

## **INDUSTRY, IDENTITY AND CHAOS**

*Christopher Harvie*

### **AFTER A CENTURY**

I want to start by going back over thirty years, to when the Scottish Arts Council ran a gallery in Shandwick Place. An exhibition was on of William MacTaggart's great seascapes, and before one of them was a little knot of people in their seventies. 'Yes', one of them said 'He used to paint there, by the rocks, and I think that's me.' Then I realised that these were the children who scrambled on the rocks or paddled in the surf on the edge of these elemental paintings. Theirs seemed a golden age: but was it? MacTaggart's scenes were 'The Emigrant Ship', 'The Storm' 'The Coming of Columba': the sea as agent of challenge and change, and what Duncan Macmillan has called 'tragic grandeur'. One remembered similar paintings, which 'looked into the heart of modern art' by Jack Yeats, and his brother:

Imagining in excited reverie  
That the future years had come  
Dancing to a frenzied drum  
Out of the murderous innocence of the sea

The sea is symbolic of Scotland in this century, and to it I'll continually return, because it's industry, identity and chaos in itself. The dialogue of element and country is also the opposite of the stone solidities of the Museum and I can see the difficulty of trying to contain it - in its twentieth century - in this superb building (Macmillan 1990, pp. 243-52).

This may account for what I see as a failure, and a serious one. Because it means that just where Scotland's story gets most complex - as well as most relevant to our own problems - the Museum's discourse breaks down into a

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post-modern Kim's game in which there is no attempt whatever at a narrative. And if we don't know where we've been, we won't know where we're going.

### **THEMES, INTERPRETERS, MOMENTS**

The historical philosopher R. G. Collingwood said that the historian ought always to try to approach the past by trying to work out 'What questions would people have asked then?' (Collingwood 1944). Always with the goal in mind of seeking concrete, visual examples, I have made my recurrent 'past questions' three: about the future of the industrial order; about 'the Condition of Scotland'; and about the challenge of 'chaos' - the provocations of war or social upheaval in an increasingly interdependent world. Industry and class stress the Marxian toolbox, battered but not to be ignored; nation the 'democratic intellect' - but remember Louis MacNeice's warning:

Let us lie once more, say 'What we think, we can'  
The old idealist lie -

The flying between the two can find in the turmoil of the third, MacDiarmid's 'wunds wi' warlds tae swing', new resources as well as new problems.

Secondly, I want to focus my analysis through two highly visual prophets - connected with nationalism, teachers of our century's Carlyle, Hugh MacDiarmid - who in 1900 evaluated progress differently but also through a Scottish prism: Patrick Geddes and R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. (MacDiarmid 1926, pp. 26-43; 1952, pp. 130-61; 1966, pp. 79-83).

Geddes's **Cities in Evolution** (1912) is a grand progressive blueprint, still relevant today. He modified the French sociologists Saint-Simon's and Comte's 'stages of civilisation', to embrace technology. Eotechnics (pre-steam technology) gives way to paleotechnics and neo-technics, with - at least after the paleotechnic stage - man at each stage better able to understand and positively engineer his situation. Geddes was a Labour and nationalist sympathiser whose 'ethical socialism' had no place for the compulsive drives of the Marxists but was popular among the last generation of imperial trustees and their immediate, paternalist 'nationalist' supplanters, the Weizmanns, Gandhis and Nehrus. He popularised the term ecology, a concept that we have to master if the human race is to see out the next century (Geddes 1912; Meller 1996).

'Don Roberto' Cunninghame-Graham was horseman, literary stylist, socialist, founder member of the National Party of Scotland in 1928, at the end of his

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life President of the Scottish National Party. Lavery's Velasquez-like painting of him dominates, along with Whistler's Carlyle, that other great collection, the Glasgow Art Gallery. In 1905 he wrote **Progress**, a piece of reportage - at second hand - of a Mexican punitive expedition against a parish of religious fanatics under a deranged leader who believes himself to be God. The government forces prove incompetent. Knowing their land, the hundred villagers kill two-thirds of them. But the soldiers' single machine-gun proves decisive. The women and children are blown up in the church, the surviving men summarily shot. 'Progress' is established, but at terrible moral cost (Cunninghame Graham 1905, pp. 1-62).

Obviously, the Boer war, with its 'methods of barbarism', wasn't far from the author's mind - or, for that matter, **Heart of Darkness** (1899) to whose author Joseph Conrad **Progress** is dedicated. Cunninghame-Graham also helped Conrad with **Nostromo** (1904), that brilliant study of the corruption of imperialism which reflects so accurately what happened to the surplus value creamed off by Scottish capitalists from their workforce. After Auschwitz, only one of the barbarities that have killed a third of a billion over a hundred years, Cunninghame-Graham's is not a false warning. Together, these two Scots seem to present - perhaps unsurprisingly - the doppelgänger: the divided self within the divided nation in a divided world.

Thirdly, I want to focus this debate by concentrating on three dates which seem cusps of our development: 1922, 1973 and 1990. The end of the dynamic epoch of the heavy capital goods industries and their masters; the challenge which came with energy scarcity and the entry to the European Community; and the report of the Constitutional Convention, Scotland's own variation on the democratic revolution.

### **FIN DE SIECLE CONSCIOUSNESS**

But first, what of the questions of 1900, of that heavy-industrial Scotland that triumphed until 1922? Was the Scottish nation important? The answer isn't easy. People define themselves in ways that matter to them, and the nation-state is a recent-enough invention - displacing earlier loyalties which were civic or religious or simply didn't matter very much compared with the business of surviving. The nation, from 1789 on, would change all that through conscription, welfare, taxation on one side, and exclusion, persecution and genocide on the other. But the relevant power-wielding nation wasn't Scotland (Nairn 1977, pp. 126-95).

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Such opinion statistics as we have date from the end of World War II, but given economic continuity these could be projected back and my guess is that pre-1914 they would show a general sense of Britishness, combined with a wish for self-government (**News Chronicle**, 16 January 1945). Though more people felt British during a World War, and after a couple of decades of acculturation at the hands of the BBC and Hollywood, nationalists had done well as protest candidates and Tom Johnston's immensely successful career as Secretary of State, with a strong nationalist as well as socialist streak to it, was that of the 'class of 1906' (Walker 1988, pp. 1-25, 151-78).

We talk, notoriously, about the Scots having invented a democratic, civic nationalism, but how important was this before World War I? Arguably not a lot. For most people it meant rather different treatment by the law, different housing practices, a series of different accents. The self-government of the Estates, as I've called the Kirk, Law, Education and Local Government, mattered to the middle class, who were not otherwise nationalist, but how much were ordinary people conscious of them? My hunch would be that people took them for granted and didn't have all that much comparative experience.

Save when they emigrated, and this I think - perhaps more than anything else (and more than a conscious tartan conspiracy) - accounts for the kitschy quality of Scottishness. It was an identifier, and very much a positional one, to be adopted or discarded according to circumstance. Hence you could have exiles, perhaps two of whom stressed being Scots, against one who was quiet about it.

But a new and powerful concept of the British state was in the ascendant, and this had the effect of marginalising the Scottish tradition. In a sense the 1860s was the key decade of reversal, with the Common Sense tradition mortally wounded by John Stuart Mill's **Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy** (1864), the explicitly British nationalism of the Liberal intelligentsia (many of them Scots) shown in **Essays on Reform** (1867), the English-derived nature of the 1872 Education (Scotland) Act. A Liberal imperialist like R. B. Haldane, a classic collectivist reformer, was from a strongly traditional Scots religious background, yet never seems to have taken nationalism as seriously as Gladstone (intermittently) did. Liberals had home rule on their agenda, but most of it - welfare reform, rearmament, church disestablishment, union rights - tended in a UK or class-based direction (Harvie 1999, p. 128).

Against this, there was a strong element of industrial autonomy. The vast majority of Scottish firms were Scottish-owned: railways, shipping lines,

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shipyards, steel, coal, textiles - and add the great municipal enterprise of the towns (trams, water, gas, electricity) and that monument to working-class organisation the Co-op. Not only were such organisations autonomous, they existed in a milieu where the city state was a constant and active presence. Not only were the Scottish cities large - and the result of the most rapid rate of European urbanisation, they had 'personalities' far more vivid than their English counterparts: strong local élites, intelligentsias, recognisably distinctive artistic and building styles. And despite the centralising political force of the imperial capital, they were externally oriented by their industries: Aberdeen's fisheries to the North Sea and the Baltic; Dundee to the Indian empire; Glasgow to the Atlantic. Edinburgh, the centre of the nation and of the Estates, was also the most anglicised city.

This agnosticism about nationalism was in part due to the fact that 'improvement' was expedited by the traditional intellectuals who were its continental upholders: clergy, lawyers, literati, teachers. These groups were parts of the Union state, as much aware of their status as of their Scottishness. They hadn't cross-profession national loyalties; there wasn't a Scots bohemia. Consequently the innovatory bourgeoisie - Gramsci's 'organic intellectuals' - either modelled itself on them, or if dissenting, left. Empire and Union drew the Buchans and Reiths and Griersons away (Gramsci 1971, pp. 18f.).

Scotland - or at least an unusually empowered Scot élite - went apparently open-eyed into the industrialisation process. Adam Smith's 'notion' (and that very word suggests provisionality) was that sympathy - what Max Weber would later call *Verstehen* - would keep up with and humanise the production that industrialisation and the market would liberate. What Smith and his contemporaries forgot was the capacity of the system to take on its own momentum: to generate a pace of change which undermined the society it was supposed to preserve. The creative writers picked this up: society, at the end of John Galt's **Annals of the Parish** (1821), is a lot more fragile than it was when the laird could intrude Micah Balwhidder into Dalmailing in 1760 - and even worse because more corrupt in **The Provost** (1822); Walter Scott's **Chronicles of the Canongate** (1827), and again and again in Carlyle (Smith 1759, p.9; Hughes 1959).

The trouble was also that much of Scottish capitalism wasn't socially benign. The first trade breakthrough was in a legal drug - tobacco. In the 19th century Scots pioneered the use of opium as an anaesthetic, but Jardine and Matheson made millions selling it to the Chinese, a trade enforced by the British government. Whisky would be used to destroy native resistance, long before it revenged itself through our chronic national alcohol problem. This reflected

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and dulled the consciousness of a pretty ruthless *Raubkapitalismus* which didn't bring much reward to the ordinary Scot (Harvie 1999b, pp. 18-48).

Despite the heritage business (in fact, probably because of it) we tend to underestimate just how unpleasant Victorian Scotland could be: the all-present smoke and soot, the sweaty clothes, the reek of coal gas, alcohol and stewed cabbage, and urine and worse from chamber-pots and outdoor closets, the deformities and sores, broken and rotted teeth; streets spattered with gobs of chewed tobacco, vomit, spittle, awash with horse-turds, and rattling with iron tyres and tackety-boots. Glasgow doctors found little corpses in single-ends, sharing a bed with their brothers and sisters until they could be buried. Perhaps we require a museum of this Scotland, of what Edwin Muir, coming from edenic Orkney, found in the bone-factory of Glasgow (Muir 1944).

The writers of the time - George Douglas Brown in **The House with the Green Shutters** (1900) and James MacDougall Hay in **Gillespie** (1914) - were anything but starry-eyed about the place, and economic autonomy was chastened by the sharp downturn of 1906-8, which may have concentrated minds on the country's negative distinctiveness: low wages, terrible housing, the highland problem. But before 1914 Scotland's identity seems made up of a series of contradictory pulls: an industrial-imperial civics pulling towards local autonomy and the Atlantic; a growing collectivism pulling towards London, and in the middle a sense of Scottishness which was there without being very positive: like Marx's famous line on the English working class, the Scots were of a nation without being for one.

### **THE IMPACT OF WAR**

It isn't just that war makes or breaks nations; it's that the conditions of mechanised total war call into being an industrial state all of their own: one unanticipated because no-one knows how the war machine is going to work until the switches are thrown.

The effect of World War I - and the state its 'creative chaos' generated - was profound, but generally destructive. Our greatest twentieth-century novel, Grassie Gibbon's **Sunset Song** (1933) is unremittingly bleak about it. Scotland sustained disproportionately high losses - as high as 40% over the UK average - but even more serious was the long-term damage caused to regional industrial autonomy: the economy was over-coordinated and overspecialised in war material for which there was no peacetime demand. Shipping lines and railways were taken over and control moved south. And in

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order to compensate for the low-wage order, the state moved into the housing market, and stayed there, re-ordering future politics (Harvie 1981, pp. 24-34).

A collectivist pattern of peculiar rigidity was imposed on housing, eliminating urban rentier-Liberalism. This in turn created a distinctive Scottish politics where housing and education were governed by concordats that operated to the advantage of the Labour party and created a new Catholic Estate. The xenophobic response to this did neither nationalism nor conservatism credit, and it also checked the development of the consensual organisations on which nationalism depends (Gallagher 1988, p.139-40).

But the war, the Versailles settlement, and events in Ireland left a lasting trace. The literary renaissance was explicitly nationalist in a way that no earlier movement had been. It was anti-imperial - fetishising such martyrs as James Connolly and John MacLean - and its templates brought far closer linkages between national ideas and policy, yet it influenced the political élite. Look, for instance at, the 'Condition of Scotland' literature of the 1930s, at the succession of 'Scottish' bodies hatched then - the National Trust for Scotland, the Scottish National Development Council, the Scottish Youth Hostels Association, the Saltire Society, or at the building of St.Andrew's House and the Empire Exhibition of 1938 (Hagemann, pp. 66f).

Now this was based on élite control, and an élite still largely Scottish-based. Nationalists condemned the Unionism of the signatories to a **Times** letter against home rule, but these were formidable, and many would subsequently be found involved in small-n nationalist organisations. Many on the left muttered about a type of fascism, and I think they had a case. Although fascism had little support in Scotland (militant Protestants - the nearest we got to Nazis - regarded fascism as a Catholic perversion and beat up Blackshirts on sight) the Scottish élite, in its multinational aspect, had some sinister allies - through chemicals in Germany, and cotton in Italy. But this developing corporatism was overtaken (again) by war, and the revival of the traditional heavy industries (Stewart 1995).

War also put Scotland on the Atlantic front line, where it stayed until 1990. It was on this foundation - part archaic, part strategic - that Johnston's administrative devolution was erected; and it had to struggle hard against centralisation and something like British ethnic nationalism. Between 1939 and 1965, the runaway growth of the Labour party, a justification of 'the British way' against conquered Europe, a stable élite on top of stable class politics, centrally-organised mass media, through BBC and ITV, the welfare state, even the 'success' of the Empire-Commonwealth transition, accompanied a lowered consciousness of being Scots in the old

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uncomplicated Edwardian way. In 1958 Labour could actually ditch its (almost forgotten) commitment to home rule (Harvie and Keating in Donnachie et al 1990, pp. 66-98).

The alternative was Geddesian: the planning movement of his disciples which, starting with the likes of Walter Elliot in the 1930s, produced some radical - not to say revolutionary - schemes in the 1940s then, after a hiatus, a flood of land use/transportation studies and regional plans in the 1960s. Was it stable? Probably not: the mismatch of national planning and achievement, increasing Scots grievances as the old industries faded out, a Labour party that was less confident or competent in government than it made out: all brought it pretty rapidly to bits. And then there was the Cunninghame-Graham side of 'progress' - the Soviets in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the Americans in Vietnam, South America, and their memento mori in the Holy Loch.

### **INTO THE RAPIDS**

Scott in **Waverley** (1816) made the famous analogy of 'improvement' with a great river. In the 1960s Scotland must have seemed more like a backwater, having failed to advance from an Edwardian industrial structure. If the early 1960s - forget about flares or minicars - were technologically closer to the Edwardians than to us, the later phase of rapid modernisation (mass motorisation, mass air travel, plastics, electronics, contraception) created quite a different decade. It destroyed such links, and the Labour hegemony in Scotland was put into question by a coalition of the uncertain, the conservative, and the progressive. Nationalism can't be understood apart from the shocks experienced all along the line. In this sense Floor Five of the National Museum has a rationale: the gadgets - from tights to videorecorders - stuck around. But the use to which they were put was what mattered. Hedonism, yes, but chiefly getting away from finger-wagging people like (for he came easily to hand) Willie Ross (Marwick 1998).

Of course, Ross helped: through his attempt to pull Scotland into the consumer-goods-production age; the acceleration of change through motorways, high-rise flats, new towns and comprehensive schools. This further increased the general instability, and provoked the possibility of change - in practically every direction. In **Our Fathers** (1999) Andrew O'Hagan has stressed the utopian ideal behind this: tackling the retardation that the old Scotland imposed. It was a *réprise* of 18th century improvement, with the same benign unconcern for the feelings of the to-be-improved.

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The rise of the SNP in the 1960s had both European and British parallels, not always progressive ones. It was premature and might have evaporated. What was more dynamic was its subsequent linkage in 1973 with the post-imperial phenomenon of the oil crisis and North Sea oil. This was a project dwarfing anything the 1960s had produced. It was also far beyond the capabilities of traditional UK government, with its huge prior investment in nuclear energy. The SNP found itself educating Whitehall. With penumbra as distinctive as the 7.84 Theatre Group, the Bay City Rollers and the Tartan Army, nationalism became normal, not to say tedious. The whole Bagehotian mystique of Westminster was broken. As William Miller has written, the concentration of the specifically Scottish business of defeating nationalism effectively meant 'the end of British politics'. Though suppressed, the issue would spring up again (Miller 1981; Harvie 1994, pp. 97-131; 259-285).

North Sea oil would bankroll the 'success' of the Thatcher experiment. Effectively it meant the linkage of British into global economic forces through the surrender of UK control, and the further drive to power of the USA, challenging geriatric communism and consolidating bases where its fuel originated, in the Middle East and the UK. This wasn't Geddes's age at all - planning was in eclipse, from the collapse of Bretton Woods in 1971 downwards. But it is the age of the failed utopian - of Jock McLeish in Alasdair Gray's **1982 Janine** (1984) - making his peace with the new masters. This was accompanied by two collapses: first the Labour party split, with the right, pro-European wing going into the SDP; second, the Conservatives, under Thatcher, hit by the collapse in oil prices in 1986 steamed straight into the iceberg of the Poll Tax crisis. Against an unprecedented degree of tactical voting they lost any sense of direction and became purely reactive. And their reactivity was programmed to revive the Scottish movement (Mitchell 1990).

Outside, it was Cunninghame-Graham's world, starting with the US-backed overthrow of Salvador Allende, and proceeding through Cambodia to the fatal Russian involvement in Afghanistan which accelerated Communism's collapse. He would have relished the fact that Gorbachev actually became leader of the Soviet Union in Edinburgh, while only a few months later the Chernobyl catastrophe drew a line under national frontiers, as well as utopianism.

### **SCOTLAND'S VELVET REVOLUTION?**

By now 'Ukania' was taking a pounding from the likes of Tom Nairn and Neal Ascherson, just as Carlyle had assaulted the ancien régime in the 1830s. But while Carlyle's assault led to Marx and Engels on one hand, and the

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recuperation of the reformist British élite on the other, their effect was centrifugal. Though don't overstress the politics: that much is valid on Floor Five of the Museum. The 1980s was emphatically a decade of privatisation: most well-doing families had cars, central heating, Spanish holidays, greater potential for individuation being thus released. But most families were also suffering from relationship fatigue, isolation, and social breakdown. Politics would have been under strain anyway, but Whitehall-style centralism showed itself in practice insensitive to the point of crassness (Ascherson 1988; Nairn 1988, pp. 360-71).

1990 - the fall of Thatcher, the unity of Germany, the acceleration of the Velvet revolution, the eventual withdrawal of the Americans from the Clyde - was also an episode in the dissolution of the bureaucratic, centralised state of Scottish Labour. It had forfeited rule in London, yet in the north was conceded a municipal power of East European proportions. The Constitutional Convention, and the electoral system born of it, was its perestroika. Post-1990 politics has been of an East European sort - a rapidly-unleashed pluralism which we haven't yet come to terms with. The whom business is both quite new and indubitably Scots. Its story will in due course displace the Westminster story. However, it leaves a mingled chime in the dawn of the millenium: the politics of a new Enlightenment, of Scotland as a progressive, experimental culture-nation marketing itself in a regionalised Europe? The 'Plain People of Scotland' led by the Cardinal, Brian the Born-Again Bus, and Tabloid Jack? Scotland as a pensioner in the UK's granny flat? Or a dysfunctional, externally-controlled Scotland with consoling myths, thorny resentiments and underemployed young men: **Braveheart** meets **Trainspotting**?

Or could there be some sort of satanic compromise, a Swiss-style, hedonistic Scotland, with fun, games and banks for the filthy rich? From an overnight at Gleneagles for about £700 to the conference-centre business, with the trade it brings to Edinburgh's 'rest and recreation' facilities? Should Mrs Dora Noyce and her establishment be recognised as pioneers of an enticing enterprise zone? The vast scale of the drug business - costing Glasgow in 1996 £633 million (or 2% of Scottish GDP) - and the black economy projects a much more effective proto-capitalist competition: a Scottish version of the American gangsta hip-hop culture which has 'pacified' the ghettos - one calculated to keep the excluded subordinate and preferably short-lived. Ian Rankin has characterised his sort of crime novel as 'post-imperial'. Cunninghame-Graham would have agreed (Kerevan in Hassan and Warhurst, pp.55-64).

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The life of any community at any time is a combination of the public, the social and the individual, and the absence of a Scots 'public life' has always tended to promote the other two. Which is on the whole satisfactory to historians. Politics doesn't, as in Irish historiography before the 1970s, occupy an over-dominant role. We were revisionists in Scotland before we had anything to revise. But now we're in a much more unpredictable situation, where the party battle, and the organisation of opinion to secure majorities in parliament, creates a history of participation and manoeuvre.

### **BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME**

Whose, then, is the twentieth century? Cunninghame-Graham's was a perceptive forecast of the Somme battles, the Armenian and Smyrnan massacres, the incalculable brutality of the Japanese in Manchuria, the Soviet Gulags, the German 'final solution', the Chinese in Tibet - and not least the casualties involved in protecting or extending 'the western way of life' in Vietnam, Indonesia, much of Africa and most of Cunninghame-Graham's home-patch Central and Southern America? If over a third of a billion people have indeed died through political action this century, then that would be almost a quarter of the people around in 1900.

On Geddes' side, what does an audit of the nation and its Estates yield? Religion, dwindling. Catholic as well as - in fact rather more rapidly than - calvinist. Law: expensive, and increasingly commercial. Education; good, perhaps, by British standards, but poor in continental comparison. Health - terrible: in all levels of society, but particularly in dragging the insecure down to the excluded. Jobs - tending more to the insecure in both directions. How long-term are call centre jobs? Will a Scottish entrepreneur grow his firm in the community, like a German *mittelstandler* or sell out and live in 'hedonistic Scotland'?

There is, against this, almost thankfully, death and hell. The deskilling of operatives into the new 'Microserfs'; the alternative of insecurity, redundancy, drugs, the despair of the socially excluded makes for protest. The mind is concentrated by Aids, and by antibiotics threatened by resistant diseases. The enormous growth in mobility - roughly trebling since the 1960s - has us quite literally by the throat. And the downside to the oncoming communications revolution - the global village idiot catered for by the most damned mischievous of North Britons, Rupert Murdoch - provokes its own resistance, spectacularly on view in Seattle.

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In all of these, Scotland's identity has been simultaneously agent and patient. We, or at least people of our stock and traditions, have originated or developed many of these world-changing technologies - the steam engine, civil engineering, radar, ultrasonics, most recently genetic engineering - not to speak, of course, of the economic theory and practice which has governed their adoption. But at the same time we have spectacularly been its victims: the only industrialised European country with steady emigration, the second city of the Empire, with Europe's most hideous slums, the green-field site of fly-by-night multinationals; the inheritor of a patriotic literature of flagellant self-criticism.

And where, in all this, does the Museum fit? When the eighteenth-century Board of Trustees (that proto-SDA) set up Captain Fowke's Museum, it was there, like the **Encyclopaedia Britannica** (1769) to instruct. This ought still to be our priority; there is no evidence that our children can get by without it. I have to work from my own experience; when writing Open University units museum visits were repeated and regular - to visualise what processes and environments were like: how spinning jennies worked, how their operatives lived, how Austria was administered, how its army functioned, what it was like to be a student in pre-1848 Europe.

In Scotland in recent times events and artefacts have echoed external control and internal turmoil. Lockerbie is part of our history, as is Piper Alpha. Our displayed history has to show these wounds, and evidence of continuing gradients in our society: diets from Castlemilk, what (if anything) graffiti means, where the £600-million Glasgow loses every year as a result of drugs actually goes, what it's like to work in a call centre or a microchip factory, as well as what it was like to work in a smithy or loom shop. What it's like to be an immigrant, or asylum-seeker, or handicapped.

We are ending one troubled century and facing another, perhaps terminal. Kipling's lines, of 1932, come to mind:

This is the midnight - let no star  
Delude us - dawn is very far.  
This is the tempest long foretold -  
Slow to make head but sure to hold.

Cunninghame-Graham's century, then? But in Conrad's story **Typhoon** (1903) - which was dedicated to him - it's the unimaginative Ulster Scot Captain MacWhirr who wins through because he knows how the 'Nan-Shan' functions, which is Geddes territory. Museums are like that, they show how the place got to where it is, and how it works. If Alasdair Gray's 'makers,

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movers and menders' get us to 2060 or so, and the elderly can then look back to the beaches of 2000, with the affection that the old folk in Shandwick place had for MacTaggart's epoch, they will have done their work.

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