

Church & State

An Irish History Magazine

And Cultural Review Of Ireland And The World

I d e n t i t i e s

1864: Year of Destiny?

Solzhentsyn's Jews

Daniel O'Connell

Hubert Butler

Revising The Two Nations?

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On Identity

When Hölderlin returned from a visit to Italy, it struck him that the Germans had no identity. Certainly there was at that time no general German political identity in the form of statehood—or, which amounts to the same thing, there were over fifty German identities relating to the multitude of German states.

Some Smart Alec in the British propaganda apparatus of 1914—into which most of the academics and popular intellectuals of the time were drafted—knew of Hölderlin's comment and incorporated it into the propaganda. Hölderlin became, for an instant, the good German who saw the essential flaw in the German psyche, and he became almost as famous as Nietzsche, who was introduced in the London propaganda by T.M. Kettle as the bad German whose philosophy of evil, seductively presented, had made Germany as a whole bad.

The purpose of the British propaganda was not to try to make the Germans good again, as they used to be when Prussia was Britain's Protestant ally against Catholic Europe: it was to energise the British populace for that great effort to smash Evil in the world once and forever, and incidentally to establish British world hegemony.

And, when the brewing up of moral is the thing, and it is always the thing when Britain decides to make war, no notion is too absurd to be usable. The only test is that it should be disparaging of the enemy.

One might comment, "*C'est la vie!*". But it isn't really. Other countries are capable of fighting wars of national interest without very much dissimulation. France, Britain's former enemy and its essential ally in 1914, was one of them. Germany, comprehensively outmanoeuvred by Britain in its diplomatic preparations, and calculatingly misled by Britain on the issue of Belgium at the critical moment at the end of July 1914, was shocked by the British duplicity that had trapped it, but it did not respond by generating a mindless Crusading morality of its own. (Hitler concluded that that was its weakness. He remedied it by a careful study and reproduction of the British Great War propaganda, which he admired boundlessly.)

The ending of the Great War proved the British propaganda point about the German lack of identity. It ended with an internal German collapse in October and November 1918, when Britain was making preparations for a 1919 campaign, but it was the apparent earnestness of declared American intentions, rather than the nonsense by which the British Government energised its own citizens, that stimulated the collapse.

In 1945, in more difficult circumstances, Hitler's Britishised propaganda made sure that there was no internal collapse.

The collapsed Germany of 1918 -19 was treated with contempt. It was humiliated and plundered. The Germany of 1945, which fought to the bitter end, was treated with respect. The State continued with only a much publicised, but in substance merely token, de-Nazification.

(There was no "*stab in the back*" nonsense in Germany in the Second World War. It was on the Anglo-French side that that nonsense was peddled.

The defeat of Britain and France in May-June 1940, in the War they had declared on Germany with superior forces, was instantly explained by the British propaganda as being due to a fifth column in France which opened the door to the German Army. And that explanation, though scotched long ago by military historians, continues to be peddled in the politics of both countries.)

The Germany of mere Occupations in scores of miniature Kingdoms produced the greater part of the enduring culture of Europe that has spread around the world. The German state that was formed in 1871 as a response to the French war of aggression on Prussia was less than half a century old when it had to defend itself against the great military alliance formed against it by Britain. It was in 1914 new State by comparison with its enemies, and the absurd November Revolution against it in 1918 demonstrated that its national identity was not unconditionally grounded.

Depending on what one means by "*moral*", it is possible to say that the German State of 1871 was morally flawed. The word *moral* was transcendentalised by England theologically and by the Germany of the petty Kingdoms philosophically, and it lost contact with itself. In origin it meant something like *customary*, being in accordance with the basic customs by which life was lived in the structure in which one found oneself. Morality was national, and therefore it varied from place to place.

England, as it refounded itself as theocratic nationalism in the 16th century, declared itself an Empire and acquired extensive imperial possessions around the world. And it sought to bind these possessions to itself by dissolving their own moralities and asserting a universality for its morality.

It asserted a general morality as the attribute of its Imperial power which aspired to be universal.

German philosophy set itself to construct a universal morality from a position of political powerlessness through abstract reasoning, and this inheritance disabled Germany when it became a nation-state and found itself at war with the great alliance that England formed against it.

Unconditional nationalism was forged in England by the totalitarian revolution of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. It was forged in Germany by another totalitarianism, and it continues no matter how many Germans seem to wish to disown it.

In France it was forged by the Terror. It begins to appear that in China it was forged by Mao's Cultural Revolution. The most unexpected thing is that Capitalism as an effective national culture seems to be the net product of the Bolshevik Revolution.

James Connolly declared his agreement with the wing of the German Social Democracy that became actively involved in the prosecution of the War in 1914. He took no heed of the others, apart from writing an article in praise of Liebknecht at an early moment when he was rumoured to have been executed for attempted revolutionary action against the War.

Connolly was ready and willing for a class war against international war in August 1914, as provided for by resolutions of the Second International. He then assimilated very quickly to the meaning of the fact that all the major Social Democratic parties had come under the capitalist spell and were engaging in national war against each other.

His long-term kindred spirit in Europe was Joseph Pilsudski, whose Polish Socialist Party was socialist in the medium of

Polish nationalism, as Connolly's was with Irish nationalism. He was willing to take part in international class revolution in response to war between capitalist states, but when that possibility proved to be a mirage, he got on with his original project of national socialism, and forced the issue with the IRB,

The Irish State which was put under construction in January 1919, on the mandate of the 1918 Election, Had only three years to consolidate itself before it was put to the test in December 1921. It could not stand up to the test. It was divided by Lloyd George by means of a fierce threat and an illusory carrot, and one half was compelled to make war on the other.

Issues are often resolved—and identities consolidated—by civil war, provided that they are authentically civil. Which the so-called Irish Civil War was not.

Both sides were in full agreement about what they wanted. They wanted the system of state which they had constructed in 1919. The British democracy said they couldn't have it. The only issue was whether to have something else, which the British democracy said was more appropriate for them, or else face an Imperial war of reconquest.

Those who accepted the British offer in order to ward off the British threats defeated those who refused it with British armaments. The war was not fought over a conflict of ideals for the state. The Treaty side was not motivated by an Imperial ideal against the Republican ideal, therefore its military victory was not consolidating politically. The outcome was fragmentation of the identity constructed in 1919-21, and profound political instability. Some repair work was done by the anti-Treaty resurgence that came to dominance in 1932, but the destructive effect of the spurious Civil War forced on Ireland by the democracy governing the British Empire could never be completely overcome.

Identity means sameness. Sameness is always established with relation to something different. The most important sameness that has existed in the Western world since the inauguration of extreme political nationalism by the English State Reformation of religion and the French Reign of Terror is the sameness that sustains national states against each other.

Other differences exist within each national state but there must be identity with relation to other states.

Identity is social. It is meaningless if applied to individuality. The individual is necessarily identical with himself. Idiosyncrasy is particular. Identity expresses the element of sameness within a collective.

The Northern War of 1970-1998 was sustained by the collective sense of identity of the Northern Catholics., which was not disrupted as Sinn Fein unity in the South was disrupted in 1922.

At the start there was a widespread sense of identity in the South with the Northern segment of the nation that was held in British and Unionist captivity. But the political leaders and the over-educated circles in the South never took the trouble to understand the particulars of the Northern captivity, and therefore could never appreciate why those Northerners behaved as they did. They were appalled by the 'atrocities' of the

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Northern resistance. In their sophistication they came to hate what they had initially encouraged, and joined the British Government in trying to shame Northern Catholics into committing themselves absolutely to the SDLP concoction and disowning the IRA. They failed.

The ultimate moral distinction is between Us and Them. And the ultimate test of the solidarity of us is war.

The over-educated strata in the South seemed to have forgotten that war is atrocity. It had been shielded from it for too long, and had somehow come under the influence of the pacifist facade with which Britain has surrounded itself, even when waging very dirty wars. And it began to expose the euphemisms and clichés with which Northern Catholics distanced themselves from some of the atrocities without disowning the War—which could only be fought because it was their War.

It seemed to be oblivious of the fact th

at atrocities are commonplace in war, and particularly in the most advanced forms of war fought by the most advanced nations.

A book called *The Savage War* has just been published by Princeton about the American Civil War. It is preceded by a long quotation from a speech by Sherman shortly before the War began, in which he explained to the Confederates that they had outmoded chivalrous ideas of war, and they did not understand the Yankee mind which would mobilise the greatly superior forces of the North to crush them ruthlessly. And, having given the southerners that warning—a moral warning?—Sherman proceeded to wage war most savagely against them: burning a memory into the Confederate mind—as Britain did into the German mind with the wanton destruction of German towns and cities at the end of the Second World War.

Bring up Dresden with an honest and w

ell-informed Englishman and you'll be answered with a euphemistic cliché.

The end justifies the means. That it is a general truth about warfare. What else justifies Hiroshima? An undefended Japanese city, incapable of surrendering itself to the enemy, was blasted into eternity in a few seconds for the purpose of putting pressure on the Japanese

Government to surrender unconditionally on the instant. If it delayed another city would be exterminated. And it was.

Hiroshima was justified as means to an end. And there was never before or since a greater atrocity carried out in war than Hiroshima followed by Nagasaki.

War-crimes trials were held at Nuremberg the following year but those responsible for Hiroshima was not prosecuted. And Germans who were prosecuted for other alleged war-crimes were not allowed to cite Hiroshima as a standard of comparison. And indeed, because of Hiroshima, the Luftwaffe was not prosecuted for war-crimes. The moral seems to be that you can slaughter people that will if you do it from high up in the air!

Churchill said quite frankly that the only thing that counts morally in war is the winning of it.

Did any state ever judge itself to have won a war unfairly, or immorally, and concede victory to the enemy?

And Churchill undertook to make the English feel good about that War—which was by his own account an unnecessary War—by the way he wrote the history of it.

The identity of nationalist England for the past three generations has been securely cocooned in the Churchillian mythology of that War.

The following exhortation on the subject of identity is from *On Identity* by Amin Malouf:

"Each of us should be encouraged to accept his own diversity, to see his identity as the sum of all his various affiliations, instead of as just one of them raised to the status of the most important, made it into an instrument of exclusion and sometimes into a weapon of war..."

Malouf was born and reared in Lebanon, lives in France, and writes in French. Lebanon is not a state founded on national identity. It is a piece of what was Syria that was pulled apart from what is now Syria when Britain, in the process of conquering the Middle East in the Great War, decided to destroy the Ottoman State under which many peoples lived contentedly without nationalist regimentation, and to make the conquered territory into a number of subordinate states—instead of administering it as an addition to the Indian Empire as was first intended. And then it was obliged to share it with France, its

necessary ally in its war against Germany. And, in addition to all of that, it decided to impose a Jewish State on Palestine as an Imperial colony for which a population was to be imported, which impinged on the territory that became Lebanon.

What had been a peaceful, multi-cultural, region of the Ottoman State was made into a series of nation-states without any pre-existing nations to sustain them. These formal nation-states had to undergo aggressive national development in order to hammer their miscellaneous populations into Iraqi, Syrian, Jordanian, and Lebanese nations—and to become nations under continuous interference from the Imperial Powers which had set up the nation-states but had no intention of allowing them to become independent, and from the Jewish State which had been imposed on the region as an Imperial instrument.

The only pre-existing nationalism was the Jewish. The territory of its projected nation-state was Palestine, which had been vacated by the Jews 2000 years earlier. The small number of the Jews who had remained in Palestine had lived as part of the tolerant Ottoman system and were not nationalist. The nationalism was forged in Europe and it sought alliances with the European Powers for the purpose of getting Palestine 'restored' to them.

Britain adopted the project and in 1919 set about funnelling a Jewish nationalist population into Palestine and suppressing the native population so that the Jewish colony could develop. Then, twenty years later, the imported Jewish colony, which was still a minority in Palestine, waged a fierce terrorist war against Britain under anti-imperialist slogans. Britain surrendered hastily to the Jewish terror, not bothering even about face-saving devices. And, as soon as Britain surrendered, the Jewish ethnic cleansing of the small territory awarded by the UN for a Jewish state began, and quickly extended beyond with those borders. And so it goes on.

This Jewish nationalism, conceived in Europe, bore a resemblance to the Pilgrim Fathers who fled from persecution in England and persecuted the inhabitants of North America to destruction. These refugees and conquerors were motivated as a people of God, who were carrying out his will, with the difference that, while the Pilgrim Fathers were genuine theological fanatics, many

of the Zionist acted in the name of a God in which they did not seriously believe. Their identity—their basic agreement with one another—was hardened by their common activities of pioneering, colonising, and clearing the land of other peoples by a dominating assertion of their own unquestionably greater worthiness. They sink or swim together. It was existentially simple.

Things could not have been more different for the unworthy Arabs. An active minority of them were roused by the British Empire to wage a religious war against the Ottoman State. Britain procured a declaration of Jihad for them from the religious authorities at Mecca, and promised that, when the Ottoman State was destroyed, an Arab State would take its place in the Middle East. But, when these misguided Arab leaders set up that Arab Government in 1919, the French made war on it in Damascus and the British in Baghdad.

Instead of there being an Arab State, which would have had some degree of authenticity, a series of nation-states was imposed on the region. They were nation-states without any semblance of nationality in their origin. They were expedients to serve the will of the conquerors. The conquerors were the great Imperial democracies of Britain and France, which were brimming over with self-righteousness.

Given the condition of the world under the Anglo-French victory in the Great War, the Arab people in the Middle East, with their tolerant miscellany of cultures, had no practical alternative but to submit to being remade into intolerant national blocks as Iraqis, Syrians, etc.

The first election held by Britain in 'Iraq' was the election of the King. There was a strong local candidate, Sayid Talib,. It did not suit Britain's interest that he should win. Britain wanted its Kingdom of Iraq to be ruled for them by a member of the religious family in Mecca, many, many miles away, which had issued the Jihad against the Ottoman State for it in 1916. Sayid Talib was invited for afternoon tea by Gertrude Bell, the great progressive and democrat who advised Whitehall on Arab affairs, and in the midst of enjoying his cream tea he was kidnapped by the British police and whisked away to Celon.

The Iraqi electorate then understood what democracy was. It voted for the British candidate and kept quiet as their favourite was demonised.

The shaping of the peoples to the modern nation-state system that was imposed on them had to be done dictatorially. The appropriate sense of nationality had to be generated by the apparatuses of these new nation-states. A strong national development in Ireland was denied a state, while those imposed nation-states had to dragoon the populace into an appropriate nationalism.

Lebanon, as a political fragment detached from the new Syria and the new Palestine, was where this was most difficult to achieve, even as the superficial form. The most that could be achieved was permanent minority government as an arrangement between the three main social groupings.

Lebanon might be compared with Northern Ireland, but with a three-part division instead of two. It is surprising that this comparison was not made by 'comparative analysis' academics who were trying to present Northern Ireland as normal by finding other places to resemble it. They must have known, though they were debarred from saying it, that there was no valid ground of comparison because Lebanon is a State—artificially created, but nevertheless a State, obliged to function on its own, while Northern Ireland is only an undemocratically governed region of an otherwise democratic state, the premier democratic state in Europe.

Northern Ireland was excluded at birth from the democratic process of the state in which it lives. It was the policy of that democratic State to exclude it from its democratic politics. That exclusion is undoubtedly what led to the Northern War and sustained it for 28 years. But the various peoples in Lebanon were required to function as a state on their own. There was no functional democracy that they were excluded from.

What they were excluded from was the Ottoman State in which they had been able to live, in all their diversity, with no compulsion towards nationalist regimentation. And, when the Ottoman State was driven out of the Middle East, they were excluded from their natural habitat of Syria-Palestine.

It is evident why Amin Malouf yearns for an identity of diversity that is extemporised by the individual from the various aspects of his surroundings. Lebanon does not have an actual national identity, and both its Imperial creator,

and its expansionist colonial neighbour, Israel, are determined that it should be prevented from forging one.

But that yearning for generalised idiosyncrasy is actually a nostalgic hankering for what existed in the pre-national Ottoman State.

Nationalism is the way up the world in the capitalist era, and in the era of democracy as shaped to the requirements of capitalism. Cosmopolitanism is not a possible mode of general human existence. That was Arthur Griffiths' insight on which he founded Sinn Fein: there must be an intermediary between the individual and humanity as a whole. And it was the insight of the Jew, Theodore Herzl, in the Austrian Empire who saw the existence of Jewry as the commercial class of the Empire threatened by the necessary nationalist developments that were happening in the European world. He asserted that the Jews must gather themselves together into a nationalist movement and find a territory on which to found a nation-state. He was willing to take a piece of Africa that would be cleared of mere Africans by the British Empire, but the Jewish masses that were drawn into his movement insisted that it centre on Palestine. And the "*sacred egoisms of Nations*" determined that they were morally entitled to take Palestine from those who had inhabited it since the Jews left it. And the honest Jabotinsky dismissed the slippery equivocations of West European Jewry and said that of course the Palestinians would resist and must be defeated.

National identity is a form of mass identity. Democracy in nation states functions in a framework of national identity with regard to the existence of the state and subordinates differences with regard to its conduct.

Various elements determined that the Irish in the main one not absorbed into the sense of British mass identity under the Union Parliament. A major element inhibiting British National development in Ireland was undoubtedly the great change that overcame Daniel O'Connell because of the Veto Controversy, pioneered by the founder of Irish separatist culture after the Act of Union, Walter Cox in his *Irish Magazine*; and the immense demagogic gift displayed by O'Connell in assembling great mobs and cultivating the sense of nationality in them.

But there was a substantial component of the population that resisted absorp-

tion into O'Connell's new national development, because it already had a coherent national development of two centuries behind it.

The Irish National development has done itself a lot of damage during the past 30 years by its futile attempt to modify itself so as to attract towards itself that an element that resisted O'Connell, and resisted Parnell, and resisted Redmond, and resisted Collins/Griffith. De Valera wisely let them be in order to concentrate on the independence of the Irish state that existed. But Lynch and Hillery acted on the fixed idea that the Ulster Protestants were part of an Irish nation that had been repelled by the nationalism of the nation. So they set about eroding the functional national culture of the South in order to attract the Ulster Protestants into—into what? An anti-national United Ireland. A post-nationalist nationalism? And, by doing that, they would outflank the IRA and prove that political violence was wrong?

But it was a political violence that brought about the structural changes in the north that have made the minority feel relatively at ease there for the first time ever.

To very considerable extent people are what they do. This is particularly the case in politics. What people do in politics is, for the most part, vote for political parties, or take part in them. The populace is bombarded night and day with Tory/Labour harangues in Britain and Fianna Fail/Fine Gael harangues in the Republic. In the North the people live outside the political life of both states. If they had not been excluded from British political life, there is little doubt that the minority would you have become involved in Labour politics—without prejudice to national sentiment. And, if the Six Counties had been forcibly included in all-Ireland State by Britain, the Ulster Protestants would sooner or later have begun to take part in its party politics— which of course would not have been Fianna Fail/ Fine Gael.

But the British democracy decreed that the North should be a place apart, without political life. The IRA War has at least broken down that caricature of democracy which the minority put up with for half a century. And that the minority is now almost at parity. So opportunity exists. But the Dublin establishment has no more idea how to avail of it now than it had in 1970.

The cosmopolitan illusion was put to the test of practice in the North by a Tipperary farmer's son, who levitated out of the nationalist darkness of his origin into the light and is now Professor of some kind of 'political science' at Queen's University. Liam Kennedy gave the West Belfast electorate the opportunity to free itself from Republican oppression by electing him to represent him in Parliament. He got a derisory vote. They preferred to live in darkness.

Professor Kennedy writes:

"Those of us who do not define ourselves in terms of Irish or British nationalism sometimes struggle to understand the bewitching voices of nationalist ideology" (*Unhappy The Land: The Most Oppressed People Ever, The Irish?*, p3).

Professor Kennedy has a coterie "identity", an idiosyncratic identity. If he could arrange for all of us to be Professors on Professorial salaries, he should stand again and make that his platform.

The Veto Controversy by *Brendan Clifford*. Account of the fierce dispute among Irish Catholics, between 1808 and 1829, as to whether the appointment of Irish Bishops by the Pope should be subject to a degree of Government influence, as was generally the case elsewhere. Includes **Th. Moore's Letter To The Roman Catholics Of Dublin (1810)** and extracts from polemical writers on either side: J.B. Clinch, Dr. Dromgoole, Bp. Milner, Denys Scully, Rev. Charles O'Connor etc. 203pp. **€18, £15**

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For a review of Liam Kennedy's *Unhappy The Land*, see *The Professors' MOPE* in *Irish Political Review*, March 2016

Report

Budget 2017 And Childcare

As someone who so recently campaigned vigorously for equality in the marriage referendum, Minister for Children Katherine Zappone is now presiding over a huge inequality—the widening of the gap between working parents and those who choose to stay at home to care for their children.

With her "universal" childcare provision in the budget, Dr. Zappone will make it yet more difficult financially for a family to choose childcare by a parent or family member.

There seems to be some assumption that all stay-at-home parents are either doing so against their wills, as they just can't afford to work; or that they are so super-wealthy that they don't need to work, and spend their days relaxing.

The reality is that many have chosen to step away from work to be at home to care for their own children, as they feel it is important for their families and beneficial for their children. Many more parents who work outside the home would love the opportunity to be stay-at-home parents, if only they could afford to do so.

As a stay-at-home parent, I don't want or expect to be paid for my work as a childcare provider. I have chosen to forego my salary in order to care for my children. I do, however, want to see an end to the clear discrimination that already exists in the tax system against one-income households with a parent at home, discrimination which is now being increased further with this new subsidy. The paltry increase of €100 in the home carer's Tax Credit goes nowhere near addressing this inequality.

Comments by the Taoiseach that "if the State wishes to subsidise children's care, we need to know where the children are and who their childminders are" are insulting in the extreme to stay at home parents and family carers.

Are parent or family childcare providers only valued once they have completed childcare qualifications and registered with Tusla?

Should we be subject to Tusla inspections in our own homes?

Can we not be trusted to care for our own children?

Stay-at-home parents may not contribute much to the economy in taxes (though many have contributed plenty in prior employment); however, the value to our children, our communities and society at large is something that cannot be given a monetary value.

It is time that Dr Zappone and this Government woke up to that fact, and rectified this inequality.

Elaine Noonan (*Irish Times*, 17.10.16)

Stephen Richards

fact that it woke up with a purposeful Prussian attitude led to significant mood changes elsewhere.

864: Year Of Destiny?

The science or pseudo-science of numerology has fallen out of favour in recent times, but it dies hard in us. The Bible of course is full of significant numbers, providing a beguiling framework for the Old Testament histories. Four hundred and ninety years for the kingdom of Judah, followed by seventy years of exile, during which the land was given the Sabbaths, the nation had denied it. I even find myself dividing up my past life into phases of roughly seven years each. We need to have shape and pattern in our lives, to convince ourselves that our time on earth isn't a meaningless splurge of years, a tale told by an idiot.

This is the big historical temptation as well. The "long" eighteenth century is followed by the Congress of Vienna, around which the consensus has grown that it was an example of pragmatic statecraft, to be contrasted with the stagecraft of Versailles a century later, which resulted in a 'treaty' that managed to be both utopian and vengeful.

I have no thought of trying to decry this thesis, which I think is mostly right. But, even if the framers of Vienna, like the mythical reasonable man in the English common law, had been blessed with the foresight of prophets and the agility of acrobats, I doubt if their settlement of Europe could have been kept from unravelling. And unravel it did, slowly at first and then with alarming speed.

What were some of the factors that contributed to this progressive destabilisation of the continent?

First there were the national liberals of the 1848 kind, bringing in the first stirrings of the idea of linguistic and ethnic purity, dressed in populist and democratic clothing. Then there was irredentist nationalism. Step forward France and Italy. It didn't matter so much if those people beyond the national boundaries spoke your language or not: the thing was that there was such a thing as natural boundaries for a nation, always more extensive than your present boundaries.

The rebirth of the Greek nation was a catalyst for the slow demise of Turkey, alternately assisted and held back by the

Great Powers. So, by the 1870s there was a definite Balkan Problem. And post-Napoleonic France still had pretensions to be a decisive voice in the ordering of the continent, and to expand overseas. And we haven't even got on to Britain, which narrowly avoided a revolution of its own in the post-Napoleonic era, and, from 1832, was positioning itself to be the biggest Imperial Power, the biggest Naval Power, and the dominant trading nation.

It's not surprising therefore that there were quite a lot of wars and rumours of wars in the century after Vienna. None of these quite led to catastrophe, until 1914, but the Vienna settlement of Europe was looking ever more fragile, until we get into Powder Keg territory, from about 1905.

A key destabilising process which I haven't mentioned yet was the transformation of the German nation into the German Imperial State, under the leadership of Prussia. Bismarck, as an oftentimes precariously situated "Minister-President" of Prussia from 1862, was happy to make use of aspects of pan-German nationalism when it suited him, but he didn't let this deflect him from his ultimate purpose which was the aggrandisement of Prussia. This tension between the German liberals, with their black red and yellow tricolour, and the Prussian Junker class would play out well beyond 1870.

Two recent books have made me rethink the view instilled into me, at school and since, that Bismarck from 1864 to 1870 committed Prussia to three successful, limited, wars, taking the opportunities as they presented themselves, so as eventually to bring about a highly functional German political union. The impact of this new phenomenon at the heart of Europe wasn't sufficiently emphasised to me. The world couldn't go on as it had before.

Unfortunately these wars did have huge implications, even if the pre-existing German Confederation could in the end have gone only in one direction, the direction of a German state, with or without Prussian dominance. The sleeping giant was going to wake, and the

Arms And The Men

Somehow I had got it into my head that these wars were like war games, fought by toy soldiers, or chocolate soldiers, under sunny skies. They were anything but. They were savage, desperate affairs, fought at the limits of human endurance, full of unimaginable suffering, suffused with heroism and studded with unexpected acts of kindness. All the talk about honour, the flags and regimental standards, the *esprit de corps* and so on, this isn't exactly the old lie (*pace* Wilfred Owen). It's a sort of a lie, but a partial and necessary truth as well. Courage, such as we read about in this and other conflicts, has to be commemorated somehow. It's not much comfort to the young man who has lost his legs at Gallipoli that *The Band Played Waltzing Matilda*, as in the Eric Bogle song. The playing of *Waltzing Matilda* is both cynical and schmaltzy. But yet there is such a thing as heroism under fire. And, as Samuel Johnson observes, every man thinks more meanly of himself for never having been a soldier.

It's the same in all ages too. C.S. Lewis captures this nicely in *Surprised By Joy*. A budding classicist, the idea of joining up didn't exactly appeal to him (being Irish he was exempt from conscription), and he took little day to day interest in the Great War. But, when he turned nineteen in November 1917 in his first term at Oxford, and it was still going on, he felt he had to volunteer. In fact, it was in practice impossible to be up at Oxford and not to have enlisted. What made it bearable for him was the fact that everybody admitted freely how dreadful it all was. So, in a sense, he was less miserable than at boarding school because there was nobody telling him he should be enjoying it. But, as he reached the Front, and was first exposed to the big guns, the noise and the confusion, all he could think was: "Gosh, so this is war. This is what Homer wrote about".

Schleswig-Giksteub Emerges From The Mists

Obviously the 1870 War led to a frenzy of *revanchism* on the part of the French. The 1866 War with Austria had major consequences for the development of the Austrian Empire in the next fifty years. But it's the 1864 Schleswig-Holstein War that I want to concentrate

on, as narrated by Tom Buk-Swienty, in a book simply called *1864*, which appeared in English translation in 2015 (Profile Books). Sometime between 2008 and 2015 it was adapted into a "major TV drama" from the producers of *Borgen* and *The Killing*, whoever and whatever they are.

The events of 1864 could certainly be classed as *Nordic Noir*. Understandably, the war has left a much more traumatic imprint on Danish self-identity than on that of the victorious powers. The other book I'd like to look at, in a later article, is *Englanders And Huns* by James Hawes (Simon and Schuster, 2014), which sets out its intent in the subtitle: *How Five Decades Of Enmity Led To The First World War*. And *1864* is situated conveniently between Vienna and Versailles, and of course 150 years from 2014.

To try to posit a direct corridor from 1864 to 1914 would be difficult. There are no necessities in history. Yet I think it can be argued that the 1864 War shook up the kaleidoscope of possibilities in such a way that a general European war became more likely than it had been.

The Schleswig-Holstein Question was incredibly, even legendarily, complex. At this distance the *status quo ante* for the two Duchies looks very picturesque, but it was also extremely confusing. Schleswig, Holstein, and another small Duchy or city known as Lauenburg in the very south of Holstein, had enjoyed a quirky status as personal possessions of the Kings of Denmark for a few centuries, though Holstein (and Lauenburg) post-1815 also belonged to the German Federation, in which the Danish King took his place as a Grand Duke. He ruled there with the help of consultative assemblies.

Schleswig wasn't in the Confederation, but had a substantial German-speaking population, indeed a majority in South Schleswig; and there was also some feeling that there should be an existential unity among the Duchies. The world has grown increasingly impatient of these mediaeval anomalies, the Prince-Bishoprics, the Free Cities and so on. The old Holy Roman Empire was full of them. The last of them were ironed out after 1918, even if West Berlin revived the concept in the Cold War.

The year of liberty, 1848, had seen a massive revolt by the German speakers in Schleswig, thus leading to a wearisome three-year war ("*the First Schleswig War*") between Prussia and

Denmark, which eventually achieved a kind of closure under the London Protocols of May 1852, a settlement guaranteed by the Great Powers. This preserved the two main Duchies as Danish Crown possessions but Holstein stayed in the German Confederation. Schleswig was to enjoy a sort of special status as a not fully incorporated part of Denmark, with a more powerful assembly. Danish territorial integrity was guaranteed. The settlement was also bound up with the question of the Danish succession, which was a very complicated business of its own. Suffice to say that, until November 1863, an uneasy equilibrium ruled.

But the German liberals and their Danish counterparts were determined to have the matter out for good and all. With the accession of Christian IX after the death of Frederik VII in 1863, the pressure from the Danish Parliament in Copenhagen and from the popular press became overwhelming. Christian, against his better judgment, signed into law what became known as the November Constitution, by which an overall Danish Parliament, the Rigsraadet, would come into existence with jurisdiction over Schleswig as well as Denmark proper. This was just the provocation that Bismarck had been praying for. Denmark had clearly violated the London Protocols, so couldn't expect any help from Britain. Bismarck somehow managed to get the authority of the German Diet in Frankfurt (a body he hated and despised) for the ensuing war to be conducted on behalf of the Federation by Prussia and Austria.

Risky Behaviours

We tend to think of Denmark as a non-threatening, charming, Ruritanian sort of place. Just as the most famous Belgians are Hercule Poirot and Tin-Tin, so the most famous Danes are Soren Kierkegaard (who died in 1855) and Hans Christian Andersen who was certainly around for this national crisis, not that he played any part other than that of horrified observer from a distance. There's also the composer Carl Nielsen of course, born in 1865, and whoever it was who directed *Babette's Feast*. That about sums up the roll call of Great Danes. I can't think of any others, unless we consider the not very Danish-sounding Caroline Wozniacki, well-known swimwear model and tennis player, sometime girlfriend of our own Rory McIlroy. The Danes have been a modest unpretentious people, high

up in the international happiness league tables, people who protest how much they enjoy paying high taxes in the cause of social harmony.

Even if we overlook the more distant annals—in which the Danes come over as a race of warriors, seafarers and international adventurers who, among their other achievements nearly turned Ireland into a Danish province and founded the first Irish cities—Denmark has for most of its history been a considerable force in European affairs. However surprising it may seem to us, with our impression of a sober, shrewd, "*douce*" nation, the Danish descent into backwater status has been largely due to the disastrous political choices their leaders made, and the lack of military preparedness to back up those choices.

Christian IV's 1624 intervention on the Protestant side in the Thirty Years' War is a case in point. His armies were routed by Tilly and the Catholic League, even before Count Wallenstein had got properly into his stride. It took Gustavus Adolphus to transform the whole theatre of war with his carefully planned intervention in 1630. Then, in the Napoleonic Wars, Denmark chose the wrong side, Copenhagen was bombarded by the British fleet, the country was flat broke and had to give up Norway, which later in the century became a Swedish possession.

But, as our story opens, Denmark is still a considerable Power, with a strong navy, and a respectable military tradition. If we count the combined Duchies as being, in a sense, Danish, then we could say it's also a country of a decent size and population.

The passing of the November Constitution was an act of astonishing bravado. Buoyed up by the remembrance of the First Schleswig War, when the Danish troops had behaved very creditably, the politicians in Copenhagen seemed to believe that patriotic bluster could substitute for careful planning. It didn't occur to them that the Prussians might be so ungentlemanly as to commence hostilities in the depths of Winter. The Danish Liberals too hadn't given any thought to the unpreparedness of the military. The army would have needed another couple of years to get its numbers up and its guns and ordnance into shape.

The Danish troops were at an immediate disadvantage with their muzzle-loading rifles which could fire rounds only every thirty seconds, whereas the Prussians were equipped with the new breech-loading rifles. Strangely the

Norwegian Army, which one would have thought of as fairly backward, had been supplied with breech-loading rifles over twenty years previously, in 1842.

By contrast, the Prussians, under the Danish-trained Helmuth von Moltke, had planned their campaign with great care, and had explored various contingencies. One tends to forget that this was a joint Austro-Prussian offensive; and in fact the Austrians were involved in much of the earlier action, making more spectacular progress than the Prussians in the opening days of the conflict in early February. The Prussians had underestimated the force of the Danish artillery at the fortifications of Mysunde, and had to withdraw with high numbers of dead and wounded, whereas the Austrians had pushed back the centre of the Danish line. This was ugly hand to hand fighting in sub-zero temperatures, so that many of the wounded on all sides ended up freezing to death in the open air before temporary ceasefires could be organised.

The absolute bloody horror of what all the armies had to endure takes one's breath away. Within the first six weeks it was clear to the Danish High Command that the War was unwinnable, and that they were ordering their men to march to certain death or disablement. With scant exception, however, they were unable to shift the thinking of the Danish political class which had retreated into a world of vainglorious illusion.

Great Lives

1864 tends to major on the Danish experience of the conflict, but the author has explored the Prussian archives also to good effect (but seemingly not the Austrian). Leaving aside the almost superhuman courage of the Danish officers and men, one is struck by two further features, which would perhaps not be so evident these days. From the ordinary infantrymen up, these men are able to express themselves with great fluency and sensitivity; and secondly, they appear for the most part to take their Christian faith seriously. Here is the 34-year-old Private Neils Larsen writing to his wife as the clouds darken in the days leading up to the catastrophe of Dybbol on 17th and 18th April:

"You cannot know how much I long to hear on the word of God at Easter, but this will not be. I have not heard anything but the boom of cannon and the whizzing of bullets for so long, which of course reminds me that in my hours of peril all I have to comfort me is the Lord. I would so have preferred

to hear His words and to have sung a psalm with you at home though. But I pray God will have mercy on me, so we can all meet again, either here or in heaven."

Larsen was sent to take up a position on one of the most vulnerable redoubts on 17th April, and didn't stand a chance. Then there was Major Ernst Schau from a distinguished military family, one of seven soldier sons of a military widow, Dorothea. (Those were the days before Northern Europe fell over the demographic cliff.) By the time the War broke out, three had fallen victim to typhoid fever and two had died of wounds suffered in the First Schleswig War. Ernst and his brother Emil were killed within a day of each other in the key battleground of Dybbol, so there was no prefiguring of *Saving Private Ryan* here. The only girl in the family had died in infancy. Ernst had married in 1856 a very pretty young woman called Friede and by now they had two sons and a daughter.

Schau was amazed by the stupidity of his Government in its adoption of the November Constitution, and realised that it had consigned the country to a forlorn War with no allies. There was a certain amount of huffing and puffing on the part of France and Britain when the Germanic allies crossed into Denmark proper, but Bismarck had calculated correctly that nothing would come of it; and he had made sure of the friendship, or at least the non-enmity, of Russia.

Schau's letters are full of love for his mother, his wife and his children. He lingered on for a few days after the great climax of the war at Dybbol, in a field hospital run by the Order of St. John. An amputation of his right leg at the femur was performed on 20th April, but gangrene set in almost immediately and he died three days later. In his extreme pain he was still able to write a last letter to Friede the day before the amputation:

"Yesterday I was too weak to write words of comfort to you, but today, after a few hours sleep, I feel strong enough to write. Have you had any tidings of Emil? He was very much in danger of being taken prisoner that day. I am in the care of the Order of St. John at Bellevue Hospital and it is excellent. A thousand warm regards from Your Ernst."

On The Edge

1864 is full of such stories, and they provoke mixed feelings. Sure, War is Hell, and Wilfred Owen was quite right, but yet Owen was a competent officer, as was Sassoon. The Schleswig-Holstein

War was an unnecessary, foolish, conflict, instigated for prestige reasons by Bismarck and fought out by the Danes against hopeless odds, when they should have negotiated an early surrender. It left behind a trail of wasted lives, wrecked bodies and general heartache. There was one moment, it's true, when it seemed that Danish morale would collapse. This was on 15th April, in the streets of the ruined town of Sonderberg, when the 16th and 17th Regiments for a time after a long march refused to obey further orders. As the author comments:

"It is not difficult to imagine their exhausted outrage at their new orders. Not only were they going back on duty, they also had to march twenty kilometres to Sonderberg before they could move into position. A large percentage of them are older reservists, many of them husbands and fathers with heavy responsibilities, who... just want to go home. And now they are heading back to Dybbol where death and destruction await."

But the moment came and went, and the troops eventually rallied under an inspired pep talk from a Colonel Worishoffer. They went on to perish, most of them, in the trenches of Dybbol.

Thyra's Fortress

After this *excursus*, we're going to look at the Dannevirke. This was a great, but not a good, Danish idea, and it nearly proved fatal to them. The 1864 book fails for me in the maps, but there are decent maps on Google of the Dannevirke. This was a forty-mile-long seven metre high fortified dyke, with brick walls, lying across the neck of Jutland, with its eastern end around the town of Schleswig. It approximated to the border between the Schleswig province with its Danish ethnic majority and preponderantly German Holstein.

The Dannevirke, aka Thyra's Fortress, after the dynamic and beautiful wife of the useless (gormless?) Gorm the Old, Denmark's first King, was reputedly built at her command in the mid-tenth century, to repel German invaders. This is now seen as a bit of a fairy story, and the earthwork has been dated two centuries later, but it was a potent symbol of national resolve. And it very handily formed the dividing line between the true Danish lands and the more debatable territory to the south. So, the cry went up, "*At all costs we must defend the Dannevirke*".

But there were a few problems with it. In practice it had never been used as a line of defence, and had serious structural

weaknesses, and indeed had been allowed to fall into further decay. There weren't enough men in the army in any event to man the fortification effectively. And, most important, its builders probably hadn't contemplated that an invading army might not play by the Queensberry Rules: if the invaders chanced to come along in the Winter season, the various protecting rivers and inlets would most likely be frozen, which would facilitate successful flanking manoeuvres. The Prussians had been studying the fortification with great interest for a couple of years.

The Danish artillery had made a pretty good job of defending their lines around Mysunde from attack from the Prussians in the opening exchanges; and indeed had hit back devastatingly. Disheartened by these losses, the Prussian commander, Prince Friedrich Karl, failed to see the opportunity to mount a more sustained assault on the Danish positions. What wasn't clear to him was all too clear to the 72-year-old Danish commander-in-chief, the brilliant, eccentric, General Christian de Meza. Flamboyant in dress, and notionate in the extreme, he combined these traits with an astute military brain. It didn't take him long to work out that his troops had gained only a short breathing-space before the Germanic allies would cotton on to the fact that the Danish defensive positions could be easily outflanked. The defenders were out on their feet as it was, and in no fit state to respond, even if they had had the necessary numbers of men, munitions and horses, which they didn't have.

Quintus Fabius Conctator

De Meza was in no doubt that the Danish forces would have to evacuate the Dannevirke, and was able to obtain enough cover at a midnight War Council to protect him from the armchair strategists in Copenhagen, including the crazy Prime Minister Monrad, who would no doubt have tried to countermand the evacuation had he been able. The notification was duly telegraphed to Copenhagen, and the telegraph immediately disconnected, as a preventive measure. Had the Danes managed to repeat this masterstroke two months later, the carnage at Dybbol might have been avoided.

The retreat from the Dannevirke, minus most of the heavy guns, in atrocious conditions, just one step ahead of the advancing Prussian forces, was the most remarkable manoeuvre of the War, and was seared into the memory of all

who took part in it. The pursuit was beaten off when a Danish contingent made a stand at a place called Sankelmark and an old-fashioned battle took place in open country, leaving 800 dead and wounded. This was enough to ensure the escape of the major part of the Danish Army.

This successful retreat against the odds should have created the space for both sides to reconsider their positions and possibly try to negotiate an honourable peace. If the Danish Government leaders had had their wits about them, they might have managed to enlist the heavyweight diplomatic support of Britain and France, given that the Prussians had in the interim crossed the Rubicon by advancing into Denmark proper. Incredibly, Copenhagen turned down the chance of peace talks at this time, when some international sympathy might have been reasonably looked for. Instead the authorities kept themselves busy for the whole month of February with some kind of impeachment proceedings against de Meza and his colleagues (de Meza was given a dishonourable discharge and died the following year).

By 29th February the sixty-five year old and indecisive General Gerlach had been appointed as de Meza's replacement. His only recommendation was that he hadn't been involved in the decision to evacuate the Dannevirke. "*De Meza and Kauffman are sorely missed out here, as there is no real order under the current command*", wrote Ernst Schau to Friede. But there was no way back for de Meza as he had spoken back to the politicians and punctured their vanity.

Endgame At Dybbol

At least the Danes did have some time to work on the fortifications around Dybbol, while the Prussians were dithering over the next phase. But eventually the Prussians began to tighten the noose around Dybbol, their superior numbers and breech-loading rifles enabling them to inflict severe losses on the Danes in various preparatory skirmishes. A planned, and possibly risky, Prussian manoeuvre to outflank the Danes by landing numbers of troops on the other side of the Sound of Als was called off due to stormy conditions. So the conflict at Dybbol settled down to a classic war of attrition.

It's surprising in retrospect that the world should have been so shocked when the Great War quite quickly turned into a long slow agony in the trenches, punctuated by kamikaze advances over

no-man's-land. Dybbol was the Great War in microcosm. Before too long, both sides got bedded down into their trenches. And from 11th to 17th April both sides endured heavy bombardment, during which many of the Danish guns were put out of action, they lost most of their experienced gunners, and the survivors became resigned to inevitable defeat and probable death. In one crucial sortie an advance party of Prussians managed to gain control of most of the no-man's-land and at great risk to life and limb from Danish crossfire, construct a forward section of trenches just 150 yards from the Danish lines.

It takes a strong leader to order a retreat, and the new commander in the field, Gerlach, wasn't such. Ernst Schau's superior officer, General Claude du Plat, pleaded with Gerlach to vacate the position at Dybbol before it was too late, but Gerlach wouldn't be shifted: the War Ministry had given instructions that Dybbol must be defended at all costs. Du Plat even offered to take the blame himself, given Gerlach's illness, but it was no good. Du Plat, Schau, and most of his other officers, go off to their deaths. The author of *1864* comments:

"If the Danes had withdrawn from Dybbol in time, the Prussian commanders would have been faced with another humiliating blow, similar to the one they incurred at the Dannevirke. The political ramifications of such a humiliation would have been large for Berlin, possibly impeding Prussia's chances of achieving a favourable decision at the peace negotiations in London on 20 April."

The final advance by the Prussians, each man carrying a bale of hay in front of him, was on 18 April. The fire from the Danish flanks was of limited effect only, such was the density of the attacking force. In fact by this time the Danes could muster only 2,200 against the Prussian 10,000. The participants' accounts of the final assault on the Danish positions is reminiscent of the description of the Siege of the Schellenberg (1702) in Churchill's *Life and Times of the Duke of Marlborough*. This is from Private Bubbe, one of the attacking force, seeing his comrades up ahead as they scale the ramparts:

"They are received with bayonets, and the first line have to fall back. But still more are coming and finally the crown of the earthwork can be mounted. A terrible fight ensues: man to man combat. There is stabbing with bayonets

and clubbing with rifle butts. . . . It would be terrible, if everyone were not fighting with the utmost fury. To my left, a sergeant from the 64th Regiment, 12th company, tries to plant the black and red marker flag, but he is shot dead."

From the Danish side there is this account:

"A fight arises with some really brave Prussians: there is bayonet fencing, clubbing and a mad medley of sounds—rifle shots, men's screaming and death cries. Most of the Prussians pull back to fire at us; we of course can't fight and load at the same time, so we can't do any real harm. One of the most daring of the Prussians closes in on us and shoots a Dane engaged in a hand to hand fight... once we lose almost half our garrison and are encircled by the enemy, who have broken through our line further down and are coming at us from the rear, we surrender."

There are vignettes of great valour. Rasmus Nelleman, 34, a civilian and estate manager, with a wife and daughter, "is seemingly seized by a mad fury" at the sight of a Prussian flag on his redoubt, turning into "a blazing one-man army".

"He tears it down and hurls it into the moat. The Prussians plant yet another flag, but Nelleman manages to tear this second one up as well, before he is hit by a shower of enemy bullets and is mortally wounded".

Through it all the Prussian military orchestra was playing, to a somewhat distracted audience.

A large part of the Danish army managed to escape by sea over the Sound of Als, by means of pontoon bridges, but the Danish spirit was broken: the flower of their army was lost and the Prussians had taken 3,300 prisoners. A retreat that could have been carried out in relative safety if common sense had prevailed became a desperate scramble.

After The Disaster, Disaster

The victory at Dybbol was decisive only because the Danes had chosen to take their stand there. All the Prussians had gained was "a bit of muddy, blasted land". An early and (as far as possible) honourable peace was now imperative. Unfortunately, to misquote Walter Scott, the Danish politicians were laggards in peace as well as dastards in war. They botched the peace talks every bit as comprehensively as they had botched the planning and conduct of the war. They eschewed the possibility of a restoration

of the *status quo ante*, and also the Palmerston proposal that the new border should follow the line of the Dannevirke. Bismarck had no difficulty in coming over as the reasonable, level-headed negotiator, anxious to work towards a compromise. And, indeed, he had no interest in a Carthaginian peace, encompassing a large population of ethnic Danes into Greater Prussia. What he was interested in was the possibility of gaining a North Sea naval base at Kiel.

On the rejection by the Danes of a referendum proposal, the unimaginable happened: the talks broke down and hostilities recommenced. If the defence of and retreat from the Dannevirke could be looked on as a quasi-victory, and the tragedy at Dybbol an heroic defeat, what happened next was a national humiliation. Despite the presence of the formidable warship, the *Rolf Krake*, patrolling the Sound of Als, the Prussians managed to mount a surprise sea-borne attack on the Danish troops there—who were taken completely unawares, and overrun, suffering another 3,300 casualties. Somehow they managed to get the rump of their army across to the island of Funen. But the whole of Denmark now lay wide open to the allied forces.

At the peace talks in Vienna that Autumn the three Duchies were simply confiscated, without reference to the wishes of the Danish Government. Things stayed that way for the next half-century, until in 1920, following a referendum, the border was redrawn to its present position, which the Danes could have easily achieved in 1864.

Work started in Berlin on a victory column, the *Siegessaule*, complete with Danish cannon embedded in it; conveniently, by the time it was finished there were two further victories to celebrate. It stands now in the Tiergarten.

Postscript

"What shall we say to these things?" The debacle—from a Danish perspective—of 1864 was largely self-inflicted. The war could have been prevented, its conduct competently managed, and its outcome greatly mitigated given a modicum of coherent thought on the part of the Danish Government. The temptation to go to war and be at least technically in the right was too much for the politically-embattled Bismarck to resist, then and thereafter. Prussia can't be condemned for the way in which the ripe fruit fell into its lap.

Yet the strategic shambles on the Danish side tended to magnify the

military prowess of the Prussians by comparison. Prussia had managed to burnish her military credentials without having to sweat too heavily for it. As they would have said back then, "the *prestige of Prussian arms was restored*".

The territorial prizes contained the poison pill within them of the coming conflict with Austria for supremacy in the German Confederation. Looking westward, the first indications of Prussian naval potential were going to cause jitteriness out of all proportion in London; and, of course, more immediately, the new pan-German dynamic post-1866 stirred up the desire on the part of Napoleon III to put the Prussian upstart in her place.

So, I think it can be cogently argued that 1864 represented the first signs of a significant tilt in the geopolitical playing field that led after many twists and turns to 1914. I'm aware of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy. It's a truism that things tend to happen after one other, and the business of separating out the causal things from the other things is the great historiographical dilemma.

I remember from long ago reading about Carlyle's positive delight in 1870 that modest, austere, Germany would now be able to act as a counterweight to histrionic, vainglorious France, or something along those lines. But not everyone saw it that way. As we come to look at the British reaction to the rise of a credible Germanic Power across the North Sea we'll find out that his was perhaps not a representative voice.

But, before we leave the killing fields of Dybbol, I would want to stress that it has been my main purpose in this article to rebuke my inner armchair tactician. This wasn't a war on a chessboard, a clever little clinical tactical affair engineered by Bismarck. It was a major conflict of almost Wagnerian proportions, tragic and avoidable, like most wars. It could also have ended differently.

Not that the Prussians could realistically have lost, but they could have been drawn further into exposed positions in the interior of Denmark, in a vain search for a decisive victory, vulnerable to counter-attacks, and where would Bismarck have been then? His decision to launch the war could have ended very easily in his downfall.

I also wanted to pay tribute to the soldiers on both sides, especially on the losing side, men of whom their Government wasn't worthy.



Brendan Clifford

Revising The 'Two Nations'?

The article reviewing Ruth Dudley Edwards' conception of Pearse as an unconscious homosexual, of the pederast variety, which was published in Winter 2006 and was reprinted in the last issue of *Church & State*, along with a threat by Edwards to take libel action against it, was written by me at the request of Cristóir de Baroid of Cork City.

I was a minor expert on homosexuality on the basis of being frequently taken to be a homosexual in London in the 1950s when homosexual acts were criminal and well punishable by imprisonment with hard labour. I never understood what it was about my manner, when I moved directly from the Irish countryside to London, that caused me to be taken to be homosexual and to have criminal approaches make to me in complete confidence that that is what I was, but such was the case. And because of it I became very aware of the extensive criminal stratum that lay just beneath the surface of respectable society in London, and I wrote some verses about it.

It was criminal to engage in a male homosexual act. I do not recall that there was any noticeable public movement for legalisation. Eminent people were still being prosecuted. As far as I was concerned the nation was entitled to have whatever laws it chose in the matter—a position which is now regarded as homophobic. Well, that's the way of things with England, which must be the most self-centred nation in the world.

But, while homosexual acts were criminal, and even hanging around public lavatories (of which there were then many in London) in the hope of pickup was a prosecutable offence, (I seem to remember John Gielgood being prosecuted for it). This criminal stratum was producing some of the most popular culture of the society in the form of extravagant parody of its ways—"*I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy*". Risqué Music-Hall humour was becoming BBC humour. The culture was quite strongly homosexualist in tendency—especially amongst the producers of culture—while the thing itself was criminal. And there were cases where the gender of the protagonist in plays had to be altered in order to get

license for performance. The Lord Chamberlain maintained a strict censorship of theatre production in this and other matters.

After observing all of this I got a sense of the vagaries that are possible in human life in uncertain cultures, and also of the extent to which tendencies in human life are susceptible to influence by assertive culture. And so I wrote as I did about Edwards' notions about Pearse.

Cristóir asked me at the same time to write a succinct account of why I thought revisionism had become dominant in Irish academia. I did so, and it led to a rupture of relations between Cristóir and me. The next time I was in Cork City I ran into him on the street and stopped for chat. It quickly became obvious from his manner that he very much did not want to chat. Therefore I let him go and we have never spoken since.

There were two points in my explanation of the rise of revisionism: The refusal of the Southern Establishment at all levels, including the Left Establishment, to recognise that Ulster Unionists were not really Irish Nationalists who would soon come into line if they were approached in a different way from hitherto; and the great expansion of the educational system at the second and third levels.

The traditional history of nationalist Ireland began to be held at fault for the existence of Ulster Unionists. Something in either its content or in the way it was presented—I could not grasp which was meant—alienated the Ulster Protestants from the nation and caused them to fall under the delusion that they were British. A new mode of history was therefore needed. History had to be rewritten so as to be attractive to the Ulster Protestants and bring them back to their nation. And large numbers of new teachers were needed for the increase in College and University teaching. The mass of new teachers were taught the new history. And thus the revisionist transformation was accomplished in the twinkling of an eye.

I don't know whether it was my view of academia or my view of the North

that offended Cristóir so grievously. He had some connections with both.

But he knew very well my views on the North. I was the notorious two-nationist. So it could hardly have been that. And I don't think it could have been my rather contemptuous view of academia either.

I saw no point in rewriting Irish history—of falsifying it, excluding its particularity, and thereby West Britishising it—in the hope of luring the Ulster Protestants into it. Protestant Ulster became unionist *before* there was ever a Catholic nationalism to react against. What the Presbyterians United Irish organised against was the Anglican ascendancy Irish Parliament, and it was the United Irish who led the way into the union when the British Government decided to stand down the Irish Parliament. We did not reject them. They went their own way before we had started out, and the parting of the ways came around 1831 when they rejected O'Connell's Repeal Movement, and published a spirited attack on him when he tried to chastise them.

I know that Cristóir did not agree with this. He liked what we were publishing about nationalist history—filling out traditional history regardless of academic fashion—but could not see that the reason we alone continued to do this was that we saw that revisionist falsification of history in order to humour the Ulster Protestants was based on the false premise that they were Unionists only because nationalist Ireland had been sectarian towards them.

And I knew that Cristóir was engaged in an operation to bring some Loyalists down to Cork and give them a good time so that they could see that nationalists weren't ogres. He thought that would cause them to question their Unionism. I was certain that it wouldn't. The matter was not one that could be resolved by the personal touch—any more than it could be resolved by the abstract sentimentality of the much publicised movement of the Peace People, which denied that anything real and objective was at the bottom of the War in the North.

It is possible that Cristóir was misled by a change of emphasis in the BICO approach in the North in the early 1990s. We had been campaigning for twenty years for the inclusion of the Six Counties in the political system of the British state. We explained Partition by

the fact that there were two Irish nations. We explained the War by the fact that, when the Six Counties were held within the British state in 1921, they were excluded from the political life of the state, its Labour/Tory party politics, and the nationalist community was subjected to the local communal rule of the Protestant community with the Orange Order at its political core.

We campaigned for the inclusion of the north in the democracy of the state by which it was governed. The campaign built up a fair head of steam, and it later came to light that the Dublin Establishment, behind the scenes, had lobbied Whitehall against it. We gave it up because of the fundamentalist Unionist opposition to it. The Unionist concern was that, if the Six Counties were brought within the play of British politics, and matters other than the Union as such were brought into play, the intransigent Unionist will, kept alive and well by the Stormont system, would begin to be eroded. British Ulster was insanely suspicious of Britain, and it sought security in its own No-politics enclave.

We gave up on democratisation at that point, having put the matter fairly to the Unionist community, and having told them that the security they had chosen was illusory. The Good Friday agreement followed about seven years later.

In calling off our democratisation campaign we decided in effect to let the attrition of the communities (which we described as nationalities rather than the mealy-mouthed “*traditions*”) play itself out without interference from us. And we had little doubt about how conflict would play out. We have said repeatedly that the best of the nationalist community was in, or with, the IRA, while the counter-force on the Loyalist side degenerated for lack of political purpose.

This decision, to treat democratisation within the British state as having been made hopeless by unionist opposition, was somehow understood in the South as BICO concluding that it had been wrong in characterising the Unionist community as having the qualities of a nationality. We were understood as trying to slither back into one-nationalist denial of the Unionist will under cover of a subterfuge. I remember a venomous little jibe to that effect by Patrick Maume of Cork University—who should have known better as he has lived for a while in Belfast. But I suppose he only moved

within the University enclave.

It is difficult, within a functional democratic state, to imagine political life in an undemocratic enclave of a democratic state. It is difficult to in Southern Ireland to imagine life in Northern Ireland. I know because I have tried often enough to get it understood in the South.

Partition was held to be the cause of the War in the North. I held that it was the undemocratic system of government that was imposed along with Partition. When a settlement was made in 1998, it was not an anti-Partition settlement. It was a settlement which altered the terms of the undemocratic system.

It was not a democratic settlement. Politics in the North is still structurally disconnected from the process by which the state is governed—the British state :the only state there has ever been in Northern Ireland. The settlement was made outside the democracy of the state

Revisionism

The establishment of an independent state in Ireland occurred in connection with four major events: the First World War, the Easter Rising, the 1918 General Election, and the Second World War.

The object of revisionist writing is to disparage everything that went into the making of an Irish independence movement, and hold up to admiration all that ran counter to it. It praises Irish Home Rule participation in the British militarism of 1914; deplors the Easter Rising as a “*blood sacrifice*” enacted by a small group of fanatics; does what it can to remove the 1918 Election from the historical record; and plays on a widespread sentiment that it would have been better if the Irish State had placed itself at Britain’s disposal in the Second World War and thus had some marginal part in the post-1945 reconstruction of Europe.

Revisionism is primarily an academic phenomenon. It aspires to bring about a fundamental change in public opinion through the medium of the greatly expanded educational system of recent times.

Its task was facilitated by the fact that the Irish Universities, during the 50 or 60 years preceding the arrival of organised revisionism, had not produced histories of any of those four events, except the Easter Rising. The consensus view of these events was maintained by word of mouth and by popular newspapers. But, with the great

and outside the Partition question. What it did was establish a kind of apartheid equality between the two nationalities (thereby consolidating them) in place of the system of Unionist-controlled apartheid established in 1921. The process of national attrition continues, but on improved terms for the segment of the Irish nation that lives there. There is hope that Brexit it will put Partition on the practical agenda of politics, but it isn’t there yet. And, if it gets there, the probability is that there will be great intensification of the national conflict.

Perhaps Cristóir could only understand this kind of description of Northern actualities as a defensive rigmarole to cover a change of position, and was shocked to the point of breaking off relations with me when he saw from the leaflet I wrote for him that nothing had changed.

That leaflet was widely distributed by others, and, just for the record, here it is:

expansion of education in the 1970s, the acquisition of historical knowledge came to be associated with the Universities. There were no Irish academic histories of the First and Second World Wars, so British histories filled the vacuum. And there was no history at all of the 1918 Election.

If the Irish State had consolidated in academic histories the actual course of its development, the War of 1919-21 would be seen as a natural consequence of the decision of the British Parliament to set aside the 1918 Election result. In the absence of a history of the Election, the revisionists could treat the War of Independence as a revival of the democratically unauthorised 1916 Rebellion, and therefore morally problematical.

Revisionism re-arranges Irish history in accordance with British requirements. Irish history is in great part the history of British rule in Ireland. And the critical issue for Britain is its handling of the Irish Election at the end of the Great war for Democracy and the Rights of Small Nations.

It is often said that the Irish War of Independence brought Britain to the negotiating table and began the destruction of the British Empire. Put that way it is only a matter of the relationship of forces, and it can be debated whether the decline of the Empire precipitated

by Irish rebellion was altogether a good thing. Rebellion is not in principle a good thing. But, in the era of general democracy, the over-riding of a democratic election result by an authoritarian application of military force must in principle be a bad thing. And the pushing aside of the Irish election by Britain, the architect of the League of Nations, in the first year of the League of Nations, when the world was waiting to see what the words of the victors would mean in practice, set the scene for fascism.

Britain therefore had good reason, when the opportunity presented itself, to take over the writing of Irish history and to prevent this aspect of the matter from being dwelt upon.

The opportunity came as a consequence of the collapse of Irish policy on the North in 1970 and the general sense of disorientation and moral culpability that followed. The Southern middle class, under the impact of the Unionist assault on Catholic areas in Derry and Belfast in August 1969, supported the Nationalist-Republican offensive against the Stormont regime and Partition which followed. The hard distinction between "*Constitutional Nationalism*" and Republicanism which later became commonplace, hardly existed in general Southern opinion in the latter part of 1969 and the early 1970s. There was a false expectation that Ulster Unionism would crumble under Nationalist pressure. This expectation was grounded in the assumption that the Unionists formed part of a common nationality with Nationalists, and that the application of Nationalist pressure would bring out that sense of common nationality. When it became clear in the mid-1970s that this was not the case, public opinion in the South fell into a state of basic confusion, which was skilfully exploited by British interests.

The idea was put about that the conflict in the North did not arise out of the undemocratic mode by which Britain chose to govern it, but was a consequence of the teaching of Irish history. It followed from this idea that peace would only come about if a different history was taught. The Government therefore set in motion a project to devise a new history and insert it into people's minds, through the rapidly expanding educational system, in place of the old history—a basically totalitarian project. And that is what revisionism is.

Though British Universities have been active in implementing it, it is not merely a British conspiracy.

TWO BOOK LAUNCHES

The Pearse Centre,
27 Pearse Street, Dublin 2

"The Catholic Predicament in 'Northern Ireland'"

Volume Two

Resurgence 1969-2016

Launch by the author:

Dr Pat Walsh

Friday 11 November 2016

7:00 pm

In August 1969 came a pivotal event in the collective experience of the Catholics of the North after the Unionist Pogrom of that month set off a defensive Insurrection. Things could never be the same again. And they weren't.

The Catholic community, let down in its hour of need by both the British Labour Government of the State and Jack Lynch's Government in Dublin, for the first time fell back on its own resources. In the vital hour it produced something from itself that transformed its situation, turning its position from one of subordination to that of equality.

The Insurrection turned into a 28 Year War that set out to solve, once and for all, the political predicament that the Catholic community of the North had been sealed into back in 1920-1 by Westminster. That was when Britain set up the perverse political construct known as 'Northern Ireland' that generated an eternal conflict between its two communities, in which 'the minority' always came off worst.

Volume One in this series, aptly titled *Catastrophe*, gives an account of what happened between 1914 and 1968. The present volume tells the rest of the story, putting military and political developments in context.

Resurgence explains why the primary responsibility for that conflict lies with the architects and operators of the system that gave the minority community a stark choice only between permanent second-class status or war. And it describes how that War was ended to the advantage of the community, though short of its final objective, in such an effective way that momentum was carried from war to politics.

It is the story of how the Catastrophe of 1920-5 was transformed by the Resurgence of August 1969 so that the map of Ireland can be unfolded again.

'THE ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE:

Howth, Sutton and Baldoyle play their part.

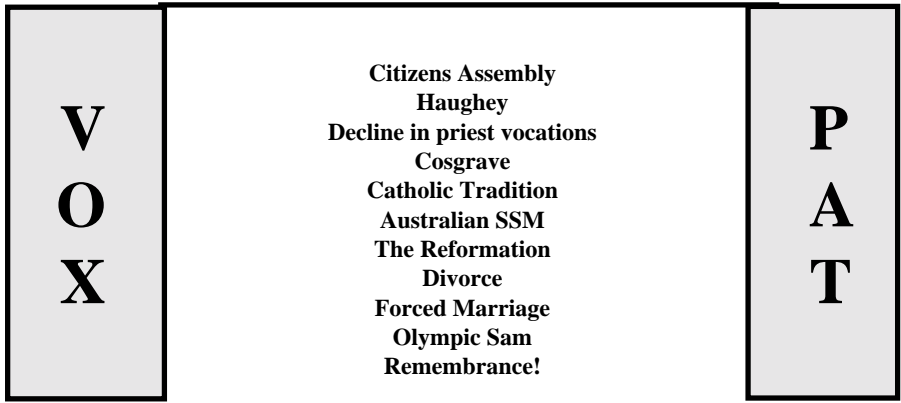
Launch by the author:

Philip O'Connor.

Saturday 12 November 2016

7.00pm

While the 1914 Howth gun running that made the 1916 Rising possible is well known, even in Howth itself very little until now was recalled of the part played by local people in the Rising, the rise of Sinn Fein and the War of Independence. This story is now told in great detail in what a local community newsletter described as the "new and magnificent book", *Road to Independence – Howth, Sutton and Baldoyle Play Their Part*, researched and written by Philip O'Connor over 310 pages, illustrated by 120 photographs mostly from family and private collections. Though its sources are meticulously referenced, the book has been described by detective novelist and former *Irish Times* journalist, Eugene McEldowney, as a "marvellous read ... written with all the pace of an adventure story, which is really what it is."



"That [women priests] is something that is completely not present in our tradition, in our past, is very difficult to justify." (*Irish Examiner*, 21.9.2016)

Australian SSM

Same-sex marriage will likely be delayed for at least three years in Australia after the opposition Labor party said it would not support a controversial national vote, dealing another potential blow to Prime Minister, Malcolm Turnbull.

The Australian opposition decided yesterday to block government plans for the public but non-binding vote on legalising gay marriage, arguing it would better if the issue was decided in parliament.

Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull's conservative_coalition government needs the centre-left Labor party's support to get enabling legislation through the Senate to hold a national vote on gay marriage on February 11, 2017.

But a meeting of Labor lawmakers yesterday unanimously decided against supporting the plebiscite, opposition leader Bill Shorten said.

While Labor supports gay marriage, it argues the plebiscite would trigger a divisive public debate (*Irish Independent*, 11.10.2016).

The Reformation

"Constitutionally, Brexit will be as seismic as England's 16th-century break from Rome, and the showdown a century later between parliament and the crown. On the bright side, and all things being equal—which in this case they're unlikely to be—an immediate economic plus, after the repeal of the 1972 European Communities Act, would be the termination of UK payments to the EU's budget.

British membership currently costs £188m (€210m) net a week. Estimates of the recurring net cost range—unhelpfully—from 1.75% of gross domestic product to 10%, if the financial costs of complying with EU regulations are included. (David Kernick-*Irish Examiner*, 19.10.2016)

Divorce

"*Madam, you've had your day*", Alice Glenn speaking to Gemma Hussey on divorce in 1986. Poor, poor Alice!

Forced Marriage

Ireland will introduce a specific offence of forced marriage as part of the Government's new strategy for domestic, sexual and gender-based violence, it has

Citizens Assembly

Former Cork District Court judge Michael Pattwell has slammed the "daft" Citizens' Assembly and the "cowardly politicians" who set it up in order to avoid making a decision on Ireland's abortion laws.

Mr Pattwell, writing in the *Evening Echo*, criticised the semi-secretive and undemocratic assembly that will steer the debate on one of the most important issues in Irish life.

The Assembly—made up of a chairperson and 99 randomly selected citizens, chosen by market research and polling company Red C—will reach a consensus on the Eighth Amendment, which gives effect to Ireland's abortion laws, and then send its recommendations to Government.

Mr Pattwell said:

"This is absolutely and totally undemocratic. We already have two citizens' assemblies that were elected democratically by all of us. We have the Dáil and we have the Seanad.

"How dare they do a merry dance that avoids the responsibilities that they were elected to undertake. We reduced the number of TDs in the Dáil from 166 to 158. Then the government secretly appoints another 100 to do the work that the 158 are supposed to do." (*Evening Echo*, Cork, 18.10.2016)

Haughey

"I don't care if it is the new Euphoria Party set up on the banks of the Boyne by Lord Henry Mountcharles, or whatever his name is."

Charles Haughey comments on the tittle-tattle surrounding the newly-formed PDs in 1986.

Decline in priest vocations—

"Wanted: bright, energetic, adventurous recruit to join a global organisation. Opportunity to travel and see parts of the world where many dare to venture.

"Must be male, chaste and willing to forego pleasures of the flesh. Must pledge obedience to superiors and expect to endure hardship and loneliness."

Not exactly the job of anyone's dreams, is it? But that is exactly what the Catholic Bishop of Cork and Ross, John Buckley, was offering yesterday at a careers fair in the city.

Dr Buckley ran the stand himself, at the Career Options Cork 2016 event. His hands-on approach is testament to the continuing fall in vocations. There are only three men currently studying to become priests in his diocese, and only one new recruit in the past 12 months. Just nine priests are due to be ordained nationally this year.

We wish the bishop luck in his efforts, but, apart from the enforced celibacy issue, unless the Catholic Church realises that it cannot continue to bar women from the priesthood, the decline in vocations will continue. (*Irish Examiner* editorial-19.10.2016)

Just imagine for one minute if the bar on women were lifted: what would the result be? No, I just could not face it : Mary McAleese, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland! Michael D. would be truly snookered!

Cosgrave—

"*I appeal to them (the Jews and the Muslims) to settle their differences in accordance to Christian principles.*" *Taoiseach Liam Cosgrave, 1974*

Catholic Tradition

The Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Charles John Brown, has said letting serving priests marry or allowing women priests would not be following the Catholic tradition.

Speaking at the National Ploughing Championships in Tullamore on September 20, 2016, he said he did not see how that could be the next step for the Catholic Church.

"The Catholic Church, however, has always had a special role of tradition in terms of the way in which we believe, as Catholics, the Holy Spirit guides the Church," he said.

been announced.

The issue of forced marriage is not currently dealt with directly by Irish law but the proposed offence category, which may become active by the end of next year, will target the "intentional conduct of luring an adult or a child . . . with the purpose of forcing [them] to enter into a marriage".

The strategy further clarifies that any new offence of luring a person abroad for a forced marriage "would need to be indictable".

The 2016-2021 national strategy for domestic, sexual and gender-based violence makes reference to various legislative changes, with Bills on domestic violence, victims of crime and sexual offences all expected to be enacted by the end of 2017 at the latest.

Many of the proposals contained within the new document aim to further embed a changed culture in the Garda over its treatment of domestic and sexual-based crimes, perpetrators and victims.

Gardaí investigating reports of this nature will now be obliged to personally call to victims within a seven-day period, and the minister will support legislation for gardaí to wear body-mounted cameras when responding to potential domestic violence incidents in order to gather and use evidence.

Initial funding of almost €1 million has been set aside for an awareness-raising programme.

It is hoped that the latter action will be implemented by 2018, subject to government introducing the necessary laws. (*Irish Times*, 20.1.2016)

Olympic Sam

The Olympics are over! Thanks be to god! What a sham! They Brazilians did a good job but the media and the money made a right dog's dinner of it.

Ireland got two silvers, well deserved too! We were 62nd in the Medal's Table. Cuba came 18th: 5 gold; 2 silver; 4 bronze. North Korea came 34th: 2 gold; 3 silver; 2 bronze.

Kenya, Ethiopia and South Africa are the only sub-Saharan countries in the top 50, largely thanks to the superb long-distance runners.

They would have won a lot more if runners weren't lured elsewhere by a more attractive (to some) form of shiny metal—money. Thirty Kenyan-born athletes competed for other nations.

We're not above pinching the athletes ourselves. Oliver Dingley competed for Britain but switched to us when he wasn't

picked for the Olympics.

He may not have won a medal but he did achieve a notable distinction—by becoming the first Englishman to dive for Ireland. (Or is he? I don't follow the international soccer)!

Remembrance!

NOVEMBER 11: Don't forget the Eleventh minute; of the Eleventh hour; of the Eleventh month—That was when

the Tipperary man, Ned Kelly was hanged in Melbourne jail on that day in 1880. The dirty deed was carried out by Judge Sir Redmond Barry who had emigrated from Cork. Ned's final words on mounting the gallows were 'Such is Life', however, before he left the courtroom, Ned warned Barry, "you'll be dead before November is out." Barry died on November 23, 1880, twelve days after Ned's execution.

Brendan Clifford

Note To The Reader

Daniel O'Connell

Beginning in this issue is a series of writings by Daniel O'Connell or about him.

Although O'Connell is widely praised nowadays in certain quarters, for having put Irish nationalism on the right lines, little of what he said is available to the general reader, or indeed to any reader who has not the time and the motivation to delve deep into old newspaper files or Libraries that hold mid-19th century books.

A selection of his speeches was published by an O'Connellite in the late 19th century. It is very inadequate, and should not upset any preconceptions, but even that has not been kept in print.

There are of course some books about O'Connell in print. But a book about somebody can never be the same thing as a book by somebody. It can only give a filtered account of him—an account of what he said and did as filtered through somebody else's interests and prejudices.

It seems to me that one reason why there are nowadays so many books about historical figures and so few in print by them is the spread of University education. Very large numbers of people pass through the History, Political Science, and Social Science Departments of the Universities every year, and new Universities are set up everywhere to cope with the supply from the preparatory Colleges. Each person has to write a Thesis to get a Degree, and then another if he is to get a Masters, and a further one to get a PhD and have Doctor before his name. As I understand it—I write as a total outsider without even the Primary Certificate that was given to 11 or 12 year olds—both the ordinary Degree and the PhD are not given for giving the

right answers to questions in an examination, but for original contributions to knowledge.

For many, or most, students the Degree is something to be listed in applications for jobs that have nothing to do with the subject. But a minority have an interest in pursuing the subject further and for this purpose getting a job in academia. And the first thing to do seems to be to get the Thesis published as a book. Success in that leads to lectureship and then to professorship, and to directing a later wave of students towards degrees, and to a repeat of the cycle.

There appears to be no space in this system for making a career by enabling a historical figure to speak for themselves to the present generation.

And, in academia in Ireland, the PhDs, which are supposedly original contributions to knowledge, are written under direction to ensure that they do not affront the established consensus.

I got to know Pat Walsh after he had written his Thesis for a PhD and submitted it and while he was being ordered to amend it. The Professors giving the orders were the future Lord Bew in Belfast and Professor John A Murphy of Cork, who were both strongly anti-nationalist. He made the amendments in order to get the PhD, put a ten-year closure on the Thesis in the University Library so that nobody would be misled by it, and got a job in industry in order to gain academic freedom.

Quite obviously the academic freedom which exists in Irish academia is job security, once you reach a certain status. It is not freedom to investigate freely and publish the results of investigation.

When Pat Walsh was falsifying his

Thesis, I discussed the matter with Hugh Roberts, who had done a PhD under Ernest Gellner and he could hardly believe that there was such a carry-on in a British University.

I believe the correct preposition is "with" rather than "under". Hugh did his PhD with Ernest Gellner. He was producing new knowledge of the subject, as one is supposed to do with a PhD, and therefore "with" was the right preposition. But in Ireland, even in British Ireland, it is "under" the authority that awards the Degree.

I have done a great deal of republication of historical writing. I published a selection from the first two years of *The Nation* for the purpose of presenting the new attitude to life that burst on the Irish national scene with Duffy, Davis, Mangan, etc. I was surprised to find that it was reviewed in *Books Ireland*. As I recall, the reviewer was puzzled by it because it was not a Thesis. I did not relate those two marvellous years to the later rupture with O'Connell—which I intended doing in a second volume that has not yet got around to appearing. I just wanted to show "the first fine careless rapture".

I have republished many other writings that played some part in the working out of history in Ireland, accompanying them with Introductions. I have often been told that the Introductions are interesting, but why bother with the rest?

I take this to be a consequence of universal education which has made everything second hand and has killed the sense of actual history as a connected sequence of events in real time.

I grew up in Slieve Luacra at a time when little education was generally available and not many wanted that which was available. The age before which it was illegal to leave school was fourteen, but not many people stayed at school that long. I didn't. And I read original materials from the 19th and early 20th centuries because they were lying around in Slieve Luacra.

Of O'Connell there was only the very inadequate 19th century selection of speeches.

About twenty years ago, an O'Connell descendant published a collection of O'Connell's letters in many volumes. But it was not as a letter-writer that O'Connell affected the course of history. He was a talker.

It was put to his descendant, who was 'in' with the Establishment, that what was needed was his speeches. He replied

that that was impossible. There were too many of them and they were reported in too many different places.

We considered making what I think is called a Breviary of them—a list of them with a brief note saying what each was about and where it could be found. But history did not end in the North, so there was never the time.

One useful thing came from the publication of the Letters. It gave the source of a Letter which I had seen quoted but had never been able to trace. The source was the Vatican Archives. And the Letter was first published in a French biography of O'Connell, published by a well-connected French Catholic shortly after his death.

What is notable about the biography by Jules Gondon, the serialisation of which begins in this issue, is that it sees *the Liberator* as initiating a new form of popular Catholicism, more appropriate to the modern age.

Before the French Revolution, the

Catholic Church was very much a pillar of the Royalist State and suffered accordingly after the revolutionary years. Napoleon put it on a new footing, continuing it as a State institution, without popular appeal. However French Catholic leaders familiar with Irish development in the early 19th century saw that a different kind of Catholicism was possible: one which would have popular roots. Instead of religion being simply a means of State control, it would be an expression of the spirit of the community. This development, though pioneered by Walter Cox, was given popular expression by Daniel O'Connell, who made himself the great leader of Catholic Nationalism.

I managed to get a photocopy of that biography. Cathy Winch translated it. It has been awaiting publication as part of a collection for about fifteen years. The collection was deferred from year to year, and it has now been decided to begin publication in serial form.

Jules Gondon

First published

Sagnier et Bray, Publishers, Rue des Saint-Pères, Paris, 1847

Translated by Cathy Winch

Biography of Daniel O'Connell, Part One

Foreword

Daniel O'Connell is no more! Celebrated in the two worlds for half a century, he has been taken from his country. Ireland only learnt of the blow she had suffered ten days after the event. At the announcement of this disaster, she went into mourning, and for a long time she will grieve for the loss of her greatest citizen, who devoted fifty years of his life to defend her religion and her liberties. The people chose him as leader, and now they kneel before the altars made free by his genius and they pray for the rest of his soul.

The spectacle of Ireland in tears is no less solemn than the spectacle of Ireland in the past, when, roused and assuaged at the same time by the voice of O'Connell, she marched to conquer her freedoms along the legal route which her patriotism had opened to her. Ireland's suffering, her tears and her prayers tell more clearly than we could express, that O'Connell has taken with him to the grave the sympathy, the love and the limitless devotion of the Irish

people. Their faithful attachment to his person would perhaps have shone more brightly if he had died in the midst of the triumphs of the agitation of 1843; but it could not have been more real than it is today.

Ireland's desolate state proves how keenly she feels her loss, an immense and irreparable loss in view of the services rendered to his country by the man who is the cause of her distress. We should be under no illusion; neither Young Ireland nor Old Ireland will be able to fill this emptiness. Old Ireland, without O'Connell, becomes young as well, now it is deprived of his experience. All Irishmen whose hearts beat for the freedom of their country will understand, we hope, their duty to forget their divisions, and to swear eternal reconciliation on the marble of the tomb that will be raised in the midst of the wild Kerry mountains. As all Irishmen proclaim O'Connell their political patron, as Saint Patrick is their religious patron, then from his tomb he will continue to be their guide; since we can be permitted

to say of him as we say of the just: *Defunctus adhuc loquitur*. [Though dead he speaketh.]

O'Connell spent his long career building large and deep foundations for the principles of liberty that England denied to his country and the Catholic part of her subjects. We can say that he died after accomplishing this task. Time now will see the further development of his achievement, draw out and put into practice its consequences. We are too near to him to be able to judge the true proportions of his work, proportions which will grow and show themselves to be more awesome as the years take us further away. We will try however to sketch the principal features of this life that was so full and so completely devoted to the service of his country and of a cause which is becoming the cause of humanity. We will see that O'Connell's glory is that he was always on the side of the weak and the oppressed.

No injustice, no iniquity was committed in the world without his eloquent voice immediately denouncing it and the victims receiving his sympathy. However ardent his patriotism, the interests of humanity were dearer to him than those of Ireland, and his love of religion dominated all his other affections. One could well think that O'Connell, drawing his last breath in Italy, died far from his country; but a Christian has, even here below, a country that is dearer to him than the land of his birth. The soul of the great O'Connell will have had no regret that the sweet murmur of the waters of the Mediterranean should have mingled with the pious chants sung around his deathbed.

The biography now placed before the reader, written in haste and still under the impression of this painful event, will leave, no doubt, a lot to be desired, because even a full volume would hardly suffice for a biography worthy of the agitator of Ireland.

This sketch was published in several instalments in the newspaper *L'Univers*, but was deemed complete and interesting enough to be offered to the public in its present form.

We wanted to bring out O'Connell's true character, a character so often misunderstood and even slandered. His life is a lesson given with eloquence to men in constitutional countries, who must fight ceaselessly to defend their rights and conquer their freedoms.

Why should not France, which shares with Ireland the powerful force of the

Faith, not raise the banner of O'Connell? Why should she not follow the road that the Irish agitator has traced for her, and start working for her emancipation? Choking as we are under the yoke of administrative centralisation and the weight of so many monopolies, should we not talk less of liberty, and show ourselves worthy of freedom by doing something for her conquest?

Paris, 15 June [1847].

Biography of Daniel O'Connell

Daniel O'Connell was born on the 6th August 1775 at Carhen, not far from the village of Cahersiveen, in County Kerry. His father Morgan O'Connell, an active and industrious man, was in a reasonably comfortable position, which he was able to improve by working on his farms and supplying the surrounding population.

It is only with the utmost difficulty that even the most illustrious Irish families can establish their genealogy. Ireland is a conquered land, long torn apart by civil wars and regularly subjected to destruction; her soil, confiscated by the conquerors, has known a succession of owners. Genealogical documents, property deeds, everything has been dispersed by the destructive effect of war and persecutions. It is always easy to contest titles to eminence, when those are lost in the most remote antiquity, and are transmitted by tradition rather than by the authority of parchments.

The family of the illustrious man whose life we are sketching here traces its origins to Conaire II, King of Ireland at the beginning of the third century. At the time of the Anglo-Norman conquest, in the twelfth century, the O'Connell family owned part of present-day County Kerry. That part was then divided between several branches established in various points of Ireland. Whatever the accuracy of this genealogy, the O'Connells have for several centuries occupied high positions, and, in 1652, Richard O'Connell, Bishop of Kerry, was martyred by the troops of Cromwell. Maurice O'Connell, head of the family, owned, during the War of 1641, according to the Book of Forfeitures and Distributions preserved in the Dublin archives, nine-teen domains enumerated in this book. The Darrynane branch of the O'Connells furnished the armies of France and Austria with brave captains. Our military annals preserve the memory of the brave Daniel O'Connell, who received from

Louis XVI the title of Count as a reward for his services, and who was to be made Marshal of France by Charles X when the July Revolution broke out.

The young Daniel, who was one day to be called the Liberator of his country, was adopted by his uncle Maurice, a Darrynane landowner, who was childless. He was first educated by simple village schoolmasters, and when he reached the age of thirteen, his uncle, who had the greatest hopes for him, entrusted his education to a priest who had just opened a school in *Long Island*. It was the first school opened in Ireland by a Catholic. England, disturbed by the troubles following the revolt of her American colonies, had given the Penal Laws some alleviation in order to gain the support of the Irish. O'Connell liked to say that the year of his birth was the year when the American colonies had, for the first time, claimed their independence. It was like an omen of his political mission.

In 1789 with his brother Maurice he left the school of the Reverend Mr. Harrington, and both set off for the Continent. They first went to Louvain; but Daniel had passed the age when he could be admitted to study there. They had to inform his uncle of this circumstance and await his orders. After six weeks spent attending classes as an independent student, a letter from Darrynane told him to go to Saint-Omer, where he spent a year, after which he went to the English college in Douai. In Saint-Omer as in Douai, the young Daniel was always one of the top students in his class. In this last College, he had as principal rival a young Englishman who is today the Vicar Apostolic of Central District, the venerable Doctor Walsh. Daniel's talents already gave an idea of what he would one day become, since the Principal of the Saint-Omer College wrote to his uncle that he would be much mistaken if his nephew did not one day cut *a remarkable figure in the world*.

Daniel was eighteen years old when he left Douai to return to England. He had to flee proscription. He embarked in Calais the very day that the unfortunate Louis XVI died on the scaffold.

The revolutionary scenes he had witnessed in France inspired in him a horror of blood and disorder which stayed with him all his life. He had been obliged, while on French soil, to protect himself by wearing the tri-coloured cockade; but once aboard the English vessel that was to take him back, he tore to pieces and crushed under his

feet that thing that was to him a symbol of so many atrocities. If it can be said that O'Connell had any political opinions at the time, he was more Tory than Liberal. But it was not long before he embraced the principles to which he remained faithful for the rest of his life. The despotic conduct of the Government, in the infamous Hardy Trial, contributed in part to this change.

The idea of entering holy orders seems to have occupied the young Daniel for a time, either being suggested to him, or spontaneously, but it did not detain him long. The ardour of his temperament, his character and his tastes, told him he would not wear a cassock with sufficient dignity. He decided to opt for a career at the Bar, a career which had recently been opened to Catholics. The same cause which allowed the Catholics to have schools opened the Bar to them. Daniel had not yet completed his twentieth year when he entered Lincoln's-Inn as a law student.

The vigour of his intelligence was equal to the fire of his temperament. He threw himself into work and amusement with the same ardour. While enjoying himself with utmost gaiety and joviality in his recreations with his friends, he devoted himself to the study of English law, dry as it is, with the same passion he showed when hunting and fishing. In contrast to the degrading habits of the day, Daniel has always been a sober man, only one exception to this being known. It is remarkable that from the ages of 18 to 70 his tastes have no more varied than his strength has diminished, and only a few months before the end of his life, he took advantage of the parliamentary holidays to go to the green mountains of his birth, with a shotgun, in pursuit of a hare. Let us add however that apart from the hunting and fishing requisites which he kept plentifully at Darrynane, he also had a beautiful library, with books showing every sign of being extensively and frequently read.

Irish lawyers normally study all branches of law. In England, on the contrary, it is customary to specialise in one branch. The young O'Connell followed the example of the Irish Bar, and his determined labours made him a deeply learned juriconsult—before he had even qualified. When he started to exercise his profession in Dublin in May 1798, it was asserted that no one at the Bar surpassed him in knowledge of the law.

It is at that time that the revolt of the United Irishmen, which was to have been

seconded by a French Army, broke out. O'Connell, whose patriotism was no less ardent than that of the conspirators, immediately perceived the inevitable disastrous results of an armed revolt. He abstained wisely from taking part in the movement, and joined on the contrary the *yeomanry*, a sort of urban guard raised to give the Government armed support. In 1803, confronted with other disorders, he joined this national militia once more. Various anecdotes are told regarding these two periods, which prove that he often intervened, at the risk of his life, to prevent the shedding of his compatriots' blood.

The events of 1798 undoubtedly had a considerable influence on O'Connell. His compatriots have sometimes rep-

roached him for speaking harshly of the United Irishmen; but if he did, it is, as he said himself, because *he could not forgive them for helping Pitt to form the Union*. O'Connell always recognised the generous intentions of the men who fell victim to their illusions; but the consequence of their folly was nevertheless to deprive Ireland of her Parliament. All attempts at rebellion, though made in the name of liberty, had only succeeded in making the subjection of Ireland harsher. That most recent and cruel experience of the United Irishmen suggested to the young lawyer the idea of looking for a less dangerous and surer way of achieving the enfranchising of his country.

TO BE CONTINUED

Brendan Clifford

Hubert Butler—a role model?

Why are the Irish obtuse and xenophobic, sealed up in a provincialist nationalism, instead of being like other people, broadly liberal and cosmopolitan, especially the British?

If it is the case that that is what they are, might it be that many centuries of English rule based on repeated conquests is something to do with it?

The notion that prolonged English rule, established by conquest and maintained by force, might have had lasting effects on Irish society, is questioned in a big book published by Oxford University Press in 2012: *The Minority Voice* by Robert Tobin, sub-titled, *Hubert Butler And Southern Irish Protestantism, 1900-01*:

"Writing in 1937... journalist Mairin Mitchell made the familiar case that 'if Ireland was late to think internationally it was because she was for so long repressed nationally'. Yet, however inhibiting the relationship with Britain had been historically, it remained unclear how long or to what degree this legacy might explain Ireland's provincialism after Independence'..." (p49; The Mitchell quotation is from *Storm Over Spain*).

There are three difficulties in the way of understanding what is said in this paragraph:

When, after the Siege of Limerick (1691?) did "*Ireland*" have a relationship with Britain? That is, when did the Irish, in their collective capacity of the *Ireland*, have a relationship with Britain?

The Irish, identified by the conquest as Roman Catholics, or Papists, were presumed not to exist in Ireland until the 1760s. In their place there existed a Protestant colony whose official purpose was to get them out of the way by one means or another.

In the 1760s George III accepted an *Address Of Loyalty* from those Irish, officially recognising that they continued to exist despite a couple of centuries of Penal Laws intended to dispose of them. At that point they are acquired Constitutional status as passive subjects without any political rights and with few civil rights. Constitutional Ireland continued to be the Williamite colony put in place after Limerick. The relationship between Ireland and Britain continued to be a relationship between Britain and the colony it had established in Ireland.

The Colonial Parliament was merged into the British Parliament in 1801 but only Colonials (Anglicans) from Ireland were allowed to sit in it until 1829.

The Irish began to gather themselves together soon after they were relieved of close supervision by the Colonial Parliament, and after 28 years of agitation they forced Parliament, by an effective threat of civil war, to allow them to sit in it without taking the anti-Catholic Oath.

O'Connell then launched a movement to Repeal the Act of Union.

Repeal after 1829 meant a restoration of the Parliament abolished in 1800, but in fundamentally altered terms. The

Parliament abolished in 1800 was exclusively Colonial and Anglican. If restored after 1829 it would have been predominantly Irish and Catholic. Parliament wouldn't hear of it. Repeal could not go on the Parliamentary agenda.

When Gavan Duffy organised an Independent party in the early 1850s it was not a party whose aim was Irish independence. Such a thing was not allowable then. It was a Tenant-right party, committed to acting independently of the Whig and Tory parties in pursuit of its object—and it was soon disrupted by Westminster bribery, called patronage.

Isaac Butt, a Tory imperialist, disgusted that the Government helped the Irish to starve when the potato blight hit, instead of treating them as Imperial British subjects and summoning the resources of the Empire to override the blight, formed a Home Rule Party in 1873. I think that that is the very earliest at which it could be said that a relationship between the Irish as a collective body and Britain existed. But it would be more realistic to date it from the franchise reforms of the 1880s and the use made of them by Parnell.

But even Parnell's Home Rule Party was only a party. And when the Irish elected an Assembly to represent them in 1918 Britain refused to have any relationship with it.

"After Independence"

The second difficulty is with *"after Independence"*: When did that begin? It certainly had not begun in 1937, when Mairin Mitchell's book was published. Britain was still in actual occupation of parts of the Treaty State that it had set up by means of war in 1922-3. Certain clauses of the treaty had been revoked unilaterally by De Valera's Government after 1932, and the weak all-Party National Government in Britain did not see its way to doing anything about it beyond protesting. But the British occupation of the Irish ports was still in place in 1937. And that meant that, if Britain went to war, nationalist Ireland would have been involved in it whether it wanted to or not. An enemy, seeing Britain waging war from what appeared to be the territory of the Irish state, could not reasonably be expected to make fine Constitutional distinctions when it retaliated.

In 1938, following a long Economic War with Britain which demonstrated a stubborn Irish National will to exist, the British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, made an Agreement with De Valera which gave up British possession of the

Treaty Ports, making independent Irish action in the British war a possibility.

Another thing Britain did in 1938 was break up the Czechoslovak state (which it had set up in 1919 while denying recognition of the elected Irish Dail), and hand over a vital part of it to Hitler, increasing his military potential considerably. Then, less than a year later, in a bizarre switch of foreign policy, it decided to make war on Germany. Churchill, a senior Minister in the War Cabinet, denied that the 1938 agreement obliged Britain to honour Irish neutrality. He said that, despite the 1938 Agreement, the Irish state did not have the right to declare neutrality and exclude the Royal Navy from its ports, when the Crown declared war.

Prime Minister Chamberlain did not act on Churchill's advice. He had declared war on Germany, in alliance with France, from a position of considerable superiority. It did not seem that the Irish Ports would be needed. But the Anglo-French positions collapsed unexpectedly and suddenly in a couple of weeks in May 1940. Chamberlain resigned and Churchill came to Office as the collapse in France was happening. He still denied that the Irish state had a constitutional right to neutrality but the circumstances in May-June 1940 did not encourage a British invasion of the Irish state and reoccupation of the Ports. To have made war on Ireland while the British Army was getting away as fast as it could from the war declared on Germany would have been too rash an act, even for Churchill.

When things settled down to a Naval war and Britain needed the Ports to a degree that would have seemed very improbable in 1938, there was the problem of getting them, with the Germans securely based on the French coasts, and with the Irish Government declaring it would become a combatant against whichever belligerent invaded it, and Irish public opinion strongly supporting the Government, and IRA making ready for another round.

Churchill was deterred by these considerations. But at the end of the War he reasserted that Britain had the right to occupy Ireland when the Crown declared war.

Churchill was much surprised to lose the 1945 Election. He did not seem to realise that the main thing that happened within Britain during the War was the laying of the groundwork of the welfare state, under cover of the war effort, by

Ernest Bevin who, as Minister for Labour (Mobilisation) had almost dictatorial powers in domestic affairs. In 1945 Churchill was ousted, and Bevin's wartime foundations were built upon. And I would say that it was only after the shock result of the 1945 British election that the Irish era which Tobin calls *"after independence"* began. It was only then that fighting for independence against Britain ceased to be an imminent possibility.

Provincialism

The third thing is *"Ireland's provincialism"*. When did that exist? Possibly from 1970 onwards. I know that I did not grow up in an Ireland that was British provincialist. It might have been hateful in its un-Britishness. There were a few who found it so then, and a generation later there were many came to feel that they ought to have felt it to be hateful and oppressing, and to convince themselves that that was actually how they did feel it at the time but that they didn't know it. The provincialised Irish mind is a tricky thing.

Ireland around 1950 judged itself by its own standards. Sometime around the mid-1970s its intelligentsia (so to speak) began to judge it by English standards, and it became provincialist.

Castlereagh, as far as I recall, when persuading the Anglo Irish to return their colonial Parliament to the Mother Parliament that had created it, observed the importance they attached to the national pretensions, and told them that they were merely a provincial imitation and invited them to return and become part of the real thing once more. Most of them did so. They had proclaimed themselves a nation, the Protestant Nation of Ireland. But the Irish nation lay elsewhere, and they knew it because they relied on English power to protect them from it.

They had declared their parliament an independent legislature in 1782 when Britain was fully engaged with the Americans, but they did not base an independent Executive on their independent Legislature because they knew that their relationship with the Irish populace was such that only British power could preserve their supremacy—their Ascendancy. They had therefore an independent Parliament of their own, and the British Government on which it was dependent.

Castlereagh quite fairly describe their position as not national but provincial.

In what way was the Irish State provincialist in the 1950s, either in its political power or its culture?

Culturally it had its own publishers.

Brown and Nolan and the Talbot Press are what I recall. And it had to widely read national daily papers, and the third one in Cork. If one of those national dailies had been *the Irish Times*, it could certainly be said that there was a strong British provincialist strain in nationalist Ireland. But the *Irish Times* was a British paper, with a minuscule circulation, maintained by mysterious financing. I assume that I knew of its existence, but I never saw a copy of it, and I was not curious about it. I first saw it after I went to London in my 20s and was drawn into the Irish 'Left' circles by Pat Murphy. I never found it readable. In those days I used to read the *Times*, which was worth reading in those days. But the *Irish Times*, what was it? It wasn't the one thing or the other. It was provincialist.

Isolation?

Tobin refers repeatedly to Ireland having been "*isolated*" from the world by its wartime neutrality. He doesn't actually say that we weren't allowed to call the 2nd World War of the 2nd World War and were made to call it *The Emergency*—as Professor Ferriter, Professor Mc Garry, Professor Garvin, Professors etc. etc. and that even Tim Pat Coogan does—but that's the spirit of it.

I would say that what the neutrality did was keep the world open to us. It prevented us from being call cocooned in the British war propaganda.

We knew what do British propaganda account of the war was, but we did not live within it (as in 1914), and we discounted it heavily. And we knew a number of basic facts which did not seem to be known in Britain—such as the fact that Germany did not declare war on Britain, but that Britain declared war on Germany. And that Hitler admired the British Empire and saw it as being necessary to civilisation. And that he greatly the British propaganda method and based his own propaganda technique on it

It was only in the mid 1970s that the British war propaganda began to be accepted as a history of the War by the Dublin middle class, with Garrett Fitz Gerald and Conor Cruise O'Brien leading the way, and guilty provincialism set in.

Spain

I don't know what Mairin Mitchell meant by "thinking internationally"—and I don't think she did either. I don't know what Tobin thought he was saying when he quoted that fragment of a parenthesis. "*Internationalist*" has often been used in certain quarters in Ireland as a synonym for British, but that could

hardly be the meaning in this case because there was no clear British opinion on the Spanish Civil War.

Mairin Mitchell went to Spain with a Hungarian friend, Tinka Heredy, and was confused by what she saw. For example, she didn't quite know what to make of Church burnings.

"When Tinka and I returned from Spain In the Autumn of 1936 we experienced the same mental turmoil as many others must have done. We suffered from perhaps inevitably confused thinking, for we were two average women, both of whom disliked politics. One of us came from Hungary and the other from Ireland, two countries which had suffered under alien domination, by which the national feelings of many of their citizens had been intensified. (If Ireland was late to thinking internationally it was because she was so long repressed nationally. Much of her political vitality was even in 1937 spent in controversies rendered inevitable by the imposition, 16 years earlier, of Articles of Agreement with Britain, accepted by the signatories with the knowledge that the terms did not fully satisfy Irish national aspirations. In her past history, in proportion as her degree of independence was greatest, Ireland's orientation was European.)

"The 'two average women' understood the nationalistic outlook of those separatists in Spain who fought in the Civil War primarily for autonomy. The 'two averages' also realised that those who went to fight in all sincerity for Spain and St. James and not to maintain a feudal system, had a vision as fine as those others had, who manned the barricades calling to their comrades in Ireland, Hungary, Russia and all over the world" (p244-5).

Nationalist Ireland was represented in the Spanish War by volunteer groups on both sides, the most earnest ones being on the side of the Government. Was that a manifestation of "*international thinking*"? The Irish Government did not recognise Franco's rebellion until it had established itself in actual control of the country. Was that Nationalist thinking? The British Government, which had an extensive arms trade, refused to sell arms to the elected Spanish Government thus facilitating the rebellion. What kind of thinking determined that?

The Irish Government took the Spanish War to be an authentic Civil War—unlike the Irish Treaty War, which was a spurious Civil War—and adopted what then what was then the text-book attitude towards it.

Tobin does not indicate what

international, or cosmopolitan, thinking on the Civil War should have said.

Tobin's book is subtitled, *Hubert Butler And Southern Irish Protestantism: 1900-1981*. Butler is undergoing another revival amongst the liberals who are working on the re-provincialisation of Ireland, and the *common name of Irishman* figures largely in these efforts.. The message is that tone, the father of Irish Republicanism, would be ashamed of us if he could see what we had made of his ideal.

Butler & Orwell

Butler was an independent Protestant gentlemen of Colonial Protestant descent, who tried to keep alive some spark of the spirit of Irish Protestantism in its great days of Grattan and Tone, but found it hard going amongst the blinkered, xenophobic Irish.

He has been much referred to recently as the Irish George Orwell. He was nothing of the kind. Those who make the comparison must know very little about English socialism and Orwell's place in it.

Orwell was very much an insider in the English Left which he came to hate. He applied the unreasonable reason of the disillusioned idealist of the extremist kind to hating it and deriding it—and yet he remained central to it, was accepted by it as part of itself, and was the only individual within it whose every word has been gathered up in a Collected Works.

In his groping for frank, indiscreet, honesty, he said that the working-class smells. So it does. Everybody smells and it's a matter of which smells you are familiar with, but it was taken to be a piece of bold truth-telling that cleared the air.

He was colonial, like Butler, but he came home because the family business in India did not prosper in the early 20th century. There was nothing odd about being Colonial in the British Left. There was a widespread consensus in British ruling circles at the end of the 19th century that the success of the Empire made democracy a practical proposition, and socialism went with democracy.

The most influential socialist writer and publisher there has ever been in England, Robert Blatchford, became an Imperialist, and the advocate of an even stronger Navy, when he came to realise that self-sufficient Merrie England could not be restored because England had come to live at the expense of the world, and that the standard of living of the

working class would plummet if the Empire was lost.

Orwell was a representative man of his time and place. He was at once an and ultra-Leftist and and ultra-Rightist—that is, a kind of mild fascist ideologue. The moment of his fame was the moment when Britain, having made itself dependent on Communist victory in the War it had declared on Germany without the will to fight it in earnest, was extricating itself from the ideological embrace which it had cherished for four years. The Soviet Union now needed to be demonised, and it was Orwell who did it at the level of mass culture and ideology.

Butler was by comparison only a coterie writer. He posed as been Irish for the purpose of making mischief amongst the natives. Orwell did not pose. He was English to the core.

A Careful Pose

Butler postured as a Irish for a purpose. His Irishness was an act. But it was not an act in which he could let himself go. He had to watch himself because, you know, these Irish can be so charming. How many good English Protestants had they not seduced into their ways! So it had to be ham acting of the English stage variety, in which the person was always visible behind the act, rather than Method Acting of the Hollywood variety in which the person disappears into the part.

Butler had only one point of contact with a meaningful segment of the Irish populace that I know of. He somehow became involved in the formation of the ideology of what became known as Official Republicanism, or the Stickies, in the early 1960s.

Butler And *The Stickies*

He gave a talk to the Wolfe Tone society that was formed in the aftermath of the fiasco of the invasion of the North in 1956.

There have been two invasions of the North since Northern Ireland was established as an instrument of Partition in 1921. The first was by "Treaty leader Michael Collins in May 1922. Its purpose was probably to disconcert the Anti-Treatyites who were opposing the construction of the Treatyite Free State. Its effect was to bring the northern Republicans into the open to be smashed down by the Ulster Unionist regime while Collins himself was smashing down the Southern anti-Treatyites, and it was undertaken with at least the connivance of Whitehall.

The second seems to have been a follow-on from the great Anti-Partition campaign launched by the Treaty Party when it returned to Office in 1948 following its long series of election defeats by Fianna Fail since 1932, and its consequent return to the Republican fold. That great, worldwide, campaign seemed to energise the IRA which had been languishing in the doldrums since midway through the World War. It reorganised, gained recruits, and prepared an invasion force which ran through the Six Counties to the North Antrim. It was rounded up, barely causing a ripple in the internal life of the North, which remained much as it had been for 30 years.

Cathal Goulding, the Chief of Staff, then set about re-making the organisation on different foundations. He intended it to become a kind of socialist class-war movement, guided by Marxist analysis, which would enable the national division (the unacknowledged national division) to be overcome by common class issues of the working class. The purpose of ending partition was to be pursued very obliquely by means of social policy. And the social policy that would subvert partition by establishing a common ground between the workers of the Unionist and Nationalist communities in the North was to be elaborated in discussion groups called Wolfe Tone Societies, guided by experts from the Communist Parties—of which there were three: the 26 Co., 6 Co., and British.

I know little about these groups. I was never invited to any of their meetings.

I first saw Belfast in 1964 or 1965, which was also when I first saw Dublin. (In Southern terms I was not even what Sean O Faolain called an "*urbanised peasant*": I was just peasant pure and simple.)

What I saw of both cities then convinced me that the Wolfe Tone Society approach—which I understood to be designed by Desmond Greaves (who straddled the three Communist parties)—was basically misconceived. It was misconceived on two levels. The Unionist community in the North was not what it was taken to be. Unconditionally wishful thinking overruled observation and understanding with regard to both.

Butler's talk on Wolfe Tone was much referred to by those who organised a well-funded cult of Butler twenty years ago, as it is with those who are doing it today. But the Butlerites did not then, and do not now, seem at all interested in what that Wolfe Toneism led to in Belfast in 1970-72: an atrocity war in the medium of

ideological fantasy. (The premier Butlerite of that vintage, and disciplinarian of the Stickie militarism that made war on a figment and inflicted only collateral damage, denounced me as an imperialist running-dog in the early 70s because I described Protestant Ulster accurately, claimed to have grown up a generation later by embracing British Ireland, whereupon he denounced me as a reconstructed nationalist: i.e., Eoghan Harris)

Wolfe Tone

Tobin writes:

"At a gathering held in September 1963 to mark bicentenary of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Hubert Butler delivered an address entitled 'Wolfe Tone and the Common Name of Irishman'. On first inspection, there is much about this piece that seems familiar, with Butler once again expounding upon the importance of diversity and neighbourliness. Noteworthy on this particular occasion, though, is his ascribing these ideals to the Protestant patriot tradition of the 18th century, which he then employs as a historical foil against the restrictive and distorted loyalties of contemporary Irishmen. So he begins by recalling Tone's famous ambition 'to unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter'. As becomes obvious in the pages that follow, these lines have an almost incantatory power for Butler, not least because he appreciates that however conciliatory their sound, they still possessed radical implications for people both north and south of the border. In affirming Tone's status as the father of Irish Republicanism and even of Irish nationalism, he likens him to 'a great inventor who blows up himself and his friends with the things he invents', yet in the process has discovered something which nobody had observed before. Taken in its fulness, Tone's idealism remained combustible material in 1963 because it exposed the current Republic for little more than a Catholic statelet happily shorn of troublesome dissenters. Indeed not just for Tone but for all the patriots of his age, Ireland always meant the whole of Ireland..." (Tobin, p178).

"... he turns to Tone as one of the few leaders in the Irish history who, precisely because he understood just how profound sectarian divisions were on the island, sought not to ignore or manipulate the divisions so much as to transcend them. For a fleeting moment Tone and his generation succeeded 'in thawing the rigid frozen barriers of race and creed that divided the Irish', even

as they accepted that the differences themselves would not disappear" (p180).

The evidence that this fleeting moment ever existed is the *Proclamation!* of the Dungannon Convention of 1782!

Poor Cathal Goulding! Lost in the transcendence of the fleeting moment in 1782 (when Tone was still a schoolboy), or in the illusion of it, he does his own little bit of "blowing up" in August 1969 with his announcement that he had ordered his fantasy Belfast battalions into action!

One feels almost inclined to go Protestant for a fleeting instant and say "Luke: 23:34", which might be paraphrased as: *History be kind to him for, in the bewilderment into which he was led, he knew not what he did.*

For Tone, "Ireland always meant the whole of the Ireland" (p179). Of course it did. It would have been bizarre if it didn't. Those were the days of the Protestant Kingdom of Ireland constructed by the Williamite conquest. The "whole of Ireland" was what existed. It was not a construction project. It was what it existed. And what was done in 1782 was to make the Protestant Parliament of the Protestant Kingdom an independent Parliament with the authority to do just as it pleased.

The "common name of Irishman" was a project put to that Parliament by Henry Grattan, who was the architect of its independence. His purpose was to consolidate the power of the independent Parliament by admitting a handful of Catholics to it under aristocratic Protestant guidance. The Parliament refused. Ten years later Tone and others revived the project for the same purpose. Their reform movement was criminalised by the Parliament in 1793. Seven years later the Colonial Parliament was snuffed out by the Mother Parliament, to which it had become a nuisance. And the majority of the Irish populace, which had been disfranchised and plundered on the ground that it was Catholic, began its independent national development within the decade.

Grattan appealed to the Colony, when it achieved political independence, to acquire the substance of a nation by making terms with the populace. It preferred to enjoy the illusion of exclusive Protestant nationality.

In the days of Grattan/Tone—Tobin runs them together in his "fleeting moment"—in those days forging "the common name of the Irishman" would have been as easy as falling off a log. All it required was a franchise reform

within the existing power structures to admit to Parliament a handful of wealthy Catholics who were eager to disown the Pope in substance, allowing him only the most meagre trace of spiritual authority. Tone masterminded the Catholic Committee into publishing a statement denying that the Pope had authority in any practical affairs. About all that those Catholics were not prepared to do was take the Anti-Catholic Oath.

Grattan and Tone were the politicians of the Colony who tried to persuade it to make terms with the nominally Catholic majority, and with the industrious Presbyterians, which would enhance its prestige, secure its property and increase its power.

Tone was not a powerless idealist on the margin of things, groping for a foothold on the reality of things, as Goulding was a century and a half later. He was a well-connected politician of the Colony trying to do the political business of the Colony. Two years after his death the Colonial power structure collapsed because of the refusal to do that business.

The Colony which monopolised political authority in Ireland throughout the 18th century, subject to Westminster until 1782 and independently thereafter, was a segment of England, defined by the English State Church, but it lacked the aptitude for hegemonic power politics that was developed to an extra ordinary degree in England. During its generation of complete independence, and particularly in its moment of crisis and opportunity in 1793, it acted in a spirit of Protestant sectarian blindness that made it oblivious of the realities of its situation.

It repulsed the two real communities which were eager to make terms with it. It antagonised them, provoked them into discordant rebellions, and then it found itself abolishing itself at the suggestion of the Power that had created it.

It could be abolished because, when making its Parliament independent in 1782, it did not base a Government on it, but chose to remain under the protection of the London Government.

This created a profoundly dysfunctional separation of the powers of the state, between the Legislature and the Executive. The Government had to govern a situation for which it did not legislate, and the Legislature could legislate without regard to considerations of governing. England had to go along with this in 1782 because of the American War, but it never regarded it as a viable Constitutional arrangement. When called upon in 1798 to save the incorrigibly sectarian Colonial Parli-

ament from the populace it had driven to rebellion, the British Government used its position as Government to the Irish Parliament to persuade a majority of the members of the Irish Parliament to dissolve the institution and return home.

The Ulster Presbyterians had been willing and eager to blend themselves into the Irish Parliament. When the Anglican Ascendancy not only refused them but outraged them by the manner of the refusal, they were driven briefly into conspiracy and then into half-hearted rebellion. When rebellion was put down and the abolition of the Anglican Parliament was broached in the Fall of 1798, some of the northern United Irish leaders supported the project from prison. And, within a couple of years of the Union Bill being enacted, Presbyterian Ulster had settled down within the system of the Union Parliament.

Presbyterianism was nationalist in the 1790s only in the sense that it wanted representative government through the Irish Parliament. And it wanted it through the Irish Parliament only because the Irish Parliament was the Parliament that existed. When the Irish Parliament was absorbed into the British, the Presbyterians United Irish reformers became British reformers.

The British Parliament of 1801 was still the thoroughly unreformed Parliament, littered with Pocket Boroughs, and Rotten Boroughs, And it still excluded all but Anglicans from sitting in it. And yet it was recognised as being an adequately representative body by contrast with the Irish Colonial Parliament. And, at the Parish Meetings that were held in Antrim and Down and adjacent Counties during the Volunteer and United Irish years, it was repeatedly asserted that what was required was that the British Constitution should be made operative in Ireland.

And Tone even went to the length of saying: "In England we find a Reform in Parliament Is always popular, though it is but as a barrier against possible not actual grievance: The people suffer in theory by the unequal distribution of the elective franchise; but practically, it is perhaps the visionary to expect a Government that shall more carefully or steadily follow their real interests" (*Argument On Behalf Of The Catholics Of Ireland*, 1791).

So Presbyterian Ulster became Unionist during the decade after 1798. It was effectively Unionist by the time of Emmet's Rebellion in 1803. (However

Unionism did not mean quite the same thing then as it came to me in 1921.)

The native populace which might have been incorporated into a national development hegemonised by the Colony, took off on the national development of its own during the decades following the Act of Union. That development was pioneered by Walter Cox in his *Irish Magazine* which began publication in 1807.

Cox had been a United Irishman in Dublin, when the when the Irish/Catholics were willing to forget and to place themselves under Colonial tutelage within a liberalised development from the Glorious Revolution. When the dominant element in the Colony repulsed them, and outraged them, Cox decided to have done with the Glorious Revolution. He exhorted the Irish to take a stand on their own ground, to stop apologising for what they were, and to make their own way in the world. And so it happened.

The flawed Protestant Colony, having lost its Parliament, fought a rearguard action within the Union in defence of the privileges it had given itself under its Penal Laws. And a small remnant with influential connections are still doing it.

Tobin asks when when the Irish, having achieved independent statehood, will stop explaining certain features of the present situation as ongoing effects of the long, totalitarian, Protestant oppression that was inflicted on them. It might be asked in return, when will the colonial residue admit to having messed up Ireland during the generations of its power, leaving behind it during its venomous decline the two peoples that it refused to blend into a national development centred on itself, and then making moral debating points about the difficulties these two peoples have had in reaching an accommodation with one another.

PS: The Butler Centenary Conference

I knew nothing about Peter Tobin when writing this review. I know learn from Julianne Herlihy's Article in *Irish Political Review* (September 2016) that—

"Robert Tobin was the young man with the crew cut who tried to get the microphone away from Brendan Clifford during those **censored debates** in Kilkenny in 2000. He was then an undergraduate in Oxford... A more recent search revealed that he was raised in Boston and Texas and took his first degree from Harvard. A Fulbright Scholar, he holds degrees from Trinity College, Dublin, Oxford and Cam-

bridge. He is an ordained priest in the Church of England, having served as a curate in Buckinghamshire and as the Episcopal/Anglican Chaplain at Harvard before taking up his present post as Chaplain and Tutor at Oriel College, Oxford."

This puts a different complexion on things.

I took part in the Butler Conference in Kilkenny at the urging of a Butler neighbour, Pat Muldowney. Neighbourliness was Butler's ultimate philosophy—rather like E.M. Foster's "*only connect*". But it was just a literary device. Butler had kept strictly aloof from his Muldowney neighbours in real life.

Attendance at the conference was fee-paying. The fee included a visit to the Butler House about two-thirds of the way through the weekend. It was well known by then that little group of natives were in attendance at the Conference. We went along to House, and were carefully patronised by the purpose of warding off further evil. And that was the only contact I ever had with the residue of our Colonial gentry.

I attended the meetings of the Conference with the intention of being only an observer. In my experience affairs of that kind were always rigged affairs and I saw no point in making the effort to participate which would be resented, and mis-represented. But a major subject was Yugoslavia, which was in the process of being broken up the time, and I understood that the proceedings were being recorded with the intention of being published, so I took part in the belief that the possibility of chicanery had been ruled out.

Yugoslavia was the state of a make-believe Yugoslav nation that was bundled together by Britain in 1918-19 after it decided to destroy the Habsburgh Empire in punishment for not deserting Germany in the War. It was made up of self-made state of Serbia, whose act of the terrorism in Bosnia set off the chain of events leading to the Great War, and the Croats and Slovenes who were loyal to the Habsburgh State until it was knocked down around them. The Croats and Slovenes had no sense of themselves as component of a South Slav Nation along with the Serbs, nor had they defined themselves as separate nations in conflict with Vienna. They were hustled into this 'Yugoslavia' by the all-powerful Empires that had won the War and destroyed the pre-War structure of Europe. But, when things settled down, they became nationalists against Yugoslavia—a State that could only be viable as Greater Servia.

In 1941 the Yugoslav Government made an agreement with Hitler allowing the passage of the German Army through the state to Greece in support of Italy in the Italo-Greek War in which Britain had insisted on intervening on the Greek salad, even though Greece was more than holding its own against Italy.

Serbia rebelled against that agreement and resisted the German Army after it had passed through Croatia, where it had been welcome as a liberating force.

Serbian resistance was the first real resistance net by Germany in the World War into which it had been cornered by Britain. The plucky little Serbia of Great War propaganda was back in British oratory in the Summer of 1941. Its resistance caused a six-week delay in the start of the German/Russian War, and military historians used to suggest that this was what caused Germany to fail to take Moscow before the Russian Winter set in.

Following the German invasion of Russia, a Communist resistance movement developed in Yugoslavia. The Serbian national resistance could only be Serbian but Communism was not nationally based. It found support in all the nationalities of Yugoslavia. Furthermore it was not its purpose to preserve the established social order but to destroy it. Serbian nationalist resistance activity was inhibited by the scale of the German reprisals against existing civil society. But the purpose of the Partisan Movement was not only to defeat the Germans Occupation but to enact a social revolution against the existing social order. The Serbian movement scaled down its guerilla activity in order to preserve the social order, but the Partisan movement, not being part of the existing social order, intensified its guerilla activity. The two Resistance movements against the German occupation therefore came into conflict with each other in a civil war within the War against the Occupation. Churchill took sides in this Civil War, giving as his reason that the Partisans were is killing more Germans than the Serbs. It was a frivolous reason. There was no possibility whatever of the German being defeated by guerilla activity in Yugoslavia. General Mihailovic, the Serb leader, conserved his forces for action in a later stage of the War, when the major Powers would begin to press on Germany in the Balkans. For doing this he was demonised as a collaborator with the Occupation, and also a Serb nationalists traitor to the Yugoslav idea. In 1943 Britain ceased to supply him with arms, and it armed the

Partisans for, in effect, the Communist conquest of Serbia.

In 1945 the Partisan regime gave Mihailovic a Show Trial as a Nazi collaborator And a traitor and killed him. Churchill offered a very mild to protest.

Hubert Butler went to Communist Yugoslavia in 1947, when the regime was still securing itself by means that have been usually described with regard to Eastern Europe in those years as "totalitarian terror". He went to various libraries to collect material about what was done in Croatia following its achievement of independence in 1941 and he wrote about it in exclusively religious terms, and he came back to Dublin to publicise it in religious terms.

One of his devotees, a Chris Agee, refers to 1941-4 Croatia as "*Quisling Croatia*". It is an absurd description. Quisling collaborated with the Germans in Norway after they had sent an extemporised expedition to pre-empt A British intervention in Norway that was proceeding laboriously in the Spring of 1940—a time when Britain should have been prosecuting its declaration of war against Germany in France.

I never before saw it suggested that Quisling was the leader of a Norwegian Independence movement which welcomed the Germans as its liberators from its oppressors—?—who *was* oppressing Norway on 8th March 1940?

In 1941 the German crossing of the Yugoslav border into Croatia by prior agreement was treated as a liberating event in Croatia. It enabled Croatia's to free itself from the British-concocted state of Yugoslavia, which in practice was the only viable under Serbia;s hegemony.

The national antagonism between Croats and Serbs had religion as an element in it—the one was Catholic and the other Orthodox. Croatia had been content within the Austrian system. There was no Croat Rebellion against the Hapsburgh Empire to compensate for the Irish Rebellion against the British Empire, But there was a Croat Rebellion against the Yugoslav state after Serbia broke the German-Yugoslav agreement with Germany about the transit of an Army.

Religion had something to do with all of this, no doubt. After the Reformation broke the European religious consensus and England adopted a variant of the Reformation as the State religion at the moment when it declared that itself an Empire, and after that Protestant Empire embarked on an adventure of world conquest inspired by its Protestantism,

Religion necessarily had something to do with it everywhere that England touched. And the English just could not understand the unreasonableness of those who did not become Protestant when the truth was revealed to them.

Austria was a broad, liberal, multi-national, formally Catholic civilisation in which ample provision was made for minority tendencies. If Ireland had been oppressed by the Austrian Empire, instead of enjoying freedom in the Protestant Empire, it would now be an Irish-speaking society at its ease in a European Union from which Britain absented itself. But Ireland was compelled to live in Protestant freedom instead of luxuriating in its native darkness: and to help it live in freedom England conferred on it "*to the priceless gift of the English language*" (as Roy Foster put it).

When England decided to destroy the Austrian state, in which different peoples could live come contentedly and unprogressively—the Bronte sister with Continental Catholics as being fat, stupid and happy—it took groups of intellectuals from the Hapsburgh Empire, bundle them together in two groups which it taught a kind of transcendental nationalism (a nationalism without popular roots), And set up two nation-states for them: Czechoslovakia at Yugoslavia. Both of these states failed at the first crisis—and failed catastrophically, with mischievous British assistance, in 1938 and 1941.

The ruling Czech minority in Czechoslovakia, knowing in its guts that it it had achieved Czechoslovakia by a confidence trick, would not fight in defence of the state in 1938, and allowed Britain to give a vital piece of it to Hitler. And the Serb revolt of 1941 which broke Yugoslavia was praised by Britain for a couple of years, until Britain found it expedient to arm the Communists against the Serbian 'Royalists'.

Forty-five years later Communist Yugoslavia—A state forged in civil war in 1943-45—remained standing, as the states formed to Kremlin requirements as Russia drove the German armies is back to Berlin in 1944-5, all collapse following the Soviet collapse.

The Independent Communism of Yugoslavia had been a de facto ally West for forty years, but when it stood as Communist Eastern Europe fell, the West decided to destroy it by instigating nationalist conflict within it. Germany and Britain were to the fore in this enterprise. The Yugoslav Constitution—

much praised for two generations—was treated as the thing of no importance. Attempts by the Central Government to impose a degree of order on the impending disintegration were condemned as Serbian/Communist despotism. The Army of the Yugoslav state was declared to be a Serbian Army of Occupation. Absurd referendums were hailed as acts of national liberation. (In Bosnia, Croats and Muslims voted together against the Serbs and their joint majority was declared by Britain to have established a Bosnian nation-state, although everybody knew that the Croats and Muslims did not constitute a nationality capable of conducting a national state, even leaving aside the matter of the sizeable Serb minority.)

Transcendental nationalism was again brought into play. The British Foreign Secretary said that the referendum established a Bosnian national sovereignty, into which the population would have to fit itself. Most people must still remember how that worked out.

(At the outset of the conflict, around 1991, the great Balkan expert, Fitzroy Maclean, ridiculed the notion that there could be national war in Yugoslavia. I recall him explaining on television that, if there were three people in the railway-carriage, a Croat, a Muslim and a Serb, they could not tell each other apart. And, if they were put to it, all they could do was try to remember what their grandparents might have been in the age of religion. That was the picture of Yugoslavia presented in English history propaganda from the 1950s to the 1980s. It seemed to me that its purpose was to divert curiosity from British action in 1943-45 by presenting an idyllic outcome.)

When Butler went to Yugoslavia the Communist regime was in the course of consolidating itself. Mihailovic had been demonised. What he represented—which had probably saved Moscow in 1941—was being purged. People were being reconstructed ideologically. A great deal of administrative killing was still going on. A culture to sustain the restored Yugoslav state was being created. But all of that was of no interest to Butler—the independent Protestant gentleman with a sectarian bee in bonnet. All he was interested in was the behaviour of the Croats towards the Serbs when they were freed from the oppression of the Yugoslav state in 1941. And he was interested even in that only as a means of making a religious debating point against Catholicism.

When the Butler Conference was held, Yugoslavia had been broken down,

at the instigation of the European Union, by fierce nationalist antagonism. And Croatia was once again a national state, as it had been for a couple of years after 1941. And it had risen under the banner of the chequered flag, which had been its national flag in 1941.

Although Butler had made his mark post-War with sensationalist writing about Croatia in wartime, the Conference did not discuss what Yugoslavia had been from 1919 to 1941, which was what gave rise to Croat conduct in 1941. Nor did it discuss what Yugoslavia was in 1947 when Butler was working through its archives. Nor did it discuss what had become of that Yugoslavia in 2000.

In a book of essays about Butler, published by the Butler Society in 2003, *Unfinished Ireland*, the Editor, Chris Agee, gives in his Foreword these few lines from Butler:

"Yugoslavia had been born in 1918... For the Southern Slavs it was the fulfilment of an ancient stream of harmony between four neighbouring and kindred peoples. I was at Oxford then and there was springtime in the air. There were Serbs, Croats and Czechs, there were Irish too, all rejoicing in their new found freedom. We all had minority problem and I was surprised that Ireland, least scarred by war, did not identify herself with the other small new states more warmly, share experiences and take the lead for which she was qualified..."

Agee does not comment on this Butler picture of 1918.

The "*ancient dream of harmony*" is fiction. There was no Serbo-Croat political agitation behind the formation of Yugoslavia, nor a Czecho-Slovak politics behind Czechoslovakia. The "*Succession States*" (as those states were called) were external creations. And there was no Irish Succession State of the victorious British Empire—and the Empire did not intend that there should be.

There was an Irish National movement which was denied a state, while the empire was setting up nation-States where there was no national foundation for them. These nation-states without national foundations created by Imperial Britain in far-away places were the source of the instability which was a major factor in the bringing about of the 2nd World War, and of the anti-Semitism which was an element in that War.

The Irish voted by a large majority for statehood but were denied it by the Empire that was conjuring states out of the air in Eastern Europe. After voting it had to fight

a war in support of the vote. When a kind of subordinate statehood was accorded, it was on the condition of 'civil war' against those who continued to assert national sovereignty. The kind of sovereignty conferred by the Empires on those nation-states without National foundation was not achieved in Ireland until 1938 at the earliest. And by that time the Czechoslovak Succession State was being broken up by those who had created it, and was having a Succession State of its own, Slovakia. And the "*South Slav harmony*" of Yugoslavia had become a cacophony.

After the Irish state reasserted its sovereignty in 1932, and began the Economic War with the Treaty Power in support of it, De Valera launched an active foreign policy in support of the conduct of the League of Nations in accordance with its purpose as declared at its foundation. When it became evident that Britain saw the League as an adjunct of the British Empire, to be used or sidelined as the expediency of the Empire suggested, Dev made a speech advising small states not to conduct their affairs on the assumption that the League was reliable. He said that the League had only encouraged small states to rely on an illusion of collective security, and that they had better make their own arrangements as best they could.

(In 1938, when Dev was securing the basis for Irish independence by getting the Ports back from Britain—which had occupied them under the Treaty—Czechoslovakia was being dismantled by its Versailles creators and guarantors, the British and French Empires. Dev had no power or influence whatever on that transaction but, because he recognised that there was a national principle operative in the break-up of the Czechoslovak state, he has been branded an appeaser by recent Irish foreign policy experts.)

Butler in the late forties and the Butlerites half a century later disregarded the statehood of Yugoslavia as the context of Croat/Serb conflict in 1941, and the Butlerites disregarded it as the context of a repetition of that conflict in the 1990s.

Bourgeois-nationalist Yugoslavia was not a viable nation state between the world wars because there was no Yugoslav nation. Communist Yugoslavia was a viable state because it was class-based and drew support from all nationalities. When the EU decreed that, after the fall of the Soviet system, no communist state would be tolerated in Europe, and it set about

destroying Yugoslavia by means that Fitzroy Maclean saw as being impossibly atavistic, the state was once again pulled apart by the force of nationality.

In 1941 Serbia acted in breach of the Yugoslav Constitution by its act of rebellion against the treaty with Germany, and was praised for it by the British war propaganda. In the 1990s Serbia was demonised by British propaganda for its attempt to uphold the Constitution of the state—the Communist state established with British arms in 1944-45.

But what has fact got to do with it? In recent times Eoghan Harris of the Official IRA—whom I have seen listed as a Butler disciple—published a treatise asserting that truth has little to do with fact, and that fact is likely to be a distraction from truth. Butler himself would not have put it so starkly—he was too British to do that, while Harris is a mere Irishman groping for Britishness.

In England Church and State were unified by the Reformation which in England was strictly an affair of State. A new Church was created as a Department of State. This meant that State policy and morality became the same thing. What was true and right was what was willed by the State.

Henry 8 took the English state out of the Roman/European world in which the Church and State were distinct elements and he made himself King/Pope. He did not do this on the crest of a public wave of Lutheran or Calvinist feeling. He did it strictly as an act of state, and by means of further acts of state he engineered public support for this new religion as he made it up piecemeal. He established a totalitarian unity of policy and morality, and it has stood the test of time.

I was not bred within this totalitarian unity. I grew up in the Roman world in which Church and State are maintained as distinct elements and that distinction is ingrained in me, even though I found religious practice intolerable as I entered my teens. I could never treat a fact as irrelevant to truth.

Finding myself at the Butler Conference, and hearing the state of Yugoslavia excluded from what was being said about Croat activity in 1941, and believing that the proceedings were being recorded and that what I said could not be misrepresented, I spoke briefly about the history of the setting up of Yugoslavia by Britain as a spurious nation-state which aggravated the majority of its citizens, about its falling apart in 1941, its reassembly as a Communist dictator-

ship at the time Butler was doing his researches there, and about its tearing itself apart in recent years when Britain, which had actively supported its reconstruction as a Communist State in 1944-5, decided it could not be allowed to stand after the Soviet collapse.

I did not speak for long, but I could see that to the loyal Butlerites it seemed like an eternity.

In the book about the Conference published by the Butler Society, its Editor, Chris Agee, made this remark in a Foreword:

"The celebration even had its moment of *opera bouffe* controversy when two Cork Stalinists, discovering that Butler was not the fellow-traveller they had somehow imagined—perhaps owing to the controversies in which Butler had been embroiled in the fifties, when he had been branded a Communist—changed tack, and began denouncing him for "racism", "elitism", and so on" (*Unfinished Ireland* (p14).

I have no idea Chris Agee is. He seemed to me to be just one of those brilliant young men one finds hanging around when money is.

What he writes he is pure invention. Nothing that I said could have given rise to it. And, if he had done some elementary checking before characterising me for the Butler coterie, he would have seen that I was entirely out of sympathy with the British policy that created Yugoslavia's out of discordant elements in Great War, and with the British policy of arming the belated Partisans against the "*Royalist*" Serbs who had change the course of history by their 1941 rebellion and had suffered for it, and who were suffering again, and being demonised, because Britain found it expedient to destroy what it had encouraged the construction of the 1944-5.

I knew of Butler as an anti-Catholic Protestant gentlemen, and nothing more. I had not read his little essays until that the weekend of the Conference. What I read, and what I heard, caused me to wonder how he came to be researching in the Yugoslav archives at a period when a Communist system of state was under construction by what was considered to be the most extreme of the Communist Parties. The Butlerites offered no information about it. In the absence of any other explanation I assumed that he was driven by a blind anti-Catholic bigotry, oblivious of all else, and that the new Yugoslav regime judged that this would be usable to them in their business of creating a viable Yugoslav mind by demonising the Croat Independence movement.

Agee makes reference to "Quisling Croatia" (p159). This is a historically ignorant term. Quisling collaborated with the German occupation of Norway which came about as a fast German pre-emptive strike against the laboriously proceeding British breach of Norwegian neutrality.

What happened in Croatia was an assertion of national independence when the German army crossed the border under the provision of a Treaty it had made with the Yugoslav Government against which the Serbs had rebelled.

Can a nation be a Quisling? Can it act as a "*collaborator*" with its enemy against itself?

Stalin transferred a couple of small, tribal, peoples to internal exile on the ground of collaboration with the Germans. As far as I know, Western commentators ridiculed the idea of an entire people being a collaborator. If the application of the term to a tribal grouping is questionable, it is surely out of the question for a nationality.

The Croats made use of the opportunity given by the combination of Serb rebellion and entry of the German army to assert their national independence. "*Quisling Croatia*" was Croatia asserting its national independence. (I don't know what national independence there could have been for Quisling to assert in Norway.) Four years later Croatian independence was snuffed out. Forty-five years after that it was reasserted, under the 1941 flag.

One might consider the event to be deplorable. But to deny the fact of the event because one considers it deplorable—is that quite Protestant? Surely its us Papists who are supposed to deny the existence of facts we disapprove of?

"*Stepinac is still revered in Croatia, even by the intelligentsia to say nothing of the Church, as saintly and patriotic*" (Agee, p159). The Croats in their national resurrection have taken no heed of Butler's little essay.

Butler set off a little business in outing people who might be considered war criminals, and discovering some of them came to Ireland for a while.

In Britain's second World War much of the world was turned upside down, and then turned right way up again, but very much not as it had been in the first place. And in places this was done two or three times.

Thatcher brought it in retrospective legislation so that some individuals from the Baltic area could be prosecuted for actions done at a period when the state

framework of things, and therefore the moral framework of things, was being stood on its head and then stood back again almost annually as the British Empire insist on keeping Europe in a state of war which it was itself making no serious attempt to prosecute.

There was no continuous citizenship operative in the Baltic from 1939 to 1945, therefore no foundation for morality. The Nuremberg Trials were then conducted on the pretence that there was a citizenship of the world to which all were always subject regardless of local conditions, but a British Prime Minister has now stated the indisputable fact that *a citizen of the world is a citizen of nowhere*. And the Nuremberg charlatans made sure that the supposed universal law, with which they acted against Germans, did not operate in their own realms

People do desperate things when they are under wartime conditions. All do so, but only the actions of the depleted are dwelt upon morally or legally. The victors are good and the defeated are evil: that is axiomatic. The world could not continue otherwise.

but the circumstances of 1945 were such that the defeated had to be rehabilitated promptly, after a token prosecution, so that Europe would not fall to Communism. It was the Communists who had defeated the great evil of Fascism, but Britain then remembered that it had supported Fascism as a defence against Communism, which was the greatest evil, and that if it treated Germany as it had intended to during the passion of war, Germany would probably become Communist. So de-Nazification was called off and a West German state staffed mainly by personnel of the Third Reich was quickly set up. A blanket of oblivion was drawn across.

This continuity insured that the Federal Republic became the goodest state in the world staffed by the personnel of what was supposedly the baddest state in the history of the world. And a generation later some eager young Germans probing their family history discovered where their exemplary parents had come from.

Well, they had to come from somewhere, and where else was there to come from? The Nazi regime, which brought order out of the Weimar chaos, was overwhelmingly popular in Germany. The only substantial body that reserved its position with regard to it was the Catholic Church—Protestantism became a kind of State church of the Nazi system, and in 1945 the Catholic political leader, Adenauer, came out of concentration camp,

and constructed a new superstructure for the state made by the Nazis. (Catholicism understands, or used to understand, that there is a great deal of wickedness in the affairs of the world, and that it cannot be conjured away by a Rule of the Saints.)

But how could those beasts become exemplary citizens? It's human nature. It happens all the time. Belgium is in many ways the nicest place in Europe. It committed the greatest genocide before the Nazis. Wealth poured into Belgium from Africa. But Belgium provided Britain with the reason it needed to make war on Germany so it's nose was never rubbed in it. The Black and Tans and Auxiliaries went home to England in 1922 and I never heard that they misbehave domestically. It has been estimated that a third of a million Kenyans were killed—murdered—by British soldiers and policemen and administrators. None were prosecuted. They were servants of a Church/State which kept the conscience of its subjects. I imagine most of the senior personnel settled down in pleasant part of the Home Counties and were indistinguishable from their neighbours. And it would be very surprising if some of them had not settled in Ireland.

I think Butler might much more reasonably have poked around in this area than in Croatia as it was being re-settled into Communist Yugoslavia. The English killers in Kenya were not acting in the traumatic circumstances of a state disrupted in wartime. There was no need at all for them to do what they did.

Some Kenyans who survived the treatment began trying, after the settlement, to bring prosecutions for torture in the English Courts. I noticed how repeated efforts to do this were fobbed off by the English legal system over 30 years. The system was waiting for them to die. Then suddenly, after Obama was elected President, the system decided that these torture cases might be brought. And it rushed to a monetary settlement without trial. But whatever the formalities of the settlement are, the widespread use of torture in Kenya is now admitted. The Government made the admission and then 'moved on' briskly.

Very quickly after 1945 the United States took many of the "war crime" Germans and Croats into its own service. It is natural that the US, the state built on multiple genocide—real genocide that leaves nobody behind to make a fuss—should understand that these matters are not morally simple.

I will return in a future issue to Rev. Tobin's comprehensive reassertion that Anglican Protestantism, imposed on Ireland by brute force, was nevertheless a force of liberation.

With regard to Wolfe Tone, what I have said above is not intended as disparagement. I was born in a rented room in Maggie Welsh's three room house that was called Wolfe Tone cottage, and I have no wish to disparage him—only to explain that the circumstances in which he acted were utterly different from the circumstances in which Butler lectured Cathal Goulding about him with a view to sending him on a wild goose chase.

The other "*Cork Stalinist*" was Jack Lane. He raised a matter which hit the Butlerites squarely. The intricacies of Balkan affairs were beyond them, but they could not fail to take the meaning of Butler's Election Address when he stood for the Council Elections in 1954. He told the Kilkenny electors that their free institutions were created quote by "*Protestants or men of Anglo Irish or English stock*" and that people of that stock had "*a particular gift for making them work*". They were working badly "*because the heirs of the men who invented them and have a sort of hereditary understanding of how they work play no part in them. Most of us can act independently because we have independence in our blood.*"

Could the panel explain how that was not racist?

The academics and other intellectuals, who had assembled to take part in the Butler Devotions, blustered, and foundered. And Agee later took his revenge by misrepresentation in a publication to which there could be no reply.

(The Butler Society, in the form, I think, of a Melasina Knox Cunningham, was written to about the recording of the meeting so that a definitive refutation of Agee—and of Roy Foster who engaged in much the same misrepresentation—might be definitively refuted. The reply was that the proceedings had not been recorded.)

A Serbian gentleman, whose name I do not recall, took part in the Balkan discussion. He spoke in disagreement with what I said but it was not clear what he thought I had got wrong. After the meeting he apologised to me. He said that, basically, I was right, but that, with Serbia being demonised, Butler's articles about the Croats were one of the few things they had going for them and therefore he had been obliged to speak against me.

Fáinne Geal an Lae

(The Dawning Of The Day/
The Bright Ring Of The Day)

Maidin moch do ghabhas amach,
Ar bruach Locha Léin;
An Samhradh teacht 's an chraobh len' ais,
Agus lonrach te ón ngréin,
Ar thaisteal dom trí bhailte poirt
Is bánta mine réidhe,
Cé a gheobhainn le m'áis
ach an chúileann deas,
Le fáinne geal an lae.

Ní raibh bróg ná stoca, caidhp ná clóc;
Ar mo stóirin óg ón spéir,
Ach folt fionn órga síos go troigh,
Ag fás go barr an fhéir.
Bhí calán crúite aici ina glaic,
'S ar dhúcht ba dheas a scéimh,
Do rug barr gean ar Bhéineas deas,
Le fáinne geal an lae.

Do shuigh an bhrídeog síos le m'ais,
Ar bhinse glas den fhéar,
Ag magadh léi bhios dá maiomh go pras,
Mar mhnaoi ná scarfainn léi.
'S é dúirt sí liomsa, "imigh uaim,
Is scaoil ar siúl mé a réic",
Sin iad aneas na soilse ag teacht,
Le fáinne geal an lae.

One morning early I rambled out/By the
banks of Lough Lene/The Summer coming,
and the blossom with it./And warmth shining
from the sun./On my travels through
townlands/And fine rich meadows/Who
should appear beside me but a fair-haired
girl/At the bright break of day.

There wasn't a shoe or stocking, cape or
cloak/On my young darling of the open air/
But a fleece of blonde hair down to her feet/
Growing to the tip of the grass/She had a
milking pail in her hand/And in the dew her
beauty was true/She was more lovely than
Venus/At the bright break of day.

/The vision sat down beside me/On a
bench of green grass/Flirting with her, I made
a move on her lightly/As a sweetheart from
whom I would never part/And she said to
me, "Get away from me/And let me go, you
rake!"/That is the light coming up/Of the
dawning of day.

Peter Brooke

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Alexander Dugin And The Russian Question
Part 4

Solzhenitsyn's Jews—Parvus And Bogrov

Solzhenitsyn's last major work was his historical account of Russian-Jewish relations—*Two Centuries Together*. It was published in 2001 (1st volume) and 2002 (2nd volume). He was working on it throughout the 1990s (he returned to Russia in 1994) and, though he also tells us that he had many other projects at the time, this was clearly the most ambitious.

It is also the most untypical of his large-scale works. Solzhenitsyn's work is so varied that it may be a bit tendentious to talk about a 'typical' work but his obvious strength was his ability to frame stories, and particularly his ability to enter into the minds of his protagonists—to understand, or at least give a convincing account of, the logic that motivates them. This is true even of *The Gulag Archipelago*, which has no fictional characters. But it is not true of *Two Centuries Together*, which is a straightforward attempt to unravel a historical conundrum stretching over a long period of time.

Why, in the midst of all the problems Russia was facing in the 1990s, should he have attached so much importance to this one—a problem which, moreover, as he knew all too well, could only bring him trouble? As he says in his introduction:

"I would have liked not to have to try my strength on such a thorny topic. But I consider that this history—or at least an attempt to enter into it—mustn't continue to be forbidden."

In a review of the first volume of *Two Centuries Together*, one of Solzhenitsyn's avowed enemies, the historian and US Government adviser, Richard Pipes, explains:

'Someone familiar with Solzhenitsyn's treatment of Jews in his historical novels cannot escape the feeling that, at least in some measure, this undertaking is an effort to rid the author of the reputation for anti-Semitism. Although Solzhenitsyn has always indignantly rejected this accusation, it was not entirely unmerited. In *Lenin in Zurich*, he depicted the Russian Jew Alexander Parvus-Helphand as a slimy, sinister, almost satanic figure as he attempted to hire the exile Lenin to work for the Germans. In *The Red Wheel*, when dealing with the

assassination of his hero Peter Stolypin by Dmitry Bogrov (whom he named 'Mordka' or Mordechai, lest anyone miss his nationality), Solzhenitsyn attributed to the assassin, without any historical warrant, a desire to prevent Stolypin from reforming Russia, since what was good for Russia was bad for the Jews. In fact, Bogrov came from a thoroughly assimilated family—his grandfather was a convert and his father a member of the Kievan Nobles' Club—and he had no Jewish interests in mind."

On the face of it, two passages in a historical novel concerning real historical personages who happened to be Jews doesn't look like very strong evidence of anti-Semitism. The more so to me since when I read *Lenin in Zurich* (where Parvus appears, though these passages are extracted from the longer *November 1916*) and *August 1914* (where Bogrov appears) without the question of Solzhenitsyn's attitude towards the Jews in mind, I took both as good examples of Solzhenitsyn's ability to enter sympathetically into the minds of his ideological enemies. Both Parvus, on a very large scale, and Bogrov, on a much smaller scale, emerge from Solzhenitsyn's account as interesting and quite highly impressive figures.

Parvus And Lenin

The passage concerning the confrontation between Parvus and Lenin is one of the few occasions (maybe, I think, the only occasion) in which Solzhenitsyn allows himself to indulge in fantasy—one might indeed say 'fantasmagoria'. Another of his many enemies, Andrei Sinyavsky, wrote a manifesto against Socialist Realism arguing that the proper mode of Russian literature was 'fantasmagoria' after the manner of Gogol's *The Nose* or Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*.

In *Sketches of Exile* (Part 1, pp.149-50) Solzhenitsyn explains:

"Out of the mountain of material I had accumulated, I saw emerging and growing in size, to the point that he was catching up with Lenin himself, a personage I hadn't previously thought of, that of Parvus, with his plan of a simplicity of genius: destroy Russia through a combination of revolutionary

methods and national separations, above all that of Ukraine, by cultivating the Ukrainians in the camps of Russian prisoners and stirring up among them an irreconcilable attitude to Russia (and it worked, that plan! While no British Empire would have been able at that time to do anything like it: they wouldn't have dared to light the revolutionary fire). But there was a problem: how to arrange a meeting between Parvus and Lenin in 1916, to have a direct dialogue between them? They had indeed met, but in Bern in 1915, and I had decided against giving an account of the year 1915. There was no meeting between them in Zurich in 1916, only an exchange of letters. So, forced into it, I put my usual realism aside and had recourse to fantasy to turn their correspondence into a dialogue. I introduced a touch of devilry: the emissary didn't just bring a letter but at the same time Parvus himself, reduced and confined in a suitcase. The progressive swelling up, the emergence, then the disappearance of the personage after the interview, the element of fantasy was limited to that; the whole Lenin-Parvus dialogue and the confrontation of their ideas and their plans are given in their reality and in perfect conformity with the historical truth."

The emissary in question is George Sklarz (an "*energetic little Galician Jew*", *November 1916*, p.635)—the relationship between Sklarz and Parvus has something of the relationship between Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet in *The Maltese Falcon*) and, since Solzhenitsyn isn't able to quite go the whole hog with fantasmagoria, Lenin is portrayed as being ill and prone to hallucinating. But the main point is that both men consider themselves and each other to be the most formidable minds in the revolutionary movement. And we have the clear impression that Solzhenitsyn agrees.

Lenin has proclaimed a policy of turning the inter-Imperialist war into a civil war. Instead of fighting for 'their own' country, the working classes of each of the warring nations should turn against 'their own' ruling class. It is a policy perhaps impossible to reduce to practice once rejected by the supposedly international workers' movement, but keeps the attention of its supporters firmly fixed on the need for revolution independent of the confusion of interests generated by the war:

"A joyful inspiration took shape in his dynamic mind, one of the most powerful, swiftest and surest decisions of his life. The smell of printer's ink from the newspapers, the smell of blood and medicaments from the station hall

evaporated—and suddenly, like a soaring eagle following the movements of a little bird, you have eyes only for the one truth that matters, your heart pounds, like an eagle you swoop down on it, seize it by its trembling tail as it is vanishing into a crevice in the rock, and you tug and tug and rise into the air, unfurling it like a ribbon, like a streamer bearing the slogan TRANSFORM THIS WAR INTO CIVIL WAR! And this war, this war will bring all the governments of Europe down in ruins! (August 1914, p.178).

Parvus on the other hand has straightforwardly gone over to the enemy camp:

"Why ask who bears the 'war guilt', 'who attacked first' when world imperialism has been preparing for this fight for decades [...] think like Socialists: how are we, the world proletariat, to make use of the war, or in other words on which side should we fight? Germany has the most powerful Social Democratic Party in the world. Germany is the stronghold of socialism and for Germany this is a war of self defence. If Socialism is smashed in Germany it will be defeated everywhere. The road to victory of world socialism lies through the reinforcement of German military power, while the fact that Tsarism is on the same side as the Entente reveals even more clearly where the true enemies of socialism are: thus, the victory of the Entente would bring a new age of oppression to the whole world. So workers' parties throughout the world must fight *against Russian Tsarism*. Advising the proletariat to adopt neutrality (as Trotsky does) means opting out from history, it is revolutionary cretinism. So the object of world socialism is the crushing defeat of Russia and a revolution in that country! Unless Russia is decentralised and democratised the whole world is in danger. And since Germany bears the main burden of the struggle against Muscovite imperialism, the revolutionary movement there must be suspended for the time being. At a later stage victory in war will bring class victories for the proletariat. THE VICTORY OF GERMANY IS THE VICTORY OF SOCIALISM! (November 1916, pp.647-8).

One wonders if there might be a resemblance between the pro-German arguments of Parvus and the pro-German arguments of James Connolly and Roger Casement.

Parvus had worked with Lenin on the journal *Iskra* since 1900 but, at the time of the Bolshevik/Menshevik split, he had sided with the Mensheviks, without totally identifying with them. According to the account by Heinz Schurer:

"Parvus and Rosa Luxemburg both upheld the conception of the spontaneous action of the masses as opposed to the Leninist idea of the direction of the movement by a spearhead of professional revolutionaries."

About the same time Parvus was contacted by the younger Trotsky and together they had taken charge of the Socialist contribution to the 1905 revolution. To quote Schurer again:

"By the end of 1904 Trotsky had completed the manuscript of a pamphlet on the prospects of the Russian revolution to come. No sooner had he placed it in Parvus' hands than the stirring events of January 9, 1905 {the massacre of demonstrators led by the priest, Georgiy Apollonovich Gapon, in St Petersburg—PB} took place. Profoundly moved by these developments Parvus wrote a preface to the pamphlet which in the boldness of its prognosis went far beyond anything any Russian Marxist had yet dared to predict. Parvus set the course firmly for the conquest of political power in Russia by the social democratic party alone ... The only one who accepted the idea was Trotsky ..."

In Solzhenitsyn's account, to Lenin, stranded in Geneva and firing "*letter after letter*" to Russia:

"It had all seemed so obvious. Knuckle dusters! Clubs! Gasoline-soaked rags! Spades! Guncotton! Barbed wire! Nails (for use against mounted police) [...] Climb to the upper stories of buildings and rain stones down on the troops! Pour boiling water on them! Keep acid up there to pour on the police!

"Parvus and Trotsky had done of these things, but merely arrived in Petersburg, issued a proclamation, and convened a new organ of government: The Soviet of Workers' Deputies. They asked no one's permission, and nobody hindered them. A pure workers' government! Already in session! Although they arrived a mere two weeks before the others [the other revolutionary exiles—PB], they had taken control of everything. The chairman of the Soviet was their man of straw, Nosar; its outstanding orator and general favourite, Trotsky; while its inventor Parvus, directed it from behind the scenes. They had taken over the struggling *Russian Gazette*, which sold for one kopeck and was popular in style and tone, and suddenly sales rose to half a million and the ideas of the two friends flowed out to the masses" (pp 640-1).

In the repression that followed 1905, while Lenin was tied up in his philoso-

phical dispute with Alexander Bogdanov and what we might almost call the mystical wing of Bolshevism, Parvus was in Turkey, establishing himself as a major industrialist, making a fortune and acting as financial and political adviser to the Young Turk Government. His pro-German policy gave him a voice in the councils of the German Government. He had, in other words, what Lenin so conspicuously lacked—power within the existing financial and political system. Lenin, on the other hand, had—or at least Parvus, on Solzhenitsyn's reading, thought he had—a disciplined body of determined revolutionaries organised under his command throughout Russia. He also recognised Lenin as the best, most determined mind among the revolutionaries.

Parvus, then, is proposing a deal to Lenin. He, with the backing of the German Government, would provide money and weapons which Lenin would use to organise a series of mass revolts both on the basis of class and national minority interests ("*our most important lever is the Ukrainian movement. Without the Ukraine to buttress it the Russian edifice will soon topple over*". p.650). Lenin, however, knows that he doesn't have the means Parvus thinks he has:

"What he had was ... a tiny group, calling itself a party, and he could not account for all its members—some might have split off. What he had was ... *What is to be done?, Two Tactics, Empiricriticism, Imperialism*. What he had was ... a head, capable at any moment of providing a centralised organisation with decisions, each individual revolutionary with detailed instructions and the masses with thrilling slogans. And nothing more, no more today than he had eighteen months ago ..." (p.677).

He turns Parvus's offer down:

"Lenin tried to think how he could refuse help without giving offense, without losing an ally, how to conceal his own secret while divining that of his companion [...] If there was no chink in his armour, why was he making this second approach, and so insistently? Had his strength failed him? Or his funds perhaps? Had his network broken down? Or perhaps the German government was no longer paying so well? They made you work for your money, once they had you hooked.

"How good it was to be independent! Oh no, we're not so weak as you think! Not nearly as weak as some! [...]

"Trotsky's complaints against his former mentor—that he was frivolous, lacked stamina, and abandoned his friends in time of trouble—were so

much sentimental rubbish. These were all pardonable faults and need not stand in the way of an alliance. If only Parvus had not committed gross political errors. He should not have exposed himself by rushing at a mirage of revolution. He should not have made *The Bell* a cesspool of German chauvinism. The hippo had wallowed in the mire with Hindenburg—and destroyed his reputation. Destroyed himself as a socialist once and for all.

"It was sad. There were not many Socialists like him!

"(But although he had destroyed himself, there was no sense in quarrelling. Parvus might still be enormously helpful.)"

As he was when it came time for Lenin to return to Russia in 1917.

Parvus As A Caricature Jew

That is the substance of the exchange between Lenin and Parvus, a matter of politics—politics of a high order. At the same time, however, Solzhenitsyn contrasts Parvus the wealthy sybarite with Lenin the impoverished ascetic. Lenin hallucinating the dialogue with Parvus while he reads his letter in 1916 remembers their meeting in Bern in 1915:

"How shamelessly Parvus displayed his wealth even in little things [...] In Bern he had ambled about a cheap student canteen (dinner sixty-five rappen) in search of Lenin, puffing the most expensive of cigars."

He is portrayed as physically repulsive. As Lenin tries in his hallucinatory state to read the letter Sklarz has given him, "*Parvus's hippopotamus blood spurted from the letter into Lenin's feverish hands, poured into his veins, swirled threateningly in his bloodstream ...*"

When Parvus emerges himself out of the suitcase:

"There he stood, life-sized, in the flesh with his ungovernable belly, the elongated dome of his head, the fleshy bulldog features, the little imperial—looking at Lenin with pale watchful eyes. Amicably, as ever."

To quote an account from an article published in *Soviet Jewish Affairs* discussing Lenin's memory of their encounter in Bern, when the ostentatiously wealthy Parvus visited the ostentatiously impoverished Lenin and the two sat together (Laurel and Hardy?) on Lenin's bed:

"Switching from the demonic to the perverse, Solzhenitsyn now has this couple riding on Lenin's bed: 'Just a massive Swiss iron bed, with the two of them upon it, great men both, floating above a world pregnant with revolution

...' Parvus is so close to Lenin that the latter feels 'a gust of marshy breath, right in his face.' The pudgy Parvus leans physically on Lenin, '...forcing him farther and farther along the bed until he was sitting on the pillow and could feel the bedstead against his elbow.' All the time Parvus is 'pushing' and 'pumping in' his behemoth's blood [...]

"Just below the surface a homosexual act is being suggested. Parvus is 'pumping in' not only the marshy breath from his mouth, not only the blood from his veins, not only the money from Germany, but also the 'demonic semen' which will produce the 'embryo of the revolution'."

The suggestion that Parvus is a caricature Jew and that through him Solzhenitsyn is arguing that the Russian revolution is the result of Jewish machination is, I think, first made in a book by Alexander Yanov—*The Russian New Right* (Berkeley, Institute of International Studies, 1978). A very fascinating book, I might say, and I hope to come back to it in a later article.

Parvus, in Yanov's account,

"comes to a weak, beaten, powerless rival, proposing a collaboration. Why? What for? This is the most important and decisive question for us at the moment.

"Is it not because, in the first Revolution, in 1905, he made a mistake by relying on a Jew—Trotsky—as the potential leader of a *Russian* revolution? Is it not because he suffered defeat then, and Russia survived 1905? It must not survive the new revolution. That is why Lenin, the Russian (even if only by a quarter) is now needed ..."

In fact nothing of the sort is suggested in Solzhenitsyn's account. Parvus, as we have seen, thinks Trotsky has gone wrong. He regrets that their collaboration is no longer possible. But never mind.

"Certainly this person is a German agent [...] But does this explain his inhuman intellect, his seismographic sense of movement in the depths, his ability to predict things earlier and further into the future than anyone else—an ability before which even the 'diabolical' genius Lenin became confused, effaced himself, and retreated into the background? [...] It is clear that for him the Germans are only executors, just as Lenin is. He is merely using them to achieve his own satanic goal, as he once used Trotsky, and as he now intends to use Lenin. No—he is not a 'devil'; he is a tempter of devils [...] he is the very Mephistopheles of 'devilry', its inspirer; he is the grey eminence; he is the true ruler of history, in whose hands the Bolsheviks and the Germans

are only marionettes, twitching at his will [...]

"If the reader has some doubts that this is supposed to be Satan himself (the Jew anti-Christ, emerged from the depths of Russia, prophesied by Konstantin Leont'ev) Solzhenitsyn destroys them in one wonderful scene worthy of the pen of Mikhail Bulgakov when he wrote *The Master and Margarita*" (pp.108-9).

He then describes the emergence out of the suitcase.

What is missing from this account is of course the fact that Lenin turns him down, and considers that in so doing, he has scored a moral victory over him, has proved to be the stronger of the two. Though admittedly a rather ridiculous edge is given to this as Lenin turns back to his efforts to start the world revolution in Switzerland.

Bogrov

At the time Yanov was writing Parvus was, I think, the only case of Solzhenitsyn writing at length a negative portrayal of a Jew—if that is what it is. If the reader does not share my impression that Solzhenitsyn's obvious ideological hatred of Parvus is combined with a quite lively and even sympathetic—that is the nature of Solzhenitsyn's genius as a writer—admiration. The most notable other major portrayal of a Jew was the very likeable Lev Rubin, based on Solzhenitsyn's one time friend Lev Kopelev, in *In The First Circle. The Gulag Archipelago*, vol 2, had a page of photographs of camp commanders, all of whom happen to be Jewish. We will come back to that, perhaps, in a later article. But in 1985, with the publication of the expanded *August 1914*, Parvus was joined by Bogrov, the assassin of Stolypin. As we have seen, Pipes accuses Solzhenitsyn of exaggerating the importance of Bogrov's Jewishness. In a footnote in his book *The Russian Revolution* he had already made the points he made in his review of *Two Hundred Years*:

"Bogrov, who came from a thoroughly assimilated family (his grandfather had converted to Orthodox Christianity and his father belonged to the Kievan Nobles' Club) was a Jew only in the biological ('racial') sense. Even his given name, which Solzhenitsyn chooses to be the Yiddish 'Mordko', was the very Russian Dmitrii" (p.189).

Solzhenitsyn on the other hand has it that Bogrov's paternal grandfather—

"turned out to be a writer of some talent: Bogrov's *Memoirs of a Jew*, published by Nekrasov, was favourably

received, though it provoked attacks from Jewish readers by exhibiting the less pleasant sides of Jewish life. Quite late in life this grandfather was baptised so that he could marry an Orthodox Christian girl. He abandoned his first family and died in the depths of the Russian countryside before his grandson was born. The son of his first marriage, Gersh Bogrov, remained loyal to the Jewish faith, inherited money from his mother's family, and became an influential lawyer and a millionaire [...] He was a prominent member of the Kiev Nobles Club, chairman of the Senior Members of the Concordia Club, and well known as an extremely lucky gambler [...] The family frequently went abroad and lived like Russian aristocrats" (*August 1914*, p.453).

As a result of the disruptions in 1905 the Tsar issued his 'October Manifesto' allowing the establishment of a Russian Parliament, the 'Duma'. Bogrov at the time was attending University in Munich. To take up Solzhenitsyn's account:

"Immediately after the manifesto of 30th October came the Kiev pogrom, news of which made Bogrov desperately anxious to return. 'I cannot remain idle abroad while people are being killed in Russia!' But his parents would not let him have a separate passport, though he was nineteen years old."

In Munich—

"he was tortured all the time by the knowledge that he had turned his back on the stark struggle in that hard year and at the end of 1906 he went home to Kiev" (p.454).

One of Solzhenitsyn's main sources (a source that goes unmentioned by Pipes) is a biography of Bogrov by his brother, Vladimir, who, Solzhenitsyn tells us, was in Munich with him, so one might assume that this is the source he is using here.

Bogrov joins the anarchists—"Naum Tysh, the Gorodetsky brothers, Saul Ashkenazy, Yankel Shtainer, Rosa No 1 (Mikhelson) and Rosa No 2". In these circles, Solzhenitsyn tells us that:

"In response to discrimination against the Jews and to a number of events affecting them in Kiev after the Second Duma had been dissolved in its turn, Bogrov declared repeatedly, and to various people, that it was time to go over to terrorist action against the state, and recommended the elimination of the head of the Kiev security police, the senior gendarme officer and the commander of the Kiev Military District, Sukhomlinov" (pp.455-456).

Later, in 1909, as we approach the time of the assassination: "*still he had*

not taken a single step towards his great objective. It was four years now and still he had not exacted revenge for the Kiev pogrom of 1905 ..." (p.461).

In a passage partially quoted by Pipes, Bogrov is beginning to fix his attention on Stolypin:

"Stolypin, and no one else, was the strong man of unbridled reaction. Stolypin was the most dangerous and the most pernicious man in Russia (he was often mentioned with hostility in Bogrov's father's circle). Who, if not Stolypin, had broken the back of the revolution? Against all the odds, the regime had been lucky enough to find a man of talent. He was changing Russia irreversibly, but not in a European direction. That was an illusion. He was strengthening the backbone of the mediaeval autocratic system so that it could last and no genuine liberation movement would be able to spread.

"Some might say that Stolypin had introduced no anti-Jewish measures. No, but he had created the general atmosphere of depression. It was under Stolypin, and with the election of his Third Duma, that the Jews had begun to give in to despondency, to despair of ever obtaining the right to exist as normal human beings in Russia. Stolypin had done nothing directly against the Jews, he had even made their lives easier in some ways, but it did not come from the heart. To decide whether or not a man is the enemy of the Jews you must look beneath the surface. Stolypin boosted *Russian* national interests too blatantly and too insistently—the *Russianness* of the Duma as a representative body, the *Russianness* of the state. He was trying to build not a country in which all were free, but a nationalist monarchy. So that the future of the Jews in Russia was not affected by his goodwill towards them. The development of the country along Stolypin's lines promised no golden age for the Jews.

"Bogrov might or might not take part in revolutionary activity, might associate with the Maximalists, with the Anarcho-Communists, or with no-one, might change his party allegiance and change his character many times over—but one thing was beyond doubt: his exceptionally talented people must gain the fullest opportunity to develop unimpeded in Russia" (pp.461-2).

In January 1910 he graduates, becoming a professional lawyer, but,

"As a Jew he could not immediately become a practising attorney ... With his university diploma he could now live where he pleased [ie he could leave the Zone of Residence where Jews were allowed to live. Jews could not live, or

their right to live was restricted, in historic Russia—PB]. This right had previously been denied him because, like his father he refused to change his religion for the sake of privilege. His first name was always given as Mordko in official documents" (pp.462-3).

He goes to Petersburg and reveals his intention to kill Stolypin to Yegor Lazarev, a leading figure in the Social Revolutionary movement. In the course of a long discussion, Lazarev (who has some difficulty taking him seriously) says:

"But you are a Jew. Have you considered seriously what the consequences could be?"

'He had considered everything. His automatic response was even prompter than before.

"Precisely because I am a Jew I can't bear the knowledge that we are still living—if I may remind you—under the heavy hand of the Black Hundred leaders. The Jews will never forget the Krushevans, Dubrovins and Puryshkeviches. Remember what happened to Herzenstein. And Iollos. What of the thousands of Jews savagely done to death? The chief culprits always go unpunished. Well, I shall punish them.'

"Then why not go straight for the Tsar?" Lazarev asked with a smile.

"I've thought it over carefully. If Nikolai is killed there will be a pogrom. But there will be no pogrom for Stolypin. Anyway, Nikolai is only Stolypin's puppet. Moreover, killing the Tsar would do no good. Stolypin would continue his present policies with still greater assurance under Nikolai's successor'..." (p.467).

Lazarev wrote memoirs which are another of Solzhenitsyn's sources. I can't say if this dialogue or anything like it appears in them.

Bogrov is not asking for help from the Social Revolutionaries but he wants them to give their sanction after the deed has been done: "*he had to go to his death with the assurance that he would be supported and explained*".

But—

"he did not carry any conviction. Lazarev refused outright even to submit Bogrov's proposal to the SR Central Committee. He gave him one piece of advice: that if his present state of mind was not just temporary he should confide in no one else. Bogrov could see that he was doomed to remain isolated ... It was quite hopeless trying the Social Democrats. Secretly they would be glad of the murder, but publicly they would dissociate themselves from it and feign indignation" (p.468).

At one point, in 1911, very shortly

before the actual assassination, he has an opportunity to kill the Tsar. But:

"This Tsar was a title, and no more. Not a worthwhile target. An object of public ridicule, the utter nonentity this wretched country deserved. Why shoot him? No successor would ever weaken his country more than this Tsar had. For ten years past people had been killing ministers and generals but no one had touched the Tsar. They knew better.

"On the other hand, the vengeance exacted if he were killed or wounded would defeat Bogrov's ends. If the Tsar were done away with anywhere else, it might not be too bad. But if it was done in Kiev, and by him, it would mean a terrible pogrom. The mindless mob would rise up in rage. The Jews of Kiev were his own flesh and blood. The thing of all things Bogrov would most want to prevent on this earth ... Kiev must never become the scene of mass outrages against the Jews, this or any other September.

"He heard the still, sure voice from three thousand years back" (p.482).

As he obtains the ticket that gives him entry to the Opera House where he finally kills Stolypin:

"Now he had the ticket in his hand!

"Keep calm. Fold it again. Pocket it.

"On that ticket depends the fate of the government. The fate of the country. And the fate of my people."

Bogrov's motives for killing Stolypin are problematical even without considering the extent to which he did or didn't feel himself to be a Jew acting on behalf of his people. He was—and had been for some time—on the payroll of the Okhrana, the Tsarist secret police, thus posing the question: was he a sincere revolutionary, using the Okhrana for his own purposes? was he, wittingly or unwittingly, acting on behalf of elements in the Okhrana hostile to Stolypin? or had he been rumbled as an Okhrana agent by revolutionaries who threatened to kill him if he did not commit a terrorist deed?

The question is further complicated by the fact that, according to the record of his first interrogation, Bogrov expressed pride in his deed as a revolutionary act. But in the course of his trial, he declared that he had in fact been working quite sincerely for the Okhrana and had been threatened by the revolutionaries. As a result he had intended on their orders to kill his Okhrana handler, but when he had the opportunity he had felt sorry for him and had been unable to go through with the act. Having the oppor-

tunity soon afterwards to kill Stolypin was an accident.

This is the version of the story Pipes favours, making of him a frivolous man who sells his soul to the Okhrana to pay off gambling debts (though his father was a very rich man, himself a gambler and therefore presumably not unsympathetic to the problems of a gambler, and what Bogrov was receiving from the Okhrana seems to have been peanuts). Solzhenitsyn's account, on the other hand, is an effort to reconcile all the apparent contradictions in the story on the assumption that he was a principled revolutionary acting as a loner, independently of any of the existing revolutionary movements.

On the question of a specifically Jewish motivation, Pipes says that

"the most likely source of the claim that Bogrov acted as a Jew and on behalf of Jewish interests is a false report on the right-wing daily *Novoe Vremia* of September 13, 1911, that prior to his execution Bogrov told a rabbi that he had 'struggled for the welfare and happiness of the Jewish people'. In reality he had refused to see a rabbi before his execution" (*Russian Revolution*, p.189).

According to Solzhenitsyn on the other hand:

"Next day, Sunday, a rabbi was allowed in to see the condemned man. 'Tell the Jews', Bogrov said, 'that I didn't want to harm them. On the contrary, I was fighting for the benefit of the Jewish people'.

"That was the one and only part of his testimony to remain unchanged.

"The rabbi said reproachfully that Bogrov might have caused a pogrom. Bogrov replied, 'A great people must not bow down to its oppressors'.

"This statement also was widely reported in the press. [which may not be a very reliable source—PB]

[...]

"Many Jewish students in Kiev went into mourning for Bogrov."

After The Assassination

The Chapters on Bogrov and the assassination of Stolypin are preceded by a Chapter in which Bogrov's motives are discussed in lively manner by two of Solzhenitsyn's fictional characters, "Aunt Adalia" and "Aunt Agnessa" in the presence of their niece, Xenia, a young woman much more attracted to the aesthetic movement that was sweeping through Russia at the time:

"Of course it was historic: in its results, its consequences, the act of 14

September [assassination of Stolypin—PB] surpasses all other acts, it is the crowning achievement of Russian terrorism! There is nothing to equal it except the bomb of 13 March [assassination of Alexander II in 1881—PB]. And as an act of retribution—'

"Aunt Adalia shook her head doubtfully.

"You know, I somehow feel that Bogrov's deed owes nothing to us. The public is not so wholeheartedly enthusiastic about 14 September as about 13 March. The action on 13 March was carried out by our own hands, and People's Will took responsibility for it. Whereas that of 14 September was carried out by an ambiguous figure, an alien soul, a creature of the shadows. And nobody claimed responsibility for it, then or later.'

"And that is a disgrace to the revolutionary parties! Bogrov's action was a *tremendous* event! In three respects, you might say. It was carried out in a year when terrorism was supposed to have been crushed once and for all. It was organised by a single person. And the victim was the biggest and most dangerous bull in the reactionary herd."

"Aunt Adalia drew in her bony little elbows with a shiver.

"You're wrong, I tell you. Honour is more important than all else! You have been arguing that a terrorist can be forgiven for many things, and I agree. But there is one sin for which no court of honour will ever forgive a revolutionary, and that is collaboration with the security services."

"Only it wasn't collaboration! You have to distinguish between collaboration and involuntary contact in the course of an operation, between working for them and using them for the sake of the revolution'..." (pp.438-9).

Solzhenitsyn complains that, perhaps not with quite the same enthusiasm as Xenia's aunts, this was the approach of almost the whole of the intelligentsia and liberal elite, starting with Bogrov's father:

"Neither the estimable Bogrov senior, nor the worthy corporation of lawyers whose sole vocation was to see justice done, nor yet a single one of the respectable newspapers, the 'professorial' press included, could spare time from the extremely important question of whether Bogrov was an honest revolutionary to consider another one: did a bumptious twenty-four-year-old have the right to decide all by himself what was best for the people and shoot at the heart of the state, to kill not only the Prime Minister but his whole programme, to change the course of history for a country of a hundred and seventy million people."

He continues:

"But a louder sound than any of these rolled over Russia—the sound of prayer. Some people had gone straight from the theatre to the Monastery of St Michael for a service of intercession that very night. There were countless services in the churches of Kiev on 15 September. Prayers were offered continuously in the crowded cathedrals of St Sophia and St Vladimir and many of the congregation wept undisguisedly [...] A series of services was commissioned at the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan by the Octobrists, the nationalists, the State Council, the War Ministry, the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of Agriculture ..."

But he concludes, as many the chapters in *The Red Wheel* do, with a folk saying:

'Pray as they would
It did him no good'

Solzhenitsyn revisits the Bogrov story in *Two Centuries Together* and is unrepentant:

"clearly in Kiev's ideologically progressive Jewish circles, there would be no softening toward Stolypin for his attempts to remove anti-Jewish restrictions. Among the well-off, the scales were tipped by memory of his energetic suppression of the 1905 Revolution and displeasure over his efforts toward the 'nationalization of Russian credit', i.e. open competition with private capital. Among groups of Kievan Jewry (and those of Petersburg, which the future killer also frequented), was active a *field* of ultra-radicalism, which led the young Bogrov to consider not only that he had the right but the obligation to kill Stolypin.

"So strong was this *field* that it enabled this to happen—the capitalist father Bogrov rises in society, he's a capitalist who does well in the existing system, while Bogrov the son commits to the destruction of that system. And the father, after the assassination, declares publicly that he is proud of him.

"In fact Bogrov wasn't so alone after all: he was quietly applauded by those in circles that had earlier declared unconditional loyalty to the regime.

[...]

"And what happened in 'reactionary Kiev', populated by a great number of Jews? Among Kievan Jews in the very first hours after the murder, there arose a mass panic, and a movement to abandon the city began."

But,

"There came to pass not the slightest attempt at a pogrom."

[...]

"The newly sworn-in prime minister Kokovtsov at once called Cossack regiments into the city (all these forces were on manoeuvres and far away) and sent all governors an energetic telegram: prevent pogroms by all means, including force. Units were deployed to an extent not done against the revolution.

[...]

"And not a pogrom took place in Russia, not one, not in the least. (Although we often read dense volumes how the Tsarist government dreamt only of arranging Jewish pogroms and was always seeking a way to do so.)

"Of course the prevention of disorder is a direct duty of the state, and in successfully carrying out this task, to expect praise would be inappropriate. But after such a shocking event and on such grounds—the murder of the prime minister!—the avoidance of pogroms, the threat of which had sown panic among Jews, could be noted, even if just in passing. But no—no one hears anything of the sort, no one mentions *that*.

"And what's even difficult to believe—Kiev's Jewish community did not issue a denunciation or an indirect expression of sorrow over the murder. Just the opposite—after Bogrov's execution many Jewish students, male and female, brazenly dressed in mourning.

"Russians at the time noticed this. It has now been published that in December 1912 Vasily Rozanov wrote: 'After [the murder of] Stolypin, I've somehow broken with them [the Jews]: would a Russian ever have dared kill a Rothschild or any of *their* great men?'

"From the historical viewpoint there come two substantial thoughts on why it would be folly to write off Bogrov's deed as the 'action of internationalist forces'. The first and central of these was that it wasn't so. Not only Bogrov's brother in his book, but also various neutral sources indicate that Bogrov really believed he was working to improve Jewry's fortunes. The second thought: to take up what is inconvenient in history, to think it over and to regret it is responsible, while to disavow a matter and wash one's hands of it is shallow.

"However, that's what happened almost from the start. In October of 1911, the Octobrist faction requested an inquiry on the murky circumstances of Stolypin's murder. And at that moment parliamentary deputy Nisselovich protested: why did the Octobrists not conceal in their request that Bogrov was a Jew?! That, he said, was anti-Semitism!

"I too have had experience of this incomparable argument. 70 years later I was the object of a most severe accusation on the part of the American Jewish

community: why did I *not conceal*, why did I say that Stolypin's killer was a Jew? It does not matter that I described him as fully as I could. And it wasn't important what his Jewish identity meant in his motives. No, non-concealment on my part—this was anti-Semitism!!

[...]

"But how can one complain about Jewish memory when Russian history itself has permitted this assassination to be wiped clear of its memory? It has remained some insignificant, collateral blemish. It was only in the 1980s that I began to raise it from oblivion, and for 70 years it was unacceptable to remember that murder.'

A Storm In A Teacup?

I have discussed this at some length because it is the passage most usually given as evidence of Solzhenitsyn's anti-Semitism. And it had a considerable effect on Solzhenitsyn's reputation. The accusation of anti-Semitism moved out of the narrow sphere of Russian emigrant politics into the general culture.

The account of Bogrov appears in the expanded version of *August 1914*, published in Russian in July 1983, followed in December 1983 by the French translation. Owing largely to the slowness of Harry Willetts, the only translator Solzhenitsyn trusted, the English translation did not appear until 1989. In *Sketches Of Exile* Solzhenitsyn tells what happened in the US after the Russian version had been published but before anyone had a chance to see the book in English.

In 1984, the poet Lev Losev, who had left the Soviet Union in 1976 as part of the Jewish emigration, wrote a review of *August 1914*, which included an account of the assassination. In the course of it he said:

"One can see clearly the emergence of this mythologem, the antagonism of Good and Evil, Darkness and Light, the Cross and the Dragon ... In the image of the serpent whose bite kills the Slav knight, an antisemite would without difficulty find a parallel with the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* ... If we descend right to the depths it is in fact no longer a question of Bogrov and Stolypin, or revolutionaries and reformers, of Russians and Jews, but of an essential conflict taking place in the very heart of human nature ... On one side 'pure reason', enraged, rises up in opposition to the 'organic principle' ..." (vol 2, p.412).

Solzhenitsyn regards this as a matter of Losev being carried away by his own

eloquence rather than any malice on his part:

"Perhaps this article would have encountered a certain echo in the emigration press but it would never have constituted a development in the course of events if Losev, on holiday in Europe, hadn't shortened his article (not yet published) for a broadcast on the radio and if he hadn't read, in his own voice, over the waves of Radio Liberty, everything you've just read—*Protocols* included—to be heard by the subjects of the Soviet Union.

"The result? Well, Radio Liberty (which operates thanks to money from the American tax payer) had, so it was claimed, manifested, in its broadcasts directed to the USSR 'a certain sympathy for the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*'. Lev Roitman, of the Russian service of Radio Liberty, wrote to the President of the joint Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe to complain that 'independently of Solzhenitsyn's book, the picture of the terrorist and his victim painted in this broadcast goes beyond the framework of "intellectual" antisemitism and constitutes a variant of biological anti-Jewish racism ... It is an insult to the listeners and to those who work for this station'."

But that was just the beginning. Losev's broadcast was part of a series of programmes devoted to *August 1914* (which was as it happens being read at the same time on the *Voice of America*). The series was immediately stopped and replaced with one on the Jewish writer Valerie Grossman—"at least no one could find fault with that, that could only bring them compliments".

In January 1985, the *New Republic* published an article complaining that—

"The speaker described Bogrov as a 'cosmopolitan ... having nothing Russian about him either by blood or character' ... it presented a conflict between the satanic 'dragon' and Stolypin, the 'Slav knight'—it was said that Bogrov's act was 'a shot fired at the Russian nation itself'—implying: the Jews are responsible for bolshevism. Even the official Soviet antisemitic propaganda hasn't yet gone so far as to cite *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. But us?"

In conclusion:

"Radio Liberty has fallen under the control of fanatical Russian emigrés ... The Reagan administration has put in charge of the chain, George Bailey ... and he has hired as presenters a group of Russian emigrés who share the views of Solzhenitsyn" (p.416).

The case was taken up by the *New*

York Daily News, *Washington Post* (quoting Pipes), *Los Angeles Times* and the *Boston Globe*. Bailey was sacked. Approaches were made to Solzhenitsyn's American publisher to try to prevent publication of the English translation of *August 1914*. One writer (Lev Navrozov in the Jewish journal *Midstream*) declared: "*August 1914* is the new *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*." The climax was a Senate enquiry:

"On the 29th March 1985, then, the hearings took place—not of just any old subcommittee, no—of the Senate Commission on Foreign Affairs. The moving power of these hearings was one of the leading figures among the American democrats, the highly respected Kleyborn [sic in the French translation—should be Claiborne—PB] Pell, a gentleman from the state of Rhode Island. This august assembly was finally to shed light on the mystery: how an American radio station, subject to checks, duly managed, more three times over than just once, had been able to throw itself bridleless into the abyss of antisemitism—and how Solzhenitsyn, in his impudence, had succeeded in using American money for the purposes of an anti-American propaganda (I have in front of me the 140 typed pages of the record of this august meeting—that's what they said just in one single day. If they'd been able to chatter away for a whole week ...!)."

In fact, perhaps a little disappointingly from the point of view of the story, the hearing was wound up after this first day, concluding that, again quoting Solzhenitsyn, "*this whole storm was nothing but a panicky gust of wind got up by a bunch of stool pigeons*" (pp.431-3).

It should be said however that the whole controversy was part of a wider struggle for the soul of *Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty*. The stations, originally established by the CIA, had since 1974 been administered by the supposedly independent, but Congress-funded, Board for International Broadcasting. The Reagan administration had greatly increased the available funding and appointed James L. Buckley (James Baykley in the consistently odd renditions of American and English names in the French translation) as its head. James Buckley was the elder brother of the Conservative theorist William F. Buckley. He had in 1976 been proposed by Jesse Helms (who, we remember, saw himself as a sponsor for Solzhenitsyn) as an alternative leader for the Republican Party to Ronald Reagan, considered too left wing. He was in charge of RFE/

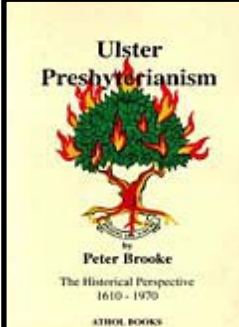
RL from 1982 to 1985 and this, together with the increased funding, was seen as a shift towards a more militant anti-Communist position in accord with Reagan's characterisation of the Soviet Union, supported by Solzhenitsyn, as an '*Evil Empire*'. According to an article in the *New York Times* (30th August 1984, "*At Munich's US radio stations, what's news?*" by James Markham), George Bailey, "*a gregarious American linguist and former C.I.A. officer*", was said to have been appointed at Solzhenitsyn's suggestion.

The article refers to the organisation's—

"1,674 staff members—a lively and disputatious group of Poles, Uzbeks, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Bulgarians and many others [is it an accident that Russians aren't mentioned? or Jews?—PB]. But lately a malaise has seized some veteran employees who fear that an activist, vigorously anti-Communist management may be jeopardising the station's hard won credibility in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union."

Andrei Yanov's book *The Russian New Right*, published seven years earlier, in 1978, gives in an Appendix two letters anonymously posted on the walls of the office of Radio Liberty, in 1975 and 1977, signed "*The Russian Nationalists*", complaining that the station was being taken over by the largely Jewish "*third wave*" of emigration. Among the Jews who are named are at least two prominently involved in the campaign against *August 1914*, the "*whore*" Vadim Belotserkovskii and "*the provocateur*" Lev Roitman. Belotserkovskii was sacked from the station in 1986.

The absurd row over *August 1914*, then, perhaps covered something a little less absurd, a quarrel among the Dissidents going back to the days when they were were still in the Soviet Union and touching on the intellectual ferment out of which Alexander Dugin and his '*National Bolshevism*' was to emerge. We shall perhaps have a look at that in the next article in this series. I also hope to look in some detail at the actual content of *Two Centuries Together*.

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VOX

PAT

Frank O'Connor

DEV!

Shaw To Muriel!

War And 'War'?

RTE

Achievements!

A Primrose Peace!

Dev Again!

Proseletysing?

Frank O'Connor

"I couldn't live in Cork," he said. "I had to clear out as soon as I could."

"You don't like your native town?"

"Oh, I love it," he growled in his sonorous Cork accent. "I love it. But I couldn't live in it. Impossible." He explained that as an idealistic and rebellious young man, he had been driven almost mad there and had escaped to preserve his sanity. He imagined I would feel something the same about Belfast. If so, I should clear out while the going was good. But maybe, he added, Belfast was not as bad as Cork." (Conversation with Frank O'Connor, The Middle of my Journey, John Boyd, The Blackstaff Press, 1990)

DEV!

"To sit on a safety valve is a notoriously dangerous expedient."

Eamon de Valera, 1926.

Shaw To Muriel!

"In London, people of good social standing seem to have no difficulty whatever in getting rid of undesirable additions surgically on the flimsiest pretexts. I am of course quite aware of the arguments in favour of legalising the operation; but... it is not my subject; and it is not a man's subject anyhow : the women must handle it, as it is they who claim the right, or repudiate it" (Not Bloody Likely and other quotations from Bernard Shaw, Columbia University, New York, Letter to Muriel Mac Swiney, June 8, 1931, Collected Letters, ed. Dan H. Laurence, vol. 4 (1988).

War And 'War';?

The school for slow learners took on a new emphasis (and a progressive one at that) on RTE Radio One on the 21st September last, when host broadcaster, Aine Lawlor in an interview with Gerry Adams, President of Sinn Fein : she blurted out the words ". . . the war in the North", in all his years listening to

the State station, the present writer has heard only one description in relation to the war and that was the term 'troubles'— as if the housewives of the Falls and the Shankhill came out dressed in their pinafores and rolling pins to take each other on. Despite the fact that at one stage, 22,000 British troops occupied the so-called Northern Ireland state.

Similar phraseology is used in relation to 1916 and the War of Independence, what other country would call their patriots 'rebels'; a national Uprising, a rebellion. Have you ever heard any of our broadcasters or media commentators describe the British presence as that of an Occupation Force? British Imperialism itself is quick to seize on such phraseology when it refers to the various freedom fighters and others who oppose their imperial interests. I won't mention the "Great War". It sure was!

"Out of 193 countries that are currently UN member states, we've [Great Britain] invaded or fought conflicts in the territory of 171. That's not far off a massive, jaw-dropping 90 per cent" (All the Countries we've ever Invaded-Stuart Laycock, The History Press, 2013).

Come to think of it, there has been many a Test Cricket match and they never achieved that number of runs!

RTE

"RTE is the only State company which carries more passengers every year than CIE"

Minister for the Environment

John Boland in 1986.

Achievements!

"I'd love people to feel a real pride in what our ancestors did. When you stop and look back and see the things they had to go through, the things that they put up with, the things that they achieved. They were knocked back again and again, and yet we have what

we've got because of them. We wouldn't exist only for them. They managed to get through, they managed to survive, and we owe them so much"

(John Burke, former Primary school teacher at Passage East, Co. Waterford for 40 years, and author of two recent publications: Irelandopedia and Historopedia).

A Primrose Peace!

On Monday, 9th January 1922, following the Irish Free State Provisional Government's parliamentary acceptance of the Treaty of Surrender, the following full page advertisement appeared on the front page of the The Freeman's Journal-Ireland's National Newspaper on behalf of the Goodbody company:

Peace!

What is Ireland clamoring for?

Peace!

What is everybody craving for?

Primrose

The two "P's" will bring joy and contentment to all.

Goodbody's are contributing to the Peace by working day and night to supply the country with Primrose Cigarettes

Everybody wants them— Everybody must have them; They soothe the troubled brain. The Cigarette of the day is

Primrose

Dev Again!

"I was reared in a labourer's cottage here in Ireland. I have not lived solely among intellectuals."

Eamon de Valera speaking during the Treaty debate in 1922.

Proseletysing?

A new scheme has been launched to tackle bullying of [Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender] LGBT children in primary schools.

New research has found that the most common age that people realise they are LGBT is 12.

The new initiative, called All Together Now, includes resources and lesson plans for teachers.

Youth organisation "Belong To" which created the programme, says 50% of LGBT students have experienced homophobic bullying in schools. (Evening Echo, Cork-18.10.2016)

What is the the alleged Jesuit maxim "Give me a child for his first 'twelve' years and I'll give you the man" ???????"
