.

The wise leader is not simply attuned to making identities real but also helps followers experience identities as real. In this vein, rituals and symbols provide perspective by reproducing a dramatized representation of the world in miniature. In her book Festivals and the French Revolution, Mona Ozouf, director of research at the French National Center for Scientific Research, writes that the revolutionaries fashioned a whole new set of festivals to symbolize a France based on “liberty, equality, fraternity.” In the past,
people had paraded according to social rank, but now rich and poor paraded together, organized by age instead. In contrast, Adolf Hitler choreographed his Nuremberg rallies to portray an authoritarian society. He started among the masses, but at a strategic moment he would ascend a podium from where he could talk down to the serried and orderly ranks.

No matter how skilled a person might be, however, a leader’s effectiveness does not lie entirely in his or her own hands. As we have seen, leaders are highly dependent on followers. Do followers see their leader as one of them? Do followers find their leader’s visions of identity compelling? Do followers learn the intended lessons from rituals and ceremonies? Our new psychological analysis tells us that for leadership to function well, leaders and followers must be bound by a shared identity and by the quest to use that identity as a blueprint for action.

The division of responsibility in this quest can vary. In more authoritarian cases, leaders can claim sole jurisdiction over identity and punish anyone who dissents. In more democratic cases, leaders can engage the population in a dialogue over their shared identity and goals. Either way, the development of a shared social identity is the basis of influential and creative leadership. If you control the definition of identity, you can change the world.

1. Recent research this article was published in 2007.
2. seminal adj. strongly affecting later works.
3. remuneration n. reward or payment.
Accidental Hero • Zadie Smith

Essay

About the Author
Zadie Smith (b. 1975) is an award-winning novelist who made her literary debut in 2000 with the novel White Teeth, which she wrote when she was a student at Cambridge University. Smith grew up in North London, and much of her work features London’s multicultural population. She is a professor of fiction at New York University and lives in New York and London.

BACKGROUND
The Battle of Normandy was one of the pivotal battles of World War II (1939–1945). It began on June 6, 1944, when more than 150,000 British, American, and Canadian troops assaulted a stretch of fortified beaches in France’s Normandy region. The battle ended in a German defeat and began the process of liberating France from Nazi rule.

Accidental Hero

On the sixtieth anniversary of the end of World War II, the BBC asked members of the public to submit their personal war stories. These were to be placed online as a historical resource. I helped my father to write his account and then, using the material I had gathered, expanded it into a newspaper article, of which this is a revised version.

I knew my father had “stormed the beach at Normandy.” I knew nobody else’s father had—that job had been wisely left to their grandfathers. That’s all I knew. As a child, the mildewed war came to me piecemeal through the usual sources, very rarely from him. Harvey never spoke about it as a personal reality, and the truth was I didn’t think of it as a reality, but only as one of many fictional details woven into the fabric of my childhood: Jane Eyre was sent to the red room, Lucy Pevensie met Mr. Tumnus, Harvey Smith stormed the beach at Normandy. Later, in my twenties, small facts escaped, mostly concerning his year spent in Germany helping with the reconstruction. But Normandy stayed as fictional to me as Narnia. “Stormed!”—this made no sense. A sentimental man, physically gentle, pacifistic in all things and possessed of a liberal heart that does not so much bleed as hemorrhage. It is perfectly normal to phone my father around 6:30 in the evening and find him distraught, reduced to tears by watching the news.

Then one recent adult summer, I happened to find myself in Normandy, visiting an American poet. She was writing a verse sequence about the layers of social history in the area and took me on a day trip to the beach, where we swam and sat in the sun. It was stupidly late into my swim before it occurred to me that this might be the beach Harvey had landed upon, fifty-nine years earlier. I mentioned it to the poet, and she asked after details I was shamed to admit I didn’t have. Our day turned historical. She showed me Juno Beach, the cliffs in which the snipers crouched, the maze of hedgerows that proved
so lethal. Finally, the American cemetery. Thousands upon thousands of squat white crosses, punctuated by the Star of David, line up in rows on the manicured grass. You can’t see the end of it. I’m my father’s daughter: I burst into tears.

I returned home, full of journalistic zeal. I bought a Dictaphone.¹ This seemed like half the job done already. I was the gutsy truth seeker, uncovering the poignant war story of a man who found it all too painful to talk about. Except I found my father not especially resistant to the idea. True, he had never really spoken about it—then again, I had never really asked. He laid out a fish lunch in his garden in Felixstowe² and carefully set up the microphone on its little stand.

“It’s funny you mention it, actually.” Why was it funny? “Well, I’ve been thinking a bit about it, what with the anniversary. It’s only now that I’ve started thinking: I would like my lost service medals back . . . you know, for next year. Just be nice, wouldn’t it.” But why didn’t you ask for them back, years ago? “Well . . . they charge you for them, don’t they,” said Harvey doubtfully, and returned to filleting his grilled sole.

A struggle my father has always had: between hating war and having been in one, between being committed to, as he puts it, the future, and at the same time not wanting to be entirely forgotten. I think he was surprised, at this late hour, to find he wanted his medals back. I was surprised I wanted to see them. A kindly veteran who lives opposite helped us send off the necessary paperwork. When the medals arrived, I came up to Felixstowe and we sat about staring at them. These moon rocks laid out on the kitchen table.

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I was a bad journalist to my father, short-tempered, bullying. He never said what I wanted him to. Each week we struggled as I tried to force his story into my mold— territory previously covered by Saving Private Ryan or The Great Escape³—and he tried to stop me. He only wanted to explain what had happened to him. And his war, as he sees it, was an accidental thing, ambivalent, unplanned, an ordinary man’s experience of extremity. It’s not Private Ryan’s war or Steve McQueen’s war or Bert Scaife’s war (of whom more later). It’s Harvey Smith’s war. If it embodies anything (Harvey’s not much into things embodying other things), it is the fact that when wars are fought, perfectly normal people fight them. Alongside the heroes and martyrs, sergeants and generals, there are the millions of average young people who simply tumble into it, their childhood barely behind them. Harvey was one of those. A working-class lad from East Croydon at a loose end. At seventeen, he was still too young to be drafted, but when he passed the recruiting office on the high street, he went inside. They took his details and told him he’d be called up when he was seventeen and six months. “Made me feel a little bit special—and when you’re a teenager, that’s what you want, isn’t it?” In November 1943 initial training was completed. They moved to Suffolk, where Harvey joined the 6th Assault Regiment RE and was mobilized the week after Christmas. “That meant our unit were officially at war. I think that’s right. It meant that they could shoot you if you deserted, or something.”

There followed six months of regimental training and tank training, how to ride in one, how
to sleep under one, how to service it when it broke down. Harvey was still not expecting to see action before 1945. You had to be nineteen. When the rest of the unit moved to Calshott, he went to Felixstowe. (He ended up there once again, in the late 1990s, after his second divorce. Sometimes he refers to his life’s journey as “the round-trip.”)

I was with the old [guys], like Dad’s army. But I was only there three weeks. The law changed; suddenly you could be eighteen. So that was me.” Harvey’s war was on. He spent that last month hiding in the Fawley woods with his regiment. You can’t see the stars like that in Croydon. On June 3, he listened to the final briefing with the rest of his regiment. “That’s when they told us the truth, where we were going, King Beach, and when. I was hoping to be in one of the tanks. But last minute, I was assigned to be the radio man for the CO’s truck. All the boys thought that was pretty funny. Me stuck alone with the CO.”

On the fifth of June at about 11 P.M., they set off. They were meant to land on the morning of the fifth, but the conditions had been too dreadful. They were still dreadful—everybody was sick. In the middle of the crossing, Harvey saw his first British warship, a huge shadowed beast, moving through the water. As he watched, it shot off a broadside from its sixteen-inch guns, rocking sideways in the recoil. “I knew then. I hadn’t known before. I knew this was serious.”

It was not to be as serious for Harvey as it had already been for thousands. He didn’t land at 6 A.M., he didn’t land in a tank (many of these had grenades thrown into them and “brewed up,” exploding from the inside) and he didn’t land as an American at Omaha. Though he didn’t know it, already he was steeped in luck. He approached the relatively quiet King Beach at midday and waited while his CO argued with an American general onboard who was convinced it was too dangerous to land. It was two hours before he drove onto the beach. So much experience that should be parceled out, tenderly, over years, came to my father that day, concertinaed into twenty-four hours. First time he’d left England. First time he’d been at sea. First time he’d seen a dead body.

“My was looking out from the back of the truck. Young dead Germans were everywhere. They looked like us; they could have been us. It was gruesome. And we’d heard by then that Major Elphinstone, our major, had died the minute he hit the beach. He stuck his head out of the tank to look about and—pop—a sniper shot him in the face. But you must write that I had an easy day. I had absolutely an easy day. The work had been done, you see. It’d been done. I wasn’t like Bert Scaife.”

Who?

“He was this bloke, he was a legend by the end of the day—caught so many men, shot all these mortars off—he got decorated later. I was no Bert Scaife. Not by a long way.”

Harvey’s truck rode up the lanes, unharmed. There were dugouts everywhere and people shooting at him, but with the help of the radio and excellent information, they made it safely through the worst. They stopped at a monastery that had been commandeered by
the Nazis and now stood abandoned. There was a dead man in Nazi uniform lying in the hallway. My father bent down to turn him over and would have joined him in oblivion if it hadn’t been for his CO stopping his hand just in time. The body was booby-trapped. Coiled within it, my future, and that of my brothers, and the future of our future children, and so on, into unthinkability.

He slept that night in a fragrant orchard. And what else? “Well, I stopped in Bayeux a bit after that. Bought a pen.” At this point, my patience with my father bottomed out. He looked at me helplessly. “It’s so hard to remember . . . I only remember the obscure stuff.”

So now I started playing hardball; now I picked the Dictaphone up and demanded to know about the shrapnel, for Harvey has some shrapnel in his groin, I know he does, and he knows I know. A doctor found it in a routine X-ray in 1991, forty-seven years after Harvey thought it had been removed. I was sixteen at the time, EMF had a hit with “Unbelievable” and I was wearing harem pants. If he’d come home and told me he’d been a waiter on the Titanic it couldn’t have seemed more fantastical.

“Oh, that was different. That was just after I bought the pen.”

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A few days after the pen incident, my father was again in an orchard in the middle of the night. He decided to make tea, the way you did during the war, by filling a biscuit tin full of sand and a little petrol and setting that alight. He shouldn’t have done that. The flames were spotted and a mortar bomb sent over. He doesn’t know how many men died. Maybe two, maybe three. I leaned forward and turned up the volume. For hadn’t I bought this little contraption here for my own purposes? Not to record my father’s history, and not even to write this article, but precisely for this revelation, for this very moment or another like it; in the hope of catching a painful war secret, in the queer belief that such a thing would lead to some epiphanic shift in my relationship with my father. There is such a vanity in each succeeding generation—we think we can free our parents from experience, that we will be their talking cure, that we are the catharsis they need. I said, But, Dad, it was a simple mistake. We all make so many at the same age, but in a normal situation, they can’t lead to anybody’s dying. I put my hand on his hand. “But it was my fault.” “Of course it wasn’t. It was a mistake.” “Yes, yes,” said Harvey, humoring me, crying quietly, “if that’s how you want to say it.”

He woke up on a stretcher in a truck, two dead Germans either side of him, picked up from some other incident. That was the end of his war for a few weeks while he recuperated in England. When he went back, in the final months of the war, he did some remarkable things. He caught a senior Nazi, an episode I turned into idiotic comedy for a novel. He helped liberate Belsen. But it’s those weeks in Normandy that are most significant to him. The mistakes he made, the things he didn’t do, how lucky he was. To finish up, I asked him if he thought he was brave in Normandy.

“I wasn’t brave! I wasn’t asked to be brave . . . I wasn’t Bert Scaife! I wasn’t individually
brave; that how you should say it for the paper.” Is that why he never spoke about it? “Not really . . . I s’pose when you realized you were playing your part in killing ordinary people, well, it’s an awful thing to think about . . . and then, well, I spent a year in Germany after the war, you see, working for the army and making friends with ordinary Germans. I almost married a German girl, from the country, with a strong jaw. Lovely girl. And in her house there was a photo of her brother, in a Nazi uniform, about eighteen. He wasn’t coming home. And my mate who came to visit her with me, he turned the photo to the wall. But I said no. These were just country people. There was so much evil in that war. And then they were just people like that, simple people.”

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That’s the end of our interview on the tape. Afterward he phoned me up several times to reiterate one point. He wasn’t brave. I said, okay, Dad, yes, I’ve got that bit.

During one of these conversations, I revised my earlier question to him. If he wasn’t brave, is he at least proud? “Not really. If I’d been one of the medicos on beach. Or done something like Bert Scaife did, then I’d be proud, I suppose. But I didn’t.”

Harvey Smith is not Bert Scaife—he wants me to make that very clear to you. When he caught that senior Nazi, his fellow soldiers wanted to kill the man. It was my father who persuaded them to settle for a lesser punishment: he set the Nazi walking in front of their tank for five miles before handing him over to the authorities. It is characteristic of Harvey that he was somewhat ashamed to tell me that story. He feels he behaved cruelly.

In sum, Harvey thinks pride a pale virtue. To his mind, an individual act either helps a little or it does not, and to be proud of it afterward helps nobody much, changes nothing. Still, I am proud of him. In the first version of this article, I wrote here: “He was a man able to retain his humanity in the most inhumane of circumstances.” Later I scratched it out because humanity is these days a vainglorious, much debased word and inhumanity is a deceitful one. My generation was raised with the idea that those who pride themselves on their humanity are perfectly capable of atrocity. I think I’ll put instead: he didn’t lose himself in horror. Which is a special way of being brave, of being courageous, and a quality my father shares with millions of ordinary men and women who fought that miserable war.

1. Dictaphone n. machine used to record speech.
3. Saving Private Ryan or The Great Escape two films about soldiers in World War II.
4. Dad’s Army 1970s British television sitcom about older men who, ineligible for other military service, acted as a secondary defense force in England during World War II.
5. CO abbr. commanding officer.
7. Belsen Nazi concentration camp.
8. medicos n. doctors.