

Church & State

A Cultural Review Of Ireland And The World

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Vichy's Show Trial

Darwin and Wallace

The Great Eoghan Ruadh
Part Three

Editorial

Inhuman Humanism

Something that calls itself humanism, or humanitarianism, is the ideology of post-Christian England, and therefore of post-Christian Ireland. Ireland has become a follow-on from England, and it is therefore post-Christian too. It is ill at ease with the things about itself that are not English.

Would-be Senator Martin Mansergh who, as adviser to Taoiseachs helped Fianna Fail along the path to ruin, has declared that England is not a foreign country. And the *Sunday Independent* has proposed that Ireland should remedy the mistake its electors made in 1918 by applying for re-admission to the United Kingdom.

Regardless of all of this, England *is* a foreign country, and Ireland is never less English than when it is apeing England. To anyone who appreciates what England is, Irish mimicry of it is not impressive. It is embarrassing.

In its post-Christianity, Ireland is not post its own Christianity. It is post-English Christianity. It is post a Christianity that never struck root here, despite the help of centuries of Penal Laws. Its humanism is a blurred echo of the purposeful English post-Christian humanism. The vital forces of English life are beyond its comprehension. It just tags along.

England is a post-Christian country indelibly marked by its own Christianity—by the religious frenzy that overtook it around four hundred years ago. It broke with Rome strictly for reasons of State—the absolute Tudor State that failed to breed an heir to its Crown and broke with the Pope because his own difficulties at the time did not allow him to dissolve Henry's marriage so that he might try again with a new wife.

The casual break with Rome led to the suppression of the Roman religion for ongoing reasons of State, and the State left the middle class without a religion. Over a couple of generations the middle class made up its own religion in a free and direct relationship with the Bible. And the religion it made up was, of course, Millenarian.

English Christianity was Millenarian. And so, therefore, is post-Christian English humanism.

Jesus said he was going to come back again and establish universal uniformity as a preliminary to bringing the world to an end. The duty of Christians, therefore, was to begin the work of establishing universal uniformity in preparation for the Second Coming.

Last year Fintan O'Toole of the *Irish Times* discovered Captain Rock. He was shocked. And he was appalled when he was told a little Millenarian cult sprang up among the revolting Rockite peasants in the Cork-Limerick borderland for a couple of years in the early 1820s. It explained to him what is wrong with Ireland.

(Fintan lives in a permanent condition of moral shock. It is what he is paid for.)

Millenarianism is Protestant. One could almost say it is English Protestant. If there actually was a Millenarian cult among those who tried to improve their lot by agrarian terrorism in the early 1820s, it was mushroom growth, and if it was here today it was gone tomorrow. Serious and durable Millenarian-

ism in Ireland occurred in the Belfast middle class, and also in strata of the Dublin Protestant middle class. Belfast was a Millenarian city for a generation around 1800.

The greatest expression of religious enthusiasm ever seen in Ireland happened in Protestant Ulster in 1859. It is an event that Southern historians, authentic or revisionist, take no notice of, but Protestant Ulster is still marked by it, and is scarcely comprehensible without it. If it was not formally Millenarian, it was next door to it.

Millenarianism, and the Protestantism that generates it, assumes that the world is wrong, that it needs to be saved, and that the saving of it will bring it to an end, or will accompany its ending. The ways that the world managed to exist, and make people contented with it, during the uncountable ages before Calvin read the Gospels, are things to be got rid of. Tradition is bad: authority based on tradition is abominable.

Catholicism is—or was until very recently—a religion that carried a welter of traditions along with it, and was guided by an authority based on tradition. The baggage that it carries with it goes back to the Roman Empire and beyond. Jesus has his place in it, but only his place. It does not believe in the Second Coming, but does not repudiate it either. It does not prohibit Millenarian beliefs, but it stamps on them when they threaten to run loose. It is a religion of an ongoing world. In a world of religions, it is a normal religion.

English Christianity—the Christianity that England produced in the course of making itself what it is—is a rogue religion produced by a rogue State. It is absolutely intolerant of the diversity of the world and is committed to ending it by means of imposed uniformity. And who will impose this uniformity? Who else sees such a thing as the purpose of its existence? England is still in the business of saving the world, but it now relies on its Puritan offspring across the Ocean to do the heavy crushing.

The 1688 compromise that proved to be world conquering established a *modus vivendi* between a sceptical but ambitious gentry and an essentially Millenarian populace. Neither would have had much effect on its own—the scepticism would have been powerless and the Millenarianism brainless. It was the combination that was deadly.

The two elements meshed and yet remained distinct. The scepticism had to manipulate and direct the enthusiasm. It became impossible to tell whether the gentry believed what they said or were saying it for effect. And so it remains.

Post-Christian humanism is Imperialist humanitarian military interventionism, whose purpose is to save the world by making it uniform after a fashion which is serviceable to those who are saving it.

Humanism in general—abstract humanism—has no actual content. There is no one way of living, no particular culture, that follows inexorably from human existence. There are a great many ways of being human. That is something that Catholicism had at least some appreciation of, and therefore was not exterminationist. But an acceptance that there are many ways of being human, and that the world is quite capable of going on without being saved, does not tend to generate fanaticism. And it seems that the world is in for another bout of being saved by the fanaticism generated in England four centuries ago. And, if it happens to be destroyed in the course of being saved, that would not be out of keeping with the Millenarian vision.

Two New Leaders of the main Protestant churches were elected at separate ballots in Dublin and Belfast in February.

Dr. Michael Jackson (54), the current Church of Ireland Bishop of Clogher, was elected as the new Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough in succession to John Neill, who has retired.

Born in Lurgan, Co Armagh, Bishop Jackson was elected Bishop of Clogher in 2002. He attended school at Portora Royal School in Enniskillen before studying at Trinity College, from which he graduated with first-class honours in classics and later a masters degree. He was awarded a doctorate in theology at Cambridge and a doctorate in philosophy at Oxford.

He pledged to work in close partnership with the Anglican Primate of All Ireland, Alan Harper, who presided over the electoral college at which he became the first Northerner since 1969 to be chosen as the senior Anglican prelate in the Republic.

The Church of Ireland Bishop of Meath and Kildare, Richard Clark ruled himself out of the running for election, he had been widely regarded as hot favourite for the position.

Dr. Jackson, a theologian, said that one of his first priorities would be to meet the clergy and people of his new diocese, as well as abuse survivors from the Bethany hostel which was associated with the Church of Ireland. He also stressed the importance of maintaining the ethos of Church of Ireland schools.

Presbyterian Moderator

In Belfast, the Rev Ivan Patterson (61), Minister of Newcastle Presbyterian Church in Co. Down, was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly on February 1, and will take office in June when the annual General Assembly of Ministers and lay people meets.

He has been minister of Newcastle Presbyterian Church in Co Down for the last 20 years.

Election Process

The Church of Ireland primate Archbishop Alan Harper chaired the Episcopal Electoral College at which the Archbishop for the Church of Ireland’s Southern Province was chosen.

The college is made up of 12 clerical and 12 lay members from Dublin and Glendalough dioceses and three of each from the other Southern Dioceses of Cashel and Ossory; Cork, Cloyne and Ross; Limerick and Killaloe; and Meath and Kildare.

The House of Bishops nominated the Bishop of Kilmore Ken Clarke to represent the Northern province and the bishops of Cashel and Limerick, Michael Burrows and Trevor Williams respectively, to represent the Southern province at the college.

In theory, any priest of the Church of Ireland, male or female, aged 35 or over is eligible to be proposed for consideration.

Should a candidate fail to get the necessary two-thirds majority from each of the houses of clergy and laity, the appointment passes to the House of Bishops.

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There is a great deal of interesting reading. Go surf and see!

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Aisling, 1776

Le hAis na Siúrach

Maidin drúchta le hais na Siúrach is mé támhach lag faon,
Do dhearcas cúilfhionn mháiseach mhúinte ghrámhar shéimh,
'Na raibh lile ag súgradh tré luisne lonnrach mar scáil na gcaor
Gan time i ngnúis ghil an leinbh ionnraic dob áilne scéimh.

Is blasta búidh beacht do bheannuigh dúinn-ne, 's is
páirteach saor;
Is tapa d'umhluigheas lem hata cúnneach im láimh go féar,
Ar amharc gnúise is pearsa cúmtha na báibe, is léir
Gur chealg Cúipid le deartaibh tiugha mé tré lár mo chléibh.

Is milis muinnteartha d'fiosruigheas do ghrádh mo chléibh,
Ar b'isi an aoil-chneis trér tugadh líonruith is ár na Trae,
Nó an mhiochair mhíonla do chuir na mílte le fán an
tsaoghail,
'S gach galla-sméirle nár cheaduigh Íosa 'ná an stáit faoi réim.

By the Suir on a dewy morning, and I feeble, weak, faint / I
beheld a beautiful, decorous, lovable, tender maiden / in whom the
lily was playing through the lustrous blush of the brightness of
berries / without fear in the bright countenance of the noble girl of
loveliest appearance.

She greeted me elegantly, graciously, correctly, and affectionately,
nobly / Hastily I made obeisance down to the grass with my cornered
hat in my hand / at sight of the countenance and well-formed person
of the girl, truly / Cupid wounded me with dense darts through the
centre of my heart.

Sweetly, friendly I enquired of the love of my heart / was she the
fair lady through whom was accomplished the rout and slaughter of
Troy / or the gentle, tender lady who put thousands astray in the
world / and every foreign churl who did not honour Jesus in power in
their estates.

Freagair sinn, a ghean mo chroidhe, an tú an bháb do
thréig

An fear do bhí aici i gceangal chinnte le grádh don Fhéinn,
Nó an ghailteann ghrinn do bhailigh Naois tar sáil i gcéin,
Thug treascairt laoch i gcath na Craoibhe is ár na gcéad.

Nó an mhaiseach mhín, mar bheartaid draoithe, fáidhe is
cléir,

Le hais an flís thug scata laoch tar sáil don Ghréig,
Nó an sibh do dhlíghidh le cumann díoghrais páirt is géill,
Ar Chonall ríoghda cumas ríoghachta a ghabháil id dhéid.

D'freagair sí go blasta sinn is í ag tál na ndéar,
Ní ceachtar díobh dár ainmnighisid rádhtaibh mé,
Acht bean do bhí fé ghradam ríoghda tráth dom shaoghal
I gceannas críche sean is sinnsear árd-scoith Gaedheal.

Answer me, O love of my heart, are you the girl who abandoned /
the man who was in certain union with her for love of the Fianna / or
the true, fair maiden who swept Naoise over the sea afar / who
wrought the overthrow of knights in the battle of the Branch, and the
slaughter of hundreds.

Or the fine lady, as bards, seers and clerics relate / who, with the
(Golden) Fleece, took a band of knights over the sea to Greece / or are
you she who imposed, with zealous love, affection and submission /
on royal Conall to assume royal power after you?

She answered me elegantly and she issuing tears / I am neither of
those you named in your utterances / but a woman who was held in
regal esteem for a time in my life / in command of the land of the

antiquity and ancestors of the noble Gaelic race.

An tan feasadh linn cia an bhean do bhí linn tráth ag
pléidh,

Do ghlacas bíodhgadh ar mhachtnamh innste stáit a scéil,
Gur labhair sí go cneasta caoin, gan tlás, i nGaedhilg,
Seachain caoi is glacaidh inntinn áird is réim,

Is gearra an mhoill go bhfaicfir buidhean tar sáil ag téacht
Go lannach liomhar i mbarcaibh dín gan scáth roimh piléar,
Ag glanadh críche Clanna Gaoidhil le hármach tréan
Ón aicme chlaoin nár ghreannuigh Críosa 'san lá lem Réics.

Is fada sinn ag lachtadh cíoch, cíodh cráidhte an scéal,
Do chlannaibh daoithe ghreannuigh críoch is stáit gach réim,
Do snaidhmeadh linn i gCaiseal Chuinn 's i n-áitreabh
Chéin,

Is táim scartha arís le haicme an fhill thug ár mo laoch.

When I understood who was the woman who was for a while
addressing me / I felt arousal on pondering the relating of the state of
her affairs / and she spoke gently, findly, firmly, in Irish / "Abstain
from lamentation and partake of high resolve and intent.

"The delay is brief till you see a band coming over the sea /
abounding in ships, filled in protective vessels with no fear of volleys
/ cleansing the land of the clan of Irish with powerful armies / of the
perverse gang that did not honour Christ, and my King will (win) the
day.

I am a long time milking from the breast, though tormented the
story / for the race of churls who seized the lands and estates of every
dynasty / that was united with me in Cashel of Conn, and in the
habitation of Céin / and I am separated again from the gang of
treachery who wrought the slaughter of my knights."

Ar aithris suigheamh gach aiste ríomhas don bhán-chneis
sheimh,

Ba bhlasta laoidh, ba ghreannta gnaoi, is dob áilne scéimh
Is tapaidh scíord chum reatha arís is d'fhág mé i bpein,
An tan beartadh linn gur bh'aisling draoidheachta a ráidhte
béil.

Aithchim Iosa cheannuigh sinn is fuair páis is péin
Go dtagaidh an nídh 'na cheart chum críche i dtráth gan
baoghal,

Le na bhfaiceam díbirt, scaipeadh is sceimhle is ár le faobhar
Ar aicme an fhill tar n-ais arís, sin dát mo sceil.

On reciting the resolution of every verse I composed for
the gentle, fair lady / of most perfect lays, of most elegant
countenance, and of most beautiful appearance / Swiftly she
fled away again and left me in pain / and then I understood that
her utterances were a mystical vision.

I beseech Jesus who redeemed us and who endured passion and
agony / that the matter will come aright in the end, in a time without
peril / that we may see expulsion, scattering, rout and slaughter with
arms / on the gang of treachery back again. That is the end of my
story.¹

¹ Pat Muldowney: Eoghan Ruadh Ó Súilleabháin—Na hAislingí.
Aubane Historical Society, 2002.

The Great Eoghan Ruadh

The year, Seventeen Seventy Six, has a kind of iconic status. There are certain years that stand out and tell us a whole story just by being mentioned. Take the following for example; 1014, 1066, 1492, 1690, 1798, 1847, 1916, 1919,² 1945, 1966 and all that. D'ya see what I mean?

Seventeen seventy six was a good year for champagne according to Thomas Jefferson. He was the American Ambassador to France from 1785 – 1789: "*The sparkling wines lose their briskness the older they are, but they gain in quality with age to a certain length...1766 was the best year ever known, 1775 and 1776 next to that. 1783 is the last good year, and that not to be compared with those. These wines stand icing very well.*" It was of course a good year for the American Revolution—the *Declaration of Independence* was signed on the 4th of July. In February, there had been fought a small but significant battle at Moore's Creek Bridge in North Carolina. The result was a victory for the Patriots over an army of Loyalist Scots. This battle has several links to the story of our Eoghan Ruadh which I'll tell you about another day.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart turned 20 on the 27th January. In the same month as the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge he published the first draft of his *Concerto in F* for Three Pianos and Orchestra. That year also saw the publication of the capitalist manifesto, *The Wealth Of Nations* by the Scottish economist Adam Smith. The 16th of May was the 6th wedding anniversary of Queen Marie Antoinette and King Louis XVI. Unfortunately, the marriage had never been consummated and she now spent most of her time with friends at her private château, Le Petit Trianon, away from the King and the rest of the court. The following year her brother the Emperor of Austria would visit France and have a chat, man to man, with Louis. A year later little Marie Thérèse Charlotte would be born and the rest, as they say, would be history.³

² The year of the fast hurling.

³ Merrill D. Peterson Ed.: Thomas Jefferson Miscellany, *Literary Classics Of The United States*, New York, 1984. Hugh Douglas: *Flora McDonald—The Most Loyal Rebel*, Mandarin, London, 1993. *Marie Antoinette*

And so it is fair to say that things were stirring⁴ in the world when Eoghan Ruadh sat down to compose *Maidean Drúchta le hAis na Siúrach*. This *aisling* vision is a love song to Ireland, a homage to civilisation in the face of barbarity. It is all drenched in the sweetness of the Irish language. The words are simple and of the kind spoken by Eoghan's neighbours every day and yet they are crafted by the master's hand into a piece of fine art.

The historian Alice Stopford Green has spoken of the central place of literature in the Irish experience:

"If we turn to Ireland...we find a country where for some 1,500 years, as far back as historic knowledge can reach, one national force has overshadowed and dominated all others. It has been the power of a great literary tradition. Political power was not centralised, and no single man was in a position to determine what people should think, or believe, or do. But in the learned tradition of the race there was a determined order. In their intellectual and spiritual inheritance was the very essence of national life, the substance of its existence, the warrant of its value, the assurance of its continuity."⁵

By the end of the eighteenth century the essence of Irish national life was in decline. Eoghan Ruadh's grandparents had witnessed the breaking of the Irish Gaels at the Boyne, Aughrim and Limerick. Two years before his own birth the independent life of the Scottish Gaels ended at the Battle of Culloden. During his lifetime the tide of English was flowing strongly across the heartland of Munster which was once been the home of "*sinnsear árd-scoith Gaedheal*". Even so, the 18th century is seen as a little golden age in Irish Literature and in Munster particularly the poetic tradition was pulling hard against the tide.

(2006) Biographical Film by Sofia Coppola. Also, check out the video interview of Biographer, Elena Maria Vidal http://mommylife.net/archives/2010/07/the_truth_about_5.html at Wikipedia.

⁴ Or were about to stir.

⁵ Quoted in: *Traidisiún Liteartha na nGael*, J.E. Caerwyn Williams & Máirín Ní Mhuiríosa, page XXV. An Clóchomhar Teo, 1979.

Aodhagán Ó Rathaille, Seán Clárach Mac Domhnaill, and many others, especially Eoghan Ruadh, are considered amongst its finest exponents. Not only did they preserve and pass on the old literature by word of mouth and song and manuscript but they added new styles and forms. The most distinctive of all of these being of course, the *Aisling*.

Vision songs and poems of various types had been common in Ireland since the 13th century. They covered a wide range of subject matter. One early *Aisling* supports the claim of the poet's patron to the kingship of Oirialla. *Aislingí* often appear in the stories of Fionn and the Fianna. There are also a lot of love songs which involve the poet experiencing a vision. The particular form of the Jacobite political *Aisling* however was new to the 18th century.

"...the literary tradition was still so strong that, in spite of the depressing poverty and hopelessness, it produced, or at least developed and perfected, a new genre in the literature. This new genre, the *Aisling*, or vision poem, is the distinctive contribution of the period to the book of Irish literature: all others were ancient and had long since reached perfection. Not only was the literary tradition strong enough to do this, but it, at the same time, developed beyond what anyone could have dreamed of, the stressed meters in which those *aisling* poems were written. The theme, as it grew, called for richer and richer music, and this it was given, lavishly, sumptuously, yet without vulgarity.

"On its own account then, the *Aisling* is worth lingering on; for in those *aisling* poems we come on some of the best verse of the period; but it is still more worth lingering on inasmuch as in it we find intimate expression of the hidden life of the people among whom it flourished. Explicitly and implicitly it speaks to us, as with a golden mouth, of the Munster of those days."⁶

The word *Aisling* means "*a dream, a vision, an apparition, a poetical description of an apparition, ...Aisling Eoin, the Apocalypse of St. John; a scene or*

⁶ Daniel Corkery: *The Hidden Ireland*, page 126.

picture called up by the imagination in waking hours".⁷ They are political in nature and generally follow a similar pattern:⁸

a. *An Tionscaint* (Initiative): A telling by the poet of the place in which he saw the vision and the way in which it occurred—"*Im leabain aréir*" (in my bed last night), "*Ag taisteal na Blárnan*" (travelling by Blarney), "*I Sacsaibh na séad*" (in England of the treasures), "*Tráth is mé cois leasa*" (a while beside a fairy fort). He is sorrowful and grieving for the misfortunes of his country.

b. *An Tuarascáil* (Description): The poet gives an account of the woman, an *Spéirbhean*, and her extraordinary and supernatural beauty.

c. *An tAinmiú* (Naming): The woman identifies herself and often uses a poetic version of the name "Ireland" such as *Éire*, *Banaba* or *Fodhla*. She speaks of her days of glory and then of her downfall. The Lady in the earlier love asilings is given many names, but never is she called "Ireland". In the Jacobite political *Aisling* the Lady is always "Ireland".

d. *An Tairngreacht* (Prophecy): After relating her sad story to the poet, the *Spéirbhean* concludes with a prophetic statement regarding what is in store—better times for Ireland.⁹

I know of only one recording of *Maidean Drúchta* and that is a fine rendition by the Limerick singer, Nóirín Ní Riain.¹⁰ When Eoghan sat down to write he had in his mind the air of a well known love song: *An Clár Bog Déil*:

Phósfainn thú gan bó, gan púnt, gan áireamh spré
Is do leagfainn chugam thú maidean drúchta ar barr an fhéir
Sé mo ghalar dúch gan mé 'gus tú, a ghrá mo chléibhe
I gCaiseal Mumhan 's gan de leaba fúinn ach an clár bog déil.¹¹

⁷ Rev. Patrick Dinneen: *Foclóir Gaeidhlice agus Béarla*. Irish Text Society 1927.

⁸ Breandán Ó Buachalla: *Aisling Ghéar, Na Stíobhartaigh agus an tAos Léinn* 1603 – 1788. Leathanaigh 534 – 540. An Clóchomhar Teoranta, Baile Átha Cliath (1996).

⁹ Breandán Ó Buachalla: *Aisling Ghéar*, leathanaigh 529 – 530.

¹⁰ *Stór Amhrán—A Wealth of Traditional Songs from the Irish Tradition*. 1988, Ossian Publications Ltd. (Le hAis na Siúire).

¹¹ "The Bog Deal Board" <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=deQDpj1R4p4>, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=deQDpj1R4p4>

It was quite common indeed it was the usual practice for poets of Eoghan's day to write new words to old airs. The Limerick poet, William English (1695?–1778) wrote a political song, "*Cois na Bríde*", concerning the Seven Year's War based on *An Clár Bog Déil*.

Fr. Patrick Dinneen is the main man when it comes to nearly everything we know about Eoghan Ruadh. Here is how he describes the creative process involved:

"He would sit at a table and before he wrote a verse on paper he would sing it softly to himself like a chant. Once the verse was written he would sing it and then correct it according to the air and the music. He would carry on on these lines until the song was correct and finished. He would then sing the song before a crowd or before a gathering of the poets. Not even the cleverest of poets could avoid having to correct and change his work. No matter how fine the song, it was all the better for additional ornamentation and improvement."¹²

Now, dear reader, did you notice how Fr. Dinneen used the word "*ornamentation*" at the end there? I'd better explain that although it might seem a little technical. As Jennifer Aniston said in the *L'Oreal Elvive* ad. "*Pay attention! Here comes the science bit*":

The classical poetry of Ireland which flourished in the Schools of Poetry was "*syllabic*". That is to say the verses were organised according to the number of syllables in a line. Various different syllabic metres were used and only a highly learned poet could apply them successfully. The best of the poets were employed by kings and *taoisigh*. The classical poet would never present his work himself. Rather he would employ

www.lorcanmacmathuna.com/cordysite/Lorcan_Mac_Mathuna-R%F3gaire_Dubh-clár_bog_deil.htm

"I'd wed you without herds without money or rich array and I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day dawn grey. My bitter woe it is love that we are not far away in Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day" (Tr. Samuel Ferguson).

Úna Nic Éinrí: "*Canfar an Dán – Uilliam English agus a Cháirde*", An Sagart, An Daingean (2003).

¹² An t-Athair Pádraig Ua Duinnín, D.Litt.: *Eoghan Ruadh Ua Súilleabháin ... Na hAmhráin, agus Tráchtas ar Cháilidheacht an Fhileadh*. Connradh na Gaeilge, i mBaile Átha Cliath, 1923 {Tr. Moi, See Pat Muldowney ERÓS, *Dánta*, Aubane Historical Society, 2009, page 194}.

a *Reacaire* to perform them along with harp music. They were chanted rather than sung. Here is an example by Mathghamhain Ó hIfeárnáin from Srónaill in the barony of Clann Liam (Clanwilliam) in Tipperary. He lived around 1600 and saw the downfall of the old order:

Ceist! Cia do cheinneóchadh dán
A chiall is ceirteólas suadh:
An ngéabhadh, nó an áil le haon
Dán saor do-bhéaradh go buan?

Gé dán sin go snadhnadh bhfis
Gach margadh ó chrois go crios
Do shiobhail mé an Mumhain leis—
Ní breis é a-nuridh ná a-nois.

Question! Who will buy a poem? Its meaning is genuine learning of scholars. Will any take, or does any lack, a noble poem that shall make him immortal? Though this is a poem with close knit science, I have walked all Munster with it, every market from cross to cross—nothing gained from last year to this time.¹³

Following the destruction of the Gaelic Schools (courtesy of Gloriana, Edmund Spencer, Oliver Cromwell *et al*), the poets reverted to the "*amhrán*" or stressed song meters which were popular amongst the ordinary people. Here the verses were organised according to the number of stressed or accented syllables in a line. In other words they were songs. 18th Century poets such as Eoghan Ruadh would take the air of a popular song and re-work it into a much finer piece of work.

One method of ornamentation was the use of *Uaim* (Alliteration) in which at least two consecutive words would start with the same letter. This is not really used much in our song today but you will see a lot of in the next part when I will be telling you all about *Barántais*.

The primary method of ornamentation used by all of the good poets is called *An Guta Aiceanta* (Assonance). This is a type of rhyme where identical sounding vowels are placed "*at parallel positions of accentual prominence within a line*".¹⁴

For instance the metrical system of *Maidin Drúchta* is given as follows:¹⁵

¹³ Osborn Bergin: *Irish bardic Poetry*, Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin (1974).

¹⁴ V.S. Blankenhorn: *Irish Song Craft and Metrical Practice since 1600*, the Edwin Mellen Press, Lewiston, Queenstown & Lampeter (2003).

¹⁵ Breandán Ó Conchúir: *Eoghan Ruadh Ó Súilleabháin*. Field Day Publications, Baile Átha Cliath (2009).

Lines 1 – 8 /*i_ú__*i_ú__á_é/
Lines 9 – 12 /*i_í__*i_í__á_é/
Lines 13 – 44 /*i_í__*i_í__á_é/

For a start have a look at the final words in each line of the first verse: *támhach lag faon; ghrámhar shéimh; scáil na gcaor; áilne scéimh*. Say the words out loud and then work your way down through all eleven verses. I tried this in our kitchen the other week and my better half asked me to stop it because it sounded spooky. The assonance is carried out throughout all of every line. The effect of all this technique is something really beautiful. Try to get a hold of *Nóirín Ní Riain's* recording to hear for yourself. (End of science bit.)

In general Eoghan does not use difficult language in his songs. He used the ordinary language of his day. Admittedly, standards have fallen over the years and the language is a lot poorer now that it was in Eoghan's day. Even so, a good speaker can yet derive great enjoyment from Eoghan's songs. Fr. Dinneen makes a comparison with the Greek of Homer:

"Even though the language of Homer is simple enough it is never spoken. But a native Greek speaker could have an interest in Homer's language even if he is not an educated speaker... Similarly the person who speaks Irish as a native, especially the Irish of Munster, would be enthralled by Eoghan's compositions, and even though he might not understand every word or much of the meaning he would understand enough to be fascinated by it, and the assonance and musicality would be balm to his soul."¹⁶

There is nothing forced in his style. Do you see the conversational style the poet adopts when speaking to the *Spéirbhean*: "...a ghean mo chroidhe, an tú an bháb do thréig an fear do bhí aici?"? I think personally that "*Is milis muinteartha d'fhiosuighrea-sa do ghrádh mo chléibh*" is a gorgeous line. Compare the words "*múinte*" and "*muinteartha*". I once watched a documentary about the making of the film, *Ryan's Daughter*. Niall Tóibín was asked his impressions of the leading actor Robert Mitchum, did he get on well with the local people in Dingle? Niall paused for a moment and replied diplomatically: "*Ara, bhí sé múinte gan a bheith muinteartha*".

Performance of great songs would be quite an occasion. They would perhaps be part of a programme involv-

¹⁶ An t-Athair Pádraig Ua Duinnín (1923).

ing story-telling and other entertainments. Songs would not be abridged. I suppose to sing a song like *Maidean Drúchta le hAis na Siúire* properly would probably take a length of time similar to a Mozart concerto and would require as much attention from the audience. A singer would be expected to have a mastery of the meaning and music of the song. An educated audience would know how to judge his performance. Even if the listeners had not had a formal education they would have been immersed since childhood in immemorial tradition.

"D'airighinn féin le linn m'óige seandaoine, fir is mná, ag canadh amhrántidhe le hEoghan, mar atá, "Mo chás, mo chaoi, mo cheasna," amhrán fada deacair, gan earráid gan dul amugha, agus ba ghnáthach fir óga éirimeamhla ar chóisiridhíbh agus ar chruinnighíbh go mbeadh an oiread amhrán de ghlan-mheabhair aca is líonfad an leabhar so, cé ná haithneochaidís A seochas B." ¹⁷

In his book, *An tOileánach (The Island Man)*, Tomás Criomhthain, gives us the full eight verses of the song *Caisleán Uí Néill*. He states that on his wedding day that was the song he sang :

"É seo an t-amhrán adúrt ar mo phósadh féin, agus ní dúrt ach é. Do bhí eolas maith agam ar é a chur díom, agus an t-aer go slachtmhar agam ina theanta san. Ní cheapfá go raibh aon teanga in aon duine insa tígh, beag ná mór, nó go raibh sé críochnaithe. Do thug a raibh istigh suas don amhrán déanta é agus, ar an dtaobh eile, don amhrán ráite é."¹⁸

N'feadar an bheidh a leithéid arís ann?¹⁹

¹⁷ An t-Athair Pádraig Ua Duinnín (1923). "In my youth I heard old people, men and women singing songs of Eoghan's such as *Mo Chás Mo Chaoi Mo Cheasna*, a long difficult song, without mistake or going astray. It was common for capable young men at weddings and gatherings to have knowledge of enough songs to fill this book, even if they could not tell A from B."

¹⁸ Tomás Ó Criomhthain—An tOileánach (Seán Ó Coileán, Eagarthóir) Leathanach 191. Cló Talbóid, Baile Átha Cliath (2002):

"This was the song that I sang at my own wedding. And I sang nothing else. I knew well how to put it over and I had the air inside out to go with it. You would not think that no one else at all had a tongue in his head until I had it finished. All present acknowledged the quality of the song, on the one hand, for its composition, and on the other hand for the singing of it." (Buíochas le Breandán Ó Conchúir).

¹⁹ I wonder will there ever be their likes again.

Séamas Ó Domhnaill

Canon Sheehan extract

My New Curate

Introductory Remarks

I thought that the following two Extracts from the novel *My New Curate* by Canon P.A. Sheehan (1899) might be of interest. The first is a pen picture of a Catholic Landlord and the second is a description of differences between three generations of Irish priests.

In the novel the narrator is a Parish Priest in the West of Ireland. Captain Campion is a cruel landlord but his beautiful daughter is very kind and is loved by the people. I see a connection with the character of Campion and a class of people who come into the story of Eoghan Ruadh such as Lord Kenmare and Daniel Cronin. Also, I have read that the Catholic Nagles of the nineteenth century were as cruel as any Protestant landlord. I will have to read up on this further however.

I think that both descriptive pieces are very astute and have many layers of meaning. Perhaps some of your readers might be able to throw further light on some of the references. For instance what is a "*three-bottle Tory*"? The section on the priests has references to various philosophies and heresies. Perhaps 'the heresiarch' might be able to throw some light on these, him being an expert and all ?

Captain Campion

"Captain Campion was one of that singular race of Catholics, with which Ireland was familiar fifty years ago, but which is now dying rapidly away under the new conditions and environments of our age. □ A strong, rough lot they were, with whom a word meant a blow; gentlemen every inch of them, who would die for the faith whose dogmas they knew nothing of, and whose commands they ignored. □ Often in the town and country clubs of Ireland strange things happened, of which the outer world heard nothing; for stewards are discreet, and managers imbibe the spirit of respectability from their superiors. But the walls could tell of wine glasses shattered, and billiard cues broken, and hot blows exchanged for a word about the Pope, or against the priests; it was a leap of hot flame, which died out in a moment, and they were gentlemen again. □ And the perfervid imagination of the Celt had invented some such heroism about Captain Campion — particularly one brilliant achievement at a hunt when he unhorsed with the butt of his riding whip, and then out and lashed an unfortunate young officer of the Lancers, who had dared say something about Bittra — the "lovely Papist",

who was toasted at the mess in distant Galway, and had set half the hunting men of the country wild with her beauty and her prowess, it may be supposed then that Captain Campion was not a practical Catholic. □ He came to Mass occasionally, where he fidgeted in his pew, and twisted and writhed under the sermon. □ He never went to Confession; not even Easter duty — which prevented me from accepting the hospitalities which he freely proffered. □ There were other little circumstances which made me wish not to be too intimate. □ Whatever political opinions I held, and they were thin and colourless enough, were in direct antagonism to his. □ He was a three-bottle Tory, who regarded the people as so many serfs, who provided labourers for his comfort, and paid him for the privilege of living on stony mountain or barren bog. □ The idea of their having any rights struck him as positively ludicrous. □ There was but one thing that had rights, and that was the fetish, property. □ Every attempt, therefore, to lift the people from that condition of serfdom he regarded as absolutely treasonable; and he was my chief opponent in any futile attempts I made to introduce some improvements into the wretched place. □ And of course he was hated. There was hardly a family to whom he had not done an injury, for he pushed the law to savage extremes. □ He had evicted, and burnt down the deserted cottages; he had driven honest lads for some paltry act of poaching into criminal and dishonest courses; he had harassed the widow and unhoused the orphan; and every prayer that went up for the sweet face of his child was weighted with a curse for the savage and merciless father. □ He knew it, and didn't care. □ For there were plenty to fawn upon him and tell him he was quite right. □ Ah me! how the iron has sunk into our souls! □ Seven centuries of slavery have done their work well." (Mercier Press Cork & Dublin 1989, pp43-44)

□

Three Generations of Priests

"I have been now in touch with three generations of Irish priests, each as distinct from the other, and marked by as distinctive characteristics, as those which differentiate an Anglican parson from a mediaeval monk. My early education was coloured by contact with the polished, studious, timid priests, who, educated in Continental seminaries, introduced into Ireland all the grace and dignity and holiness, and all the dread of secular authority with the slight tendency to compromise, that seemed to have marked the French clergy, at least in the years immediately succeeding the revolutions and the Napoleonic wars. These were the good men who fraternized with landlords, and lent their congregations to a neighbouring parson on the occasion

of some governmental visitation; who were slightly tinged with Gallican ideas, and hated progress and the troubles that always accompany it. They were holy, good, kindly men, but they could hardly be called officers of the Church Militant.

Then came Maynooth, which, founded on governmental subsidies, poured from its gates the strongest, fiercest, most fearless army of priests that ever fought for the spiritual and temporal interests of the people — men of large physique and iron constitutions, who spent ten hours a day on horseback, despised French claret, loved their people and chastised them like fathers, but were prepared to defend them with their lives and the outpouring of their blood against their hereditary enemies. □ Intense in their faith, of stainless lives and spotless reputations, their words cut like razors, and their hands smote like lightning; but they had the hearts of mothers for the little ones of their flocks. □ They had the classics at their fingers' ends, could roll out lines from Virgil or Horace at an after-dinner speech, and had a profound contempt for English literature. □ In theology they were rigourists, too much disposed to defer absolution and to give long penances. □ They had a cordial dislike for new devotions, believing that Christmas and Easter Communion was quite enough for ordinary sanctity. Later on they became more generous, but they clung with tenacity to the Brown Scapular and the First Sunday of the month. I am quite sure they have turned somersaults in their graves since the introduction of the myriad devotions that are now distracting and edifying the faithful. □ But they could make, and, alas too often perhaps for Christian modesty, they did make, the proud boast that they kept alive the people's faith, imbued them with a sense of the loftiest morality, and instilled a sense of intense horror for such violations of Church precepts as *a communicatio cum hereticis in divinis*, or the touching of flesh meat on a day of abstinence. □ I believe I belong to that school, though my sympathies are wide enough for all. □ And as in theology, I am quite prepared to embrace Thomists, and Scotists, and Molinists, Nominalists and Realists in fraternal charity, so, too, am I prepared to recognize and appreciate the traits and characteristics of the different generations of clerics in the Irish Church. Sometimes, perhaps, through the vanity that clings to us all to the end, I play the part of "*laudator temporis acti*", and then the young fellows shout: —

"Ah, but Father Dan, they were giants in those days."

And the tags and shreds of poor human nature wave in the wind of flattery; and I feel grateful for the modest appreciation of a generation that has no sympathy with our own.

□ Then, down there, below the water-line of gray heads is the coming generation of Irish priests, who, like the *lampadephoroi* of old in the Athenian games, will take the torch of faith from our hands and carry it to the Acropolis of Heaven — clean-cut, small of stature, keen-faced, bicycle-riding, coffee-drinking, encyclopaedic young fellows, who will give a good account of themselves, I think, in the battles of the near future. It is highly amusing to a disinterested spectator, like myself, to watch the tolerant contempt with which the older generation regards the younger. They have as much contempt for coffee as for ceremonies, and I think their mistakes in the latter would form a handsome volume of errata, or add another appendix to our valuable compendiums. To ask one of these old men to pass a cup of coffee is equivalent to asking a Hebrew of the strict observance to carve a ham, or a Hindoo to eat from the same dish with a Christian. And many other objects that the passing generation held in high esteem are "gods of the Gentiles" to the younger. They laugh profanely at that aureole of distinction that used hang around the heads of successful students, declaring that a man's education only commences when he leaves college, and that his academical training was but the sword exercise of the gymnasium; and they speak dreadful things about evolution and modern interpretation, and the new methods of hermeneutics, and polychrome Bibles; and they laugh at the idea of the world's creation in six days; and altogether, they disturb and disquiet the dreams of the staid and stately veterans of the Famine years, and make 'them forecast a dismal future for Ireland when German metaphysics and coffee will first impair, and then destroy, the sacred traditions of Irish faith. And yet, these young priests inherit the best elements of the grand inheritance that has come down to them. Their passionate devotion to their faith is only rivalled by their passionate devotion to the Motherland. Every one of them belongs to that great world-wide organization of Priests Adorers, which, cradled in the dying years of our century, will grow to a gigantic stature in the next; for at last it has dawned upon the world that around this sacred doctrine and devotion, as around an *oriflamme*, the great battles of the twentieth century will rage. And they have as tender and passionate a love for the solitary isle in the wintry western seas as ever brought a film to the eyes of exile, or lighted the battle fires in the hearts of her heroes and kings. And with all my ancient prejudices in favour of my own caste, I see clearly that the equipments of the new generation are best suited to modern needs. The bugle-call of the future will sound the retreat for the ancient cavalry and the Old Guard, and sing out. Forward the Light Brigade!" (pp164—167).

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**The European Court Of Human
Rights**
Bishop Lucey
Pope Benedict
Ritchie Ryan Recants
A Convent In Belfast
New York's Mayor

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The European Court Of Human Rights on 18th March 2011, ruled that crucifixes can be displayed in school classrooms across Europe.

The decision overturned a previous ruling that the crucifix could breach the rights of non-Christian pupils. The case was initially brought in Italy by Soile Lautsi, a Finnish-born mother whose children attended a state school near Venice and objected to the classroom crucifixes.

In November 2009, the Court in Strasbourg ruled that the presence of religious symbols violated the children's right to secular education.

In yesterday's ruling the Court decided that "while the crucifix was above all a religious symbol, there was no evidence that the display of such a symbol on classroom walls might have an influence on pupils".

Twenty countries had joined with Italy in appealing the 2009 ruling.

Bishop Lucey

"Some years ago, following the death of the Church of Ireland Bishop of Cork, RTE News contacted the late Bishop Con Lucey, the Catholic bishop, for his comments.

"Tonight he'll know who the real Bishop of Cork is," responded Bishop Lucey. (Letter to *Irish Catholic*-20.1.2011).

Pope Benedict has exonerated the Jewish people for the death of Christ, insisting that they must not be collectively blamed for his death.

In a study he has written of Christ's life, *Jesus Of Nazareth*, Pope Benedict XVI said those at fault were the small number of Jewish priests and leaders who called for Christ's crucifixion.

The Catholic Church has maintained for decades that Jews were not responsible for Christ's execution, most notably in 1965 with a document titled *Nostra Aetate*.

While some of the Gospels refer to all Jewish people calling for Christ's crucifixion, it was in fact the "temple

aristocracy", who demanded his crucifixion after his trial by Pontius Pilate, the Pope wrote.

In doing so, he challenged interpretations of the Bible which have been used for centuries to justify the persecution of Jews.

"St Matthew attributes the request for the crucifixion of Jesus to 'all the people'. But he cannot be stating a historical fact: how could the entire Jewish people have been present at this moment to call for the death of Jesus?" the Pope writes.

"The historical reality appears in St John and St Mark. The true accusers were those circulating in the temple."

Elan Steinberg, Vice-President of the American Gathering of Holocaust Survivors and their Descendants, welcomed the Pope's words. "This is a major step forward. This is a personal repudiation of the theological underpinning of centuries of anti-Semitism", he said.

"This Pope has categorically stated that the canard that Jews were Christ killers is a gross theological lie and this is most welcome" (*Daily Telegraph*, 3.3.2011).

Ritchie Ryan Recants

A meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society of Queen's University, Belfast was addressed by Donall O Morain, Cathaoirleach of Gael Linn and Richie Ryan, Fine Gael TD.

As reported by the *Irish Times* of 1st March 1961, Richie Ryan stated a policy position more in accordance with Clann na Poblachta than with Fine Gael.

"The Dail and Senate claimed to speak for all the people of the whole island, but nonetheless refused to give audience, much less parliamentary voting power, to the elected representatives of Northern Ireland (sic).

"He wanted to see Dail Eireann again conscious that, if it was Ireland's Parliament it must admit all Irish duly elected parliamentary representatives who wanted to attend it."

Ritchie Ryan must have been given a rap on the knuckles for next day, March 2nd, the very same *Irish Times* had a

new report on the self-same meeting in Belfast.

"I would like to put together in one vast hall, until they had exterminated themselves, the Knights of Columbanus, the Orange Order, the IRA, the Masonic Order, the Black Preceptory and the Ancient Order of Hibernians and then, perhaps, the rest of us could live together in peace", declared Mr. Richie Ryan, T.D." (*Saoirse-Irish Freedom*, February, 2011).

"...Sean Lemass met with Northern Ireland prime Minister Terence O'Neill in 1967, the Northerner told the Taoiseach that he regretted the North only had six counties, and did not include his favourite Ulster county Donegal.

"'Oh", Lemass joked, 'you can have Donegal if you take Blaney with it.'" (*Donegal Democrat*, 3.2.2011).

The man was only joking, of course! Aye!

A Convent In Belfast. — *The Newsletter* says:—"It is stated that a house in Donegal-square is being fitted for the reception of a Romish sisterhood. If this rumour prove correct the spectacle of a convent establishment in Belfast will be for the first time witnessed" (*The Illustrated London News*, 3.12.1853).

New York's Mayor Michael Bloomberg was forced to apologise for comments he made to an invited audience of prominent Irish-Americans. Mr Bloomberg told guests at the American Irish Historical Society's headquarters that he often sees drunks in the building.

"I live in the neighbourhood, right around the corner. Normally when I walk by this building there are a bunch of people that are totally inebriated, hanging out the window, waving," he said. (*Irish Independent*, 12.2.2011)

The comments were met with a mixture of laughs and loud groans from the audience attending the launch of a book charting the 250-year history of the St Patrick's Day parade in New York.

With less than a month to go before New York hosts one of the biggest St Patrick's Day parades in the world, Mayor Bloomberg was quick to issue an apology during a press conference yesterday.

"Now, I was talking about a party that they have every year on St Patrick's Day where they sort of... it's traditional to hang out the window and yell and scream, and it's in good fun.

"I apologise, I certainly did not mean to offend anybody", the New York mayor added."

As Pope Benedict says they were probably only the "temple aristocracy".

The Trinity College Estates

TCD could not have existed without its Estates for well over three centuries. Yet it is striking how little they feature in any history of the College. It is also striking how little the Trinity College Estates figure in any history of the 19th century and particularly of the Land War era. This is despite the College being one of the largest landowners in the country with about 200,000 acres, roughly the size of County Louth.

The College operated fully as part and parcel of the landlord system and insisted on 'its pound of flesh' at every stage. It functioned as an absentee landlord, in that the College officials never concerned themselves directly with the tenants or the operation of the estates until the end of the 19th century—when they had no choice but to do so via agents. The College authorities themselves never visited the estates and were therefore the typical absentee landlord. They relied for most of their history exclusively on 'middlemen' and, as with all middlemen situations, this led to layers of profit being made from the land and the inevitable rack renting. The College was therefore a classic 'rack renter' of the system in which the tenant farmer supported an inverted pyramid of exploitation.

There are a few reasons why they were able to keep a relatively low profile. Relying on middlemen until the end of the 19th century, when the middlemen were 'squeezed out' by the Land League, the actual head landlord was 'out of sight' and therefore out of mind for many concerned. In the mind of most people the middlemen were the landlords, and some did become landlords in their own right. Also, some of these middlemen did not want it to be known that they were middlemen for the College. The most well-known was Daniel O'Connell and his family. He, and therefore the politicians of the Repeal movement, kept quiet about this. Or kept as quiet as they could.

Most of the Protestant leaseholders had very long-term leases and layers of middlemen were also of long standing and they therefore tended to become seen as the landlords rather than Trinity itself.

Another fact was that TCD had very capable people in the right places to look after its interests. It sent its own MPs to Parliament and some of these came to hold prominent Government positions at convenient times. Naturally, it also had easy access to many politicians, advisors, lawyers, editors, and reporters etc to put its case when necessary. Its PR was first class.

In 1992, on the quarter centenary of the College, there was a book published on the Estates by R.B. McCarthy, *The Trinity College Estates 1800-1923: Corporate Management in an Age of Reform* (Dundalgan Press, W. Tempest, Ltd: 1992). This seems to be the only book that deals in any detail with the history of the Estates. There are other histories of Trinity that ignore the Estates completely. This book is strictly a technical history which concentrates on the management of the estates and compares it with other estates that were acquired from the Confiscations and Plantations of the Tudor/Cromwellian/Williamite wars.

McCarthy takes the estates as a given, as a sort of Act of God. On the first page he asks: "*How had an estate of this size and curious distribution arisen? Largely by royal grant and only in one case as a result of a purchase decided on by the college*" (p1). What a benign way of looking at the wars and destruction that lay behind a 'royal grant' of 200,000 acres of the native people's land to TCD. The book is full of such euphemisms.

The original Charter from Elizabeth also awarded the College all property in perpetuity and exempted it from all taxes and "*exactions*", though McCarthy does not mention these very exceptional terms. This meant, for example, exclusion from paying a Poor Law rate which was the bane of all other landowners.

The TCD site itself was an Augustinian Priory, All Hallows, that was taken over during the abolition of the monasteries and given to Dublin Corporation, which provided it for the site of the College.

It was the English Army, celebrating its victory at Kinsale, which provided £700 to create its Library. In fact the army played a big role in creating the library—as is dealt with in a history of the College by W. MacNeile Dixon.

So TCD and its estates are an intrinsic part of the wars and confiscations of the 16th-17th centuries. Its specific task was the main proselytizing agency to make Ireland Protestant.

But McCarthy's book does record some extraordinary facts. For example, Trinity increased the income from its estates threefold during the 19th century. This despite the Land War and the Irish Holocaust, aka as the Famine. Of the latter period he says: "*However, in periods of agricultural slump, notably the Famine, the middlemen shielded the College from the drastic fall in its agricultural revenues which it would otherwise have suffered*" (p76). This is certainly a new way to describe the period—the death of millions is a side-show to the 'bottom line'!

Trinity was rescued by their middlemen. The latter wanted to keep on the right side of their landlords so, in these times when the starving and dying tenants could not pay their rents, they stepped in and compensated the College from their own pockets. What a nice arrangement for TCD!

Also, the College could never be accused of being an 'improving landlord.' When describing the College's reluctance to engage in improvements he says that "*In the first place it suffered from a total absence of dynamism*" (p.74). If there was prize for euphemisms McCarthy would win it. □□□

Another amazing fact is that, while Trinity's rental income increased threefold, its student numbers declined at exactly the same rate during the 19th century—with the result that it had only 183 students by 1902 (p76). The huge rental income, plus returns from investments, plus fees from students, made TCD an enormously wealthy institution. Yet academically it was hopeless and known as the "*silent sister*", in comparison with the output of its peers in Oxford and Cambridge. By comparison with them, Trinity produced practically nothing and had few 'names', i.e. academics with an acknowledged reputation in a particular discipline. Academic achievement was not Trinity's *raison d'être*. Indeed, how could it possibly be with only 183 students!

Because of the squeezing out of the middlemen during the Land War Trinity had to 'get down and dirty' and employ agents who dealt directly with the tenants on behalf of the Trinity Board. One of the main 'problem' areas for them was in North Kerry. There the tenant resistance was strong and life became more and more difficult for the College. But it knew how to 'wheel and deal' to protect its interest. There was no option but to write off arrears at times when the Land League was successful, but the College was always insistent on that maintaining the nominal rent was the real rent, rather than the money actually received. This was to be crucial when it came to the buying out later on, when the sums they got from the tenants doing the buying out was based on multiples of the nominal annual rental income.

In 1900 Trinity's rental income was £50,000 per annum—up from £14,000 in 1800. Taking inflation into account, today's equivalent would be €5,000,000. Total income in 1900 was £70,000. All to service 183 students!

The College had to become 'flexible' in dealing with tenants. Arrears became an increasing problem as the Land War developed and they had to find ways and means of coping with this. There was a situation in the Rusheen Estate in 1890, where an unusual proposition was put to the Board by its agent to deal with a tenant called Heffernan who was in arrears. He proposed a deal with the tenant that they reduce his rent from £40 to £30 because:

"Matthew Heffernan of Lenamore has at this time a chance of getting a match for his daughter who would bring in money and pass up all the arrears and in whom you would have a new and punctual paying tenants in the future. I again venture to trouble you before the opportunity passes away with the Shrovetide."

The Board agreed and it seems the deal was done.

On the other hand the College was so conscious of saving on its expenses that all tenants had to buy their own rent books at 6d each (not mentioned by McCarthy).

McCarthy quotes a report of an example of College treatment of one of its tenants in the same estate:

"...a thatched cottage without land in the village of Ballylongford. The walls were for years so out of plumb that the little cottage was unsafe to live in... The widow Carmody receives

outdoor relief, has six children, three of whom suffer from bone disease... She is miserably poor."

However, the College insisted on getting its full price of £11 for it when they sold it to the tenant under the Land Act in 1911. The unfortunate Mrs. Carmody lived to see the cottage destroyed by Crown Forces on 23rd February 1921.

McCarthy expresses admiration at the way the College benefitted from the buying out after the Land Acts. By hard bargaining with its tenants, the College got a purchase price of an average of 23.9 years of the rental income. This "was quite impressive" and they got a 12% bonus on the purchase price as well. And, "...in the case of very large holdings when even half a year was very significant, it drove a very favorable bargain indeed" (p67). These are more euphemisms from McCarthy, and the total amounts negotiated by the College in today's money would be a mind boggling €120,000,000, taking as a basis the annual rental figures quoted above for 1900.

Then the College had to deal with the change to native government—after doing its damndest to prevent it happening. As part of its preparations for the new order, the College made plans to have Government Grants to compensate for the loss of the estates. A report of the *Geikie Commission* recommended a capital grant of £113,000 and an annual grant of £49,000 that the new Home Rule Government of Ireland, to be elected in 1920 under the Government of Ireland Act would implement. All looked rosy.

But there was a little problem. That Government did not come into existence in 1920 because every single member elected to it was a Sinn Feiner and they ignored the legislation, except TCD's four members—who probably considered running the government on their own! So the tantalizing Grant that was promised was also ignored and soon forgotten about.

TCD then put its faith in the British Government to look after its interests in the Treaty negotiations along the lines of the Geikie Report. Such loyal subjects would surely be looked after in their moment of trial. However, the College authorities had a terrible disappointment when Lloyd George informed the Provost after the negotiations that the

provisions for TCD had "escaped his memory". The College authorities then had to approach the Free State Government, which had other problems to deal with. It gave the College an annual grant of £3,000. But all the NUI colleges got only £21,000 between them, and they had no private resources as TCD still had from estates—particularly those in Northern Ireland.

Things looked dire indeed, relatively speaking. But TCD did hold grimly on for the next few decades, though things did not get better with the Free State. TCD reckoned it could only get worse when Fianna Fail came to power. Like much of Anglo Ireland at that time—including the *Irish Times*—it seemed to believe its day was finally over. But things did not work out as anticipated.

Fine Gael was the devout and pious Catholic party of Irish politics and, as the party was well represented in University College Dublin, it was not a fan of TCD, being in direct conflict with it in education and in religious terms. Michael Tierney refused to be photographed with the Provost of TCD.

When Fine Gael came to power in the Inter-Party Government it was determined to undermine TCD via the Government Grant on which all Universities now depended. In 1951 the Grant increase to the UCD was £100,000 while TCD got an increase of just £10,000, the same as the other NUI Colleges.

TCD was outraged. This conflict came to a head at a very acrimonious meeting between the Provost, Registrar, Taoiseach, and Finance Minister (Paddy McGilligan) on 19th March 1951. The latter took the leading role and he was a robust character. He made it clear to Trinity that it would not be treated on a par with the National University (which TCD thought it deserved to be), as it was a private institution run for a minority of the population with only about a third of its students coming from within the State. He pointed out that the only Catholics who went there were those who wanted to avoid learning Irish. The TCD authorities were shocked.

But luck was on their side: there was a surprising change of fortunes in 1952 from an unexpected source and they were quick to take advantage of it. The Inter-Party Government fell shortly after the budget. Trinity immediately sent a flattering and grovelling letter to de Valera telling him that he really knew the value of a University. It recalled that

the previous de Valera Government had given the College a Grant increase of £35,000 in 1947. (In fact, TCD had to be encouraged to ask for that increase by friends in the NUI! It just could not believe that Fianna Fail would actually be more understanding towards the College than the Free State parties. It was assumed that Fianna Fail would not increase the Grant without imposing some horrendous conditions. But there was no such strings attached. Moreover, de Valera also introduced a new system for choosing the Provost. Hitherto, the British Government always appointed the Provost without any consultation whatever with the College. Now the College could nominate three candidates for the Government to choose from.)

Of course, Fianna Fail was never entrenched in Universities, which were a Fine Gael stronghold. And Fianna Failers were anything but pious in their attitude to the Church, as was summed up by Lemass when he explained to Michael Mills that "*There is a sort of tradition—a sort of unexpressed belief—among members of Fianna Fail that it does you good politically to have a row with a bishop*" (Irish Press, 27.1.1969).

The follow-up to the College letter to de Valera was described by A.J. McConnell, Provost from 1952-74, in a series of articles on his time as Provost which appeared in the *Irish Press* in August 1985. He described how Fianna Fail prevented the College from falling down, quite literally, and the man who did so was Sean Moylan! McConnell had earlier developed a close personal friendship with de Valera because of their common interest in mathematics as a hobby, and this was a background to what happened when Fianna Fail came to power in 1951. He describes what happened next and the atmosphere surrounding these events, which shows the transformation from the days of the Inter Party government:

"When the Fianna Fail government came back into power they decided that the Department of Education should take control of University funding. Up to then it had been under the control of the Department of Finance. So I wrote to the Department of Education, asking for an interview with the Minister, Mr Sean Moylan, and indicated that I was going to protest against the treatment that we had received under the previous government as far as grants were concerned.

"When I went, accompanied by Dr. Alton, to see Mr. Moylan, I discovered that the Minister was accompanied by

Mr Sean McEntee, and also by Mr Terry O'Rafferty, then Assistant Secretary to the Department of Education. I was told afterwards by Mr. O'Rafferty that this was a most unusual occurrence, that the Minister for Finance very seldom went down to the Department of Education. It was always the other way around and he was rather astonished at this happening.

"Anyhow, the two Ministers listened very closely to what I had to say and then Mr. McEntee got up to go and Mr. Moylan went to the door with him and they said a few words together. What Mr. McEntee was saying I don't know but I can say now that years afterwards I did ask Dr. O'Rafferty, long after he had left the Department of Education, did he happen to know what Mr. McEntee said to Mr. Moylan. "I do" says he, "because Moylan told me". He said "Would you look into the case that Dr McConnell is making and if you think that his request is reasonable, give it to him." It is not insignificant that I had already been two years advisor to Mr de Valera and this was well known to all Ministers of the Fianna Fail government. They were not clear what my relationship to Mr de Valera was, but it came in very useful indeed and the result was the government gave me what I asked for, what I thought was reasonable—£50,000, half the increase that had been given to UCD.

"Seeing that UCD was twice our size, I thought it was a reasonable request to make and it was given without any question by the Fianna Fail government. It was the second time I was able to be of some assistance.

"In the same interview, after I had put the case for a special increase in the grant of Trinity College, I also mentioned to Mr. Moylan an incident that had occurred a few days earlier, in which a passerby in College Green had just missed a fall of stone from the facade of the college. This caused a certain amount of panic that perhaps the stonework of the college was becoming unstable.

"This was because at this particular time some of the colleges in Oxford were experiencing drastic problems with their buildings, the stone of which had become very soft and had to be replaced at very considerable expense.

"So I raised the problem with Mr Moylan and said please could we have a grant to investigate the extent of the damage in the facade of the college and see whether it is very serious or can be dealt with simply. Mr. Moylan turned to Mr O'Rafferty and said "We can't really let Trinity College fall down, can we?" and he said to me:

"Can I come and see for myself because I am interested in this. My father was a builder." So I said of course I would be delighted if he would come. {This was a white lie, Moylan himself was the builder but no doubt he was curious to see the inside of TCD. JL.}

"So along he came and looked over the things and said: "All right, I'll see what can be done" and very shortly after I got a communication from Mr Moylan that he was asking the government to include a special grant of £10,000 in the coming budget to be used to investigate the facade of the college.

"That in fact was the start of a long programme for the restoration of all the classical buildings in the college. The £10,000 grant was continued for quite a number of years. Then when work was being stepped up these grants were increased to £20,000, then to £40,000 and to £50,000. In the end the whole period of my provostship something like £3/4 million must have been spent by the government for the restoration of the historic buildings in the college. In fact during the whole 22 years of my provostship, I don't think there was a single passed that there wasn't scaffolding in some part of the college" (Ir. Press, 12 Aug. 1985).

Moylan would have been known to all in TCD and Anglo-Ireland as the man who promised in the debate on the Treaty that, if necessary, he would exterminate every Loyalist in his Brigade area. That sent a shiver down the spine of Loyalist Ireland. And now he helped save probably the last bastion of Loyalist Ireland in the Republic. Why? The answer is clear: the war with Loyalism was over for him—and it probably helped that TCD had had no estates in North Cork and Moylan's part of it had never been colonised by anybody. But the irony remains.

And finally it should be said that Trinity—with all its wealth, ingenuity, learning, works and pomps—was a failure. It was set up to make Ireland Protestant and its failure has been obvious for quite a long time.

PS. The euphemisms over TCD's estates continue unabated. In the *Irish Times* on 28th February this year, in a feature on Trinity, Chris Ashton quoted from a history of the College by Kenneth Bailey claiming that it was "*an Irish university, with her roots stuck deep into the soil of her native land*". One is left guessing as to whether Ashton was being ironic or just plain ignorant of what exactly the nature of these 'roots' were.

Catherine Dunlop

The Vichy Trial of 1942 at Riom

In 1940 a great nation found itself at its lowest point in history. Having failed to act with determination and consistency after the triumph of the Versailles Agreement concluding the First World War, France found itself divided and occupied. The Nazis governed two-thirds of the country with Paris as their centre, while the elderly Marshal Pétain was brought out of retirement to head a Government for the remainder of the country at Vichy. The Vichy administration was in a curious position. Under the supervision of a country at war with England, it was not itself at war with its former ally. And, though powerless in many respects, it was permitted many trappings of sovereignty under its Armistice with Hitler. It retained its Empire and some armed forces to police it and it conducted relations with the world, having Ambassadors accredited to it.

However, while appearances were kept up, the reality was that France was devastated militarily, politically and economically.

The catastrophic defeat of the French armies in May 1940 was an enormous shock for the country. It happened so quickly it was difficult to comprehend. The speed of their victory surprised even the Germans themselves. The German Army broke through at Sedan on 13 May, on 14 June they had reached Paris; on 20 June they had reached Nantes, Vichy and Lyons, and Bordeaux on the 25th. If the Armistice had not been negotiated, the German Army would have overrun the whole of France. The Armistice was signed on 22 June 1940, when part of the population was still stranded where it had fled; the following days people saw two million soldiers being transported by lorry to Prisoners of War camps. So rapidly was the country overrun that it looked to many as if there had been no fighting, and yet France was beaten.

Show trial

The population could not understand what had happened. An explanation was called for. Marshall Pétain decided that the people of France would get the explanation they wanted: "the French had been betrayed, but they would not be deceived as well", he said. In fact, he

thought he knew the reason for the defeat: it was the Popular Front of 1936, led by Léon Blum, which had corrupted the workers by giving them too much free time (a 40 hour week and paid holidays) and which had weakened employer authority: how could a country with an idle and undisciplined working class be prepared for war? The case seemed perfectly simple and straightforward. On 28 July 1940, a month after the Armistice, Marshall Pétain announced a trial, intended to be something of a Show Trial. But things did not turn out quite as planned.

This was one of the greatest political trials in the history of France, and it was seen as such at the time.

The Times of London, not a friend of the 1936 Popular Front, wrote in approval, in terms not much different from Pétain's, in August 1940:

"The French people must learn who are the men who caused her dishonour. A new France must be built. This trial can help the French nation to recognise who are the leaders she can trust."

The American public followed the trial, but their sympathy was for the accused; Eleanor Roosevelt sent a telegram signed by a hundred personalities to Léon Blum in his prison on his 69th and 70th birthdays (1941 and 42). And on the same occasion in 1942 American Trade Unions organised a meeting in Blum's honour. *The New Yorker* said "Two events in 1942 gave hope to Europe: the Russian entry in the War [sic], and the Riom trial." Despite reporting restrictions, transcripts of the proceedings were secretly sent to London via a friend of Blum's, using a journalist of *La Montagne* newspaper. In 1942 the British Labour Party published an English translation of Blum's Trial speeches (see page 15) with a Foreword by Clement Attlee, and an explanatory introduction.

The Nazis expected an admission of war guilt to come out of the trial and initially supported it. Hitler announced it triumphantly in a 1940 speech, but complained in another speech on 15th March 1942 that the Trial "had not devoted a single word to the responsibility of the accused in the unleashing

of this war." The French press reported it widely, and even in a censored Vichy zone newspaper such as *Le Mot d'Ordre*, which is where I first came across mention of the Trial, the verbatim reports, unaccompanied by any comment, gave the unmistakable impression that the Trial was not going Vichy's way. This was confirmed in the influential illustrated Paris magazine *l'Illustration*, whose pro-German political editor was exasperated by the turn of events in Vichy, for which he blamed the British and the Americans.

The Trial took place in a small town called Riom, near Vichy, which had a courthouse and a prison across the road. The trial was henceforth called the Riom Trial.

Three political leaders, one civil servant and one military man were put on trial. The strange thing is that elected representatives at the time, under the shock of events, implicitly accepted their responsibility in the defeat when they voted to relinquish their political power to a providential personality (Pétain), on 10th July 1940, at a joint session of Parliament and Senate. It was not a time for debate; there were no speeches against the proposal to give Philippe Pétain full powers to make new constitutional laws; the Socialists and the Radicals were silent (the Communists had been made illegal after the Soviet-German pact and so were absent). Only 80 Parliamentarians voted against, even though everybody knew the new Constitution would not be Republican but would be set up on the basis of the Defence of Family, Labour and Country — the right wing motto — instead of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the motto of the French Revolution. Just over two weeks later Marshall Pétain mounted his Show Trial.

De Gaulle in London had the same attitude of contempt for politicians of the Third Republic, refusing in 1940 the offer of collaboration of ex-Prime Minister Paul Reynaud and ex-Minister Pierre Cot. However, the politicians who had remained in France felt they needed to present a united front and they buried their differences for the time.

Only a few groups at the end of the 1930s still resisted the idea that France should be a Republic. Many at the beginning of the Third Republic (1875-1940) had hoped it would go the same way as the first two Republics, but by the 1930s those who still hoped for a return to monarchy were a small minority.

(The first Republic, issuing from the Revolution of 1789, was cut short by Napoléon the First, while the second Republic, issuing from the Revolution of 1848, was cut short by Napoléon the Third.)

The interesting thing is that this right-wing idea of blaming the politicians of the Third Republic for the defeat has survived the discrediting of the Vichy regime. That is why Julian Jackson, Professor of Modern History at the University of London, in his book *The Fall Of France* (2003), spends a chapter debunking the idea that the parliamentary Government was responsible for the disaster, concluding that, to explain the defeat, "there was no need to invoke rottenness in the body politic". In fact, the accused at the trial had already conclusively proved that, as we shall see.

The Accused

Pétain and his Ministers had to pick the scapegoats for the Trial among the politicians of the previous few years. But some of these were among Pétain's Ministers and Envoys, for example Frossard, a Socialist, and Chautemps, a Radical-Socialist. Pétain rejected some politicians while keeping the services of others. The choice was arbitrary, though politically motivated, and fell on:

- . Edouard Daladier, a Radical-Socialist, Prime Minister April 1938 to March 1940; he signed the Munich Agreements; Minister for War from 1936 to 1940.
- . Léon Blum, Socialist, Prime Minister 1936-37, head of the Popular Front which had instituted the 40 hour week and one week paid holiday under the Matignon Agreements; these concessions to the working class stood out as the causes of the defeat for Pétain and others. Strikes and occupation of factories had taken place at that time.
- . Guy La Chambre, a Radical-Socialist, Air Minister 1938-40.
- . Robert Jacomet, General Controller of the army, a high ranking civil servant.
- . General Gamelin, chief of the French Army Staff from 1931, and then Commander-in-Chief. Replaced by General Weygand mid war. (General Weygand was now part of the Vichy administration, so could not be among the accused. Embarrassingly, Weygand was on record as saying, a month before the defeat, that the French Army was the strongest in the world.)

All five were arrested in September 1940 and kept under house arrest in an old chateau near Vichy.

Declaration of War

France declared war on Germany on

3rd September 1939, a few hours after Britain. Many in Vichy thought France should not have declared war on Germany. In their view, the 'warmongers', the 'bellicists', were responsible for the disaster because they had declared war. Not only was France unprepared, it also had no reason to declare war on Germany. Philippe Pétain himself said of the Government of September 1939: "*One day of September 1939, not daring to consult Parliament, they declared war, a war lost in advance*". However the Trial did not discuss why war was declared, and, unlike other questions "*not allowed to be mentioned at the trial*", that question really was kept out of the proceedings. The accused themselves had been in favour of declaring war and did not want to bring up the fact. Discussing the declaration of war would also have involved discussing Britain, which had declared war first, and Britain was another forbidden topic. The declaration of war would also mean questioning the military guarantees given to Poland and explaining why no action was taken to help Poland while it was fighting Germany, and this was also passed over in silence.

Connected with the vexed question of the declaration of war, but discussed at the Trial, albeit in camera, was the sensitive issue of the meeting of the 23rd August 1939. Called the same day as the signing of the Soviet-German pact, this meeting brought together the Permanent Committee of National Defence, i.e., the highest ranking military personnel, plus top politicians, to answer the question: "*Is the French army in a fit state to honour our commitments due to our treaty of alliance with Poland?*" The recorded unanimous answer was 'yes'.

Those with right wing anti-war sentiments were not given satisfaction regarding the French declaration of war. Instead, the judges were praised for their patriotism in not raising the subject, since, it was said, an admission of war guilt would have allowed the Germans to raise their demands on the defeated nation, while a rejection of war guilt would have annoyed the Germans, on whose goodwill the French depended.

At the start of the Trial, the Presiding Judge remarked that France had done nothing but come to the help of Poland as it was bound to do by Treaty, and that therefore it bore no responsibility for the war.

The glaring fact remained, however, that France would not have been in its parlous situation if it had not declared

war. The guilty had to be accused of bringing France into war, but without mentioning the declaration of war. This led to a convoluted wording of the indictment: Ministers and their immediate subordinates had

"acted treasonably in the discharge of the duties of their function, and committed crimes in acts which led to the passing from the state of peace to the state of war before 4 September 1939, and aggravated the consequences of the situation thus created."

The right wing anti-war and anti-British wing were not the most influential at Vichy in 1940, when the indictment was formulated. Many Ministers and advisers of Pétain were not strongly right wing but 'moderates'. The Minister for Justice, Barthélémy, wanted the Trial abandoned, because he could not see how the question of the declaration of war could be evaded. Further, he did not want Britain blamed or even mentioned. In fact, foreseeing the difficulties that would arise, he did not want the Trial to go ahead at all. Vichy was making efforts to maintain good relations with the United States Ambassador, the influential Admiral Leahy. Leahy had warned Washington that the French Government was "*headed by a feeble, frightened old man, surrounded by self-seeking conspirators*" and that he, Leahy, despaired of giving "*some semblance of back-bone to a jellyfish*", which seems to imply that he was trying to influence Vichy policy. This quote is taken from a review of a 1947 book *Our Vichy Gamble* by W.L. Langer written to explain US policy in France from May 1940 to December 1942. Roosevelt at the time was against France admitting war guilt. The United States undoubtedly had many supporters among the Vichy bureaucracy in the early years.

Military Strategy and Tactics

Military strategy and tactics, the actual cause of the French rout, were not to be discussed in Court, as discussing the Army was deemed unpatriotic. Instead the focus was to be on insufficient military preparations by Ministers and their subordinates. The indictment made 1936 the starting point for considering the unsatisfactory nature of war preparations.

The reason for choosing the cut off date of 1936 was that Pétain himself had been Minister for War in 1934! Then he accepted the military cutbacks of his Government. Pétain therefore had contributed to the unreadiness of France.

Under him, 5000 officers had been cut from the Army. This was at a time, in 1934, when Germany declared its intention to rearm, yet, nevertheless, France declared her intention to defend herself on her own, without the help of collective security.

Pétain's solution to the embarrassing problem of his own responsibility was to date the indictment of 'insufficient preparations' from March 1936, with the directive that pre-1936 policies and budgets etc 'were not to be mentioned'. However, the accused freely mentioned what was supposed to be not mentioned, and contrasted Pétain's role in reducing the strength of the army to their own enthusiastic building up of the Army, leaving the presiding judge to defend Pétain as best he could.

A further restriction on the proceedings was that no other country could be mentioned at the Trial. That had the effect of leaving Britain out of the picture. The indictment considered only the French military forces, as if France had acted alone, without allies. So the indictment compared French and German populations, economies, air forces etc, leaving out the British contribution entirely. Blum and Daladier went along with this.

To add to the list of factors not considered, we could also note that there was no mention of French and British gold reserves, which allowed them to buy American armament, or their combined naval superiority which would allow war resources to arrive. No mention either of how much French conduct had been a function of British conduct. No mention of the reasons for failure of French-Soviet negotiations.

The Court

The accusations came under two counts:

One concerned industry, the social crisis and unrest of the Popular Front, the other the bad state of the army: its organisation, instruction and armament; military service was too short, credits insufficient, training for reservists unsatisfactory.

According to the 1875 Constitution, the Senate sitting as a Court of Justice judged Ministers who were impeached. Instead, Pétain constituted a new 'Supreme Court', with picked judges. However, these judges did try to conduct the proceedings with dignity and a sense of professional pride. Here is an instance of this attitude. In 1941, over a year after the announcement of the trial, the

Riom judges were still painstakingly accumulating their 100 000 pages of documents and questioning their 650 witnesses (since it was the policies of the French Government of the past 3 years that was in question, the task was rather open ended). Meanwhile Pétain was getting letters asking when justice would be done (and the accused shot). He decided to sentence the accused himself there and then, via a newly created '*Council of Political Justice*' (which, among other irregularities, had not read the evidence). The Council sentenced the accused, not to be executed, but to an undetermined term of imprisonment in a fortress.

The Minister of Justice, Barthélémy, heard about this new Council when Pétain announced its creation during the interval of a gala performance at the Vichy Casino. Barthélémy strongly advised Pétain to call off the Trial at this point. Pétain however insisted that the original Trial must go ahead, since the Council of Political Justice had only pronounced the sentence. The Trial was needed to provide an exposition of the truth, which the French deserved to know. The Riom judges for their part assured the accused that, as far as they, the judges, were concerned, the sentences pronounced "*do not constitute a presumption of guilt*".

Trial Conditions

The accused were free to choose their defence counsel, a team of lawyers and researchers helped them prepare their defence. Léon Blum chose socialist lawyers, friends of his; one, Vice-President of the erstwhile Socialist Parliamentary Group, wrote the introduction to the Labour Party pamphlet mentioned above. Some of the lawyers came from the occupied zone, and had to have permits to cross the demarcation line. There was trouble when they objected to having to deposit their documents in advance to be checked by the occupier. Otto Abetz, the man in charge of the Occupation, intervened to smooth things over.

In the Court building, they had to use the room on the ground floor because the floor of the Court room proper was not strong enough; they carried out improvements to make the *décor* majestic, installing new wood panelling, antique tapestries and crystal chandeliers. The chief Judge wore a coat of ermine (there were complaints about how much it cost).

An old tunnel connected the Court-house to the prison across the road; the

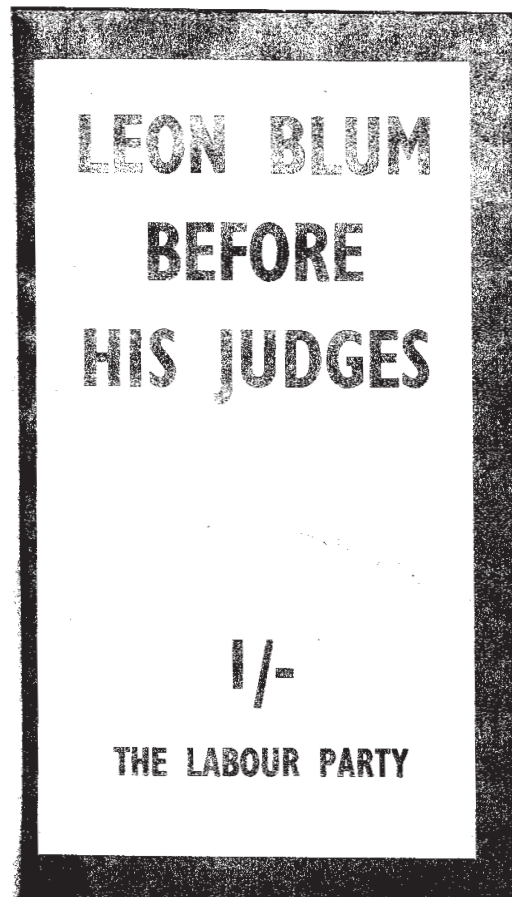
prison cells had been decorated and papered to receive the important prisoners, but the bed bugs remained. Daladier collected a number of them, put them in an envelope and sent them to the presiding Judge, who arranged for the prisoners to be transferred back to their previous lodgings.

17 journalists from the occupied zone attended the proceedings, 52 from the Vichy zone, 55 from abroad (USA and Chile the only non-European). Each newspaper was allowed 2 journalists, who attended alternately.

The Vichy authorities tried to put limits on reports of the proceedings, largely ineffectually, since the German press and the press of the occupied zone could not be subjected to censorship, only the Vichy press. Some versions of the transcripts of the proceedings indicate the sentences the censors wanted deleted.

Journalists were given in advance a list of official directives as to what they should write, directives which the Defence delighted in reading aloud at the start of proceedings, to the embarrassment of the judges. The first directive said journalists had to mention:

"that the policies of the Marshall were and remain inspired by the necessity which comes from the obvious fact that France is condemned to build a new regime or to perish."



A list of things to say, and a list of things not to say, came on a daily basis e.g.

"not to remind readers that the Marshall had reduced the number of officers and reduced spending on military training camps, that when heavily criticized he had been defended and covered by Daladier; that it was on his advice that the Ardennes section of the frontier had not been fortified, or that he was suspected of having had relations with the Cagoule [an extreme right wing organisation]".

The Army Staff's attitude towards armoured units, the Air Force's slowness at choosing prototypes, that in May 1940 air forces of France and Germany were more or less equal, the name of De Gaulle: all this was specifically not to be mentioned. But only Vichy journalists could be made to respect these directives.

The Proceedings

The Trial eventually got under way on 19th February 1942, nearly two and a half years after it was announced.

The former Commander in Chief, Gamelin, appointed two lawyers from the extreme right, who informed the Court that the General would remain silent. The chief judge tried to coax Gamelin into speaking, but the General stuck to his decision. This decision could not have pleased Vichy more, since it was not the military they wanted put under the spotlight.

Daladier and Blum were eager for the Trial to start so they could defend themselves. According to a journalist, they looked well, relaxed and in good shape. Experienced debaters, they were well prepared. Their knowledge and their eloquence easily overcame the puny efforts of the Prosecution. They were able to describe in detail the budgets they had put forward and the measures they had taken to improve the Army. Both were in their element, in the atmosphere of their former parliamentary triumphs. An American journalist said: *"The Third Republic has never looked better than under the attacks of her successor."*

Daladier and Blum were treated with courtesy, and allowed to speak at length. Blum spoke for four hours on March 11th and the same the next day. The press reported that the audience and the judges, attentive throughout, were spell-bound for the last fifteen minutes of his speech. His eloquence is extremely effective and affecting, even today.

In spite of the directives, Daladier and Blum referred constantly to the military situation, since for them the defeat was the result of faulty strategy.

Daladier wanted to analyse the military operations: "How else to explain this formidable strategic surprise [the breakthrough at Sedan], which is the deepest cause of the defeat?" Like Blum, he denounced the outdated military theory and inadequate strategic conceptions as the main causes of the disaster: all army activity was still, in 1940, envisaged at the pace of the infantry, with tanks and planes playing a secondary role.

Blum declared: *"It's not the quantity of armament that matters, it's the way it is used: our military ideas and doctrines were out of date"*. The presiding judge (Trying to argue back, while allowing discussion of a forbidden topic): *"Mistakes committed by Napoléon at the battle of Waterloo are still in dispute"*.

Léon Blum: *"Yes, but there are other definite mistakes which are not disputed, even in the case of Napoléon."*

Blum defended the record of the Popular Front; it had improved the lot of the working class by giving it more leisure time. It had not made it idle: *"Leisure is not laziness"*. It introduced *"a little beauty, a ray of light into their drab and difficult lives"*.

He continued:

"My Collective Agreements Act has not been impeached; it introduced democracy into the factories. The authority of the employer, like the hierarchic law, like the totalitarian law, is finished; it is dead; it will be seen no more; no longer will the working masses be given the feeling that are enslaved to labour by bonds of a hierarchy which they have not had the right to discuss and to which they have not voluntarily consented.

"All that belongs to another age. The organisation of labour can no longer be other than a more or less complex system of cooperation, including the whole personnel of the undertaking from the employer to the humblest labourer."

During the occupation of the factories

"the workers behaved in a certain sense as co-owners". [This feeling of co-ownership] "can only contribute to the sentiment of unity between the different classes which make up the Nation".

"It is in proportion as co-ownership in their country is achieved that the workers learn to defend their country."

The high point of the Trial certainly was this speech in defence of the Popular

Front and Industrial Democracy.

Blum paid tribute to the Communists active in the Resistance, and victims of reprisals; he singled out for praise Jean-Pierre Timbaud, a Trade Union leader in the steel industry, with whom he had clashed during the Popular Front, who had been shot as a hostage by the occupier.

Examining the Generals

After the main speeches of Daladier and Blum, there was cross examination of witnesses. Seventeen Generals were called; inexperienced in debate, they were no match for the ex-Parliamentarians. An example of questioning:

Daladier to General Besson: "Did you share Marshall Pétain's opinion in 1934 before the Senate Army Commission that the Ardennes forest was impenetrable?"

General Besson: "It is possible to make forests absolutely impenetrable, but only on condition of carrying out enormous works."

Daladier to General Blanchard: "Could you have resisted if you had not gone into Belgium?"

General Blanchard: "If we had stayed put, we probably would not have been cut off."

The Generals made naïve remarks; General Besson: [during the phoney war]: *"The men asked themselves why they were at war. And we didn't really know what to say to them"*.

General Herring, about the morale of the industrial workers: *"work with joy", that was Hitler's great formula. We did know about joy, but not about work"*. General Andrei: *"At all levels [of the army] we believed in the blockade [of Germany]"*.

Another: *"We thought the blockade would carry the day, and we only had to wait"*.

The End of the Trial

Clement Attlee wrote in his Foreword to Léon Blum's speeches at Riom:

"It is a dangerous thing for mean-minded men to bring a man of great spirit before a tribunal. They are apt to find themselves in the dock and the prisoner conducting the prosecution. This is what happened to the men of Vichy when they staged the trial at Riom of Léon Blum and in the person of Léon Blum indicted democracy."

The reports of the Riom Trial in the press, even when censored, did not reflect well on the regime, showing in particular that Pétain had made mistakes and lacked lucidity in military matters. Pétain lost considerable prestige. When the Germans suggested the Trial be

abandoned, the suggestion was taken up and the Trial suspended on 15 April 1942 "*pending further inquiries.*" The accused were taken to a mountain fortress in the Pyrenees, from which the occupiers deported them to Germany, despite protests by Laval. The Germans assured Laval that the prisoners would receive privileged treatment. Blum was taken to a house on the edge of the camp of Buchenwald where he lived with his wife and their servant, reading Plato and writing. Blum and Daladier returned to France after the war.

The Trial was not a success for the Vichy regime. It showed up its weaknesses and contradictions. Pétain had never had exceptional abilities, or gifts as a statesman; he depended on advisers and ministers of different political persuasions, from whom he got contradictory advice. He was not supported by a political party. Pétain was 15 in 1871 in the first modern war on Germany. By 1940 he was 84. Tired, not hearing well, he tended to agree to the various proposals put to him, however contradictory. He had "*more powers than Louis XIV*", as Laval told him, but could not prevent himself being ridiculed in Court.

The Trial was forgotten; by 1941 the war had become a World War. By 1942 the situation in France had worsened and greater hardships took people's minds away from the questions raised at Riom. After 1945, the new French Government did not care to remember that France had lost the war, never mind why or how. Blum and Daladier had demolished accusations and counter-attacked but their success was short lived: the Third Republic was not rehabilitated in the eyes of the new forces that emerged after the war.

The Riom Trial was representative of the early years of Vichy; improvised, incoherent, amateurish, and full of contradictions; legal and illegal, authoritarian and ineffectual, attached to tradition and breaking with tradition, pulled by opposing influences; showing a contrast between propaganda and actual actions, for example anti-British in words, but pro-British in fact.

I might add that the word 'Jew' was not pronounced at the Trial, except once by Blum, who said that, although he was a Jew and a Marxist, as a statesman he negotiated, in 1936, with a representative of Nazi Germany, a country that persecuted Jews and Marxists, because at that time negotiations could be useful for France.

Finally, the Riom Trial is itself still 'best not mentioned' because it raises a question that is not resolved, that of the 'guarantee' to Poland and the declaration of war, by which France and Britain started World War II.

Stephen Richards

1611: Style And Substance

Unfortunately I've left it a bit late this quarter to get into gear, so I'm afraid that what follows might be a bit lacking in the penetrating analysis that's my trademark. I'll start anyway and just pile on, as they say in these parts.

To start with a digression: as a sort of 21st wedding anniversary we decided to go to Rome for a few days. Rome for St. Patrick's Day beats Carnlough by a long shot; and on 17th March it turned out that there were even bigger fish to fry in Italy, because it was the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the Italian State. There was a fair bit of milling about in the rain by throngs wearing the national colours but no impression that this was a supreme moment of national self-awareness. Maybe the Italians can get by with or without a State to claim their allegiance, just as they can put up with the antics of their Prime Minister without too much *angst*. Probably the rugby win over France meant more to them.

Outside the Farnese Palace we saw a crowd of young people protesting with banners proclaiming the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In the light of that I suppose all we need is a campaign to re-establish the Papal States. The Northern League is making purposeful noises but the general problem seems to be one of lukewarm allegiance to the State rather than a determination to overthrow it.

This might be a good year for some of the big beasts at *Church & State* to think about Italy as the purest example of a State founded on an anti-clericalist philosophy that has become ever more irrelevant as time has gone on. The clerical stranglehold has gone and there's nothing for anti-clericalists to get their teeth into, except stupid side-issues, such as the display of crosses in classrooms, the acceptability of which was recently upheld by the European Court of Human Rights. In the years since the State in its Fascist incarnation made its peace with the Church in 1929, it has suffered for hitching its wagon to Hitler's star, then re-invented itself as Christian Democrat within the framework of a new European commonality, and for much of that latter period has desperately tried to keep afloat amid the swirling currents of Communist

electoral successes, political corruption, Red Brigades anarchism, regional factionalism, and organized Mafia activity.

A century and a half on and "*it don't mean that much*" (Jackson Browne). What was it all about? The fragmented mediaeval Italy of City States at each other's throats, and the later illogical Italy of Popes and princes, Hapsburgs and Bourbons slogging it out, didn't exactly lack for what they now call "excellence" in the arts and sciences. The undergirding themes were Christianity and Classicism, at times jarring like tectonic plates and at other times complementing and enhancing each other. The post-Christian post-classical world of EU-speak, the big Italian football teams and TV trivia seems bleak indeed.

Digression Number Two: in the very same year, 1861, the South Carolinian guns were turned on Fort Sumter and the American Civil War began. In the long term this was an event of greater significance than the foundation of the State of Italy. Desmond Fennell talks of the Second American Revolution, associated with F.D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. But it was Lincoln who made that second revolution possible. The *ante bellum* world could never have produced it. Maybe America is bound to undergo a real social-political shake up every seventy years or so, which brings us neatly from the New Deal to 2001. . .

AND NOW.....

Anyway, none of this has anything much to do with what I wanted to talk about. The 400th anniversary of the publication of the King James Bible or King James Version (KJV), also called the Authorised Version— "*version*" being an antique word in this context, meaning "*translation*"—has hardly captured the imagination of the British public in the era of the *X Factor*, whereas the intelligentsia regards the Bible as little more than a series of "*cunningly devised fables*" at best; and at worst a set of homophobic, misogynist, racist genocidal texts, so it doesn't really matter what way it's translated, or if it's translated at all.

The New Establishment

In the meantime the BBC has been going through the motions of respectful clucking noises, without working itself up into too much of a sweat about it, and at Cambridge they're holding a day of free lectures at Great St. Mary's on Wednesday 27th April, with the keynote address being given by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. Rowan Williams is a Christian leader whose very essence is nuance, and for whom no statement can remain unqualified. Now I'm all in favour of a bit of nuance from time to time, but you can't spend your life providing an abstruse academic commentary on the faith if you're the holder of a teaching, magisterial office in the Church. And I seem to remember that Athanasius, Aquinas, Augustine and Calvin were academic types themselves, which didn't disable them from making assertions as to what constituted or didn't constitute the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. Anglican prelates appear to believe the historic creeds and confessions "*in a very real sense*", which really means in no sense explicable in the tongues of men or of angels.

Still and withal, I count Williams as some kind of blood brother, not just for his Welshness, but because his wife, the lovely Jane Paul, was an undergraduate at Clare College a couple of years ahead of me. That might indeed mean that he's my contemporary, in a very real sense. Interesting thought.

Hardwired

Back to the KJV. I've experienced a strange effect which I'm sure has been replicated in the experience of others. Until I was in my mid-teens I had only really a theoretical knowledge of other Bible translations so my scriptural diet was exclusively Jacobean. And I was far from a keen Bible student in those days. As a regular Sunday School and Gospel Meeting attender I found that the language seeped in. I knew large portions of both Testaments not by heart indeed but by a kind of instinct. My preferred translation in subsequent years as a more intentional Bible reader has been the New International Version (NIV) of 1978 or thereabouts. But, for whatever reason, it's the KJV with its idiom and turns of phrase that clings round about me like a mother tongue. Whether I like it or not, I can't get it out of my head.

Many years ago a girl I admired told me that the KJV was unique because it was "*the Bible of the Reformation*". Even

then I knew enough to know that this wasn't remotely true and replied accordingly if ill-advisedly. What was unique was the English Reformation, which appears to have got under way without a widely-disseminated vernacular Bible. Brendan Clifford would say that this is because the Reformation was imposed by act—indeed by Acts—of State, to which I would give a nuanced, Rowan Williams-esque reply. But what I didn't know in 1983 was that it was about a century and a quarter after the "*English Reformation*" before the KJV became established as the definitive Bible for the English nation.

For much of what I now know I'm indebted to David Daniell's monumental *The Bible In English* (Yale, 2003), available surprisingly cheaply in soft-back. Daniell is a former English professor at University College London who in his senior years hasn't been afraid to get stuck in and engage with his various healthy likes and dislikes. His two heroes appear to be John Buchan and William Tyndale. I have his biography of the latter (I'm not sure what has happened to his projected *magnum opus* on the former). His *Tyndale* (1994) is fair enough, and finishes very strongly, but I was disappointed in the lacklustre, sloppily written early sections, replete with typos.

Unfinished Business

Daniell is very anxious to 'talk up' Tyndale and the Geneva Bible at the expense of the KJV. In the eyes of his admirers, the big tragedy of Tyndale was not only that he ended up being betrayed, imprisoned and then strangled (his body burned thereafter) in the Low Countries in 1536 at the age of 42, but that much of his precious translation time was taken up with polemical exchanges with Sir or St. Thomas More, who loved watching heretics meet their grisly ends. Even by the rough and ready rules of engagement then current, More's diatribes against Tyndale were obscene and offensive. Tyndale could be robust enough in response but never sank to the same depths. If his mission was to be a translator, he was wasting his time getting bogged down in the ditch with More but, if he viewed himself as a reformer, then he maybe felt duty-bound. Whatever way we look at it, his translation covered only the *New Testament* and the about half the *Old*. As Daniell sees it, not only is Tyndale the supreme translator of all time but he also opened the door to the advancement of the language. No Tyndale, No Shakespeare.

From Geneva With Love

The Geneva Bible was a very worthy progression from Tyndale. It annoys Daniell considerably that it has been so marginalized in the English collective memory. A national myth has built up around the KJV which has necessitated the disparagement of its predecessor and rival.

The first edition of the Geneva Bible, translated by English exiles in Geneva, dates to 1560, which could have a claim to being the high water mark of the Reformation. It was ridiculed as "*the breeches Bible*" because its rendition of Genesis 3:7 has Adam and Eve making themselves breeches (instead of "*aprons*") out of fig leaves; and also excoriated for the alleged "*bitter*" Calvinism of its marginal notes. In fact the scholarly moderation of the Geneva editors compares very favourably with the fierce denunciations of Protestant heresy with its "*wicked writing and phantasies*" and "*false translations*" which are to be found in the 1582 Rheims Bible.

According to Daniell, there is absolutely no evidence for the assertion that the Geneva Bible was commonly disliked: on the contrary, by 1610, in three competing editions, it was "*apparently unstoppable*". It had been permitted to be printed in England from 1575 and, after the permission was revoked, these Bibles continued to flood into England. The greatest of the Geneva editors was Laurence Tomson, Fellow of Magdalen College Oxford and Presbyterian sympathizer whose emendations were based on Beza's more accurate Greek New Testament text. Tomson also carried out a complete overhaul of the notes, to produce the impressive Geneva-Tomson Bible of 1587, which was probably Shakespeare's Bible. His notes are often of great beauty and originality. Here is his comment on the famous command in the Gospels for us not to cast our pearls before swine:

"A pearl hath his name among the Grecians, for the orient brightness that is in it, and a pearl was in ancient time in great estimation among the Latins: for a pearl that Cleopatra had, was valued at 250,000 crowns: and the word is now borrowed from that, to signify the most precious heavenly doctrine".

And on the blessedness of the pure in heart (Matthew 5:8) we have this:

"Fityly is this word Pure, joined with the heart, for as a bright and shining resemblance or age may be seen plainly in a clear and pure looking glass, even so doth the face (as it were) of the

everlasting God, shine forth and clearly appear in a pure heart."

So, the full development of the Geneva Bible exemplified not only Reformed scholarship, but a lot of Renaissance flair. Tomson was however very sparing in his comments on *Revelation*, a gap that was amply filled by the Geneva-Tomson-Junius Bible of 1599, "Junius" being a Latinization of Francois de Jon, an influential French reformed scholar.

Tree Of Life

We could look on the Geneva Bible in its sixty four editions from 1560 to 1611 as a vast tree, with the flowering of Elizabethan and Stuart literature going on under its shadow. To continue the imagery, the branches of the tree, comprising the elegance of its English text, were hung with all kinds of fruits of classical and Biblical learning. A sort of Tree of Life one might say. And on a whim of James VI and I, egged on by sycophantic courtiers, and not sufficiently resisted by the Puritans at the Hampton Court Conference of 1604, there was an axe taken to the tree. That was another example of act of state.

James flattered himself that he was a real Renaissance prince, a master of learning, a patron of the arts, the head of a reverent—specially towards him—and dignified Church, not plagued by unseemly wranglings, of which he'd had a bellyful in Scotland. A new Bible translation would be like the jewel in his crown, or like his own Sistine Chapel. He was also interested in control. The Geneva Bible, with its running commentary in the form of its notes, was anathema to him. The commentary was like an alternative source of authority. I suppose his attitude to it was something analogous to that of some present day Governments to the Internet, a mixture of fear and suspicion. And the Geneva Bible had the added disadvantage for him of being associated with the city of John Calvin, even though Calvin's theology permeated the Thirty Nine Articles. The Bible would now be repatriated as a wholly English product, and the subversive notes would be gone.

Scots Wha Hae

Also gone would be the possibility of a good Scots translation. It's a mystery to me why there wasn't a Scots equivalent of the Geneva Bible. Around that time the Scots language was the language of the royal court and the law, not a homespun version of English, and hadn't yet retreated shamefacedly to the farm-

yard. James himself would have been speaker of Scots. Knox and the other Scottish Reformers were obsessed with literacy, which should have meant literacy in the native tongue. But, as things turned out, the Protestant, anti-Mary Queen of Scots movement in Scotland tended to look towards England as a sort of protectorate, and this attitude possibly prevented the Scottish leaders from appreciating the importance of a Scots Bible. The Union of the Crowns, which should have enhanced the influence of Scots literary culture, ended up putting paid to it as a serious literary force, for all the efforts of Burns and the Ulster Weavers.

Back To The Future

Most KJV Bibles today carry only the epistle dedicatory, to that high and mighty prince, James, King of England, Ireland and, strangely, France. The translators' Preface to the reader isn't now included, which is a pity. It was composed by Miles Smith, the closest thing to an overall editor, and the funny thing about it is that its scriptural quotations are all from the Geneva Bible!

The epistle dedicatory didn't make the Bible that came out in 1611 properly authorised. The English have liked to call it the Authorised Version, but the Americans are more correct in calling it simply the *King James Bible*. The truth is that, after giving permission for the project to go ahead, James lost interest in it, and it took the rest of his reign, the reign of his son, and the *Interregnum*, before the country as a whole took much interest in it. And by 1660 the diction, which was more that of 1560, was seriously archaic. Despite the strong debt to Tyndale and the Geneva Bible, from which large chunks were culled, far more than some of the bishops were happy with, the spirit was different. Some of the urgent rhythms of Tyndale were lost or blurred. Instead of being a template for the English of the next century, the KJV was from its inception an exercise in nostalgia. Daniell refers to its "*subtle sense of distance*". It was looking back, while Tyndale and the Geneva translators were looking forward. In a sense even the heavy reliance on Tyndale was not in the spirit of Tyndale. A second or third generation Tyndale would have been looking for even more direct forms of speech, and would have been less concerned with a 'dignified', Latinate, sonorous diction.

Stylistic conservatism was matched by textual conservatism. Ignoring the

strides that had been made during the course of the 16th century, the KJV translators stuck with the *Textus Receptus*, the collection of manuscripts which was the basis of the Erasmus Greek New Testament of 1516. This has continued to be a hot potato in Biblical Studies to this day, and the almost superstitious awe in which the *Textus Receptus* has been held has been one of the reasons why the KJV has attracted such fanatical loyalty.

Clinging To (Linguistic) Wreckage

From about 1660 onwards the KJV enjoyed over two centuries of unrivalled prestige across the Anglosphere, providing a common cultural base across class, race and Protestant denomination; and that pre-eminence was much harder to dent in regions such as the north of Ireland, and in large parts of rural America. When the Revised Version came out in 1881 (the predecessor of the 1952 Revised Standard Version), the intention was to keep very much within the limits and rhythms of the KJV, so much so that the "*thees*" and "*thous*" were retained. There are many today who still maintain that it's irreverent to use "*you*" when addressing God in prayer.

This is actually quite an interesting point. It's a pity that these usages died out, victims of the relentless levelling tendency of English, as opposed to its German source. Conjugations such as "*thou hast*" have a pleasant Germanic feel. Modern English suffers from the lack of an identifiable singular—and intimate—"you". But the whole point of the "*thou*" form was that it was the singular form, not the especially reverent form. In the accounts of the temptation of Christ we have Jesus saying to the Tempter, "*Get thee behind me Satan*". This wasn't meant to be a reverent approach, nor was it when God addresses the rich farmer in the parable, who was going to pull down his barns and build greater: "*thou fool: this night thy soul shall be required of thee*."

Some may recall that in the early days of the Quakers they decided that they wouldn't stand on ceremony among themselves, and so would address one another and outsiders as "*thou*". This was meant to be a revolutionary protest against rank; and of course the use of "*thou*" in love poems betokened tenderness. But we are where we are and the English language is a fast old train.

Strange Bedfellows

It's particularly strange that the Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster and the

traditional Brethren assemblies have been among the groups to hold most tenaciously to the KJV. One would have thought that its genesis, as part of an establishment sideswipe to the Puritans, and its insistence on "bishops" (cf. Tyn-dale, "overseers") would have been equally repugnant. But at least they, together with the myriads of other conservative Christians attached to the KJV, believe its content.

The same can't be said of all its other adherents. Many of these people have

no more personal allegiance to the Bible than to *Gone with the Wind*, yet they're always wittering on about the KJV, how vital it is to our national identity, about the unrivalled beauty of its language, and it's all very much like Edward Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*. I would like to say something more about these people and their stylistic heresy in a future instalment. Jesus I think said something about these people too, when he spoke judgmentally about those who killed the prophets and then went about decorating their tombs.

Odyssey) and the Greek Playwrights left off, and Greek philosophy went into the making of Christianity.

To locate Nietzsche I read people he dismissed as well as people he admired —from Schleiermacher on the one side to Heine on the other. In Schleiermacher (whose name, Veil Maker, Nietzsche took to be descriptive of his philosophy) I came across a blunt denial that the *New Testament* was a product of the same world as the *Old*. He did not argue a technical case as far as I recall, but simply asserted that the spirit one encounters in reading the New Testament is different in kind from what one encounters in the *Old Testament* to such a degree that the one cannot be seen as a continuation of the other.

That seems to me to be self-evident. Yet the two are stuck together. And, when the Bible was made the English Book of State, it was the Old Testament that predominated:

"Out of Cromwell's glowing soul had sprung the Maccabean stalwarts in leather and Iron. He had seen how "gentlemen's sons and persons of quality" swept before them Hampden's "old decaying serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows". "You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go", he told Hampden; "or else you will be beaten still". It was "a good notion", Hampden thought, but an unpracticable one. Cromwell's reply was the Ironsides, men who "had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did"; the Ironsides, with their *Soldier's Bible*, which was properly not a Bible, but a manageable booklet of Geneva texts fitted for a soldier's calling. "They were never beaten", Cromwell declared thirteen years afterwards, "and wherever engaged against the enemy they beat him continually. And truly this is a matter of praise to God; and it hath some instruction in it, to own men who are religious and godly". Of a certainty..." (*The Bible And The Anglo Saxon People* by William Canton, London c1840).

It was not the *Sermon On The Mount* that did that. It was *Deuteronomy*.

Close on three hundred years later another *Soldier's Bible* was produced. This time it was the entire Bible in an amazingly compact edition that would fit easily into the pocket. It was distributed to soldiers in the Great War, in which the territory conquered by Joshua but subsequently lost was marked down for a reconquest by the British

Brendan Clifford

Fourth Centenary Of The King James Bible

The Book Of The People

England is this year celebrating the quadrocentenary of the establishment of the official Book of the English State, the *King James Bible*. The BBC broadcast a eulogy of it as the source of all that the moral world holds to be good.

It is close on sixty years since I read it. I had to get it in order to read it. It was not a book that came to hand in Slieve Luacra. As is well known, the Catholic Church authorities did not approve of it, or of any other version of the Bible. But I do not think that is why it was not a book that was not to be had. There were many things that were to hand in Slieve Luacra that the Church did not recommend. It must have been that people did not want it.

I wanted to see what it was like, so I got it by post through an ad. in the *News Of The World*. The *News Of The World* was one of the English things that was liked in Slieve Luacra and a sense of loss was experienced on the occasional Sunday when the Customs would not let it in.

So I got the Bible and read it, and found it to be a mixture of ritualistic piety and savagery.

A cousin from an English branch of the family, a teacher of French who had taken to spending the Summer holidays in Slieve Luacra for intellectual stimulus, saw my Bible and pointed out that it was the Protestant Bible. Nobody paid any heed. Reading the Bible was seen as utter eccentricity, especially on the part of somebody who was irreligious, whichever Bible it was. The presence of a Protestant Bible was a complete non-issue.

I read *Mein Kampf* around the same time. Murphy's translation was available in the small local library. I found it much less alien —much more human. It dealt with the national predicament of Germany under the Versailles regime, and advocated a course of reform which took English conduct as a model. Genocide, so exuberantly celebrated in the Bible, is not actually advocated in it. And, if I knew about the Extermination Camps, I saw them in the context of the exterminationist culture that was a staple of the Hollywood cinema, and of the Famine of course.

The BBC celebration of the Bible as the book that produced modern civilisation made no mention at all of its exterminationist content, or of the extermination conducted in Ireland by people who swore by the Bible. But the Bible for me is *Deuteronomy*, *Joshua*, and *Judges*: the Book of Projected Conquest, the Book of Genocides, and the Book of Consolidation. Interesting things come later —the *Song of Solomon*, *Ecclesiastes*, and *Job*. But *Deuteronomy* etc. are the core of the Bible, and are the books which are its driving force to action in the present day.

Another book, which I read at about the same time as those two, was Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*. It struck me as being of the original quality as the Greek playwrights, and as being the only thing written in the two and a half thousand years since the Greeks which had that quality. When I came across the view that O'Casey's plays had that quality, I thought it was absurd. But I thought Nietzsche took up where Homer (of the

Empire. During that reconquest, the Empire set in motion a process of Jewish colonisation of Palestine with a view to setting up a Jewish State there after a lapse of two thousand years. This made *Deuteronomy* etc. the most vital books of the Bible for the 20th century, the era of the League of Nations and the United Nations.

Deuteronomy consists of a number of speeches by Moses in which he radicalised his followers in preparation for the conquest of Palestine, and indoctrinated them with the rigorously exclusive system they were to put into effect there. The existing inhabitants were either to be exterminated or subjugated. They were many times greater than the invasion force prepared by Moses, but the ordered fanaticism of the invaders, which allowed for no sense of human affinity with the city dwellers in Palestine, could prevail over mere numbers.

Very few states or societies have produced ordered fanaticism of this kind, serving a long-term purpose. Britain has, the USA has, Israel has, and Germany has occasionally. I suppose Rome had it. It is a very different thing from bravery in the heat of battle. It is an immensely energetic cold-blooded fanaticism that does not exhaust itself in passion in moments of action. It may of course be mere coincidence that the States which have it today have been through a strong Judaeo-Christian phase in their development, but it is at least a coincidence. And it is the spirit that Moses inculcated. Here are some bullet-points:

"What shall we find up there? Our kinsmen have discouraged us by their report of people bigger and taller than we are, and of great cities with fortifications... I say to you "You must not dread them"... The Lord your God, who goes at your head, will fight for you" (1:28).

"Today I shall start to put the fear and dread of you into all the peoples under heaven; if they so much as hear a rumour of you, they will quake and tremble before you..." (2:25).

"When the Lord your God brings you into the land which you are about to enter to occupy it, when he drives out many nations before you—...seven nations more numerous and powerful than you—and when the Lord your God delivers them into your power for you to defeat, you must exterminate them. You must not make an alliance with them or spare them. You must not intermarry with them... But this is what you must do to them: pull down their altars, break their sacred

pillars, hack down their sacred poles, and burn their idols..." (7:1).

"Little by little he will drive out these nations before you. You cannot exterminate them quickly, for fear the wild beasts become too numerous for you... He will put their kings into your hands and you must wipe out their name from under heaven" (7:22).

"Every place where you set foot will be yours. Your borders will run from the wilderness to Lebanon, and from the river, the Euphrates, to the western sea. No one will be able to withstand you" (11:24).

"If your brother... or your son or daughter, your beloved wife, or your dearest friend should entice you secretly to go and serve other gods... then you must not consent or listen. Show none of them mercy...; you are to put them to death, your own hand being the first to be raised against them" (13:6).

"You must not eat anything that has died a natural death. You may give it to aliens residing among you, ...or you may sell it to a foreigner" (14:21).

"When you advance on a town to attack it, make an offer of peace. If the offer is accepted and the town open its gates to you, than all the people who live there are to be put to forced labour... If the town does not make peace with you but gives battle..., when the Lord delivers it into your hands, put every male in it to the sword" (20:10).

"In the towns of these nations whose land the Lord... is giving you as your holding, you must not leave a soul alive" (20:16).

"You are not to exact interest on anything you may lend to a fellow-countryman... You may exact interest on a loan to a foreigner" (23:10).

Moses, having organised the invasion, died east of the Jordan. Joshua led the crossing of the Jordan and the long campaign of conquest, beginning with Jericho, where everyone was put to death except Rahab, a prostitute who had helped Joshua's spies. Then he marched on the city of Ai. He drew the defenders into the open by pretending to flee, and then defeated them.

"When the Israelites had slain all the inhabitants of Ai in the open country and the wilderness where they had pursued them, and the massacre was complete, they all went back to Ai and put it to the sword. The number who fell that day, men and women, was twelve thousand, the whole population of Ai" (Joshua 8:24).

Gibeon, "a large place, like a royal city", enslaved itself to Joshua. The

King of Jerusalem organised an Amonite force to liberate Gibeon. Joshua defeated it before Gibeon, and pursued it. That was the famous occasion on which the sun and the moon stood still so that the pursuit should be completed.

Then on the Makkedah, where Joshua "put both king and people to the sword" (10:28). Then on to Lachish, where "they... put every living them to the sword" (10:32).

"So Joshua conquered the whole region—the hill country, the Negeb, the Sheppelah, the watersheds—and all its kings. He left no survivor... Joshua's conquests extended from Kadeshbarnea to Gaza" (10:40).

And so on, until he died. After his death: "The men of Judah made an assault on Jerusalem and captured it: they put its people to the sword" (Judges 1:8). And there was more to follow; much more.

I looked up some commentaries on the Bible, published long after Cromwell, during the high tide of Liberalism, when Nonconformism had become the driving force in the Liberal Party.

The multi-volume *Great Texts Of The Bible* by James Hastings (Edinburgh 1911) told me that *Deuteronomy* was not actually a campaign manual of Joshua's conquest, but was compiled as an act of loving memory long after the event. (It begins: *These are the words that Moses addressed to all Israel in the wilderness beyond the Jordan*). Here is what Hastings wrote:

"The book of *Deuteronomy* might well be called a book of remembrance. It was written much later than the time when the events recorded in it occurred. The aim of the writer is to show the nation what great things the Lord had done for them... God is constantly calling His people to recollection—to think of the past, to realize what has been done, and out of the past to gather lessons of inspiration and hope for the future.

"Memory is at once the condition and the proof of our self-identity. We should not know ourselves in any real sense had we not the power to recall the past. Apart from memory, our minds would be blank, except to the sensation of the passing moment" (p3).

So the preaching and practice of genocide in *Deuteronomy* and *Joshua* are neither contemporary accounts of the conquest of Palestine, nor dispassionate histories of it written long after the event for the purposes of information. They are ideological works, designed to give

an ongoing sense of destiny to a people, founded on the memory of extraordinary things they did in the past in order to be where they are and what they are. The nation is what it has done, and energetic remembering of what it has done keeps it in being with the will to do it again whenever necessary or possible.

The events of the past ninety years show that that will has not weakened or fallen into confusion.

I looked up a second Bible Commentary, *The People's Bible: Discourse Upon Holy Scripture* by Joseph Parker, published in a great many volumes in London in 1886. Volume 4 covers *Numbers* and *Deuteronomy*. It tries at first to explain away the clear incitement to genocide as not meaning what it says. *Deuteronomy* 11:25 is quoted: "*This day will I begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee upon the nations that are under the whole heaven, who shall hear report of thee, and shall tremble, and be in anguish because of thee*". This is followed by *Exodus* 15:15—

"Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed; the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone till thy people pass over".

These passages are taken as ground to suggest that the Palestinians gave way to imaginary terrors:

"Thus God works through the medium of apprehension, wonder, curiosity; thus God holds the eyes of men that they may not see the reality of the case; and thus God touches the eyes of men that they mistake one man for a thousand. Clouds on the horizon God makes into oceans, the very vastness of which terrifies the observer... Write down the history of fear as known in your own consciousness—... how it has multiplied difficulties, how it has excited anxieties...; and the result will be that you will discover that fear has done more in life than reality has ever done—that imagination has outrun literal realism. We have suffered more from the things we thought were going to happen than we ever suffered from the things which really did occur. The mind of man is in the hand of the Lord" (p88).

But this won't do, and Parker knows it. Moses preaches actual war and genocide and Joshua practices it. There is no suggestion in those books that it was all in the mind—that Joshua brought

about the capitulation of the Palestinian cities by psychological propaganda and that their citizens slunk away terrified but untouched. What they tell us about is the conquest of Palestinian civilisation by a fanatical horde of invaders, and a general massacre of the citizenry. The Palestinian towns had gone soft from civilised living, and Joshua's disciplined fighting force, which had nothing to defend and existed in order to conquer, cut them to pieces when they tried to defend themselves. And then, no doubt, imaginations not shaped to warfare succumbed to defeatism.

It was not all in the mind—but minds shaped to peaceful living capitulated easily to unrestrained brute force—as the Chinese capitulated to the British assault with Opium and guns in the 1840s.

Parker knew very well that Joshua did not play mind games. So:

"No Christian man can too strongly denounce the spirit and cruelty of war; there are no terms sufficiently expressive and emphatic with which to characterise the horribleness of the military spirit; but there are worse things than war: slavery is worse, oppression is worse, robbery is worse; war may become comparatively righteous and even holy, but slavery can never become so, or oppression, or robbery, or wrong-doing, or corruption. That war will ultimately cease is true; but we cannot "take Jesus by force and make him a King": he must come in his own time, he must appear in his own way. We cannot hasten things. To hasten peace is to imperil peace" (p88).

It is not explained how Joshua's conquest and genocide put an end to slavery and oppression in Palestine. But, if it did so, then the war of conquest was just. But the genocide remains awkward. It is best not thought about. And Parker is not entirely at ease with the spirit in which God ordered the war to be fought:

"Why this passion? Why this almost eagerness to get rid of them by violent means? The putting of such questions reminds us that we are living in a different age. We have not read many portions of the Old Testament in the right light... God himself must speak in terms which the people can understand. There is a providence of language. Language is daily changing in aspect and colour and accent; meaning is poured out from vessel to vessel, and many of the old word-vessels are either thrown away or have to be used by some carefully guarded hand and application of thought and meaning.

No ruthless hand must touch some of these vessels, and no untutored mind must undertake to discuss some of those lessons; otherwise God himself and his whole truth will be put in a false light... The language of this chapter is in some parts awful. It is not to be explained by mere criticism, but is rather to be expounded and revealed in its intentions by the New Testament spirit" (p152).

The operative clause here is that "*no untutored mind must undertake to discuss*" it.

That was, of course, always the view of the authoritarian Church that, finding these books amongst its sacred documents, restricted their circulation.

Rome, we are told, restricted and distorted human progress by refusing to put the word of God itself in everyone's hand to be read and understood without intermediaries. The Reformation freed the mind from Roman shackles by unleashing the Bible. And certainly the Bible, by being made the Book of the English State, boosted the tendency of development launched by the Tudor monarchy.

The English conquest of North America was in the spirit of Joshua's conquest of Palestine. It was exterminationist. The Spanish/Portuguese conquest of South America was not exterminationist. The English had the Bible and the Spanish did not. There was much discussion in the United States after the Great War about its origins and destiny. Its clean, racist mode of development, in which the people of God kept themselves apart and eliminated the ungodly, was contrasted with that of Latin America where the colonising people, made slovenly by Rome, lost their racial purity, through interbreeding, because of their lack of Biblical purity. (It is a very long time since I read those 1920s American discussions. The only name that now comes to mind is Lothrop Stoddard.)

Hastings, in *The Great Texts*, says: "*The great leader of Israel... made the memories of history sacramental*" (p11). The memory captured in *Deuteronomy* and *Joshua*, once read, is unforgettable, even outside the culture in which it is sacramental. It is the most striking thing in the Bible, and I do not see that its force can be reduced with a comment that it is in some way 'allegorical' or 'symbolic'. And I do not see what meaning there is in referring it to the *New Testament* as a mode of appeasement if the *New Testament* does not repudiate

it. And of course not all readers of the *Old Testament* have any time for the *New*.

Joshua and the *Sermon On The Mount* make nonsense of each other. But the Christian is obliged to have both, if he is Biblical. And, in the public life of the Christian world—the dominant Biblicalist part of it—it is the spirit of Joshua that prevails in conduct, while the *Sermon* is reduced to sentimental verbiage.

Parker's squeamishness about Joshua was perhaps caused by dwelling too much on the *Sermon On The Mount*. It was not representative of English public opinion of the time. The advanced Liberal, Gladstone's colleague, Sir Charles Dilke MP, in his best-seller, *Greater Britain*, boasted in Mosaic manner:

"The Anglo-Saxon is the only extirpating race on earth. Up to the commencement of the now inevitable destruction of the Red Indians of Central North America, of the Maories, and of the Australians by the English colonists, no numerous race had ever been blotted out by an invader...; the Spaniards not only never annihilated a people, but have themselves been all but expelled by the Indians in Mexico... Hitherto it has been nature's rule, that the race that peopled a country in the earliest historic days should people it to the end of time" (*Greater Britain*, published in 1869, went through many editions).

Dilke, though full of the Mosaic spirit, did not know that the Anglo-Saxons were not the first. As an advanced Liberal, he probably acquired the Mosaic spirit from the cultural atmosphere of England rather than from Moses.

Irish opinion-formers of the present generation are accusing their ancestors of negligence in not making them Protestant and rich and progressive. Thomas Moore, the poet, historian, and pamphleteer, considered embarking on a Protestant development in 1829:

"It was on the evening of the 16th of April, 1829—the very day on which the news reached Dublin of the Royal Assent having been given to the Catholic Relief Bill—that, as I was sitting alone in my chambers, up two pair of stairs, Trinity College, being myself one of the everlasting "Seven Millions" thus liberated, I started suddenly, after a few moments' reverie, from my chair, and ...exclaimed, "Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant"...

"I had... little other notion of Protestants than as a set of gentlemanlike heretics, somewhat scanty in creed, but in all things else rich and prosperous, and governing Ireland, according to their will and pleasure, by right of some

certain 39 Articles, of which I was not yet clearly ascertained whether they were Articles of War or of Religion.

"The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, though myself one of them, I could not help but regarding as a race of obsolete and obstinate religionists ..."

So he set out to discover Protestantism, found that its creed was far from scanty, that the Bible was not a coherent source of belief, that Scripture raised problems which it gave no help in resolving, and that it was just as well that it should be looked after by a traditionally established intermediary. (See *Travels Of An Irish Gentleman In Search Of A Religion*, 1833. Quoted from *Political And Historical Writings On British And Irish Affairs* by Thomas Moore, Athol Books, 1993, €20, £15.)

Correction

An article in the last issue, 1641: *The Massacre Propaganda* by Brendan Clifford, wrongly attributed the phrase "every prospect pleases but only man is vile" to Oliver Goldsmith (page 4). As Stephen Richards has pointed out, it was "Reginald Heber, who died aged about 38, who wrote: "what though the spicy breezes / blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle / where every prospect pleases / and only man is vile" as part of his hymn, *From Greenland's icy mountains*". It's early 19th century, so it is a bit later than Goldsmith. I think from memory he flourished in the 1820s-1830s, and became Bishop of Calcutta. He wrote the hymn in 20 minutes."

Julianne Herlihy

War And Greed

"I am a man who can recognize an unnamed town by its skeletal shape on a map ... So I knew their place before I crashed among them, knew when Alexander had traversed it in an earlier age for this cause or that greed. I knew the customs of the nomads besotted by silk or wells. When I was lost among them, unsure of where I was, all I needed was the name of a small ridge, a local custom, a cell of this historical animal, and the map of the world would slide into place."

The English Patient, Michael Ondaatje.

"It is the State which first presents subject-matter that is not only adapted to the prose of History, but involves the production of such history in the very progress of its own being."

The Philosophy of History, C.W.F. Hegel.

Having watched the unravelling of events in various news stations regarding the Arab world, I have been appalled at the transmutation of 'news' into wild propaganda. I won't dwell on the feeble attempts by RTE, but certainly France 24, Sky News and Al Jazeera were beaming 'Live' streams from Benghazi where what the newsreaders were saying was totally at odds at what we were being shown. Such was the dissonance between the images and words that it was beyond surreal. Having seen Muammar Gaddafi being revered by the crowds in the capital Tripoli, and he was moving among them in an open sedan without armed guards, the news-readers had to come up with the idea that Tripoli was a Gaddafi

stronghold. But Saif Gaddafi, eldest son of President Gaddafi said that Tripoli was a huge city where most of Libyans lived—as the rest of the country was not hugely populated—so one could not doubt the popularity of Muammar Gaddafi in his own country.

When Gaddafi went on the radio, there was live feeds coming from Benghazi—which was supposed to be a "rebel stronghold" according to Western propaganda—but again the response from the hugely populated square was at odds with what the news-readers were saying. The people of Benghazi were wildly cheering, waving Libyan flags, making clinched fist salutes to the cameras and were of obviously good cheer—very like those in Tahir Square in Egypt at the height of the people's protests to get rid of Mubarak.

When Mubarak went on TV the night before he was ousted, he defiantly said he was not quitting and then the Egyptians waved their shoes with the soles turned towards the cameras in what is seen as the ultimate Arab insult. After that Mubarak 'left' (but really there was no more seen of him so it is still difficult to establish where he really is. We do know for certain that Ben Ali of Tunisia is in political exile in Saudi Arabia with some news bizarrely informing us that he is in a "coma". France behaved appallingly about Tunisia with their then Foreign Minister M. Aleet Marie telling the despot Ali that her country could

supply him with extra police to deal with the protesters. Then the French media informed all that their Foreign Minister and her parents was being hosted by Ben Ali, using his private jet and doing deals with him even as his people were in the streets showing their terrible poverty. It took President Sarkozy some time before she was sacked and Alan Juppe, the former Prime Minister was appointed to bring a more nuanced perspective to French diplomacy in the Arab world.

As protests spread across Algeria, Bahrain, Yemen, Jordan, Syria etc it was as if the Arab world was finally awakening and as some commentators said 'were facing down their fear'. Once the fear factor was broken, whole societies were stirring. But Bahrain was having none of it and Pearl Square was immediately surrounded by police and soldiers who reacted ferociously to their people's chants for '*reform*' and '*democracy*'. Bahrain got Saudi Arabia, Kuwaiti, and the UAE to send in their tanks, and soldiers and put a stop to the march of its people. It didn't go unnoticed that these countries were also ruled by despots and were concerned that their people would start getting ideas of freedom, justice and democracy.

But here is the kicker. 'The West' also started getting restive but reserved its *animus* for only one leader—Muammar Gaddafi. Hilary Clinton, US Secretary of State expressed her "*concern*" for the "*rebels*" in Libya. As did President Barack Obama and Prime Minister David Cameron of the UK.

Of course it was left unsaid that when Hosni Mubarak was in power, the Clinton and Blair families were good friends of his and often used his private jet and holidayed in his palace in Sharm al Sheik. (See the March 2011 issue of *Irish Political Review* about the closeness of the relationship between the Mubarak and Clinton families.) And while we are at it, we might also remember the torture facilities that Mubarak made available to USUK in their War on Terror. It was interesting to see the English media trawl the £75billion odd fortune of Mubarak and his real estate in New York, London, Paris and Switzerland to name but some, one supposes. Also with Ben Ali. But when it came to freezing Gaddafi's accounts—it was hard to come round the fact that there were none: but there were Libyan assets and all these have been frozen. Of course the news stations latterly mentioned Gaddafi's bank accounts but this was

propaganda as they couldn't name where these might be and it was as if they went to war with Libya.

At the G20 meeting in Paris, USUK got nowhere with their interest in making war against Libya. In fact, France 24 admitted they came up "*against a brick wall*". Germany's Foreign Minister Guido Westerwelle went on the TV and stated unambiguously that: "*We do not want to get sucked in to a war in North Africa*". He made the startling comparison that it could well end up as the West's "*Vietnam*". President Obama stated that he wanted some other country *to front* the invasion as his own country was now seen (rightly) as a toxic state by Muslims everywhere.

Then it was off to the UN for the old 'one step, two steps' as the countdown to war began in earnest. France and the UK moved quickly and the next thing I know I'm watching huge war-planes with big bellies landing in the UK and being told they were from Canada. It is often said that there are more Orange Lodges in Canada than anywhere else in the world. And of course when those "*old terrorists*" George Washington and Benjamin Franklin decided to make war on England, many old loyalists left the US and made their way to Canada and New Zealand—to this day two white Commonwealth States—with a few indigenous peoples dotted here and there in their reservations with no rights to vote (as is the case also in the USA) even to this day. It never ceases to amaze me that communist states like China, and former ones like Russia always call for peace. Dialogue surely is the better option and the more just. But I suppose the day that will translate into action for USUK is the day that their power will finally have ended. And there can be no doubt that what we are seeing now is the dying sting of a once mighty power.

The USA, as shown in the recent movie *Wall Street' Money Never Sleeps*, was one in which "*greed*" still is "*good*", as said by the character Gordon Gekko, acted with brilliance by Michael Douglas. The latter has just been released from a lengthy prison sentence and comments on the 2008 global economic disaster to the effect that if we think *that* was bad, well the one coming down the road at us is going to be massive. In a very witty lecture to his protégé and future son-in-law Jake (a groundbreaking performance from Shia La Beouf), Gekko relates the story of the Great Tulip Bulb mania in 17th century Holland urging him to see that greed is

always with us like death and taxes. I wasn't surprised to see that it featured little in the American Oscars as it portrayed such a grubby America. One of the most effective scenes is when all the bankers meet with US Treasury as they beg for a massive cash injection and they ask one another, before the Treasury people give in to them: how can we make them see it *our way* and one very astute banker says simply "*Fear*". Make them feel such "*fear*" of a melt-down that banks close, cash-machines dry up, people queue round the closed banks and carnage breaks out in society. After that scenario—the guys at Treasury give them what they want. They only request one or two banks to fall, and they are given up without murmur as the leading bankers have already decided who are their weakest competitors and they are left to the wall.

It is not only pictures that can give us insights into the societies we live in but also documentaries. Recently there was one on *Marilyn Monroe, The Final Tapes* with her psychiatrist. What stood out for me was a shot of New York taken for the 45th birthday celebrations of President John F. Kennedy in 1962. On the big bill-boards of Times Square were advertisements for Chevrolet cars and all the other big manufacturers of the time. But now manufacture is gone and China is the behemoth of the present and definitely of the future. How did it happen? Why did the politicians conspire against their people to destroy their jobs and livelihoods? Germany, Japan (even with their awful earthquake and tsunami—they are coping magnificently) and France are still all huge manufacturing countries. What is Ireland? Or indeed the UK for that matter? How long before the money markets swallow everything up because nothing is created only endless debt. And war.

The *Irish Times* is calling for war on Libya. That of course has long been their orientation. On 18th March 2011, Mary Fitzgerald (who she?) told us that she was on the Libya-Egypt border but "*it was impossible to reach people in the city of Benghazi last night as phone lines were down*". Can it be that there are no Sat. mobiles there? Luckily for us, the news stations were showing live feeds from Benghazi, with the square full of jubilant people who were hanging off buildings, cheering and chanting. Gaddafi was on the air and, according to Fitzgerald and other propagandists, the people were really showing us "*their defiance*". Singing happy people—

The Self-Confidence Of The Gaels

defiance my foot! Try another tack, people! But I suppose Fitzgerald was looking to *her leader* and taking *her line*. On the 16th March 2011, Madam Editor, Geraldine Kennedy heralded her Editorial with these war-like sentiments: *The World Fiddles As Libya Burns*". Kennedy warns: "*the world community sits by, mouthing platitudes about solidarity, pleading diplomatically with Gaddafi to depart, tinkering around with sanctions, as another Srebrenica threatens*". While praising the UK and France and of course the USA, she lashes China and Russia for being passive. If Maggie Thatcher is now dying, there is another iron lady in the wings not for turning. As she ended her shrill war cries, she signed off by saying "*To do nothing is unconscionable*". Indeed.

Meanwhile in *The Irish Times* that same day, 16th March 2011, a Mark Weiss from Jerusalem reported that Israel intercepted a ship with "*Gaza-bound weapons*". Further on in the report we were told that the Israelis only *believed* that the ship was carrying arms bound for Gaza. They boarded it in international waters. This is *piracy*. It is also a criminal act under International Maritime Law. But the Israelis took the ship and its crew and cargo to their port of Ashdod. But Madam Editor seems remarkably relaxed about this criminal act and—as yet—to ask the international community to "*step up to the plate*", as she did about Libya. But Israel is not taking any chances and according to *The Guardian* has started to launch a PR drive in Europe. "*It is a major propaganda drive with embassies in ten European countries being instructed to each recruit 1,000 members of the public to advocate its policies*". The report says the UK is one of the countries but does not name the others. Israeli Foreign Minister Avigdor Lieberman instructed Embassies to adopt a range of measures aimed at improving the way Israel is seen in Europe. A source described the recruits as "*friends who are willing not just to receive messages but to actively promote these messages*". The *Guardian* said that they are "*likely to be drawn from Jewish or Christian activists, academics, journalists and students*" and "*will be briefed regularly by Israeli officials and encouraged to speak up for Israel at public meetings or write letters or articles for the press... Israeli embassies in London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid and Rome are also to receive funds to hire professional PR firms and lobbyists for a more conventional PR drive.*"

I was surprised to see the comparison of Conor O'Mahony with Heinrich Himmler suggested by Pat Muldowney (1641: *Some Context. The Irish Himmler: Settler Massacres and Reduction Baroque*, Church & State No. 103). Even if this comparison was justified, O'Mahony's *Argument Defending The Right Of The Kingdom Of Ireland* should still be available as a historical document, and I wouldn't need to regret translating it. But my aim had been by this roundabout means to try to restore a sense of Irish perspectives and Irish concerns, distinct from English concerns, to the 1640s and 17th century Irish history generally. If the impact of the *Argument* and my long introduction was only to suggest that its author was a sort of Himmler, that would be an indication of failure.

Whatever he may have been, Conor O'Mahony roused a good deal of interest in the late 1640s and after. His book is one of the most elaborate, sustained and forceful arguments to be found in 17th century Irish politics. The author might be worth looking at in his own right, as himself, in his own time and context, rather than matching him up with people who weren't going to be born until centuries after his death.

But, all the same, let's consider the analogies. In contrast to the title, what is said in the text of the article leaves the issues open: "*Is this the voice of the Irish Himmler? Which kind of genocidal maniac was O'Mahony? ...Was O'Mahony a Heinrich Himmler, an Edmund Spenser, an Arthur Chichester, a Charles Dickens, a Thomas Jefferson, an Oliver Wendell Holmes, a Winston Churchill, a Tadeusz Ennis, or an Eduard Benes?*"

I think when we write about genocide we should make a few distinctions. We should distinguish between people who only advocated genocide and people who organised it in actual fact, who were practical agents and executives. And we should distinguish between genocides which actually happened and genocides which didn't happen, although somebody might have proposed them.

And here I can propose another name for the list, since we have a list: the Russian novelist, memoir writer and journalist, Ilya Ehrenburg. During the Second World War he was a leading

Soviet war propagandist. In an article published in *Krasnaya Svesda* on July 24, 1942 he said:

"The Germans are not human beings. From now on the word German means to use the most terrible oath. From now on the word German discharges a rifle. We shall not speak any more. We shall not be indignant. We shall kill. If you have not killed at least one German a day, you have wasted that day... If you leave a German alive, the German will hang a Russian and rape a Russian woman. If you kill one German, kill another—there is nothing more amusing for us than a heap of German corpses. Do not count days, do not count kilometers. Count only the number of Germans killed by you." (Sources, which I haven't been able to check, are given in the German Wikipedia article on Ehrenburg.)

In 1944-5, when the Russian armies entered Germany, it appears that Ehrenburg published a couple of high-minded articles on the lines of "*Reconciliation, Not Revenge!*", and "*the Russian soldier should not touch the slaughterer's wife, the unworthy German woman*" (these were treated, no doubt, with just as much seriousness as O'Mahony's call to King Charles to convert to the True Faith). But Ehrenburg's typical war propaganda in 1944-5 seems to have been more in the spirit of what he had written in 1942. There are disputes about this, but certainly a number of Russian writers, including Solzhenitsyn, believed so. Solzhenitsyn accused Ehrenburg of heating up anti-German sentiment insanely. From his own experience he testified that this propaganda hadn't been without its effect.

Eventually Ehrenburg was reined in by Stalin. Quite a lot of German civilians were killed, but the killing didn't reach a level where it could meaningfully be called genocide. I'm not aware that anyone has since quoted Ehrenburg's articles as the voice of the Russian Himmler. And I don't see why anyone should put the tag of Ireland's Himmler on Conor O'Mahony. If we have to have an analogy, maybe we can call him the Irish Ilya Ehrenburg.

Elsewhere in his article Pat Muldowney praises the Jesuit *Reductions* of Paraguay as an example of contact

between the expansive cultures of Europe and other cultures in its most positive form. This is a case that could be argued. But there is an implication that such a relationship might have been possible for the English in Ireland, if only they had been more reasonable people.

I think no such possibilities existed for the English in Ireland. The Paraguayan experiment presupposed an acknowledged cultural ascendancy, a superiority and right of direction that people inside the *Reductions* were not likely to question seriously. But the English didn't have that acknowledged cultural supremacy in Ireland. They weren't worthy of it. And they were never going to be worthy of it, no matter what they might do.

Though already inclined to apologise politely for their community's failings (even Hugh O'Neill did it on occasion!), the Irish had a tenacious feeling of being on an equal if not better level. I think that much can be gathered from O'Mahony's book. Or from Philip O'Sullivan Beare's book published a quarter of a century earlier. Or from the *Remonstrance Of The Irish Princes* which was sent to the Pope in 1317, with its tremendous denunciation of the Anglo-Normans as wreckers of Irish civilisation. Or even from Gerald of Wales's accounts of his interchanges with Gaelic Irish prelates like the Archbishop of Cashel, right at the beginning of the conquest.

The Irish thought pretty highly of themselves. By the same token, the English feeling of cultural superiority was still undeveloped, though Francis Bacon and John Davies were working hard at it. One can feel the insecurity in someone like the writer of *Pacata Hibernia*, who is so obsessed with the personality and career of that great blighted talent, Florence McCarthy (whom the English twice kidnapped, for want of a better way of dealing with him), hating him like poison and yet fascinated by him.

I also think that the Gaelic Irish had a positive attachment to Catholicism and it wasn't the case that the ham-fisted English missed opportunities to detach them from their existing faith and win them over to Protestantism. Gaelic Christianity was tenacious, even if not very muscular. The Gaels had not been heretic-hunters, witch-hunters or crusaders, and their clergy up to that time hadn't proved themselves as scholastic logicians and fanatical preachers. Their Catholicism was different (though not in doctrines) from the typical European

version. This didn't mean that it lacked conviction.

In the beginning, when Henry the Eighth declared himself Head of the Church, it seems that the Irish lords (Gaels and Normans alike) went along with him without giving the matter much thought. I suppose they must have interpreted Henry's action as a one-off gesture, setting reasonable limits to the Pope's interference in English politics. As for the pillaging of the monasteries, there were precedents for that in Irish history. But when Henry's daughter continued the gesture as a long-term religious innovation, a reaction set in. The best thing written about this reaction so far is by an alert American, Samantha Meigs (*The Reformations In Ireland*) who argues that what decided the religious outcome in Ireland was a kind of symbiosis between the Catholic Church and the order of professional poets, the *filidh*.

Even the crushing material superiority of the English was only finally proved by Cromwell. Before that one might fancy the chances of the Irish side, as O'Mahony does. Actually, one major reason for this is unmentionable for O'Mahony because of his Portuguese attachments: the power of Spain. Spain was the greatest Catholic State and one could easily imagine that Spanish power would be able to establish and sustain its supporters in possession of Ireland against the English.

Supposing you were the ally of Philip II (then ruler of an empire on which the sun never set, whereas English imperial activity had hardly begun), why should you be overawed by the English? Or even supposing you were the potential ally of Philip III or Philip IV? It seems that the hope of being rescued by the power of Spain was still important in the 1640s. I cannot fill in all the details, but I think the Pope did not consider redonating Ireland to Spain in 1647 without somebody in Ireland pressing for him to do so.

But it wasn't only the real or intended allies of the Philips who felt no sense of inferiority. The land was full of people for whom Ireland was the measure of Ireland. It's hard to get a feeling of that now, but in many ways it shaped all that happened.

No one has such a burden of hindsight as the historians of Ireland. How much they know, in their smug wisdom, that no one knew in 1645! With my book on O'Mahony I hoped to provoke

some vestige of the sense of ignorance—that feeling of not knowing everything, of suffering some sort of lack of clear understanding, which makes us want to check all our bearings again.

An Argument Defending The Right Of The Kingdom Of Ireland (1645) by *Conor O'Mahony*. First translation from Latin. Introduction, *John Minahane*: Conor O'Mahony, the 1641 Rebellion and the Independence of Ireland. 232pp. Index. Aubane Historical Society, 2010. €25, £20.

Wilson John Haire

Pogrom is based on a real incident.

Every time there was a possible sectarian attack on our home my mother would put the poker in the fire and boil water. (That was done through most of my life there.) When visiting this estate when I was in my early fifties she was still heating the poker and boiling water when trouble started outside. I realised she would fight to the death which obviously meant we as a family were under a permanent death sentence.

Pogrom

The poker's in the fire,
the pots are on the boil,
we're mostly women here, someone's a liar.

Echoes at dusk sounds louder on this estate,
shouting men, barking dogs.
For her next door it's too late.
May the Lough obscure us with its fog.

Remember when it was lonely here,
came dark, after the birds' singing.

Now it's those painted messages that are pinging:
BW—break windows.
BO—burn out. You were BW but you didn't go.

She's out scrubbing the concrete.
Permanent red-lead, bloodier than blood in the street.
Good neighbours now shadows behind blinds guiltily bleat.

The Red-Hand flags fly fly fly,
embossed with a crown, they crack in the wind, die die die.
The removal vans look for the BOs,
for the BWs the glazier doesn't show.

Someone phones the army, someone
phones the police.
Blind, they don't see the empty collar at
the end of the leash.
BWs. Our week's up. A young girl
screams the warning.
The house opposite's burning.

Her next door shouts prayers through
the growing mist,
above the mob and the ranting dogs.
Scrub scrub scrub, something inside her
desperately insists.

But the house still burns, her husband
still lies concussed,
the children still cry for their toys, still
cry for their pup,
still squealing, singed, run-over by a
hijacked bus.

I feel nothing—kitchen gloves are good
for a flaming poker.
Wake up, the pots have boiled dry, they
need refilling.
They shout our house's infested. We're
Romanist no hoppers.
That one with the sledgehammer. Ugly
now. Used to be thrilling.

Mammy says the scalding water's for
the skin,
a white-hot poker's for the eyes.
Beauty-treatment especially for him,
when they break in.

15th May, 2010

It's A Wild Life In Mesopotamia

They export *democracy* and get paid
in dead bodies and the mutilated.
They talk of freedom while insulated
by private armed guards commercially
led.
They talk of reconstruction and then
build
more bases, more prisons, more torture
cells.
They see history as a bagatelle,
keeping no record of those they have
killed.
The Mesopotamia Marshes drained,
now partially re-hydrated, bird count
by the TV crew, a joy unrestrained.
The violence they caused denied to
denounce
the sectarian government that they
trained.
I.E.Ds in mind, armoured jeeps they
mount.

18th March, 2011

Joe Keenan

A. R. Wallace On The Moral Superiority Of Savages

Evolving From Better To Worse

Introductory Note

Charles Darwin is very well known,
very widely recognised as discoverer of
the evolutionary mechanism of "Natural
Selection".

Alfred Russel Wallace is not very
well known at all, rarely mentioned out-
side scholarly journals. On the few
occasions he gets a public airing he is
invariably referred to as co-discoverer
of the evolutionary mechanism of
"Natural Selection".

Darwin's theory was first announced
to the world at a meeting of the Linnean
Society arranged by Darwin's mentor,
Sir Charles Lyell, and his friend Joseph
Hooker at which a set of cobbled together
manuscripts were presented as the
Darwin-Wallace Papers. It was held on
1st. July 1859

The occasion of this was Darwin's
receipt of a letter from Wallace two
weeks earlier (on June 18th.) which
included an essay to be passed on to
Lyell and making clear his independent
discovery of a mechanism of "*Natural
Selection*". The reason for the meeting
was to have Darwin's previous
discovery, which he had not yet
published in any form, belatedly read
into the record.

Neither Darwin nor Wallace attended
the meeting. Darwin was at home in
Kent. Wallace was working in the Malay
Archipelago. His acquiescence in the
proceedings was received in January
1859, more than six months after the
event.

What follows is from the conclusion
to the book which Wallace wrote six
years after returning from Malaya in
1862. These passages show that Lyell
and Hooker were absolutely right to have
him reduced to the footnotes. Writing
about savages being morally superior to
civilized persons of a White disposition
—really the man had no idea what evolu-
tion was really about, what natural select-
ion was really aiming at!

From *The Malay Archipelago*, New
York, 1869, pp. 596-598.

Wallace

"...Before bidding my readers
farewell, I wish to make a few observa-
tions on a subject of yet higher interest
and deeper importance, which the con-
templation of savage life has suggested,
and on which I believe that the civilized
can learn something from the savage
man.

We most of us believe that we, the
higher races, have progressed and are
progressing. If so, there must be some

state of perfection, some ultimate goal,
which we may never reach, but to which
all true progress must bring us nearer.
What is this ideally perfect social state
toward which mankind ever has been,
and still is tending? Our best thinkers
maintain that it is a state of individual
freedom and self government, rendered
possible by the equal development and
just balance of the intellectual, moral,
and physical parts of our nature,—a state
in which we shall each be so perfectly
fitted for a social existence, by knowing
what is right, and at the same time feeling
an irresistible impulse to do what we
know to be right, that all laws and all
punishments shall be unnecessary. In
such a state every man would have a
sufficiently well balanced intellectual
organization to understand the moral law
in all its details, and would require no
other motive but the free impulses of his
own nature to obey that law.

Now it is very remarkable, that
among people in a very low stage of
civilization, we find some approach to
such a perfect social state. I have lived
with communities of savages in South
America and in the East, who have no
laws or law courts but the public opinion
of the village freely expressed. Each man
scrupulously respects the rights of his
fellow, and any infraction of those rights
rarely or never takes place. In such a
community, all are nearly equal. There
are none of those wide distinctions, of
education and ignorance, wealth and
poverty, master and servant, which are
the product of our civilization; there is
none of that widespread division of labor,
which, while it increases wealth, pro-
duces also conflicting interests; there is
not that severe competition and struggle
for existence, or for wealth, which the
dense population of civilized countries
inevitably creates. All incitements to
great crimes are thus wanting, and petty
ones are repressed, partly by the influ-
ence of public opinion, but chiefly by
that natural sense of justice and of his
neighbor's right, which seems to be, in
some degree, inherent in every race of
man.

Now, although we have progressed
vastly beyond the savage state in intel-
lectual achievements, we have not
advanced equally in morals. It is true
that among those classes who have no
wants that can not be easily supplied,
and among whom public opinion has
great influence, the rights of others are
fully respected. It is true, also, that we
have vastly extended the sphere of those
rights, and include within them all the

brotherhood of man. But it is not too much to say, that the mass of our populations have not at all advanced beyond the savage code of morals, and have in many cases sunk below it. A deficient morality is the great blot of modern civilization, and the greatest hindrance to true progress.

During the last century, and especially in the last thirty years, our intellectual and material advancement has been too quickly achieved for us to reap the full benefit of it. Our mastery over the forces of nature has led to a rapid growth of population, and a vast accumulation of wealth; but these have brought with them such an amount of poverty and crime, and have fostered the growth of so much sordid feeling and so many fierce passions, that it may well be questioned, whether the mental and moral status of our population has not on the average been lowered, and whether the evil has not overbalanced the good. Compared with our wondrous progress in physical science and its practical applications, our system of government, of administering justice, of national education, and our whole social and moral organization, remains in a state of barbarism. And if we continue to devote our chief energies to the utilizing of our knowledge of the laws of nature with the view of still further extending our commerce and our wealth, the evils which necessarily accompany these when too eagerly pursued, may increase to such gigantic dimensions as to be beyond our power to alleviate.

We should now clearly recognize the fact, that the wealth and knowledge and culture of the *few* do not constitute civilization, and do not of themselves advance us toward the "perfect social state". Our vast manufacturing system, our gigantic commerce, our crowded towns and cities, support and continually renew a mass of human misery and crime *absolutely* greater than has ever existed before. They create and maintain in life-long labor an ever-increasing army, whose lot is the more hard to bear, by contrast with the pleasures, the comforts, and the luxury which they see everywhere around them, but which they can never hope to enjoy; and who, in this respect, are worse off than the savage in the midst of his tribe.

This is not a result to boast of, or to be satisfied with and, until there is a more general recognition of this failure of our civilization—resulting mainly from our neglect to train and develop more thoroughly the sympathetic feelings and moral faculties of our nature, and to allow them a larger share of influence in our legislation, our commerce, and our whole social organization—we shall never, as regards the whole community, attain to any real or important superiority over the better class of savages.

This is the lesson I have been taught by my observations of uncivilized man. I now bid my readers—Farewell!"

Joe Keenan

The Politics Of Darwinism
Part Four

A Scientific Digression (1)

The debate on Darwin which led to this series of articles began with a discussion article by Seán Swan (The Culture Wars to Come, C&S, No. 94, Fourth Quarter 2008) which applauded the "fall" of a "pseudoscientific quack" involved in "the madness of Aids denialism"; this being a "victory" for "scientific orthodoxy". Swan went on to worry about suggestions that "creationism should be included in science lessons in schools"; which was "a potentially even more dangerous challenge to science and thus, by extension, to medicine and human health".

In opposition to this Swan claimed that "the evolutionary and cosmological models used in science teaching are the only scientifically correct ways of understanding the world. There are other world views, but they are not scientific...".

He went on to worry about "Another straw in the wind {which} was the claim by Lord Robert Winston, not a clergyman but described as a "practising Jew" that "Far too many scientists...present science as the truth and present it as factually correct. And actually of course that clearly isn't true"...."

Swan commented:

"...the sweeping nature of this statement is breathtaking in its audacity. While we are all aware of science's fuzzy edges, from the Theory of Relativity to the Uncertainty Principle to Chaos Theory and the Butterfly Effect, to deduce from that a reductionist claim that science is not factually correct, is incredible... Winston asserted that the traditional 'determinist' approach to genetics was proving to be too simplistic. This is true in the same way as Einstein demonstrated that Newtonian physics was 'too simplistic'. Newtonian physics is inadequate at the cosmological level or at the atomic level but was quite good enough to land us on the Moon. Contemporary genetics may yet turn out to be similarly incomplete, but it has been correct enough to help with the diagnosis and treatment of innumerable genetic diseases and disorders. 'Too simplistic' means there is more to say on the subject, not that the original positions are without foundation in fact—they still tell us a great deal about the physical world. Such things are not 'too simplistic' in the same ways as is the Genesis story, which, if taken literally, not only lessens but actually distorts our understanding of the world—we are led to believe that snakes have the power of speech."

Now then, I've long been aware of

Robert Winston as the presenter of television documentaries on matters scientific and was reminded of him just this morning (March 15th., 2011) when he has an article in the *Daily Mirror* arguing "the last thing the NHS needs is more reform". He is a great deal more than just "not a clergyman" or just "a practising Jew". He is, as a few highlights from his Wikipedia entry will support, a very high-profile apparatchik of the scientific wing of the British establishment:

"Winston was born in London...and raised in the Jewish faith...graduating from The London Hospital Medical College...with a degree in medicine and surgery and achieved prominence as an expert in human fertility. For a brief time he gave up clinical medicine and worked as a theatre director...returning to academic medicine, he developed tubal microsurgery and various techniques in reproductive surgery, including sterilization reversal...He was a scientific advisor to the World Health Organisation's programme in human reproduction from 1975 to 1977. He joined the Royal Postgraduate Medical School, London as a consultant and Reader in 1977...{set} up the highly successful IVF service at Hammersmith Hospital which pioneered various improvements in this technology, and became Dean of the Institute of Obstetrics and Gynaecology in London...As Professor of Fertility Studies at Hammersmith, Winston led the IVF team which pioneered preimplantation genetic diagnosis, which identifies defects in human embryos.

"He was the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science from 2004 to 2005...He was recently appointed as a new chair at Imperial College, Professor of Science and Society. He is Chairman of the Institute of Obstetrics and Gynaecology Trust...Fellow of the Academy of Medical Sciences...Honorary Fellow of the Royal Academy of Engineering... and so on and so on..."

(A highlight which Wikipedia fails to mention is Lord Robert Winston's Zionism, which led him in 2004 to defend the Israeli war machine's casual murder of Palestinian children {see <<http://thelastarchives.blogspot.com/2010/06/israel-slams-uk-medical-journal.html>> for the *Jerusalem Post's* report of this}. I will have occasion to refer back to this aspect of Winston's broad establishment role, but for the moment, back to the more immediately relevant science of this...)

It's strange that Swan neglected to mention that the person making a comment on a matter of science is a very

distinguished scientist. And strange that he also neglected to source the quotation he condemns. Stranger yet to find that what was quoted by Swan as a sweeping generalisation (and attacked by him as such) is at source a very particular charge against a particular campaign which Winston opposes.

The quotation comes from a *Guardian* article of 12th September 2008 which can be accessed on the web at <<http://www.guardian.co.uk/science/blog/2008/sep/12/robert.winston>>. What follows is the full text of the *Guardian* report:

"Lord Robert Winston has renewed his attack on atheist writers such as Richard Dawkins, Daniel Dennett and Christopher Hitchens, whose arguments he said were 'dangerous', 'irresponsible' and 'very divisive'.

"The science populariser and fertility expert said that the more bombastic arguments of atheist scientists were making dialogue between religion and science more difficult.

"I would argue that the 'God Delusion' approach is actually very divisive because it is the one way surely of not winning over opposing views ... Religious people can say, 'look these guys just don't understand us'.

"We need to be much more sophisticated in how we handle these problems in our society and I don't think the propositions of Christopher Hitchens, Richard Dawkins, Daniel Dennett and a number of other writers have really furthered useful healthy debate. I think actually they've limited it—that worries me'

"Winston, who is a practising Jew, made the comments to journalists at the British Association Festival of Science in Liverpool. He has previously criticised Dawkins for his views on faith and has said that he is suffering from a 'science delusion'.

"Far too many scientists including my good friend Richard Dawkins present science as the truth and present it as factually correct. And actually of course that clearly isn't true.'

"What Dawkins says is, 'if you don't believe in the fact that religion is a nonsense then you're deluded'. I think that is a very dangerous message because I think actually it is irresponsible. I think it poo-pooes other people's views of a universe about which none of us know clearly or absolutely.'

"As an example of misplaced scientific certainty Winston said the traditional 'determinist' approach to genetics was proving to be too simplistic.

"We can't any longer have the conventional understanding of genetics which everybody pedals because it is increasingly obvious that epigenetics—actually things which influence the genome's function—are much more important than we realised ... One of the most important aspects of what makes us who we are is neither straight genes or straight environment but actually what happens to us during development.'

"Winston also criticised the notion—

popularised by developmental biologist Prof. Lewis Wolpert at University College London—that science can be separated from technology and the application of science. After praising Wolpert as a 'really significant scientist', Winston said:

"I love Lewis, he's a wonderful man, but he's barmy. He presents science as the total truth—it's a nonsense.'

"You can't do that. {Science and its applications} are interconnected aren't they. That's the problem. The use of science is dependent on the science that we produce. I think my answer to Lewis has to be that ... when we are doing research we have to look forward to see where it might have an application."

Winston's dispute with Professor Wolpert (who is, if such a thing be possible in the light of official Israeli racism, a lapsed Jew, a non-believer whose opposition to the academic boycott of Israel was weaker than Winston's but still asserted that "...the institutions of social democratic Israel do not bear comparison with the authoritarian and racist structures of apartheid South Africa. To equate this with Israel distorts the historical record") seems to be phrased in different terms but is a more specific side-bar to his disagreement with Dawkins.

Wolpert insists that science as such is value-free and innocent of the, ultimately political, use that is made of it. Winston accepts that science is not immune to the belief systems and values of the scientists who engage with it. That aside, they are both Darwinists who believe that religious belief (euphemised or not as 'spirituality') is an evolutionary advantage. And Winston is anxious that science, most particularly the "*life sciences*", should be open to the notion of God.

This leads Winston himself to cultivate at least the appearance of open-mindedness about the dogmas of science. And that leads him into conflict with Dawkins who has no problem with scientific dogmatism, just a pathological irritation around the billions of incredibly stupid people who do. Dawkins' career is an Augustinian effort to lay the groundwork for the inquisition that will "compel" these deluded masses "to come in".

But success for Dawkins would involve problems for maintenance of the faith community that is the human bearer of the Zionist project. And so, as a believer, as a Zionist and as a member of the British establishment which still looks fondly on the Zionist project its Balfour Declaration inaugurated, Robert Winston has to oppose Richard Dawkins.

The Origin Of Species

There is an unavoidable difficulty and a dilemma here which goes back to the origins of the Darwinist project; which is built into the intellectual

structure of what Darwinism is.

By the beginning of the 19th. century the religious grounds of Britain's belief in itself and its world-historical mission appeared to be crumbling. The scientific revolution which began for Britain with Francis Bacon's *Novum Organum* and *The Advancement Of Learning* (the establishment of a methodology which subordinated final causes to the enquiry: "*For we are not to imagine or suppose, but to discover, what Nature does or may be made to do*") was threatening to marginalise God as a hands-off first-cause; initially a very busy body but thereafter with a tendency to mind His own business.

The residual doctrine of His special concern with the ongoing Creation of Life on Earth, and the eschatological role of Man within that, was threatened by the implications of geological discoveries that were giving rise to evolutionary theories. What was then required was a theory from out of the scientific wing of the British establishment which would mediate the transition to a self-consciously secular ideology of its naturally (as well as religiously) determined right to universal dominion: Pastor God and Professor Mammon both deploying their influence (the latter in the ascendant, the former apparently declining) to promote Greater Britain to world statehood.

It fell to Darwin, who first discovered the necessary but hitherto missing link between England's combative past and present and England's glorious future, to publish the theory that would achieve this. The link was the mechanism of natural selection viewed as the survival of the fittest out of the constant war of all against all; which is England's view of this world that leads to England's role in this world which is so largely of England's making.

But that was not to be allowed to further disturb, any more than absolutely necessary, the still prevalent view of England's world-historical role coming from a divine dispensation.

Darwin accounted for the development of Pall Mall Man by way of a "*scientific mechanism*" of natural selection. And he did so without overtly challenging the former orthodoxy's claim that the English were God's Chosen People (the Jews having lost the plot, God had moved on to choose the Romans and the English was, by God's Will clearly expressed, heir to the Roman Empire).

So with the publication of *The Origin Of Species* in 1859 all bets were covered.

Whether by Divine Election or Natural Selection, England was rising to the Lordship of the World.

The dilemma I spoke of earlier consists in this: *The Origin Of Species* presents a transitional case which is secular without being ungodly. In it evolution works by way of natural law but natural law works by way of a divine franchise. Darwin's science consists of little more than extending the protocols which enabled God and geology to get along at the beginning of the nineteenth century to the emerging "life sciences" in the century's middle age. (Those protocols are examined in the first article in this series.) Consequently *The Origin Of Species* is a very politic work that doesn't bear close examination from either side of the expected transition.

Luckily for Darwin the transition itself really only happened by way of turning in upon and blurring itself, thus rendering detailed critical examination of the book redundant and thereby saving its reputation. On both the God question and the question of scientific error (precisely the questions that are raised in the dispute between Winston and Dawkins which Seán Swan raised for us, only to obscure it) *The Origin Of Species* is on the one hand sentimental and on the other shoddy.

John Martin commented, in one of his articles defending Darwin:

"Darwin's theory is not incompatible with Christianity. If one wants to bring God into it—and I don't—one could say that the hand of God intervened in the process that led the ape-like creature to evolve into *Homo Sapiens* or that God determined the laws in the first place which allow evolution to occur." (C&S, No. 98)

John Martin's wishes to one side, Darwin very definitely did want "to bring God into it", or rather keep God in it. This is Darwin, in the last few pages of the last chapter, *Recapitulation And Conclusion*, of his *Origin of Species*:

"To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual...

...
"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved." (6th. edition, pp 527—529)

That conclusion simply mirrors the quotation from Whewell's *Bridgewater Treatise* which (together with a not dissimilar piece from Bacon's *Advancement Of Learning*) faces the title page of the *Origin's* first edition:

"But with regard to the material world,

we can at least go so far as this—we can perceive that events are brought about not by insulated interpositions of Divine power, exerted in each particular case, but by the establishment of general laws."

Before continuing with the main burden of this argument I should mention something about the *Origin* and the various changes in the six editions it went through during Darwin's lifetime. Or, rather, I shall quote Robert Young quoting an unnamed hero of an editor who counted and classified those changes:

"...some idea of the amount of modification which his theory underwent can be seen from the findings of the editor of the variorum edition of the *Origin*: 'Of the 3,878 sentences in the first edition, nearly 3,000, about 75 per cent, were rewritten from one to five times each. Over 1,500 sentences were added, and of the original sentences plus these, nearly 325 were dropped. Of the original and added sentences there are nearly 7,500 variants of all kinds. In terms of net added sentences, the sixth edition is nearly a third as long as the first.' The editions from the first to the sixth included ever-increasing revisions. Of the total, 7 percent appeared in the second edition (1859), 14 percent in the third (1861), 21 percent in the fourth (1866), 29 percent in the fifth (1869), and the sixth (1872)—including extensive replies to Mivart—had even more. It is a useful exaggeration to say that by the sixth edition the book was mistitled and should have read *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection and All Sorts of Other Things*."

That is from Young's *Darwin's Metaphor*, which is available online at <<http://www.human-nature.com/dm/dar.html>>. (I have to say that, while I disagree with Young in most of the conclusions he comes to about all manner of subjects from Darwin through Psychoanalysis to Marcuse and Marxism, he is a very conscientious scholar whose work, much of which he has made freely available online, is always very intelligent and readable.)

In the fifth edition, Darwin began to make use of Herbert Spencer's phrase "survival of the fittest". I've seen plenty of scholarly papers which assert vehemently that Darwin never used that phrase at all, at all. Those scholars clearly never made it past the first edition of 1859 in which Chapter Four is titled *Natural Selection* to the (fifth, I think, but certainly the) sixth of 1872 in which it has become *Natural Selection; Or The Survival Of The Fittest*; in which the phrase is all over the place, in theoretically crucial places (used sixteen times in all, I think).

Now then to questions of scientific error and shoddy science.

In the second volume of his *Scientific Fragments* (6th ed., New York, 1892) is John Tyndall's celebrated *Belfast Address*, which he delivered, as its President, to

the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in this our fair city (August 19, 1874). Tyndall was a very significant scientific authority of the day (and a Unionist opponent of the "priestly horde" in Ireland). He was a Fellow of the Royal Society from 1852 and a member of the Darwinist Cabal, the X-Club, from its formation in 1864.

The *Address* is a quite detailed history of evolutionist tendencies in natural philosophy culminating in an exposition, defence and recommendation of Darwinism:

"The function of the experimental philosopher is to combine the conditions of Nature and to produce her results; and this was the method of Darwin." (p188)

Which sounds great. All that experimental philosophising should iron out the wrinkles in the theory and, who knows, maybe even prove the theory. But sadly there's a footnote...

"The first step only towards experimental demonstration, has been taken. Experiments now begun might, a couple of centuries hence, furnish data of incalculable value, which ought to be supplied to the science of the future" (p 188).

One and a half centuries later science is still waiting. Really, whatever about the science of the future, I'm still waiting. And waiting...

Then Tyndall tries this one on for size:

"The strength of the doctrine of Evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with scientific thought" (page 194).

But a speculation which is confirmed in general by everything really is confirmed in particular by nothing.

And nothing more definite is forthcoming by way of scientific proof in the rest of the *Address*.

Darwin himself was very defensive about the disparity between his claims for natural selection as survival of the fittest out of the great struggle of life and the scarcity of the evidence for those claims. I'll quote this passage from Chapter X of the 6th edition of *The Origin*, titled *On The Imperfection Of The Geological Record* (in the first edition it is chapter IX, similarly titled and just a little more tentatively written, as Lyell had not then come out in favour of Darwin's theory and influenced many geologists to follow him):

"The several difficulties here discussed, namely—that, though we find in our geological formations many links between the species which now exist and which formerly existed, we do not find infinitely numerous fine transitional forms closely joining them all together;—the sudden manner in which several groups of species first appear in our European formations;—

the almost entire absence, as at present known, of formations rich in fossils beneath the Cambrian strata,—are all undoubtedly of the most serious nature. We see this in the fact that the most eminent palaeontologists, namely, Cuvier, Agassiz, Barrande, Pictet, Falconer, E. Forbes, &c., and all our greatest geologists, as Lyell, Murchison, Sedgwick, &c., have unanimously, often vehemently, maintained the immutability of species. But Sir Charles Lyell now gives the support of his high authority to the other side; and most geologists and palaeontologists are much shaken in their former belief. Those who believe that the geological record is in any degree perfect, will undoubtedly at once reject the theory. For my part, following out Lyell's metaphor, I look at the geological record as a history of the world imperfectly kept, and written in a changing dialect; of this history we possess the last volume alone, relating only to two or three countries. Of this volume, only here and there a short chapter has been preserved; and of each page, only here and there a few lines. Each word of the slowly-changing language, more or less different in the successive chapters, may represent the forms of life, which are entombed in our consecutive formations, and which falsely appear to have been abruptly introduced. On this view, the difficulties above discussed are greatly diminished, or even disappear" (page 363).

I had to read that a few times to be sure just what I was reading, but this, more briefly, is it. There are difficulties with the theory in that the fossil evidence doesn't support it, but don't worry, the evidence is at fault so ignore it. Nothing to worry about, the theory's fine.

I think that's pretty shoddy. And then to follow there's Darwin demonstrating how the eye developed by struggle, natural selection and survival of the fittest.

The Compass, The Square And The All-Seeing Eye

Asa Gray was an American botanist. From 1842 to 1873 he was Professor of Natural History at Harvard. In 1871 he was President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was a long-time correspondent of Darwin and one of the first, if not the first, of those to whom Darwin revealed the great secret of Natural Selection. Also, he was a committed Christian.

In 1860 Gray arranged for the first American publication of *The Origin Of Species*.

On 23rd January 1860 he wrote to Darwin:

"To fulfil your request, I ought to tell you what I think the weakest, and what the best, part of your book. But this is not easy, nor to be done in a word or two. The best part I think, is the *whole*, i.e. its *plan* and *treatment*, the vast amount of facts and acute inferences handled as if you had a perfect mastery of them. I do not think twenty years too much time to produce

such a book in.

"...what seems to me the weakest point in the book is the attempt to account for the formation of organs, the making of eyes, &c, by natural selection. Some of this reads quite Lamarckian..." (*The Life And Letters Of Charles Darwin*, edited by his son Francis Darwin, London, 1887. Vol. II, pp 271-272).

Darwin replied in February:

"About the weak points I agree. The eye to this day gives me a cold shudder, but when I think of the fine known gradations, my reason tells me I ought to conquer the cold shudder..." (ibid, page 273).

(At this time I have no idea why, in a slightly later letter to Gray, dated 3rd April 1860, Darwin uses almost exactly those same words— "...I remember well the time when the thought of the eye made me cold all over, but I have got over this stage of the complaint, and now small trifling particulars of structure often make me very uncomfortable. The sight of a feather in a peacock's tail, whenever I gaze at it, makes me sick!..." (ibid, page 296). I've not seen the letter from Gray which would probably explain this. Oh well, just thought I'd mention it.)

Darwin's account of the evolution (struggle, natural selection, survival of the fittest) of the eye does not substantially change between the first and sixth editions. The following passages are from the sixth:

"To suppose that the eye with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest degree. When it was first said that the sun stood still and the world turned round, the common sense of mankind declared the doctrine false; but the old saying of *Vox populi, vox Dei*, as every philosopher knows, cannot be trusted in science. Reason tells me, that if numerous gradations from a simple and imperfect eye to one complex and perfect can be shown to exist, each grade being useful to its possessor, as is certainly the case; if further, the eye ever varies and the variations be inherited, as is likewise certainly the case; and if such variations should be useful to any animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection, though insuperable by our imagination, should not be considered as subversive of the theory..."

"In searching for the gradations through which an organ in any species has been perfected, we ought to look exclusively to its linear progenitors; but this is scarcely ever possible..."

...
 "When we reflect on these facts, here given much too briefly, with respect to the wide, diversified, and graduated range of structure in the eyes of the lower animals; and when we bear in mind how small the number of all living forms must be in

comparison with those which have become extinct, the difficulty ceases to be very great in believing that natural selection may have converted the simple apparatus of an optic nerve, coated with pigment and invested by transparent membrane, into an optical instrument as perfect as is possessed by any member of the Articulate Class.

"He who will go thus far, ought not to hesitate to go one step further, if he finds on finishing this volume that large bodies of facts, otherwise inexplicable, can be explained by the theory of modification through natural selection; he ought to admit that a structure even as perfect as an eagle's eye might thus be formed, although in this case he does not know the transitional states..."

"It is scarcely possible to avoid comparing the eye with a telescope. We know that this instrument has been perfected by the long-continued efforts of the highest human intellects; and we naturally infer that the eye has been formed by a somewhat analogous process. But may not this inference be presumptuous? Have we any right to assume that the Creator works by intellectual powers like those of man?...In living bodies, variation will cause the slight alterations, generation will multiply them almost infinitely, and natural selection will pick out with unerring skill each improvement. Let this process go on for millions of years; and during each year on millions of individuals of many kinds; and may we not believe that a living optical instrument might thus be formed as superior to one of glass, as the works of the Creator are to those of man?" (op. cit., pp. 190-193).

The crucial steps in that argument are these: "*the difficulty ceases to be very great in believing that natural selection may have converted the simple apparatus of an optic nerve...He who will go thus far, ought not to hesitate to go one step further...he ought to admit that a structure even as perfect as an eagle's eye might thus be formed {through natural selection}, although in this case he does not know the transitional states ...*"

In other words, it can be argued that something may have happened, so you may as well admit that it did happen, even though there is no evidence for it.

And then, just to be on the safe side, he drags in God.

Those are just a few examples of the Darwinian science which, if it had not answered the needs of that moment in England's imperial evolution, would have convinced almost no-one. It was generally convincing only because it was offered in the single evolutionary situation to which it clearly applied. England's rise to Empire really was by way of natural selection as survival of the fittest out of the universal struggle which England itself arranged.

There is some more to be said on some other aspects of the science of *The Origin Of Species*. And that, all being well, will be said in the next issue.

To be continued.

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Darwin Day
Shavianism
Father Feeney
Abbot Hederman

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Darwin Day

12th February was Darwin Day, which commemorates the anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin on that day in 1809.

The publication of his famous work *Origin Of The Species* in 1859, promoting evolution at the expense of religion, has long been seen as a thorn in the side of believers.

The Church of England's initial response was vocal and mixed.

However, for Catholics the Vatican maintained a reticent stance on the issue of evolution for nearly a century, until Pope Pius XII's encyclical of 1950, *Humani Generis*—the first to specifically refer to evolution. It said the investigation of mankind's past was a legitimate matter of inquiry for science, adding that Catholics were free to form their own opinions, but they should do so cautiously and not confuse fact with conjecture.

The Encyclical also said that Catholics must believe the human soul was created immediately by God and all men have descended from an individual, Adam.

Darwin himself had been a devoted Anglican until his theory was published.

Father Leonard Edward Feeney, a Boston-based Jesuit whose extreme views on the subject of salvation led to what became known as the Boston Heresy Case, was one of the few priests in modern times to be excommunicated from the Catholic Church for doctrinal error.

He was born in Massachusetts in 1897, into an Irish-American household, his father having emigrated from Tipperary and his mother from Clare. He was the eldest of four children, including three boys (all of whom were to become priests).

At 17 young Leonard entered a Jesuit seminary in New York, where he studied

for 14 years before being ordained a priest in June 1928. Subsequently, he was assigned to Boston College as a lecturer and during this period he began to acquire the status of national celebrity through his writings and regular radio broadcasts.

After he was appointed head of the St Benedict Centre at Harvard University in the early 1940s, it became a gathering place for many Catholic students from the Boston area. Feeney, who had become disillusioned by the growing secularism of modern life, began to teach that anyone who was not baptised a Catholic had no hope of redemption.

Each Sunday afternoon for almost eight years, he and his young followers, known as Feeneyites, lectured in Boston Common. Their largely anti-semitic sermons attracted hostile crowds and they often had to be protected by mounted policeman. At a meeting in Harvard, Feeney was challenged from the floor by a young Robert Kennedy.

Feeney was eventually silenced by Cardinal Richard Cushing and in 1949 was dismissed from the Jesuit order. Called to Rome for a hearing, he refused to go and was excommunicated by direct action of Pius XII. He and his followers subsequently formed their own order, called the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Their services attracted hundreds of adherents to the St Benedict Center.

Afflicted with Parkinson's disease, Leonard Feeney was reconciled with his Church when the excommunication was lifted by Pope Paul VI in 1972. Despite his reconciliation with the Church, Feeney's death in January 1978 at the age of 80 brought an end to a career which was overshadowed by his anti-semitism and other controversies. He died without ever having changed his position on the subject of no salvation outside the Church.

Leonard Feeney visited Ireland in 1929.

Mark Patrick Hederman, Abbot of Glenstal Benedictine Abbey, Co. Limerick:

"Ireland had a Catholicism directed at an uneducated people who were prepared to obey. Now people only want to follow what they feel is right.

"That said, like many places, Glenstal Abbey benefited financially during the boom. "We've had some extremely generous donors, which allowed us to build a new library, the guest house and the new reception area." There are plans to build three or four eco-friendly "God pods" near the abbey's 17th-century walled garden.

"After secondary school Hederman went to study philosophy and literature at University College Dublin, but within a year he returned to Glenstal to join the monastery, at the age of 19. When he was 21 he went to Paris to study philosophy and theology. The three years he spent there, which included the student revolution of 1968, made a lasting impression. "It was a wonderful liberation to think that every single structure of civilisation could be removed. It gave me an awareness of the fragility of social structures, which, unless we agree, won't keep on going."

Hederman also believes there is a great thirst for spirituality itself and a desire for new ways to pray. *"There is only 2.5 per cent of the world's population who believe there is nothing more than the world we live in at this moment,"* he says. *"In the past Ireland had a form of Catholicism directed at an uneducated people who were prepared to obey. Now people only want to follow what they feel is right and know has an effect on them."*

He is working on a new book entitled *Dancing With Dinosaurs: A Spirituality for the 21st Century*.

"The great world will continue to spin, but we have to know how to balance ourselves within it. For Irish people, in particular, our sense of humour is the most important form of balance. We're able to laugh no matter what the situation is" (*The Irish Times*, January 15, 2011).

Shavianism

"Religion is a great force: the only real motive force in the world; but what you fellows don't understand is that you must get at a man through his own religion and not through yours."

George Bernard Shaw (1908).

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