

Church & State

A Pluralist Review Of Irish Culture

Crown Immunity For Newspapers

John Hewitt

The Anglo-Iranian War Of 1941

Spanish Civil War: *Diversity Of Volunteers*

Peter Sutherland: God's Banker

No. 88

Spring 2007

Price: Euro 2 / £1.50

Crown Immunity For Newspapers

The newspaper industry has now been placed beyond the law by the law itself.

This has been done by a judgement of the Supreme Court regarding documents presented to the Mahon Tribunal on the understanding that they would remain confidential unless the Tribunal judged that it was necessary in the general interest to make them public.

The Supreme Court ruled that a newspaper which gets possession of such documents, by whatever means, has the right to publish them. This deprives the Tribunals of the judicial power of self-protection. It is an abdication of law by the law. It is justified in the name of freedom of the press.

What freedom of the press now means is that newspaper Editors can publish what they please, subject only to the law of libel. Libel law is for the very wealthy. Only millionaires can have recourse to it with any feeling of assurance.

Politicians, for all the talk of corruption generated by the press, are on the whole not very wealthy people. And, because their position is dependent on the will of the electors as expressed every few years, and they seek a mandate from the electors in free competition with rival politicians, freedom of speech is their medium of existence. They take it for granted as a fact of life, and for that reason, as well as for the reason that most of them do not have millions to spare, they rarely have recourse to the law of libel.

It was notorious that Charles Haughey might be libelled at will—and because of that he was libelled at will.

Albert Reynolds, on the other hand, had the habits of a millionaire. He had made himself wealthy by private enterprise before going in for politics, and as a politician he acted as a wealthy man who could take libel litigation in his stride. The free press therefore curbed its freedom with regard to Reynolds in a way that it never did with regard to Haughey.

The relationship between the press and the state has changed fundamentally in the course of the last generation. It used to be the case that newspapers were owned by different interest groups within the state, connected with the political life of the state. They were part of the representative political system of the state, which they influenced and were influenced by. The *Irish Times* was then an exception, being maintained by a small but wealthy segment of the old Protestant Ascendancy, and conducted in collaboration with the British state. Its influence on politics, exercised from outside politics, was negligible.

Today there is no national press in Ireland. The newspapers are owned by globalist capital. And the *Irish Times* has become a major newspaper controlled by an Oath-bound cabal and mysteriously financed.

The press operates outside the national body politic. Its purpose is not the representation of opinion within the body politic, but manipulation of opinion. Free speech in any general sense is not what it is about.

The press likes to invoke the sacred tradition of the Fourth

"...Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority..." (Thomas Carlyle, *On Heroes and Hero Worship*, 1841).

Estate. That antique term derives from an era when the British Parliament discouraged reporting of its debates. When it decided to allow reporting, and set up a reporters' gallery, somebody called that gallery the Fourth Estate, the other three being the King, Lords, and Commons. It was felt that something new had happened when Parliamentary debates about state affairs were made part of the daily reading of the populace.

Who reads Parliamentary debates today? If you want to read them, where can you find them?

The London *Times*, until about forty years ago, still took its function as an institution of the Fourth Estate in earnest. It carried every day an impeccably sub-edited account of the previous day's Parliamentary proceedings. That was also done to some extent by the Irish papers. The doing of it did much more than inform the populace about what their representatives were saying in the Legislature. It improved the debates by subjecting them to public scrutiny.

We believe that the Fourth Estate still survives in the USA. When we see an American newspaper, it puts us in mind of times past in these regions. The birthplace of monopoly capitalism sets bounds to monopoly, which we are incapable of doing here.

The Supreme Court ruling in the *Sunday Business Post* case brought by the Mahon Tribunal is absurd.

Tribunals have turned out to be the greatest interference with the liberty of the person since absolutist times—for all except the press! They can jail people for being in contempt—and we have seen that being insufficiently cooperative in turning over personal documents going back for decades is classified by the Tribunals as contempt warranting imprisonment. They also have the power to impose severe financial penalties in the form of refusing to pay for legal representation for respondents who don't subjugate themselves abjectly enough to the Tribunal process. As legal representation is essential, and wickedly expensive, for major figures appearing before the Tribunal, this constitutes a power to fine severely.

These powers go far beyond those possessed by any Court of Law in this land.

And yet. There is one Power which has now been ruled to be greater than the mighty Tribunal. That Power is the Press.

So, in law, a respondent may be forced by a Tribunal to divulge financial and other matters going back for decades, on pain of jail and financial penalty, but on a promise of confidentiality unless wrongdoing is found. But if the Tribunal fails to keep that information confidential, it may be broadcast by the press, and the Tribunal has now been banned by the Supreme Court from even taking out an injunction to prevent publication, if it should find out what is about to happen. The press can thus broadcast the personal affairs of people under investigation, who have not been found guilty of any offence.

The Supreme Court has arranged that the Tribunals and the Press are in an effective conspiracy to subvert the standing of any hapless individual who becomes caught up in the process.

What has happened to *innocent until proved guilty*?
The Tribunals need not have turned out the way they

"[The press] ...really is the only estate. It has eaten up the other three. The Lords Temporal say nothing, the Lords Spiritual have nothing to say, and the House of Commons has nothing to say and says it. We are dominated by Journalism" (Oscar Wilde).

have. They are based on a different system of law to the Common Law, with its duelling lawyers. There should be no spirit of controversy in the Tribunal process, only a calm and fair attempt to reach the truth. But that is not how things have been.

Tribunals are not law-courts, a fact often forgotten because they have been presided over by judges and because they can imprison people and fine them. They are semi-judicial institutions.

But these civil bodies have powers that are greater than those of the criminal courts in two crucial respects. First of all they can apply the lower standards which are permitted in civil litigation to criminal matters. A person accused of a crime in a court of law must have evidence which proves guilt beyond all reasonable doubt. But, in a Tribunal, the dictator in charge—the sole Chairman—can find someone guilty on ‘the balance of probabilities’, as Judge Moriarty did with regard to Charles Haughey in his recent report.

Mrs. Liam Lawlor, widow of one of the Tribunal victims, is bringing a Court case demanding that the Mahon Tribunal should apply criminal standards of proof in reaching its decisions. It is a case which is vital to protect what remains of the liberty of the individual, since the advent of the Tribunal/Press axis.

And, secondly, in a court of law no-one can be forced to confess, to incriminate himself or to testify against himself. That is the system of the Inquisition, the inquisitorial system, from which the Tribunal process derives. In law courts there is a right to silence. The prosecution must find objective evidence to prove guilt. The underlying totalitarian approach is that the accused is guilty if he does not confess. Or he must prove his innocence by divulging every detail of his financial and personal affairs in which the Tribunal has an interest. *Innocent till proved guilty* is not a principle of the Tribunal process.

The powers of the Tribunals are so wide-ranging that they must be exercised with discretion to be tolerable. But on the whole the Tribunals have not been conducted with restraint.

Conscious of the huge costs they are accumulating for the taxpayer, and fearful of the power of the Press, they have been led into militant adversarialism. There is also the suspicion that they have primed journalists from time to time, to raise pressure on those they are scrutinising by means of press sensationalism, trial by media.

But, with all the pressure they have applied with their superabundant powers, the Tribunals have yet to show that a single politician has made a corrupt decision—whatever impression people may have gathered from the way the press reports things.

On 4th April 2007 Vincent Browne wrote a very guardedly-written column entitled, *Tribunal Suppressed Evidence*. Two developers, Owen O’Callaghan and Tom Gilchrist, have fallen out. Gilchrist made private allegations about O’Callaghan to the Tribunal, which the Tribunal acted upon but did not inform O’Callaghan of. And Gilchrist made different allegations in public. O’Callaghan brought a High Court action, accusing the Mahon Tribunal of favouring Gilchrist: a case which he lost. However, there are a lot of ramifications to the issues between the two men. Vincent Browne mentioned the late Hugh Coveney in particular. (It will be remembered that the sudden death of this Fine Gael Minister is generally politely described as an accident.) Clearly Browne knows that there is a very strange story here, one of public interest—but he dare not write freely about it. Possibly he fears the law of libel—he could hardly be afraid of being in contempt of the Tribunal.

Michael McDowell is currently engaged in liberalising the law of libel. This magazine is totally opposed to this project,

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Church & State

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Euro 10 (Sterling £7.50) for 4 issues from

**P. Maloney,
C/O Shandon St. P.O., Cork City.**

because the Press has demonstrated that it will use any license granted to further undermine the democratic process and faith in Irish political institutions by targeting particular politicians, especially if they are in Fianna Fail.

It seems to us is that what is need is further curbs on the Press, not liberalisation. In particular it should not be allowed to publish documents stolen from Tribunals with impunity.

If a person can be put in jail by the Tribunal for failing to supply it with a document, should not the Tribunal also be able to jail a newspaper which publishes that document without authorisation?

It is often said that the freedom of the press is required to preserve democracy, but in Ireland the press is undermining democracy. It is not conducted to support a democratic political culture, but to demoralise the public and leave the State vulnerable to manipulation by globalist interests.

And, as Tribunals cannot guarantee confidentiality in their preparatory work for public hearings, should not their Chairmen now feel honour-bound, as officers of the legal system, to resign?

Cause For Concern

Vincent Browne draws the attention of readers to Adrian Hardiman's "brilliant" judgement in the O'Callaghan case against the Mahon Tribunal. Though a minority judgment of 1 against 4, it is "a meticulously forensic judgement":

"The most astounding of the revelations is that at one stage in his dealings with the tribunal Gilmartin alleged that—in the words of Hardiman—"the demise of a deceased office holder was brought about indirectly by Owen O'Callaghan". I understand the deceased office holder in question was the late Hugh Coveney...

"...Gilmartin also alleged... that O'Callaghan had "connived at the appointment of an important public servant to a position of significance in his own interest; that three well-known persons received bribes from Mr O'Callaghan and that these were lodged into offshore accounts in various named places; and that a named solicitor and other named parties were instrumental in seeking the resignation of another holder of public office in return for a large money payment".

"The tribunal had withheld this from O'Callaghan..." (*Tribunal Suppressed Evidence*, IT 4.4.07).

Incidentally, Adrian Hardiman was in a minority of two in the other case concerning the Mahon Tribunal, the *Sunday Business Post* case.

You can read the judgements for yourself on www.courts.ie

It's A Long Way To Tipperary

Reproduced below are the lyrics to the popular British song, much sung by soldiers on their way to the Western Front in Europe in the Summer of 1914. Readers may be surprised at some of the 'Irish jokes' in it.

Up to mighty London came
An Irish lad one day,
All the streets were paved with gold,
So everyone was gay!
Singing songs of Piccadilly,
Strand, and Leicester Square,
'Til Paddy got excited and
He shouted to them there:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter
To his Irish Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it,
Write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in "spelling",
Molly dear", said he,
"Remember it's the pen, that's bad,
Don't lay the blame on me".

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly,

Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Molly wrote a neat reply
To Irish Paddy O',
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants
To marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly,
Or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly,
Hoping you're the same!"

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Extra wartime verse

That's the wrong way to tickle Mary,
That's the wrong way to kiss!
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it best like this!
Hooray pour le Francais!
Farewell, Angletterre!
We didn't know the way to tickle Mary,
But we learned how, over there!

English Folk Poem circa 1764

They hang the man and flog the
woman
That steal the goose from off the
common,
But let the greater villain loose
That steals the common from the
goose.
The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the
common.
And geese will still a common lack
Till they go and steal it back.

"Freedom is what you
do with what's been
done to you."

Jean-Paul Sartre (1905-
1980)

Northern Ireland: The Centre Shares What Power There Is

The centre ground in Northern Ireland has made a kind of settlement. Sinn Fein has made an agreement with fundamentalist Unionism to operate a kind of local government under British authority, but with some connections with the Dublin Government.

The attempt to present the marginal elements of 'Constitutional nationalism' and the pretentious North Down variety of Unionism as *the Centre* that was sustained by official action has now been dropped.

It has long been evident that Dr. Paisley has been at the heart of Ulster Unionism. It is almost forty years since he undermined the pretentious and self-deluding Unionism of Captain O'Neill. Ever since then the Official Unionist Party has been unable to look forward because it was always looking over its shoulder at him.

The SDLP during its best days was the electoral wing of the community that sustained the IRA. It was incapable of acting independently of the Republicans because it knew that any earnest attempt to do so would ruin it electorally. Its moment of truth was in the Summer of 1971, when Brian Faulkner—the only 'moderate' worth a damn—proposed to inaugurate a power-sharing system through Parliamentary Committees at Stormont. The SDLP, taken by surprise in Parliament, supported the scheme, but when they came down the hill into the community, they realised that they dare not attempt it. The community was intent on getting rid of Stormont. The SDLP therefore pulled out of Stormont and added its weight to the great surge that led to the abolition of Stormont in the Spring of 1972.

John Hume understood the organic connection between 'constitutional nationalism' and the IRA through the medium of the community which they both served. His successors, Seamus Mallon and Mark Durkan, forgot about that relationship, and the community replaced the SDLP with Sinn Fein.

The new agreement to establish local government in the Six Counties is a practical recognition that the problem in the North is the existence of two national communities, and the non-existence there of the democratic institutions of the British state in which individuals from both communities might act together in politics. This journal, at its first appearance a third of a century ago, made

itself unpopular in the Republic by its advocacy of the 'two-nations theory' of the North. The two-nation view continues to be rejected in the South, even though every practical measure that is undertaken assumes it to be the case.

If there is one Irish nation, why is it not right that majority rule should apply to the whole.

And why is majority rule not applicable even within the region which on unspecified grounds is held to be entitled to set itself apart?

The North is no more a democracy now than it has been at any time since it was set up in 1921. The pretence of democracy, as maintained until 1972, has been dropped. The basic principle of democracy, that the majority rules, has been discarded. Local government is being restored on the basis that there is no more a Northern Ireland body

politic, than an Irish body politic, in which the elected majority can govern, even by weighted majority. The electorate is officially divided into two body politics; all the parties elected by each have the right to be in the Government; voting on important matters in the Assembly is taken on a community basis, and a majority of the representatives of each community is needed to carry a measure; and representatives elected from outside the two body politics, are sidelined.

This is not democracy.

The operation of this system will be supervised by an authority superior to it, and that is not democracy.

The supervising authority is the British state, which continues to run the big things in the North. But the electors in the North are excluded from the process of party-politics through which the state is governed: and that is not democracy.

Democracy is not a possibility of the Northern situation. The new agreement is an equalisation of conditions for the Catholic community in the conflict of communities. Communal conflict is all that is possible in the Constitutional entity called Northern Ireland.

Brendan Clifford

Progress In Iraq And Northern Ireland

When I picked up a copy of Samir Al Khalil's *Republic Of Fear*, intending to make a comment on his description of the functioning of Saddam Hussein's Baath regime in Iraq, I found inside it a cutting of an article by Mary Kenny from the *Irish Catholic*. Being an ancient Greek more than I am most other things, I took this hint from the gods of chance that the two were related.

The cutting is dated 24th January 2005 and is about *When Sinn Fein Was A Moral Movement*. She is angry about the way that "*Sinn Fein, once a high minded party has been dragged down by unethical and immoral elements*".

It seems that in 1994 there was a Peace Process, and she thought then that—

"Sinn Fein might actually recapture some of those ideals that originally attracted decent folk like my grandmother—the high-minded pursuit of Irish culture, of education, and indeed of morality within civil and public life. (In 1905, Sinn Fein had also developed an admirable association with bicycling, and such healthy open-air activities. As the bicycle is today lauded as the most ecological form of transport, I even

hoped that they might go back to promoting the bike!) But unfortunately it seems to have proved impossible to divorce Sinn Fein from the IRA."

I will take it that there was actually a Peace Process in 1994. I lived through so many peace processes in Belfast over a quarter of a century that I cannot remember them all, or distinguish them from one another. I had tried to preempt the war with a peace process back in 1969-70, when Mary Kenny seemed more interested in popularising the mini-skirt and introducing French Letters to minimise its impact. But, once the war got started, the various peace movements that arose in response to it struck me as being essentially futile because they did not deal with why it was possible to have a war.

The Republican war effort might have been evil. I don't know. I'm not good about evil. All I know about it is that the opinion that something is evil does not explain why it was possible for it to happen—unless of course one goes in for Manichean dualistic cosmology and assumes that there is a Devil who has the energetic power of the Universe

at his disposal, which he is willing to lend to anybody who is willing to be evil. But wasn't Hell abolished by Vatican 2? (Though the present Pope is trying to revive it!)

Mary Kenny says that in 1974, after the Birmingham bombings, which affected her emotionally, she had an argument with her late brother James, "*a lifelong Sinn Fein supporter*", about the drift of the republican movement. I gather from this that she was a republican until 1974.

"*Lifelong Sinn Fein supporters*" in the Republic in the mid-1970s were a great nuisance. Almost as great a nuisance as those who were rejecting their lifelong Republicanism because their ideals were being sullied by what was happening in the North.

In my experience there were no lifelong Republican activists in the North—well, maybe there were a few, who lived completely in an ideological fantasy and were oblivious of the socio-political reality around them.

I saw the effective Republicanism of the 'Provisional' movement creating itself in 1969-70 out of the chaos resulting from the breakdown of the state in August 1969. I remember it well because I tried to prevent it by establishing another line of development out of the chaos.

Large numbers of people who in 1968 were utterly dismissive of Republicanism found themselves becoming Republicans in 1969-70. It put me in mind of the way people became rhinoceroses in Ionesco's play. In the circumstances there was nothing else for them to be. They were ready to become something quite different. They thought they had become something quite different. But, when they were shocked out of their groundless routines by the events of 1969, they found they could not be what they thought they were. Therefore they became the only other thing that came to hand. But it was a Republicanism whose substance related specifically to the socio-political reality of the 'Northern Ireland state'—which was no mere matter of Protestant domination or discrimination or second-class citizenship, but an absence from the British state in Northern Ireland of the vital political functions through which modern democratic states work.

In my dimension as an ancient Greek—even though a Greek of the plays rather than the philosophies—I took Aristotle in earnest: "*Man is a political animal*". Man is shaped by the constitution of the state in which he lives, regardless of whether the politics of it interests him. The constitution—not a document that calls itself such but the way the state is constituted in its actual

functioning—determines in great part what he is. The human is infinitely adaptable and shapes himself to what he finds—even in rejecting it. And what the adaptable human found in the way of a state in Northern Ireland was utterly different from what is found in the Republic, and in the other parts of the United Kingdom.

It is not clear when, on Mary Kenny's reckoning, Sinn Fein fell from its original grace. She quotes P.S. O'Hegarty in praise of the primeval simplicity and straightforwardness of Sinn Fein as an "*essentially moral movement*", so it was probably in 1918-19, when it contested a General Election, gained a democratic mandate to establish independent government in Ireland, and took that mandate in earnest. It is not possible to establish a state while remaining essentially moral. The state is the arrangement of things within which morality exists in modern times, and without which it cannot exist, but it is not itself a form of morality. I suppose there have been situations in which the public framework of social life was indistinguishable from the morality that prevailed within that framework. But that kind of situation, being a Paradise, is not allowed to exist by the Christian (including post-Christian) civilisation which has achieved world dominance. So let's forget about it. We sent out missionaries to destroy those communities, assisted by soldiers and merchants (and preceded by explorers), and if a remnant survives here and there, it no longer matters.

We live by the million in large states, in a world which has been made exploitable for *us* by the vigorous activity of a few immensely powerful states. And, in order to keep the world in prime condition for us, the state must be allowed to act externally in ways that are incompatible with the morality that is inculcated internally.

Nietzsche, rejecting the formation of the German state, described the state as "*the coldest of cold monsters*". Rousseau said much the same thing more than a century earlier. But Rousseau acknowledged that in modern times, for European peoples, and for other peoples once Europe got to work on them, the state is all there is to live in. So he tried to make the best of it, and he didn't go mad.

I did my best to do away with 'the Northern Ireland state' and to get the Six Counties brought within the political life of the British state. I did not do this because I thought the British state was good. It is, I suppose, the most perfect state of modern times—or at least from the late 17th to the early 20th centuries—and therefore the coldest and the most conscienceless. But all that mattered was that it was the state that held the Six

Counties, and it would continue to hold them, and therefore the abnormal way that it held them, for its own ulterior purposes, was on the face of it the cause of those unpleasant things in the North that made Mary Kenny emotional and set her arguing with her brother.

It was conveyed to me from Downing Street and the Foreign Office that what I was attempting was hopeless. It was never put to me that the situation was not as I described it, only that Whitehall was determined that I would not succeed in changing it. If it had been shown to me that I had made a mistaken analysis of the basic cause of the trouble in the North, I would have given up, but I did not see Whitehall's determination that I should fail as a good reason for not trying.

The outcome did not depend merely on the will of Whitehall. If the leading strata of the Unionist community had sought a settlement through democratisation within the political life of the British state, Whitehall would have had to give way. There were many people in those strata who saw the sense in what I proposed. For a couple of years it seemed that they might go for it with a will. But Whitehall has extensive means of patronage and intimidation in Northern Ireland, as well as a propaganda apparatus that Goebbels might have envied, and as I saw the tentative Unionist will to be British in its political life being disabled by British influence I gave up.

A democracy is a form of state. It is a particular means of eliciting the acquiescence of the populace to government decisions. In federal states, which break down into small segments, there may also be direct activity of the populace in the life of the state, but in centralised states democracy is a means of eliciting acquiescence and disabling dissent. If the well-established means of doing this are put into effect, and yet a segment of the populace not only declares war on the state, but gets it going and sustains it for a quarter of a century under close supervision by the Government—perhaps in such a situation, it is allowable to have recourse to the notion of evil, if only because you find yourself at your wit's end. But, when none of the democratic means of eliciting obedience have been put into effect, it is sheer laziness or fecklessness to drag in the notion of evil.

"*Sinn Fein has been infiltrated... with a lawless gangsterism*", says Mary Kenny. "*Any time I have been in Belfast I was told that "the dogs in the street" know which rackets were being run by which side.*"

I have always been puzzled by that figure of speech. What the dogs in the

street know is actually a highly specialised and particular form of knowledge. It is the reverse of common knowledge.

As for the "*rackets*", they emerged when the provocative arrangement under which the British state shaped itself for the purpose of governing the Six Counties fell apart under pressure of the resentment it caused, and a wild attempt was made to terrorise that resentment into acquiescence in August 1969. What then came into being was a state of nature.

Mary Kenny, as an English Tory, should know something about the state of nature, at least theoretically, from the writings of that great Tory philosopher, Thomas Hobbes.

The authority of the state, effectively administered, is the framework through which law exists for the individual. When the state ceases to function, the law ceases to operate for the individual, and it becomes impossible for the individual to live by the law. In those circumstances, the unmediated conflict of each against all comes into play. And, to alleviate that impossible situation, protection rackets necessarily emerge as a relief from anarchy.

A proper English Tory would understand this—but of course the Anglicising Irish are not the real thing.

In a bygone era Parliament used to pass Acts of Oblivion to cover what people did in impossible situation, including the agents of the state itself. These were admissions that the state had brought about, or had allowed to come about, situations in which the state did not protect the individual in the observance of the law.

With the rise of the totalitarian ideology of the state this approach is no longer permissible—though the Good Friday Agreement came close to it. In old times, however, the state used to be frankly described as a superior protection racket. See not only Thomas Hobbes, but John Locke's famous Treatises in justification of the Glorious Revolution of 1688—otherwise known as the Penal Laws.

There was a public dispute within Ulster Unionism in the mid-1970s about this very matter. Enoch Powell brought with him to Ulster the totalitarian conceptions of modern liberalism, and Ian Paisley asserted the contrary view against him. Powell held that there was an absolute and unconditional obligation on the individual to be obedient to the state, while Paisley said there was a two-way obligation, and that, when the state failed to meet its obligations, the individual resumes his original right to fend for himself.

Mary Kenny seems to be in agreement with Powell on this matter, as also on some other matters:

"In the 18th century, before the rise of constitutional nationalism, or even of Daniel O'Connell, there were, similarly, lawless gangs who went around marauding the countryside and committing highway robbery. Even then there was a sneaking sympathy for the Dick Turpins—the successful highway robbers who showed great audacity. In Ireland, groups like the Whiteboys specialised in maiming cattle and committing other agrarian outrages against the lawful authorities. The gangster element in Sinn Fein today are really descendants of such outlaws, rather than political descendants of the 1905 Sinn Fein."

The absolute obligation on the individual to be obedient to the state, regardless of circumstances, could not be asserted much more strongly than this. To say that the state in 18th century Ireland did not protect the individual is to misrepresent the situation comprehensively. The state outlawed the people, and made laws to dispossess them of their property. Under the Penal Laws Catholics were not permitted to own what was called "*real property*", which was land, and there were strict limits to the other forms of property they might own. The only lawful property owners were the Protestant colonists. A Protestant who discovered that a Catholic owned land might take it from him through the process of law.

One case of expropriation through law (quite late in the Penal Law system, when it was beginning to mellow), has remained well known, because of a poem written in connection with it. Art O'Leary, having served as a soldier on the Continent, came home to settle down. He bought a horse which exceeded the value allowable to Catholics, refused to give it up on discovery, was killed in 1773, and became the subject of a famous Lament.

O'Leary was of the old gentry. I come from the mixed Gaelic development of Slieve Luacra, where the old distinctions of Gaelic society were melted into a kind of democracy without a state, which kept the English state at bay, and which absorbed into itself Protestant settler elements who had been put there for a different purpose. A web of settler landlordism was cast over the region but failed to grip it because of the vigorous peasant gangsterism of the Whiteboys. It was nothing from Dublin that kept Slieve Luacra free within itself. It owed nothing to either Ascendancy liberalism or Constitutional nationalism. It owed everything to its own "*gangsterism*", by means of which it prevented the demoralising influence of landlordism from being exercised on it, and which demoralised the landlords instead.

It is now one of the most conservative parts of Ireland. It is conservative because, in defiance of lawful authority, it preserved itself in a condition it finds worth conserving.

Peter Walsh, an interesting priest of the late 17th century, whom I have been intending for thirty years to put back into print but have never got round to it, wondered why oppression according to law should be considered better than lawless oppression.

The Irish were oppressed by law. They were outlawed by law. If they had not broken the law they would have been serfs.

This is obviously a delicate subject for an upholder of a structure of authority like Mary Kenny, and is all the more so as the state, whose structure of authority gives her a sense of orientation in the world, is not the state which produced her and in which she became notorious, but another state to which she transferred her effective allegiance, and that other state created a situation of disorder in the part of her country of origin which it still governs.

No state encourages its citizens or subjects to see it in perspective. It aspires to dominate the imagination so that there appears to be no contingency in existence, and life lived otherwise than in obedience to it becomes inconceivable. And that is how it is in the liberal state, no less than in the Communist state of the past.

But the British state governed its Irish segment in a way that necessarily brought about disorder and threw the individual in that region back on his own resources, obliging him to fend for himself. And all I see as surprising is that the breakdown was warded off for half a century.

Necessity is not clearly visible in socio-political affairs as it is in the natural world, but if the word is to be used at all, then it applies in the strongest sense to the form of the British state in Northern Ireland.

I'm not sure which adjective most accurately describes British government of Ireland in the 18th century and British government of Northern Ireland in the 20th—despotic, tyrannical, or some more exact word that escapes me. An adjective that does not apply is *representative*.

Britain governed Northern Ireland very badly, lived with the consequent disorder for close on thirty years, and told the world it was none of its business. But disorder in other states, or order not maintained through representative government, is its business. It has reverted to the practice of making and unmaking other states.

Two centuries ago Walter Cox, in his *Irish Magazine*, pointed out that the British state, which demanded unquestioning obedience to established authority at home, was the greatest destroyer of established authority abroad.

As I write it is touch and go whether an attempt will be made to destroy the Iranian state. The President wants to do it, but Congress is afraid of the consequences. If the President goes ahead with it, Britain will hardly stand idly by. Some countries in the EU will tut-tut, as they did with Iraq, but with their efforts to keep Iran defenceless against Western weaponry, they have been creating an atmosphere conducive to invasion. And Ireland has played its part in this—as it played its part in the invasion of Iraq and the destruction of the Iraqi state.

It is true that it did very little in the invasion of Iraq, beyond selling its soul. But it did the little that was required of it, and by doing so it discarded the fig-leaf of the United Nations. It helped in its small way to destroy a functional state and throw its people into chaos.

It was again given back the fig-leaf after the event. The United Nations, having refused to authorise the invasion, adopted a resolution legitimising the Occupation. Colin Powell appealed to the principle that if you break it you own it, and US/UK were given ownership of the state which they had broken.

Senator Mansergh was given the task of handling the dodgy morality of the affair. He argued that Ireland had preserved its neutrality by playing its part in the invasion without a UN resolution, whereas it would have breached its neutrality if it had refused to facilitate the invasion. This is not an easy thing to grasp. It requires special training.

When the UN gave retrospective legitimacy to the invasion by conferring legitimacy on the Occupation of the shattered state and its chaotic social consequences, Senator Mansergh became positively self-righteous about the whole affair.

Admittedly the Irish state was in a difficult position. It was beholden to the United States, and the US did not allow its dependencies to take refuge from its requirements behind the facade of the United Nations. Whoever was not for it was against it. The US was exempt from UN authority, and John Bolton (its Ambassador to the UN) took the trouble to explain to the world just why the UN was a sham, and that there were neither rational nor realistic grounds for the obfuscating mystique with which some people surrounded it.

The US in fact behaved rather well in the matter. It did its best to explain to the world the realities of world affairs,

and its own purposes in the world. It engaged in no deception. It miscalculated, but miscalculation is not deception.

Insofar as there was significant disagreement within the US about the invasion of Iraq, it was on the ground that the state that needed invading was Iran. But the White House had every intention of invading Iran. It just invaded Iraq on the way.

When Britain invaded Iran in 1941 it first overthrew the Government of Iraq, which it considered too independent, and installed a puppet Government. The Iraqi Government of the time was not hostile, only critical, but that was too much for Churchill. He was not going to put up with an independent spirit in Baghdad critically observing his depredations in Iran.

I assume that President Bush's advisers knew what Churchill had done—American history writing is not yet the shabby thing that English history writing has become—and they decided to repeat the operation.

The miscalculation lay in the fact that the Iraqi state in 2003 had not been reduced to the superficial thing it was in 1941. It had become a national state in substance during the interim, whereas it had been a national state in little more than name in 1941; and its national structure had survived a dozen years of sanctions and bombing and incitement to ethnic and religious rebellion.

It was a minor operation for Churchill to overthrow Rashid Ali and install Nuri es Said. Iraq was not a nation. There was no national resistance. It was a construct of British Imperial policy, designed to operate under Imperial hegemony, and the spirit of critical independence which it displayed in 1941 was characterised by Churchill as a "*revolt*".

The issue was the passage of a British Army through Basra for the invasion of Iran. Britain was entitled to this military movement under the terms of the Unequal Treaty, by means of which it set up a dependent Iraqi state. Rashid Ali did not revoke the Treaty, or try to prevent the invasion of Iran from his territory. He only asserted the right to monitor the passage of the invasion force. For that he was overthrown. Nuri, who was chosen by Britain to succeed him, was a sad figure, rather like William Cosgrave. He had taken part in the Arab Revolt against Turkey before bending to the Imperial will of Britain. He remained in place until the late 1950s, when the excessive demands made on him by Britain, following the humiliation of Suez, led to his overthrow by internal forces and to the beginning of Iraqi national development. And that is why Bush and Blair could not just knock

over the Iraqi Government on the way to Iran as Churchill did.

A writer on British Middle East affairs described Arabia in the period between the two World Wars as a *glacis* before the Indian Empire. (The book, as I recall, was called *Britain's Moment In The Middle East* by Elizabeth Monroe). A *glacis* is a killing-ground—sloped ground around a Castle up which attackers must climb and on which they can be killed easily. I cannot see that the region actually did serve as a *glacis*, but it's the thought that counts.

Iraq, however, has been serving as a *glacis* before the Iranian state. It has now been soaking up American military effort and American will for four years.

The Ameranglian miscalculation over Iraq is similar in kind to the miscalculation made in 1969 by so many important people in Dublin about the Ulster Protestants. It was a failure to recognise the existence of a national will in the enemy. The Ulster Protestants were seen as a brittle remnant left behind by feudalism. Iraq was seen as a 'tyranny'. Neither was expected to have any real capacity for resistance.

One might have expected the political intelligentsia in Ireland to have learned something from the costly mistake that was made about the Ulster Protestants and to have been more wary about Iraq. But they didn't—or *he* didn't, because there is only one.

Senator Mansergh says that the tyrant was got rid of. So he was. And so have three-quarters of a million other Iraqis.

But getting rid of Saddam is the good side while the other thing is the bad side, so one should rejoice in the good and deplore the bad. Isn't that so?

Except that the two things can't be separated. They are in substance the one thing.

Saddam's rule in Iraq was not an external force that imposed itself on the country, as England imposed its rule on Ireland for a great many generations. It was a "*tyranny*" of an essentially different kind to the English tyranny in Ireland. The Baath regime was organically connected with society in Iraq in its national social development, while the English regime in Ireland could look forward to a situation in which an Irishman would be as rare a sight in Ireland as a Native American in Manhattan.

Tony Benn's son, who is a Foreign Affairs Minister, said that Ameranglia gave the Iraqis their freedom and it's up to them what they do with it.

What it freed them from was a state in which they were undergoing a national and social development of the Western kind, and in which they were participat-

ing actively for that purpose. And the Irish had better reason than most to know this because they had quite close economic and cultural relations with Baathist Iraq before it was demonised for the purpose of being destroyed. But Senator Mansergh has apologised for that fact, instead of learning something from it.

Tyrannies, despotisms, dictatorships, as modes of necessary development have not been unusual since the older forms were broken to bits in the Great War of 1914-18, which the Irish Government is now beginning to celebrate as a glorious event. And the liberal democracies, which now assert the right to knock over states which are not liberal democracies, themselves became democracies on foundations laid by generations of despotism and plunder—which in the United States took the form of genocide.

The national development of Iraq under the form of tyranny, despotism or dictatorship—the words no longer have specific meanings—was described in a book published in 1989: *Republic Of Fear* by Samir Al Khalil (which first caught my attention because I am related to the clan of the Khalils). I wrote a review of it in the Autumn of 1990, when war on Iraq in the name of the United Nations was impending, but the rapid succession of events that was then set off caused it to be set aside.

Samir Al Khalil turned out to be the pseudonym of Kanan Makinya, who had worked with the Ba'ath regime before going into exile and writing about it within intense hatred, complicated by a large degree of understanding. In 2003 he returned to Iraq with the invasion, in the entourage of Eoghan Harris's colleague, the spiv Ahmad Chalabi, and was funded to establish a body called something like the Institute Of Memory. I gather that he has now returned to the United States where he holds an academic position. It does not seem that he has published another book—about the consequences of the destruction of the *Republic Of Fear*.

Implicit in the tone of the book is the suggestion that the modernisation of Iraq on Western lines was possible through liberal-democratic politics, even though this is more or less explicitly denied. The book therefore has no ground of its own. It is incoherent and its viewpoint is unsustainable in action, and in that respect it is of a kind with the Marxism of the White House and of Downing Street at the critical time, though not so stupid:

"Like all varieties of nationalism, some anti-imperialisms, and nowadays Islamic fundamentalism, Third Worldism, which embraces them all, is totally uninterested in, if not actively hostile to, broader considerations on the human

condition. Whatever else this may be, it no longer has the remotest connection with either Marx or Napoleon's philosophers" (p74).

It is true that people in the Third World, who are desperately trying to make something of themselves after we have destroyed what they were (and what they were content to remain) have little concern for our existential problems.

"The Ba'ath carry this thinking to their usual extremes: everything is relative and in the process of becoming; nothing is legitimate that is not made by them; everything has a purpose derived solely from the exigencies of the movement and its goals. 'Remember always', Saddam Hussain once said to party militants, 'the principles and experiences which are special to you are the only ones that represent final truth and which are able to respond to the task of building the new society for the Arab nation' ..." (p74).

Is it different with us? That depends on what we are. If Senator Mansergh is right, and British is the default position of Irish, then we made ourselves exclusively out of our own experiences and inclinations, and destroyed a great part of the world in doing so.

"Ba'athist ideology... is about fabricating a parochial world made up exclusively of social myths... The combination of myths and organising concepts like imperialism acts as a filter in relation to the outside and provides a model not for what Arab society is, or what it might realistically change into, but what it is willed into becoming. The important thing... is not the ideas themselves, or their correspondence to social reality, *but the initiative taken in making them real*. The myth is portrayed as a new beginning rather than a pack of lies about the present or the past" (p174-5).

Just as with us and the Glorious Revolution, with its false but effective organising concept relating to Catholicism—which justified Penal Laws for close on two centuries.

"The traditional hierarchy of status and authority—the professor followed by the secondary- and primary-school teachers—has not been inverted by Saddam Hussain; it has been abolished. The primary-school teacher is merely closer to the raw material of the revolution... This equality before political authority he calls democracy... The child, the least free member of the traditional Iraqi family, is put on an equal footing with his mother and father, and the latter are stripped of authority" (p80).

If it was necessary that the peoples of Mesopotamia should cease to live in their various traditional cultures and become citizens of a secular Iraqi nation-state—and that became an undeniable necessity in a world dominated by European imperialism—what is described here was something that had to be done. It could not be done democratically, because the tendency of democracy, where it is not subject to irresistible authority, is conservative. It could only be done by a structure of authority which was able to enlist the willing participation of the populace in activity. And that is what Makiya describes, hates while he is describing it, and yet does not stand for the traditional forms of life which are throwing themselves into this crucible of development to be re-made into new people:

"In Iraq the mass consumption of printed matter and the fabrication from above of an imagined/imaginary world through which party and state manipulation of all communications media has acquired the awesome power once wielded by the Soviet and Polish bureaucracies" (p84).

In 1980 the two nation-wide daily papers had a combined circulation of 14 million. And there were in addition two Baath Party dailies. Makiya contrasts this with the variety of small circulation papers that existed in the past, and comments:

"...total censorship and sheer bulk were used to uproot and swamp the variegated texture of all forms of public dialogue, at least insofar as this was reflected in a variety of independent newspapers and journals. Second, the Ba'ath broke down the traditional exclusivity of reach of printed matter by enforcing a compulsory education laws and promulgating repeated and sustained campaigns to eradicate illiteracy... All illiterates between the ages of fifteen and forty-five had to attend assigned adult education classes" (p85).

"The entry of women into the educational system... is another noteworthy Ba'athist accomplishment. In 1970-71, there were 318,524 girls in primary schools, 88,595 at the secondary level, and 9,212 at university level. For the 1979-80 school the absolute numbers were as follows: 1,165,856, 278,485, and 28,647. By 1980 women accounted for 46% of all teachers, 29% of physicians, 46% of dentists... [etc]

"These important changes... ought to be considered alongside the 1978 amendments to the Code of Personal Status... The preamble states that the new code is based on 'the

principles of shari'a, but only those that are suited to the spirit of today.' The break with tradition... occurred in two important areas: first, authority was given to a state-appointed judge to overrule the wishes of the father in cases of early marriages; second, the new legislation nullified forced marriages... The intent... was to diminish the power of the patriarchal family...

"A Ba'thist innovation was the insertion of one or more popular committees in each *shari'a* court to deal with Personal Status Law... and the law stipulated that at least two members must be women...

"In general, wherever women were clearly being involved in new areas of decision making, these were explicitly formulated as pertaining somehow to their sex (not their individual personhood) and simultaneously 'politicized' to a remarkably unnecessary extent" (p88-90).

[In this situation of] "the forced mobilization of large numbers of people to better themselves" (p93), only "mediocrity can flourish" (p99).

"Their project was to destruct the social reality they inherited into a new set of equally weighted elements—frightened, rootless individuals, alienated from their traditional groups (kin, tribe, sect, class)—and then to reassemble these fragments within a new state-centralized network of relationships... The only sense in which one can speak of the Ba'ath as bourgeois lies in their trenchant insistence on the creation of a genuinely mass society in which individuals have been uprooted and alienated from their past" (p128).

"Why were there 1 million party members, or 677,000 armed men by 1980? Who 'forced' them to enter? ...These are murky waters indeed" (p130). Makiya does not answer the question. By the time he asks it, he has made it an unnecessary question by his description of how the traditional communities of the region had offered themselves up to be remade into human material suitable for an Iraqi nation state which was an active player in the world of capitalist imperialism which had doomed the older order of things.

And the matter is murky only if one considers progress to be murky. I take it to be the murkiest thing that has ever happened in human history, but that is an eccentric view, since almost all thought in recent times is thought founded on, and governed by, progress in one or other of its forms—Adam Smith's and Karl Marx's.

Something different might have been done with Mesopotamia by Britain when it conquered it 90 years ago. Something different began to be done. Sir Arnold Wilson, the Colonial Administrator who accompanied the conquest, began to govern it as part of the Empire, leaving the great variety in its ethnic, religious, and communal life to carry on more or less as it had done under the Turkish Empire. When Parliament expressed the intention of making an Iraqi nation state, he pleaded with it not to. But nationalism was the British fashion of the time (except for Ireland), so Parliament ignored his pleas, and set in motion the process of capitalist/individualist development—a process of destruction and regimentation which took root within Iraq two generations after nominal independence was conceded, and then was suddenly aborted a generation after that. (Kuwait was the excuse. But the US had given Baghdad the green light for Kuwait, without which it would not have happened, before making it the reason for destroying the Iraqi state.)

Makiya describes the Baath state as a crucible of development into which all communities in Iraq were drawn. The picture of the Shia majority being subjected to a reign of terror by a Sunni dictatorship bears little resemblance to the reality. The Shia were not only participating in the political process of the state, but constituted the main body of the Army which made war on Shia Iran, with Western backing. Religion was transcended in public life by Iraqi national development and had been reduced to a private refuge for those who could not bring themselves to participate actively in the developmental political process of the state.

The emergence of "*fundamentalism*" as the dominant form of social life only began when the West brought overwhelming power to bear on the destruction of the Iraqi state.

During that long process of destruction (1991 to 2003) it appears Saddam understood that the West was determined that the liberal, secular national state which he had constructed would not be allowed to survive, and that he made extensive arrangements for the final act of destruction to be met with a resistance in which Baathism and religious zeal were interwoven.

I imagine that the Marxists who dominated the understanding of the White House and Whitehall in preparation for the war did not deliberately misunderstand the situation in order to make trouble for themselves. I assume that what their gross miscalculation signifies is the atrophy of understanding in a culture which has lost its insights and become merely sociological.

Report

The following extract from an exchange in the Senate on January 31st was sent to us by a reader, with the title, *Government Senator Martin Mansergh Red Baites Senator Brendan Ryan And Gay Baites Trinity College Senator David Norris*. It has to do with the defensive apologetics of the Government concerning the use of Shannon Airport by United States flights connected with the invasion of Iraq and the destruction of the Iraqi state.

Whether one considers the Government of Cuba good or bad, the Irish State has no responsibility for it. It has responsibility for the invasion of Iraq, having made facilities available for it, and is therefore reasonably suspect of complicity in what followed

Mansergh's Pathetic Polemics

[Senator Mansergh:]

"Reference was made to a discredited regime with reference to the Bush Administration. I noted with considerable interest a newsletter circulated recently and presumably for electoral purposes by the mover of this motion, Senator Ryan. It contained a photograph of himself and President Fidel Castro.

Mr. Norris: What is wrong with that?

An Leas-Chathaoirleach: Senator Mansergh without interruption.

Dr. Mansergh: I find it extraordinary that someone who is so concerned about empty aircraft going through Shannon Airport, does not seem to have the same concern for a 45-year old—

Ms White: It is a dictatorship.

Dr. Mansergh:—Communist dictatorship which carried out thousands of executions in the early years and executions in 2003 of people trying to flee to the United States—

Mr. Norris: What about those who placed bombs on a commercial airliner with the assistance of the CIA?

Dr. Mansergh:—which was condemned by Amnesty International and writers on Latin America.

Mr. Norris: Did the Senator prefer Batista and the barons of the drug cartels?

Dr. Mansergh: While I do not doubt the idealism of Senator Ryan, a strand in the European left is blind when it comes to the question of double standards. I am shocked the Senator would be pictured with the leader of a discredited regime which is holding back the country over which it rules. It is almost as if we would prefer a socialist dictator who offers no chance of democratic change to a capitalist democrat who will, without question, leave office in January 2009.

Mr. Norris: President Bush will probably be impeached before that date...

...
Condoleeza Rice is a busted flush and liar, as is George Bush. I have never been stopped from describing them as such in the House. These words have also been used in the British Parliament and Congress in Washington, while American citizens have stood outside the White House in recent days with banners emblazoned with the same words. The reason is that Ms Rice and President Bush are liars, and with poll ratings of 28% President Bush is a busted flush. This is a man who wanted to legitimise torture. The reason his Administration regards torture as legal is that Ms Condoleeza Rice, if she is a woman, stated during the bloodbath in Lebanon that what we were witnessing was the birth pangs—

Dr. Mansergh: Could we avoid raising

questions of sexual identity?

Mr. Norris: If the Senator is intelligent enough to listen, instead of smirking and giggling, I will explain. The reason I call into question Condoleeza Rice's intellectual or emotional gender identity was her description of the bloodbath unleashed by the Americans and Israelis in Lebanon as the birth pangs of democracy. I reserve the right to question the fundamental humanity and decency of a person who would use such a phrase to describe the catastrophe unleashed in Lebanon. If Senators believe Condoleeza Rice they are very foolish.

How are we anti-American when we are on the same side as the American people and Congress? The fools on the other side have aligned themselves with a discredited element in one of the worst governments the United States has ever had and its worst ever presidency..."

A Page From History

The Anglo-Iranian War of 1941, a clear act of aggression by Britain, has been all but written out of history. In Martin Gilbert's *Second World War*, for example, it gets half of a short paragraph in a book of 846 pages. The brief account of it given here is from a contemporary history of Britain's Second World War published in quarterly instalments as it occurred: *A Record Of The War* by Sir Ronald Storrs. It appears in the volume for The Eighth Quarter, covering July to September 1941, published early in 1942. From that moment onwards it was a disappearing quantity as it was not considered quite suitable for the British mythology of the World War, in which it was only the Germans who would not allow states to be neutral and invaded them and set up puppet Governments in them.

The invasion was conducted jointly with Soviet Russia. Britain and Russia again shared out Iran between them as they had done for the 1914 War. Until a month previously, Britain had been contemplating military action against the Russian oilfields, but now it collaborated with Russia to take direct control of Iranian oil

The Anglo-Iranian War

"...British propaganda by wireless and otherwise was active. The Russians, who had already warned the Government of Iran of the activities of German agents and their plans to effect a *coup d'etat* should the Shah prove backward, prepared a note which was presented and also broadcast on the day of the invasion. It gave instances of the friendliness of the U.S.S.R. to Iran, disclaimed any territorial ambitions (as did the British) but informed the Iranian Government that since three warnings had proved ineffective, the U.S.S.R. must now send troops into their territory in accordance with their rights under the Treaty of 1921.

Early on August 25 the British and Indian forces entered Iranian territory. The invading force was composed of two groups. One, based upon Basra, operated from the south. Its main body was a motorized column which took off from Tanuma, on the north bank of the Shatt el-Arab, i.e. the river formed by the confluence of Tigris and Euphrates, made a detour northwards and attacked Khorramshahr, a garrisoned border town, from the rear, surprising its defenders. A bayonet charge carried the wireless station which was found intact. A subsidiary move in which the Navy co-operated was directed against the Iranian naval barracks on the east bank of the Karun River, where the Iranian fleet appears to have offered some resistance which was speedily

overcome with negligible loss on our side. The sloop *Babr* was fired and beached. The sloop *Palang* (950 tons, 15 knots), two small gunboats, a depot ship and a floating dock capable of taking a ship of 6,000 tons displacement, were captured. Admiral Beyender, the Iranian naval commander here, was killed, apparently during a brief street fight with Indian troops.

Another Indian force landed under cover of the Fleet and the R.A.F. on the beach of Abadan Island. The aerodrome and the oil refinery were captured without difficulty, but there was some fighting in the streets in which two British officers were killed and a battalion commander wounded with some twenty casualties among other ranks. A Baluch battalion landed at Bandar Shapur, the terminus of the Trans-Iranian railway on the Gulf, and captured two more small gunboats. There were eight Axis ships in harbour, one of which was destroyed by her crew. The rest, three Italians and four Germans, were captured with their crews, 100 in number. All were repairable. The Abadan force pressed forward rapidly, as did the column which had taken Khorramshahr. A pincer movement gave us the high ground of Qasr Sheikh which lay on the motor road to Ahwaz. Two guns, three armoured cars and 350 prisoners were taken here. Airborne troops descended on the great oil-field at Haft Khel to protect or effect

the evacuation of the families of the British employees of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. But here and at Masjid-i-Suleiman the British had been left alone by the authorities and evacuation was unnecessary.

While these operations were in progress the northern group of the Imperial forces had been in action. It started from Khanikin, about 100 miles north-east of Baghdad, with the oil-field at Qasr-i-Shirin, and the formidable Paitak Pass over the Zagros Mountains, the gate to Central Iran, as its immediate objectives. The force was divided into four columns. Aghurka battalion took the frontier post of Chosroes, while an Indian armoured brigade led by a British Hussar regiment, after cutting the communications between Qasr-i-Shirin and Kermanshah, joined hands with the Ghurkas at Qasr-i-Shirin and then marched towards the Paitak Pass. Another column which followed the Ghurkas over the border at Chosroes turned south-east towards Gilan and a fourth occupied Naft-i-Shah oil-field after brushing aside the resistance of a small Iranian force.

On August 28 a *communiqué* issued at Simla announced that in the south our troops had completed "mopping-up" operations at Khorramshahr, our gunboats had gone up the Karun River to Bandar Mashur, where British subjects had been threatened with arrest, and more troops had landed at Bandar Shapur. In the northern area the southern column of Hussars and Warwickshire Yeomanry, operating from Khanikin, had advanced from Gilan on August 26 through mountainous country and had driven 2,000 Iranian troops from the high ground east of Gilan after a sharp fight. Next day the column occupied Shahabad, having covered about 100 miles in under three days. It had been reinforced by an armoured brigade from Saripur which was to have attacked the Paitak Pass, and by the Household Cavalry who had arrived from Iraq. A mechanized infantry brigade took the place of the armoured brigade but after the news reached the Iranian commander at the Pass that the British were moving on Shahabad and thus threatening his rear, his troops, some 8,000 strong, did not defend Paitak but retreated after being bombed by the R.A.F. Our airmen had also bombed the aerodrome and hangar at Ahwaz and destroyed half a dozen Iranian aircraft on the ground, besides dropping leaflets over Iranian maps and towns as far north as Teheran.

The Russians had also made rapid progress. They were three divisions strong and were commanded by General Novikov. By the evening of August 26 their mechanized troops advancing from Lenkoran and Julfa were in occupation of Lissar, on the Caspian coast, Ardebil, Tabriz and Dilman, on the western shore of Lake Armia. They bombed the aerodrome at Chalus, on the Caspian, next day and continued their advance towards Pahlevi and Mianeh. They met with little opposition and it was becoming increasingly plain that the Allies would only encounter a token resistance. On the British front the attitude of the population

was resigned or friendly and our troops were surprised to find that in several apparently well-cultivated districts the inhabitants were near famine and looked miserably underfed. The Shah had in fact agreed to the sale of great quantities of cereals to the Germans who were to receive them by way of Turkey and the Black Sea, and his subjects were paying for the success of his profitable deal. It was not surprising, therefore, that on August 28 envoys met the advancing Russians and British Imperial troops with the news that the Shah had ordered his troops to cease their resistance and had sent them to discuss the conditions of an armistice. By then the British were nearing Kermanshah and had taken Ahwaz, while the Russians were approaching Pahlevi and Zinjan.

Diplomatic relations between the Allies and the Iranian Government had not ceased after the entry of their troops into Iran. On August 25 Sir Reader Bullard and the Russian Minister, M. Smirnoff, saw the Shah together. On the following night it became known that Ali Mansur, the Iranian Prime Minister, had tendered his resignation to Riza Shah, who accepted it next day and appointed M. Farouki in his stead. The new Prime Minister promptly informed Parliament that the "cease fire" had been ordered and made it clear that the Government wished to come to terms with Great Britain and Russia. Their policy received the unanimous approval of the House. Negotiations immediately began and by September 6 it became known that the Iranian Government had agreed to the broad lines of a settlement whereby the Russians would remain in occupation of northern, and the British of southern Iran while the German danger persisted, and the Iranian railways were to be used for the transport of goods, naturally including war-material to Russia. Measures were also to be taken by the Iranians to expel or surrender Germans whose presence was regarded as dangerous.

There was one serious omission in the settlement. It contained no definite provision for closing the German Legation, the Headquarters of the German agents who had been active in Iraq and were a constant source of danger to Allied interests in the Middle East. This oversight provoked sharp comments in the British Press, notably in *The Times*, and on September 7 a new Allied note specifically demanding the closing of the Axis Legations in Iran and the surrender of the German nationals in Iran to the British and Russians, had been communicated to the Iranian Foreign Office, and its terms accepted by the Prime Minister and the Shah.

Performance, however, lagged behind promise... The British and Russians, whose troops had already made contact, resumed their advance, and the Iranian Government were warned that they would now occupy Teheran. On the night of September 15-16 Moscow broadcast a rebuke of the Iranian Government who were accused of insincerity, "unforgivable slowness" and "a desire to postpone by every means possible the realization of the measures directed against the actions

of Hitlerite agents in Iran." Next morning the Teheran wireless broadcast the following statement:

"At 11 o'clock the extraordinary sitting of Parliament took place at which it was stated that H.M. Riza Shah Pahlevi abdicated on account of failing health, and according to the law of the Constitution his son, the Crown Prince Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, has been appointed the rightful King..."

[Ten years after that a democratic Government, led by Dr. Mossadeq emerged, despite the efforts of the puppet regime. When it tried to tend to Iranian national interests, it was overthrown by subversive methods by Britain, actively assisted by the USA.]

Origin Of Concentration Camps

A debate in the *Irish Times* was started by Tim OSullivan, who wrote:

Madam,—In a lively article on Nazi propaganda films which exploited Ireland's independence struggle, Kate Holmquist remarks that concentration camps were a German invention ("Irish rebels with a German accent", *Weekend Review*, January 27th). I quote: "The Germans, who invented concentration camps, created the fiction that it was actually a British invention during the Boer War."

A Spanish general named Weyler first implemented the use of reconcentration, or "camps of reconcentration" to enclose the Cuban civilian population loyal to Spain in what were meant to be safe areas. This was during the Cuban War of Independence in the 1890s, when the Spanish empire was faced with a guerrilla insurrection. Those outside the designated camps were to be deprived of amenities and forced into submission. In practice, about 25,000 died in the "camps of reconcentration" due to poor diet and disease.

A few years later during the Boer War, in what is modern South Africa, Britain's General Kitchener used "concentration camps" to contain hostile civilians. These were mainly Boers, whites of Dutch origin. Blacks were also subjected to this treatment. Some 28,000 whites and 14,000 blacks died in Kitchener's camps. The tactic played a major part in winning the war for the empire.

The British concept of camps or areas of concentration for civilians was different to that of the Spanish in that

they were deployed to house a hostile or suspect population. The result in both cases was the same for those "concentrated": their mortality rates rose sharply due to being confined in large numbers in ill-prepared quarters.

So, a case can be made for either Spanish or British origin, depending on how the concept is defined. Even within the past year there have been a number of instances in the British broadsheet press where commentators or editorial writers have referred to the concentration camp as being invented by the British during the Boer war.

As for myself, being Irish, I am at ease accepting the concentration camp as a British invention.

[**Martin D. Stern** wrote from Salford in England (1.2.07), suggesting that a distinction be drawn between Concentration Camps and Extremation Camps, while **Prof. Geoffrey Roberts** (1.2.07) responded suggesting that Concentration Camps were an Irish invention—because they were used by Lord Kitchener, "the author of this policy during the Boer War". Kitchener was born in Ballylongford, Co. Kerry. (This letter brings to mind Wellington's famous remark about being born in a stable does not make one a horse.) However, the final word went to **Pat Muldowney** (7.2.07), writing from the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil—]

Some correspondents to this page have cited Germans, British and Spaniards as contenders for the dubious honour of creating the modern concentration camp. But surely the system of "Indian Reservations" gives post-independence America some claim to this distinction? Early photographs show reservation villages enclosed by walls or palisades guarded by US soldiers. With their livelihoods destroyed, and meagre supplies of inferior food, the families imprisoned in these camps faced a virtual death sentence.

Holocaust denial is a crime in some countries. But denial acknowledges the moral outrage associated with extermination, and is therefore less repugnant than holocaust condonation, which makes no such acknowledgment.

Winston Churchill's testimony to the 1937 Peel Commission on Palestine illustrates this point: "I do not admit that the dog in the manger [*Palestinian Arabs in Palestine*] has the final right to the manger, even though he may have lain there for a very long time. . .

"I do not admit that a great wrong has been done to the Red Indians of America or the black people of Australia. I do not admit that a wrong has been done to those people by the fact that a stronger race. . . has come in and taken their place."

✱

Stephen Richards

Part One

John Hewitt's Centenary

I thought it would be a pity to let the anniversary of the birth of John Hewitt (28th October 1907) pass unmarked by *Church & State*. W.H. Auden, the other poetic centenarian, will have plenty of attention this year; and besides, Auden didn't have much to say about the Irish condition. *Ireland has her madness and weather still* won't take us far.

More than anybody else Hewitt has explored the emotional and psychological implications of what it was like to be a Protestant in Ulster in the last century. A Protestant, of course not in any theological sense, but in the sense of being an outsider, a dissenter, a crabbed, self-conscious and sardonic spectator, an actor in search of identity. "Once alien here my fathers built their house..." That was my first contact with Hewitt, but the irony is that Hewitt never seems to be satisfied that he has achieved naturalization as a citizen of the Irish *demos*, no matter how many generations of his forefathers are commemorated in Kilmore Old Churchyard in County Armagh. The questions that come up are familiar in philosophy, but sharpened by concrete circumstances: Who am I? Why am I here? Do I have a place in the world?

Another theme I want to consider is Hewitt's relationship with the Glens of Antrim. In 1984 Hewitt's 1969 collection *The Day Of The Corncrake* was reissued by the Glens of Antrim Historical Society in an attractive coffee table format incorporating reproductions of paintings (often featuring octogenarian-seeming farmers) by the distinctive local artist, Charles McAuley. But, if his Protestantism was a thing of attitude rather than belief, Hewitt had the same difficulty in re-inventing himself as a Catholic Glensman. No doubt the facts which led him to adopt the Glens as his own personal Wessex were many and varied. As with Hardy, however, the landscape is most meaningful where there aren't any people in it. The introduction of the human society of the Glens causes a kind of disturbance for the poet and his readers. This is a really important aspect of his work and I'll return to it.

To start off we'll look at Hewitt's family and personal history as described by him in *Kites In Spring: A Belfast*

Boyhood. This collection of sonnets also neatly describes and dismisses the mission hall religion that sprang up in the wake of the 1859 Revival. *Year Of Grace* isn't meant to be understood in a good sense, and indeed serves Hewitt as an ironic reference point for Belfast in 1969, but here he's talking about the real thing.

"My mother's mother, Ellen Harrison,
farmer's young daughter from around
Wolfhill,
fell prostrate with her family and rose
redeemed by mercy, all of them save
one,
their cheerful father, unrepentant still,
who could not take the path these
tremblers chose."

It's obvious where Hewitt's sympathies lie.

The Poet's Place, a 1991 collection of essays on Hewitt from The Institute of Irish Studies, doesn't actually find any place for discussion of Hewitt's religious outlook. Anthony Buckley comes closest, but not very close, in *Uses Of History Among Ulster Protestants*. Surely Hewitt's reaction against what he perceives as the imaginative straitjacket of fundamentalism informs almost all his writing?

These family poems can muster up a few striking phrases, but for the most part they have a humdrum, cramped quality, almost making a virtue of their dullness. For sheer clunkiness it would be hard to improve on these lines:

"I'm vague about my father's mother
Jane.
I was too young. She died in nineteen
ten,
the first month of that year, which might
explain
why I recall so little of her then."

I've no doubt that any of my readers could do better than that. Or what about this, from a poem about the maternal Robinsons:

"...at times they'd light the fire
and have a party in the drawing room."

The style is consistent with the subject matter. Hewitt steadfastly resists the temptation to romanticize his forbears even when a bit of romanticizing would have been forgivable. One is left thinking *What a horde of extremely boring people! How could they be connected with a*

man like John Hewitt? There was one uncle who made good, *My Brooklyn Uncle*, who started on his road to worldly success by marrying the boss's daughter, and "sent us stacks of photographs each year", including this one:

"After Depression, his Havana trip,
The sagging jowls subdued by surgeon's
knife."

Now I don't necessarily think this was the most important thing about the uncle. Hewitt singles it out and he seems to do so purposefully, so we'll consider this. Part of the reason could be Hewitt's inbred 'northern' restraint. One must keep a necessary distance between oneself and one's subject matter. One way of achieving this is to deflate the subject matter. Emotion must not be cheapened by being too freely expressed. Around 1930 Hewitt had been engaged to a girl called Dorothy Roberts. In *Hesitant Memorial* he deals with her death:

"Some weeks ago I heard that you were
dead—
I hadn't glimpsed your face these fifty
years—
confused a little towards the end, they
said.
I felt regret but no recourse to tears.

Yet we were sweethearts once when we
were young,
linking and hugging; kissing, holding
hands,
with tea in town, with screen's
announcing gong,
nested in heather, lolling in Manx
sands."

He ends with—
" a sense
of some vestigial curiosity
occluded by a vague indifference."

I don't want to labour my point here, but I think this is a very revealing poem. The feelings are expressed *sotto voce*, apologetically almost where one might have expected a searing sense of mortality and lost youth. Some of these emotions might have been 'false' in the Hewitt lexicon, but is there not something a bit repulsive in this fastidiousness? Is the danger not that one turns into the frigid being of long poetic habit?

But there is a more specific purposefulness I believe. Hewitt sees his family tree as a microcosm of Ulster Protestant petty bourgeois society and doesn't experience any real imaginative kinship with it. However honest and decent that society might be, he has really rejected it, as in his poem about the Masons:

"So, from then on, my path in life was
clear;
unsworn, unbound for ever, I should go
a free man, freely, to the infinite."

"Rootedness" is a recurring theme of his writing, but it has more to do with a "Blut und Boden" mentality than with being representative of real people: it has to do with gravestones in Kilmore:

"This is my country. If my people came from England here four centuries ago, the only trace that's left is in my name. Kilmore, Armagh, no other sod can show the weathered stone of our first burying..."

(An Ulsterman).

In that same poem he goes on to dissociate himself from the nasty Protestants who have "fouled" his homeland, which nevertheless he bravely refuses to "disavow".

Another contemporary of Hewitt's, John Betjeman, another child of 1907, found himself similarly out of kilter with his stolid family background, but dealt with this in a more complex manner. An affectation of upper class scattiness, a bit like Boris Johnson, got him an *entrée* into that world, from which vantage point he was able to sustain an engaging poetic artifice. He somehow pretended to pretend to be what he really was all the time, middle class Outer London man, and it worked terribly well. He achieved his distance all right, but not at the expense of involvement. Simultaneous immanence and transcendence may ultimately be achieved only by the triune God, but it's the challenge facing every poet, to universalize the local. It's not easily done. Those who try hardest to convince us of their gritty local integrity can sound slightly fake, like that astonishingly incompetent farmer, Robert Frost. The Betjeman shift for Hewitt would have been to imagine himself in the shoes of a typical member of the Kilmore Purple Star Temperance Orange Lodge (I've made that one up), parading through his native townlands on his way to the Field. I doubt if he was ever tempted to check out the possibilities of that particular incarnation. There was some kind of attempt to become a citizen of the Glens, of which more later.

But first I have to deal with the flip side of the "rootedness", often cropping up in the same poems, which is the awareness of being part of a defensive, threatened community, here on sufferance. The title of John Dunlop's book on Irish Presbyterianism could almost have come from Hewitt: *A Precarious Belonging*. In fact I think it does, but I can't find the reference. Oftentimes the precarious insecure note is the dominant one. The talismanic *Once Alien Here* encapsulates these contrarities. We have the stockaded

wilderness of Plantation times, the "sullen Irish limping to the hills", the "buried men in Ulster clay", the rich earth enhancing the blood, so that the poet can be "as native in my thought as any here".

I must say that I find the Planter/Gael model of Ulster history personally a bit alien. Of course it has some validity and I understand it imaginatively, but it hasn't really been a dominant *motif* in the parts where I was raised. Funnily enough, in my second year at Ballymena Academy, I was presented with the McCurtain and Tierney interpretation of Irish history in *Conquest And Colonization*. I found this fascinating, especially the woodcut depictions of characters like *The Wilde Irish Woman*, a character incidentally whom I've never met in real life! But really none of it connected with my real life up to the age of sixteen, and I would say this is because mid-Antrim wasn't Plantation country in any sense. We didn't have that mentality. That's not to say that communal feelings towards the Catholic community were all sweetness and light, but we didn't think of ourselves as camped on other people's land, and the feelings of superiority that we entertained were chiefly theological, and not ethnically, based.

The Literary Editor at *The Observer* (and biographer of P.G. Wodehouse) Robert McCrum deals with this in his book *My Year Out* when he talks of his McCrum forebears as swarming over the rough green pastures of the North of Ireland. They were a wave, a bit like the Gaelic Catholic wave of McDonnell adherents who had come over to the Glens in the fifteenth century.

Without wishing to deny that a strong element of separateness has always been present in the Protestant self understanding, what one might call definition by contrast, I would argue that this becomes for Hewitt almost the only thing there is to say about his community. This simply doesn't make sense to me and I've been wondering what lies behind his refusal to celebrate the people who made him with the same intensity he celebrates the mystical soil that they tilled. How unlike the racial pride of Yeats who plants himself self-consciously in the dynastic Ascendancy succession. With Yeats it's a case of *Let me tell you who I am*. Hewitt is more anxious to tell us what he's not.

I think the explanation is that Hewitt didn't really believe in anything, not even in Madame Blavatsky! This *Honest Ulsterman* stance, that of the shrewd cautious being who sizes everything up

and finds it all to be wanting, leads only to imaginative impoverishment. When Yeats tell the mystical Catholic theologian, Von Hugel, to be gone, "but with blessings on your head", or when Betjeman speculates about whether God did walk in Palestine "and lives today in bread and wine", one gets the sense of them groping after something which might just bring meaning to their lives. Contrast this with the unbelievably trite attitude of Hewitt in *The Glens*:

"fear their creed as we have always feared
the lifted hand against unfettered thought."

So everything about these Glens people is fine and admirable—except their religion, which is apparently "a vainer faith" than that of his people safely interred in Kilmore. It's as if he's an anthropologist and they're the aborigines, picturesque enough no doubt. And by what criteria is theirs a *vainer faith*? From Hewitt's perspective all faiths are equally vain. The first published version of this poem had "the lifted hand between the mind and truth", which the poet later rejected on the grounds that the words were "arrogant" and "gave offence to kindly and gentle Catholics" (those poor souls!). He doesn't appear to have thought about what he understood by truth; the vast difference between "truth" and "unfettered thought" is skated over; and as for "unfettered thought" itself, it's such a nonsensical concept, especially in the mouth of a poet, that I don't know what to say.

Surely thought is always fettered by something, by the structure of language, the demands of grammar, syntax, rhyme, metre, poetic form, and, beyond those things, by the whole gamut of our genetic, environmental and cultural limitations. In the act of saying anything at all we put fetters on ourselves. All art exists within limits, just as the skills of the footballer are exercised according to the rules of the game and the size of the pitch.

In my concluding part I'd like to spend some more time in the Glens of Antrim.

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on page 3

Conor Lynch

A Commemoration of the American Civil War
Fighting 69th Irish Regiment washeld in Ireland
in the Summer of 2006. This occasioned
the following reflections

The Fighting Irish

Michael Bloomberg, Mayor of New York, unveiled a memorial at Ballymote, Co. Sligo, on August 22nd to Brigadier General Michael Corcoran, founder commander of the 69th US infantry regiment—the "Fighting Irish". Corcoran came from the area. Local anti-war spokesman, Tim Mulcahy, said: *"We had no problem originally with the Mayor's visit to Sligo, but we were very concerned about his recent comments in support of Israel"*.

His support of Israel should be taken for granted. What about his refusal to deal with the New York Transport Workers' Union, an Irish institution if ever there was one, and the jailing of its leader?

And what about the *"Fighting 69th"* itself? If ever there was cannon fodder it was the Irish in the US Civil War. They had hardly set foot on Ellis Island but they were put into uniform and marched against the enemy cannons. That is still their role in the thick of things in Baghdad. The song below is a welcome antidote to the usual slushy ballads about the Irish in America.

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your
noise

And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration
I was by hunger stressed, and in poverty distressed
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation

Well I sold me ass and cow, my little pigs and sow
My little plot of land I soon did part with
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see
For I left her there that morning broken - hearted

Here's you boys, now take my advice
To America I'll have ye's not be going
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons
roar

And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

Well myself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er
Our fortunes to be making we were thinkin'
When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hands
"Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

Here's you boys, now take my advice
To America I'll have ye's not be going
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons
roar

And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

General Meagher to us he said, if you get shot or lose your
head

Every murdered soul of youse will get a pension
Well in the war lost me leg, they gave me a wooden peg
And by soul it is the truth to you I mention

Here's you boys, now take my advice
To America I'll have ye's not be going
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons
roar

And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

Well I think myself in luck, if I get fed on Indianbuck
And old Ireland is the country I delight in
To the devil, I would say, it's curse Americay
For the truth I've had enough of your hard fightin

Here's you boys, now take my advice
To America I'll have ye's not be going
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons
roar

And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

I wish I was at home

I wish I was at home

I wish I was at home

I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

Joe Keenan

Fighting Irish (2)

When The Fighting Irish Fought America

Forget the Alamo! The independence of Anglo-Saxon Texas which had been declared on 2 March 1836 was secured at the Battle of San Jacinto on 21st April of that same year. Then to and fro hit and run raids, each which and whatever way across the Rio Grande, dragged on until 29th December 1845 when Texas became the 28th state of the Union. Then things hotted up in 1846 when the Mexican-American war began.

That war was in a very real sense the first of the wars of *Manifest Destiny*. Though Jefferson had thought and acted in a framework that assumed Manifest Destiny he never used the phrase. The phrase comes from the most effective propagandist of Young America, the editor of the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, John L. O'Sullivan.

In 1845, having taken Texas, America was set to take California (And tomorrow the world). As O'Sullivan wrote in July of that year:

"Texas is now ours. Already, before these words are written, her Convention has undoubtedly ratified the acceptance, by her Congress, of our proffered invitation into the Union..."

"Why, were other reasoning wanting, in favor of now elevating this question of the reception of Texas into the Union, out of the lower region of our past party dissensions, up to its proper level of a high and broad nationality, it surely is to be found, found abundantly, in the manner in which other nations have undertaken to intrude themselves into it, between us and the proper parties to the case, in a spirit of hostile interference against us, for the avowed object of thwarting our policy and hampering our power, limiting our greatness and checking the fulfillment of our manifest destiny to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions..."

"California will, probably, next fall away from the loose adhesion which, in such a country as Mexico, holds a remote province in a slight equivocal kind of dependence on the metropolis. Imbecile and distracted, Mexico never can exert any real government authority over such a country. The impotence of the one and the distance of the other, must make the relation one of virtual independence; unless, by

stunting the province of all natural growth, and forbidding that immigration which can alone develop its capabilities and fulfill the purposes of its creation, tyranny may retain a military dominion, which is no government in the legitimate sense of the term.

"In the case of California this is now impossible. The Anglo-Saxon foot is already on its borders. Already the advance guard of the irresistible army of Anglo-Saxon emigration has begun to pour down upon it, armed with the plough and the rifle, and marking its trail with schools and colleges, courts and representative halls, mills and meetinghouses. A population will soon be in actual occupation of California, over which it will be idle for Mexico to dream of dominion. They will necessarily become independent. All this without agency of our government, without responsibility of our people—in the natural flow of events, the spontaneous working of principles, and the adaptation of the tendencies and wants of the human race to the elemental circumstances in the midst of which they find themselves placed...

"Away, then, with all idle French talk of balances of power on the American Continent. There is no growth in Spanish America! Whatever progress of population there may be in the British Canadas, is only for their own early severance of their present colonial relation to the little island 3,000 miles across the Atlantic; soon to be followed by annexation, and destined to swell the still accumulating momentum of our progress...

"And whosoever may hold the balance, though they should cast into the opposite scale all the bayonets and cannon, not only of France and England, but of Europe entire, how would it kick the beam against the simple, solid weight of the 250, or 300 million—and American millions—destined to gather beneath the flutter of the stripes and stars, in the fast hastening year of the Lord 1845!"

The spirit of Manifest Destiny having been invoked, America declared war on Mexico on 13th May 1846. A large force under future president General Zachary Taylor crossed the Rio Grande, occupied the city of Matamoros and moved south to besiege the city of Monterrey.

Part of the Mexican army at Matamoros was a group of foreign volunteers known as "*Las Companias de San Patricio*". These were organised around a core of 200 or so Irish soldiers, famine emigrants who were so outraged by anti-Catholic atrocities committed by the American army and the uncontrollable Texas Rangers that they had defected to the Mexican side. The founder of these battalions of Saint Patrick was John O'Reilly from Clifden in County Galway. Their banner displayed a harp and the Mexican coat-of-arms with slogans that read "*Freedom for the Mexican Republic*" and "*Erin go Brágh*".

At Matamoros and Monterrey the artillery of the San Patricios caused heavy casualties among the otherwise victorious Yankees. In February 1847 a third of them were killed or wounded helping to win the battle of Angostura.

In June 1847 the San Patricios were transferred from the artillery to a newly formed Mexican Foreign Legion as the First and Second Militia Infantry Companies of San Patricio. In August 1847 then at the battle of Churubusco the San Patricio Companies and the Los Bravos Battalion, though heavily outnumbered, fought the invaders to a bloody standstill until their ammunition ran out and they were forced to surrender.

Some thirty-five of the San Patricios were killed in that battle and many more were wounded. Eighty-five escaped to rejoin the Mexican army. But the victorious Yankees were

free to wreak a terrible vengeance on their captives.

Seventy-two of the San Patricios were charged with desertion from the American army and court-martialed. Fifty were sentenced to be hanged; a further sixteen, including Captain John O'Reilly, who had deserted before war was declared and so escaped the death penalty, were sentenced to be flogged and branded with the letter "D" for deserter.

On 10th September 1847, 16 of the condemned San Patricios were hanged at the San Jacinto Plaza, San Ángel. Eight mule-drawn wagons were then brought up with two prisoners in each. Sixteen nooses hanging from the crossbeam were placed around their necks, and Mexican priests were brought forward to administer the last rites. Then the wagons drove off leaving the 16 Irishmen dangling from their nooses. Fourteen others were whipped and branded

Some, including one of the founders, Captain Patrick Dalton, had asked to be laid in consecrated ground, and were buried in nearby Tla-copac. The rest were buried beneath the gallows in graves dug by O'Reilly and the rest of their tortured comrades. Two days later four more convicted San Patricios were hanged at the nearby village of Mixcoac.

The remaining 30 convicted San Patricios were hanged near Tacubaya on 13th September. Francis O'Connor, who had lost his legs at Churubusco was dragged from the hospital tent and propped up on a wagon with a noose around his neck. When the US flag was raised over Chapultepec Castle the San Patricios, O'Connor included, were hanged.

In 1993 the people of Clifden began to mark 12 September as a celebration of those brave Irishmen who were at the cutting edge of the first people's war against manifest destiny. The Mexican people have never forgotten them. Ever since 1847 they have celebrated the victory in sacrifice of those Irish martyrs.

On the 150th anniversary of the executions, on 12th September 1997, the Mexican people celebrated the San Patricios. Their President Ernesto Zedillo said:

"One hundred and fifty years ago, here in San Ángel, ... members of the St. Patrick's Battalion were executed for following their consciences. They were martyred for adhering to the highest ideals, and today we honor their memory. In the name of the people of Mexico, I salute today the people of Ireland and express my eternal gratitude... While we honor the memory of the Irish who gave their lives for Mexico and for human dignity, we also honor our own commitment to cherish their ideals, and to always defend the values for which they occupy a place of honor in our history."

Those are the fighting Irish we remember, the wild geese who in every corner of the globe have fought for freedom and against the oppression of subject peoples.

In Belfast on Saturday 16th September we remembered others of that breed when International Brigade veteran Bob Doyle unveiled a plaque dedicated to the XVth International Brigade and the other volunteers who stood against Fascism in the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39.

**Forget the Alamo! Remember the San Patricios
and the Brigadistas!**

Paper given at a Public Seminar, arranged by the
International Brigade Commemoration Committee
70th Anniversary of the Spanish Anti-Fascist War (16.9.06)

Spanish Civil War: "A Diversity Of Volunteers"

Comrades and friends,
The International Brigade Memorial Trust, of which I am honoured to be a Trustee, has commemorated the 70th anniversary of the Spanish Anti-Fascist War with the publication of a wonderful anthology: *Poems from Spain—British and Irish International Brigaders on the Spanish Civil War*.

It contains poems written by six Irish volunteers, two of them from Ulster. I will begin this talk with one of them, and finish with the other.

The first poem is by Charlie Donnelly from Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, who fell at the age of 23 in the Battle of Jarama, on February 27th, 1937, the exact date of the 10th anniversary of his own mother's death:

The Tolerance of Crows

Death comes in quantity from solved
Problems on maps, well-ordered
dispositions,
Angles of elevation and direction;

Comes innocent from tools children
might
Love, retaining under pillows,
Innocently impales on any flesh.

And with flesh falls apart the mind
That trails thought from the mind that
cuts
Thought clearly for a waiting purpose.

Progress of poison in the nerves and
Discipline's collapse is halted.
Body awaits the tolerance of crows.

Donnelly's friend Blanaid Salkeld would commemorate him in her poem *Casualties*. It begins:

Who would think the Spanish War
Flared like new tenure of a star
The way our rhymes and writings are.

That Hilliard spilled his boxer's blood
Through Albacete's snow and mud
And smiled to Comrade Death: Salud!

That Charlie Donnelly small and frail
And flushed with youth was rendered
pale
But not with fear, in what queer squalor
Was smashed up his so-ordered valour.

That rhythm that steady earnestness
That peace of poetry to bless
Discordant thoughts of divers men

Blue gaze that burned lie and stem
Put out by death.

Here Salkeld linked Donnelly's name to that of the Reverend Bob Hilliard, also killed at Jarama.

Donnelly's friend, Leslie Daiken, would link him to three other poets killed by the Fascists—two English and one Spanish:

My voice a reedy note in Arcady,
I too have heard companion voices die—
O Splendid fledglings they, in fiery
fettle,
Caudwell and Cornford and Cathal
Donnelly—
Stormcocks atune with Lorca, shot down
in battle!
Young Charlie, our blackbird-sgul, no
Lycid lies,
His cenotaph—Jarama's olivetrees.

Another friend, Ewart Milne—himself a volunteer with the ambulance service in Spain—expressed his internationalism thus:

Sirs and Señoras let me end my story—
I show you earth, earth formally,
And two on guard with the junipers.
Two, Gael and Jew side by side in a
trench
Gripping antique guns to flick at the
grasshoppers
That zoomed overhead and the moon
was rocking.
Two who came from prisonment, Gael
because of Tone,
Jew because of human love, the same
for Jew as German—
Frail fragments both, clipped off and
forgotten readily.
I set them together, Izzy Kupchik and
Donnelly;
And of that date with death among
junipers
I say only, they kept it; and record the
exploded
Spread-eagled mass when the moon was
later
Watching the wine that baked earth was
drinking.

Here Donnelly had been celebrated by poet friends who came from a diversity of traditions within Ireland itself—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant respectively. It was otherwise with those Irish who supported the Fascist side. As Eoin O'Duffy put it in April 1938, he

took full responsibility for "the organisation of the Irish Brigade against Communism, Jewry and Freemasonry, for bringing that Brigade to Spain, and for bringing it home when it had fulfilled its obligations to the full".

The sheer viciousness of the propaganda and hatred faced by those Irish who took such a courageous stand against Fascism in Spain was summed up in a series of articles that ran all week in the *Irish Independent* in the New Year of 1937 and concluded with the following Fascist curse pronounced on those Irish International Brigaders who met their deaths, beginning with Tommy Patten in December 1936 and ending with Jack Nalty and Liam Mc Gregor in September 1938. I quote: "*In concluding these articles, I wish to state that the present Government of Madrid is 100% Red and violently opposed to the Catholic Church. Any Irishman preparing to fight for or defend vicariously this regime is defending the enemy of his faith*".

The International Brigade Memorial Trust (IBMT) is a broad church. It honours all who stood in defence of the Spanish Republic, whether or not they remained strong throughout or at times succumbed to weakness as a result of the horrors of war. The IBMT also honours the memory of all those who had the moral courage to confront unpopularity on the home front in Ireland through their defence of the Spanish Republic. They were led in the South by that brave Republican priest who had read the invocation on the occasion when the freely elected first Dáil met to ratify the Irish Republic in 1919—the former Vice-President of Sinn Féin, Father Michael O'Flanagan. And they were defiantly led in the North by the then Chairman of the Northern Ireland Labour Party and future Unionist Party Minister for Education in the post-War Government of Northern Ireland—Harry Midgley.

As for those who volunteered to go to Spain to fight, the wording of the plaque being unveiled here in Belfast today is broad enough to encompass both strong and weak, because we know what it cost each and every one of them to take the stand they did. It is dedicated to those volunteers "who stood against Fascism". But we in the IBMT are also pleased to note that this very wording is unequivocally solid enough to exclude any honours for the man who claimed to have been the first Irish volunteer—Charlie McGuinness of Derry—who initially did go out to Spain, but when offered the opportunity to actually fight for the Republic he promptly returned home in December 1936 and during that

same month—while the first Irish International Brigaders were being killed in action—he commenced producing such scurrilous but all too influential Fascist propaganda for the *Irish Independent*. [These articles have been reproduced in their entirety on line at <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/band-CJMcG.htm>]

Yes indeed, it was none other than that same McGuinness who had been the author of that Fascist curse on the heroic dead that I have just quoted. But we ourselves intend to honour those heroes, to mention just two of them named in Christy Moore's song:

Bob Hilliard was a Church of Ireland pastor
From Killarney across the Pyrenees he came
From Derry came a brave young Christian Brother
Side by side they fought and died in Spain.

Éamon McGrotty was that Derryman's name. I remember accompanying his late brother John, in both 1994 and 1996, to the mass grave of 5,000 where Éamon is buried near Jarama; how John brought clay from their parents' grave to mix into that mass grave and brought some of Jarama's clay back to their grave; how he carried his brother Éamon's own missal with him on both occasions; and how he retold the double hurt experienced by his family when they sought to have a Mass said after Éamon's death in February 1937 and the Bishop of Derry refused them, saying that a Mass would be no benefit whatsoever to Éamon, as he was "*now in Hell*". McGuinness's dirty work had borne fruit.

Yes, it is the Irish volunteers who defended the Spanish Republic that we honour. Thanks to Ciarán Crossey and Jim Carmody we have an ever-expanding roll of honour for them. And of the Northern Ireland volunteers on that roll published in this Committee's newsheet last year, six of them had served alongside my father in the British Battalion in the 1938 Battle of the Ebro.

One Ulsterman who survived that battle was the first of my father's immediate comrade-in-arms that I remember from early childhood, Hughie Hunter from Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, whom I recall always brought his mouth organ down with him from Belfast to play tunes for us in our Dublin home, and whom my father brought to life in an interview with Ciaran Crossey as he recalled Hughie carefully saving his few pesetas at the Front in order to send home a regular donation to the *Unity* fund in Belfast. [The 1972 *Unity* obituary

of Hughie can be read at <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/obit-HughHunter.htm>]

Anybody who heard the BBC Radio Ulster programme by Diarmuid Fleming last April cannot fail to have been moved by the new accounts emerging in respect of volunteers from Northern Ireland:

Peggy Mount talking about her brother Dick O'Neill from the Falls Road; Liz Shaw talking about her father Joe Boyd from Co. Tyrone; Harry McGrath being recalled by his Shankill Road nephews. Such volunteers came from both Catholic and Protestant religious backgrounds; from Republican, Communist, Independent Labour and Loyalist political traditions. People from all traditions are also coming together today to honour their memory. This coming together does not abolish real differences but it does enhance the human relationships that make dialogue possible. And while such an event provides no solution for the Irish question, in our coming together to honour all who defended the Spanish Republic we might note that in that one struggle there was in fact an interchange and identity of language used in Spain itself, where every Republican was a Loyalist and every Loyalist a Republican. [See <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/obit-DONeill.htm> for a 1937 *Irish Democrat* obituary of Dick O'Neill following his death at Jarama and for Liz Shaw's Father's Day 2005 memoir of Joe Boyd see <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/ibvol-Boyd.htm>]

The volunteers who hailed from the South were all Irish Republicans in the Wolfe Tone tradition—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and atheist. I will name but a few. Bill Scott from a Dublin Protestant working class tradition that had seen his father fight as a member of the Irish Citizen Army alongside his leader James Connolly in the 1916 Rising. {For a 1988 *Irish Democrat* obituary see <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/obit-Scott.htm>.} Frank Edwards (1907-1983)—a Waterford teacher already victimised by the Christian Brothers—who on his return from Spain found himself blacklisted by Catholic schools for his Spanish Republicanism and by Protestant schools for his Irish Republicanism, but who also found that the one and only school prepared to employ him was Dublin's Jewish National School. Maurice Levitas (1917-2001)—known to family and friends as Morry—from a Dublin Jewish working class tradition, his parents being refugees who had fled Tsarist anti-Semitism in Latvia and Lithuania. During the course of World War Two Morry's maternal aunt Rachel and her family would become

Holocaust victims in Riga. His paternal aunt Sara, her family and neighbours would be locked into their own Lithuanian village synagogue and burned to death. A paternal uncle in Paris—whom Morry had visited on his way to Spain in 1938 and again on his way back in 1939, following his release with Bob Doyle from the San Pedro concentration camp, and who thought he had emigrated far enough west to be safe—would also be murdered on his own doorstep by the Gestapo at the very end of the War. Christy Moore's song speaks of "the rising fascist tide", and it was that tide which those International Brigade volunteers—so derisively referred to by the British and American Establishment as "premature anti-fascists"—had tried to halt. {See <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/obit-MLevitas.htm> for my obituary of Morry in the *Irish Times* February 24, 2001.}

{Addendum: Here is some further information on Frank Edwards not included in the actual Belfast talk but covered in my 1983 New York *Morgn Freiheit* obituary of Frank which can be read at <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/ibvol-Edwards.htm> . Frank had been born in Belfast in 1907 to a Catholic family that was subsequently forced out of its home by sectarian conflict and then settled in Waterford. On the outbreak of World War One, Frank's father enlisted in the British Army and perished during the course of that war. Frank's elder brother Jack took a different course. He was the chief organiser in Waterford of the one-day general strike in April 1918 that prevented the British Government from imposing military conscription on Ireland. He subsequently fought in the Irish War of Independence and took the Republican side in the Treaty War that followed. He was captured by Free State Government troops in mid-July 1922. What next happened to his brother Jack was to leave a deep and lasting impression on Frank Edwards, as he himself recounted to Uinseann MacEoin for the latter's 1980 book *Survivors* :

"He was taken to Kilkenny Jail where, after a few weeks, he was shot dead by a sentry on the 19th of August. It was known to be a reprisal for the shooting of a Free State officer in Waterford. Someone called Jack to the window of his cell. A sentry had his rifle pointed and fired it. 'Shot while attempting to escape', they said, but we knew differently. I went to Kilkenny to claim his body. In spite of everything, there was a great turnout when it arrived in the city, but the doors of the Church were shut against him. The Christians and the Provisional Government, you could say, were hand in glove."

Another volunteer, originally from Kerry but for a number of years intimately linked with this city of Belfast as a Church of Ireland clergyman, was the Reverend Robert M. Hilliard, who was to fall at Jarama in February 1937. In 1931 he served as curate in Christ Church, Derriaghy, and in 1972 that Church was presented with a communion chalice, paten and cruet in his memory by a fellow International Brigader who was himself an agnostic. After he had been appointed to the Belfast Cathedral Mission in 1933, Hilliard became greatly radicalised by the social upheavals in this city at that time. Personal problems saw him subsequently leave for London where he became even more radicalised in later years, joining the CPGB and volunteering for Spain in December 1936. {See <http://www.geocities.com/irelandscw/ibvol-Hilliard2005.htm> for John Corcoran's biographical study of RM Hilliard (1904-1937).}

Hilliard's last message to his family was dated 24th January 1937—a fortnight before his death. Let me quote from that farewell:

"My dear, Five minutes ago I got your letter. There is a *Daily Worker* delegation here who will take this back. They leave in ten minutes so I have time for no more than a card which will have an English postmark. Teach the kids to stand for democracy. Thanks for the parcels, I expect they have been forwarded to me, but posts are held up very long & especially parcels. Do not worry too much about me, I expect I shall be quite safe. I think I am going to make quite a good soldier. I still hate fighting but this time it has to be done, unless fascism is beaten in Spain & in the world it means war and hell for our kids. All the time when I am thinking of you & the children I am glad I have come. Give my love to Tim, Deirdre, Davnet & Kit. Write when you can, it will help-love to you, Robert."

Bob Hilliard also wrote to a friend:

"We came from France in motor lorries. Spirits were high. Speaking one to another we said 'Franco has heard we are coming, already he is on the run.' In the morning we were in the barracks at Figueras. The commandant arrived and we were given the choice of a day's rest or of moving on. Unanimously we voted to move. Four hours sleep and breakfast. Then the train to Barcelona. We marched through Barcelona. What a march! Everywhere the people were out to salute—the clenched-fist anti-fascist salute, but in particular I remember one woman. She was about four feet in height, she wore a brown shawl with a design at the border—a shawl very like what an Irish

woman from the country wears in town on market days. She carried a basket on her left arm, but her right arm was raised and her hand clenched in the anti-fascist salute. Her face though was what mattered. Her hair was black, her forehead wrinkled and heavy lines marked the sides of her mouth. She stood to attention as we passed, nearly two hundred of us marching in fours, and her mouth was moving rapidly up and down, holding back the tears. She was a brave old lady. Who knows whom she had lost in the fight against fascism?"

As the Gospel says:

"So shall the first be last and the last be first. For many are called but few are chosen".

We have already seen how the man who claimed to have been the very first Irish Volunteer in Spain, Charlie McGuinness, reversed that call and dishonoured himself by immediately going into the service of Fascism before the end of 1936.

Today's plaque honours all those who actually stood against Fascism. And in a very special way it honours the man himself who will unveil it—Bob Doyle. When I spoke at Bob Doyle's Dublin book launch in June I said that in some respects I could be described as the son of the runner-up in a slow bicycle race. After the death of Eugene Downing three years ago, both Bob and my father knew that they were the only two Irish International Brigaders still alive and they joked to each other about having a race between them as to who'd be the very last. As my father approached death last May and said his goodbyes to us he also added: "Good luck to Bob Doyle! He's the last man standing!"

So today, the last shall also be the first.

But in a different way there is yet another last who also becomes first and who is deserving of particular mention in my final words of this tribute—the very last Irish volunteer to reach Spain. Here again my father found out that he had been the runner-up on that score also. In his 2002 interview with Ciaran Crossey, Eugene Downing had stated: "*Finally Mick O'Riordan went out in April 1938, he was probably the last Irish volunteer*". A year later, however, the grandnephew of another volunteer sent me a letter which referred to his relative enlisting in May 1938. My father immediately commented: "*That makes him the last volunteer, so*".

That man was an Ulsterman—James Patrick Haughey from Lurgan, Co. Armagh—who had fought shoulder-to-

shoulder with my father in the Battle of the Ebro during July and August 1938; and who was captured and imprisoned that September, ending up where Bob Doyle had already been imprisoned for the previous six months—in the concentration camp of San Pedro de Cardena.

As with the letters of the Reverend Bob Hilliard, the following letter written from Canada after Haughey's release from that Fascist Hell brings us still closer to the great humanity of all such volunteers.

This letter from Jim to his sister Veronica is dated 25th May 1939:

"My dear Sis,

"You can't tell how delighted I was to receive your letter this evening. Although it made me kind of homesick, it's nice to know that some people at home have not forgotten me, and I intend to do a lot of writing tonight. I felt almost tempted to go the immigration authorities and tell them I was here illegally so that they could send me back to no. 82 Lower North St. (Lurgan).

"I arrived here about 10 days ago (that is, Vancouver) and since then I have made a host of friends ... I have not yet started to work as the doctors tell me to take it easy for a week for two...

"I arrived in Spain on the 13th of May 1938 and after I had been there for a few weeks I had to go to a hospital with malaria. I had a pretty tough constitution then so I was fully recovered within 20 days. Then I went up to the front. Our battalion went into the line 700 strong, 50 odd returned. We were in the trenches for 63 days without rest. God, Veronica, it was terrible. We had only rifles and machine-guns against hundreds of German and Italian aviation, tanks, artillery and Italian and Moorish troops. In this battle, the battle of the Ebro, Franco had more than 100,000 casualties while we had 40,000. I had umpteen narrow escapes from death which would take too long to describe. I was blown up 4 times, had my shirt and pants ripped to pieces with machine-gun bullets and was lost for three days in no-man's-land without food or water. This may seem fantastic, but it's true. On the twenty-fourth of September our company was in a position on the top of a small hill. I was in command of about thirty men, the total remains of two companys (full strength, 150 men to a company). I saw that we were completely surrounded by the enemy, we had only rifles and a few revolvers so we couldn't put up any resistance. (By the way, I was a confirmed sergeant at this time, and discovered since, that on the day I was captured my lieutenant papers came through. Lieutenant Jim Haughey, how does it look, pretty good,

eh? Age doesn't matter in the trenches). Well, we were finally captured, by this time only 8 of us were left. The captain of the bunch that captured us ordered his men to shoot us. Our hands were tied and a bandage placed over our eyes. This I refused in the good old traditional style. While our grave was being dug I asked this Captain would it be possible to see a priest as I was Catholic. As he was a Catholic himself he said yes, after some conference with his superiors. This saved our lives as it was taken for granted that my fellow-prisoners were Catholics also. But he was so enraged because we wouldn't snivel or whine for mercy that he bent a colt .45 over my head. I lost all interest in the proceedings for a few hours after that. It would be impossible to describe the humiliations we suffered after that until we arrived in the concentration camp. Here we met some more international prisoners of war. There were 36 different nationalities including Irish, British and Americans (some time I will describe this camp, it was very interesting). Here I had my head dressed and settled down patiently to await the day when we should be liberated. There were 400 of us in a room which would hold 50 comfortably, no smokes, no books, 1 toilet and one water tap for 400 men, abundance of lice, very little food, beans twice a day. For the last 3 months before we were released we were fed on bread and water, nothing else.

"Here there were some Basque and Asturian priests. In one part of this 200 year-old building there were some nuns prisoners also. There are several hundred priests and nuns in Franco's prisons because they want to tell the truth about this 'saviour of Christianity' who is merely the tool of Hitler. I hope and pray that some day the truth will come out about this, Veronica dear, it would take hours to describe all I have seen and experienced in Spain. I also wrote about 20 letters home while I was in prison. You can guess what happened to them ...

"Give my regards to everyone... In the extremely near future there is going to be an epidemic of letters from yours truly hitting Lurgan. And Veronica please send me some photo of the family and, if possible, the *Lurgan Mail* and *Wolfe Tone Weekly* as often as you can

"I pray for you all every night and ask Mummy to watch over you and take care of you. I hope and trust that you don't forget me in your prayers.

Your affectionate brother,
Ex-lieutenant Jim

"P.S. This letter contains some things that sound as if I am drawing on my imagination, but every word is absolutely the truth."

Jim Haughey was right. Some of those same things he referred to are dealt with in an appendix to the new edition of my father's book *Connolly Column*, where I take issue with the denigration of Haughey by the historian Robert Stradling, who misrepresents a letter I once wrote to Carl Geiser, author of *Prisoners Of The Good Fight*—the story of the San Pedro concentration camp. Stradling refers to that letter of April 1993 concerning Geiser's Irish fellow inmate of that San Pedro concentration camp, Jim Haughey. I had written of Eugene Downing's recall of Haughey's Catholic faith in naively asking prior to the Ebro offensive whether or not the International Brigaders might have a priest to minister to them at the Front. Stradling contemptuously described that as a "pathetic" enquiry, whereas I myself had in fact described it as "poignant", because, as I also informed Carl Geiser in that same letter, Haughey had told a British fellow-prisoner, Frank West:

"You know I shouldn't be here at all! I'm on the 'wrong side'!... I decided I would fight for the Faith in Spain. But I ended up on this side, and am I glad I did!"

There was nothing pathetic about Haughey, because what Stradling also decided to omit from his use of my letter to Carl Geiser was my further account of Haughey's bravery as a prisoner:

"He had been thoroughly educated by his experience and was so convinced of the justice of that cause (the Spanish Republic) that he courageously stood up as a 'rojo' before his fascist captors and endured an almost fatal beating from a pick axe".

That was one horrific truth that he had held back from telling his sister Veronica.

Jim Haughey went on to prove his continuing anti-fascist valour. He volunteered for the Canadian Air Force in June 1941. Haughey was killed in a plane crash on September 12th 1943, and his name is engraved on Canada's World War Two Book of Remembrance. Like Charlie Donnelly, he had expressed in verse the anticipation of his own death, which also occurred at the age of 23.

On October 31st, 1943 *The Times* of London posthumously published Jim's poem—simply entitled *Fighter Pilot*—over the name of Séamus Haughey. These verses have echoes of the WB Yeats poem *An Irish Airman Foresees his Death*, but possess the greater authenticity of being the actual premonitions of a real airman, rather than Yeats's attribution of his own imagined thoughts to Robert Gregory. What I hadn't realised until last year was that Jim had already

lost his father a year before. Able seaman James Aloysius Haughey had been killed at sea—torpedoed by a Nazi German submarine—on February 1st, 1942. Reflections on his father's death at sea are also present in the first verse where James Patrick speculates about his own forthcoming death. The 63rd anniversary of Jim Haughey's death occurred four days ago. Might I make a proposal? The highlight of the International Brigade Commemoration Committee's activities this year is today's plaque unveiling by Bob Doyle. Next year the highlight will be the erection of the Belfast monument itself. And the year after? Today we are honouring all who died with this memorial plaque. But we do have an actual International Brigade war grave here in Ulster—in Dougher Cemetery, Lurgan—where Jim is buried. So, in September 2008, it would indeed be possible to commemorate both the 65th anniversary of Jim Haughey's death and the 70th anniversary of the Battle of the Ebro—where he had fought so bravely and continued to fight following his capture—by an appropriate ceremony at his Lurgan graveside. I will now finish with Jim Haughey's own poem, entitled *Fighter Pilot*.

I think that it will come, somewhen,
somewhere
In shattering crash, or roaring sheet of
flame;
In the green-blanket sea, choking for
air,
Amid the bubbles transient as my name.

Sometimes a second's throw decides the
game,
Winner takes all, and there is no re-
play,
Indifferent earth and sky breathe on the
same,
I scatter my last chips, and go my way.

The years I might have had I throw
away;
They only lead to winter's barren pain.
Their loss must bring no tears from those
who stay,
For Spring, however spent, comes not
again.

When peace descends once more like
gentle rain,
Mention my name in passing, if you
must,
As one who knew the terms—slay or be
slain,
And thought the bargain was both good
and just.

Now at last, we not only mention Jim Haughey's name on this commemorative occasion, but also pay tribute to him and to all of his internationalist comrades who stood against Fascism in defence of the Spanish Republic. *

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Presbyterian Moderator
Marriage And The State
The In-Law
1956 Campaign
Child Advice
Protestant School Bus
Vatican Soccer
Irish Catholic Changes Hands
Baby Religious Mix-Up

P
A
T

Presbyterian Moderator

On 6th February 2007, Rev. John Finlay (61), was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. He was chosen by 21 Presbyteries around Ireland that were meeting to elect a successor to the present Moderator, Dr. David Clarke.

Mr. Finlay has been Minister of Harryville Presbyterian Church in Ballymena, Co. Antrim, for the last 25 years.

The area has witnessed sectarian problems, particularly the protracted picket of the area's Catholic Church.

The son of missionary parents from Killinchy, Co. Down, John Mateer Finlay was born on 11th July 1945, and spent his early years in Argentina.

He says he is an armchair sports enthusiast and spends his spare time with his wife, Christine, four married children and four grandchildren.

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland, he believes, is in a state of transition as it faces what he calls "*the exciting challenge of changing into the different sort of church needed to impact a secular postmodern generation*".

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland has some 300,000 members in more than 560 congregations and is the largest Protestant denomination in the North.

ULSTER PRESBYTERIANISM: The historical perspective, 1610-1970, by Dr. Peter Brooke. 208pp. Bibliog. Index. Chron. Glossary of terms. ISBN 0 85034 056 0. Athol Books 1994. Euro 15. £12.

Marriage And The State

A claim by a father of four that neither the State nor courts are entitled to play any role in regulating his Roman Catholic marriage has been rejected by the High Court in Dublin on 13th October 2006.

Had the judicial review proceedings initiated by the man, assisted by a representative of the National Men's Council, been successful, many other family law cases could have been halted by others bringing similar actions, the Court was told.

Mr. Justice Roderick Murphy granted

an application by the man's wife to set aside an earlier High Court order, granted to the man last July, permitting him to bring a legal challenge aimed at overturning orders made against him in earlier Circuit Court judicial separation proceedings.

The man refused to participate in the Circuit Court proceedings, brought by his wife under the Judicial Separation 1989 and Family Law Reform Acts, on grounds that only the Roman Catholic Church could regulate or suspend his Catholic marriage.

The In-Law

A divorced woman and her ex-husband's brother who have been in a 20-year relationship are free to marry each other after the High Court on 17th October 2006 declared unconstitutional an early 20th century law which prevented them marrying each other while the woman's husband is still alive.

The couple are also suing for damages. Maura O'Shea, aged 45, of Ballybraher, Ballycotton, Co. Cork, was in Court for the decision by Ms Justice Mary Laffoy that the ban on her marrying her brother-in-law Michael O'Shea, aged 49, of the same address, while her ex-husband John is still alive, is not justified to either protect the family or the institution of marriage and is therefore unconstitutional.

The prohibition on such marriages was contained in an Act of 1907, as amended by a 1921 Act, both Acts dating back to the reign of Henry VIII in England and having ecclesiastical roots in the Book of Leviticus.

The couple only found out about the ban on their marrying each other weeks before they were due to be married some years ago.

When they were finalising arrangements with a registrar of marriages, the registrar noted they had the same surname and they consequently learned of the laws prohibiting marriages such as theirs.

1956 Campaign

"In September 1956, the first of a team of full-time IRA organisers was selected

and dispatched to the Six Counties.

"He was Piaras O Duill from the Dublin unit, now an t-Athair Piaras O Duill, OFM Cap., a Capuchin Father in the tradition of Fr. Albert and Dominic for about 40 years.

"Piaras becoming a priest was no surprise to Republicans.

"He was simply following in the footsteps of Fr. Liam Pilkington, of Sligo, former GOC 3rd Western Division, IRA in the 1920s; Brother Micksie Conway, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, activist in the 1930s and '40s; Canon Sean Kearney, Ard-Runai of Sinn Fein in the early 1950s; and Michael Joe O'Keefe, Mullagh, Co. Clare, Curragh internee 1957-59 who has ministered in Alabama, U.S.A. for more than 40 years now" (*Saorse*, Irish Freedom, September, 2006).

Child Advice

"When a teacher friend of mine asked her class of 13 and 14 year olds to list the three most important lessons a father might impart to his offspring, most of them wrote: "*Think contraception, don't do drugs and don't commit suicide*".

"My friend was horrified at the world view implied in the priorities. "Is this what Irish society has come to?", she wondered; 13 and 14 year olds aren't that long out of primary school—shouldn't they be thinking of learning how to fish or tie reefer knots with the guiding hand of their fathers?" (Colette Sheridan, *Irish Examiner*, 14.9.2006).

Protestant School Bus

"Education authorities in Limerick did a U-turn yesterday on their earlier refusal to give public school bus passes to two Catholic children attending a Protestant school.

"School bus liaison officer Deirdre Frawley, who issues passes, had stated that the new bus service, which commences tomorrow, from Adare to Villiers School in the North Circular Road was for Protestant children only. Harry and Bernadette Gleeson were told by letter on August 3 that their son and daughter, who attend Villiers, were not eligible for places on the bus as only children of Protestant denominations were entitled to places.

"The Gleesons live at Caher Road, Mungret, which the bus will pass on its route.

However, two bus passes arrived in the post yesterday morning after a flurry of letters between Ms Frawley and the Gleesons.

"Ms Frawley had stated she could only allow children on the bus who are eligible for places and the issue was one of entitlement.

"Following protests by the Gleesons

at the decision to refuse passes, Ms Frawley sent a letter by courier to them on Thursday last.

"This was followed by a further letter yesterday which contained bus passes for the Gleesons' children, Edmond, 17, and Margaret, 15.

"Mr Gleeson said yesterday he was delighted that his son and daughter had been given bus passes.

"Management at Villiers School, who are not involved in the allocation of school bus passes, said they had no objection to Catholic children attending Villiers getting bus passes if they could be accommodated.

"The Villiers bus service was denounced as discriminatory by Cllr Niall Collins who protested to Education Minister Mary Hanafin about the prohibition of Catholics from the school bus" (*Irish Examiner*, 29.8.2006).

Vatican Soccer

The Vatican Secretary of State was just kidding when he said the Holy See might one day have a football team to rival the top formations in Italy's powerful Serie A, a report said yesterday.

Cardinal Tarcisio Bertone created a buzz on Sunday when he told reporters: "*I do not preclude the possibility that the Vatican, in the future, could put together a football team of great value, that could play on the same level as Roma, Inter Milan and Sampdoria.*"

But later Bertone, Pope Benedict XVI's right hand man, ate his words.

"After a joke... everyone started hypothesising about a great Vatican football team.

"I don't think it's possible, so let's stop fantasising," he told the Vatican-watching news agency.

Italian media seized on the subject, contacting the head of the UEFA, William Gaillard, in Brussels.

"Why not?" he said. "We already have San Marino, Liechtenstein and Andorra."

Irish Catholic Changes Hands

The publishers of the *Farmers' Journal* have bought the *Irish Catholic* newspaper.

The Agricultural Trust, which also publishes the *Irish Field*, is expected to complete the sale by the end of the summer.

No details were given of the sale price, but the newspapers' editorial, advertising, marketing and accounts departments are expected to move, in the coming weeks, to the Agricultural Trust's headquarters on the Naas Road.

The *Irish Catholic*, has a circulation of 27,000 and employs three staff journalists, editor Garry O'Sullivan, and

reporters, Michael Kelly and Paul Keenan.

Freelance contributors include *Irish Independent* columnist David Quinn, who was formerly Editor of the *Irish Catholic*.

It is independent of the Irish Hierarchy but its editorial role generally reflects the conservative views of its readership, though in recent years the newspaper has been critical of the secrecy operated by bishops in their running of church policies.

Baby Religious Mix-Up

An ethnic Chinese man who was swapped at birth in a hospital mix-up and given to a Muslim couple is battling to leave Islam and acquire a Chinese name.

The man, who is from Malaysia, found his biological parents 21 years

later. Zulhaidi Omar was often teased about his Chinese features, and never felt close to the Malay couple that he believed were his parents.

In a remarkable coincidence, he was spotted in a supermarket where he worked by his biological sister, eight years ago, who noticed he was the spitting image of their father, Teo Ma Leong, aged 67.

A DNA test later confirmed the relationship and Zulhaidi moved in with his parents three months later.

The family went public with their story because Zulhaidi, now aged 29, wants to take up a Chinese name and change his religion to Buddhism.

But that's easier said than done in this predominantly Malay Muslim nation, in which the constitution does not allow Muslims to renounce their religion.

Nick Folley

A Reply

Robin Bury And The Irish Language

Robin Bury writes that Sinn Fein took over the Gaelic league in order to "de-Anglicise Ireland". Firstly, I believe that was already a side-effect of the goal of the Gaelic League: to revive interest in and love for a Gaelic culture that had been deliberately suppressed by an occupying power. Mr. Bury sees this as 'anglophobic'. Is it Anglo-phobic to revive our indigenous culture? What does he make then of England's conscious effort to destroy Ireland's Gaelic culture in order to annex it to itself? Are we to understand that English rule here was Hiberno-phobic?

The expression and cultivation of Irish language and culture as being somehow a threat to Anglo culture can only be understood in terms of one vying for dominance over the other. Is French flag-flying on Bastille Day, or the French language 'Anglophobic'? The French like to think of themselves as having a 'distinct' civilisation, as indeed do the British.

I believe he is also incorrect in his statement that Sinn Fein "took over" the Gaelic League. In fact it was the Irish Republican Brotherhood that infiltrated such organisations with a view to forming revolutionary material from them. The 1916 revolution took Sinn Fein almost as much by surprise as it did the general populace (though the British authorities knew about it beforehand and let it go ahead).

Mr. Bury is correct in some respects

regarding the Irish language, however. The surest way to kill interest in a language is to place it on a school syllabus as a mandatory exam subject. Prior to the Free State, people had willingly cycled dozens of miles in all weathers to attend Irish classes (a quick glance through IRA veterans' memoirs will show many such instances). There were a number of other problems with Irish:

1) Over the course of the 19th century, despite the Gaelic league, many especially of the older generation came to regard Irish—unsurprisingly—as the language of a vanquished nation. Learning English was the way to get ahead socially and economically.

2) Irish was taught (even in my time) as a 'dead' language, in the same way as Latin, using the outdated grammar-translation method. Had it been taught more like EFL, it might have had much greater success.

3) The very fact we speak English as a nation is in itself a stumbling block to further language acquisition, including Irish. English has been so successful globally that its speakers are generally lazy about acquiring further languages and tend to expect foreigners to struggle in English instead of us learning their languages. It is no coincidence that British people are also famously poor at acquiring further languages.

4) The situation regarding Irish may be turning a corner: thanks to Gaelscoils and programs like Rós na Run and Tuaras Teanga, Irish is regaining ground. It can be heard spoken far more often

than before (I have personal experience of this) and a generation is growing up without the old stigmas attached to the language. It is stating the obvious that it will never replace English as a global *'lingua franca'* unless we Irish go out and carve out a world empire for ourselves. But it could become a frequently heard language here, and our sense of who we are can only be enriched by this. Brian Friel's play *Translations* deals with the impact on a population literally lost in their own country and cut off from their cultural heritage after the Anglicising of place-names during the Ordinance Survey of the 1830s. The re-naming of places is both literal (as we can see today on our maps) and metaphorical—the new, anglicised names divorce us from awareness of the history and topography available to those who understand Gaelic place-names.

5) Regarding Protestants and the Irish language, Mr. Bury seems to equate Protestant with Anglo, Anglophile and Anglo-centric. Why does he assume Protestants should be more unable or unwilling to speak Irish than their Catholic neighbours? If it is true that so few people—Protestant or Catholic—are able to speak Irish fluently, as he says, then we would all be barred—Catholic and Protestant alike—from senior government posts, if Irish is a basic requirement. From Mr. Bury's description, it seems Protestants who opposed compulsory Irish found themselves in a similar position to Irish-speaking Catholics under the National School system introduced by the English in 1832.

An interesting question remains posed, but unanswered by Mr. Bury. If it is true that Protestants here so vigorously opposed learning Irish, we must ask ourselves why this was so? What did they have against learning Irish? If it is true that Catholics did successfully learn Irish in large numbers (and Mr. Bury seems to be suggesting the answer is 'No') then again the sociologist in us should be asking why this is so.

I suspect the answer may lie in the fact that Mr. Bury believes Irish Protestants do not really see themselves as Irish, but as more English somehow, despite being born and living here. Thus the Irish language may be an amusing hobby for Irish Catholics but shouldn't be foisted on Anglo-centric Irish Protestants. Having to learn Irish would, Mr. Bury appears to believe, be a kind of forced integration with the 'native' population.

Editorial Note: This full correspondence, including Mr. Bury's letter, can be seen on: <http://www.village.ie/forum/society/1e%20a%20just%20marty%20s%20att%20on%20the%20reform%20movement>

Pat Maloney

Ireland: 2006 Census Figures

"The era of the standard nuclear family is over" (Irish Times, 30.3.2007).

* *Baha'i is one of Ireland's smallest religions, with only 504 members. A popular religion in India, it forbids drinking, gambling and drugs as well as homosexuality.*

* *There are 929 atheists in the State, but some 186,318 people who say they have no religion.*

* *There are now over 5,000 Jehovah's Witnesses in Ireland as well as over 1,200 Mormons and 882 Quakers.*

* *The numbers of male Muslims (19,372) is significantly larger than female Muslims (13,167).*

* *There are nearly 60,000 more female Catholics than males.*

The number of Catholics in the country has increased in Ireland by more than 218,000 since the last census. Catholics now number 3.6 million. Whilst Catholic adherents increased in numbers, their share of the total decreased overall.

By far the biggest religious grouping, its share of all religious groups actually fell from 88.4% to 86.8%.

Other significant changes saw Muslims become the third largest religious category behind Catholics and Church of Ireland since the previous Census, moving up from fifth place. The number of Muslims rose by 13,400 to more than 32,500 since the last Census four years ago.

The 2006 Census shows 32,539 Muslims living in Ireland, a near 70% increase in the number of Muslims here since the last figures were taken.

However, people with no religion are still the second largest group in the State when it comes to including all categories.

A total of 186,318 people said they had no religion when asked in the latest Census, a rise of one-third since the previous check, whereas the numbers professing some religious affiliation rose by just 8%.

Some 26 categories were noted in the Census, including where it was not stated if a person had a belief.

Declared Church of Ireland (including Protestants) believers have increased nominally also, bringing numbers up to over 125,000, an increase of 10,000. Non-Irish Church of Ireland believers were largely from Britain.

The Orthodox faith saw its numbers double to 20,800, with some 84% of its adherents from abroad, mainly non-EU countries in Eastern Europe.

Meanwhile, several smaller non-

Christian based religions have seen numbers grow significantly.

These include traditionally Asian religions like Hinduism and Buddhism.

The latest Census shows Buddhists numbers have increased by 67% to over 6,500 believers.

Hindus meanwhile have nearly doubled in believers, now numbering just over 6,000.

Apostolic or Pentecostal believers saw the biggest percentage increase in numbers, rising nearly 158% to over 8,000.

The breakdown of religious or non-religious categories also showed which nationalities people were.

Of Catholics, aside from the 3.4 million Irish people, believers included those from Britain (54,214), the rest of the EU (112,806) as well as the US (13,229) and Asia (12,443).

A total 213,412 non-Irish people declared themselves Catholics.

Social Statistics

The population of Ireland soared by 322,000 people, or 8%, since the last Census in 2002, and now stands at 4,239,848.

The foreign population has almost doubled from 224,000 in 2002 to 420,000, with continental Europeans, along with Africans and Asians, the fastest growing groups.

While 95% of Irish people are white, around 44,000 people consider themselves African or black; 16,500 say they are Chinese; and 36,000 are from another Asian background. This was the first Census to ask people about their ethnic affiliations.

Polish nationals numbered 63,300, while the number of Lithuanians was 24,600. *"The number of British citizens living here fell from 22,000 in 2002 to 19,000"* (Irish Independent, 30.3.2007).

"Non-Irish nationals now account for 10% of the population, the majority of whom are from the UK (112,548)" (Irish Times, 30.3.2007).

In another revealing glimpse of the changing face of modern Ireland, Divorce is on the increase. Reflecting its legislation here in 1997, the results show that between 2002 and 2006, the number of divorced persons soared from 35,000 to 59,500.

The average number of children per family declined from 2.2 in 1986 to 1.4 last year.

Co-habiting couples grew by more than 50% from 77,600 in 2002 to 121,800 in 2006.

The number of same-sex couples recorded in the 2006 census was 2,090, an increase from 1,300 in 2002. Two-thirds of these were male couples.

Lone parent families also increased by about 23% to almost 190,000.

There are 22,345 Travellers living in the country, which is down from 23,500 in 2002, and they are becoming more settled. *

Life Without Culture

Un-Enlightenment?

Propagandists of globalisation keep telling us to admire the European Enlightenment. So too do many of globalisation's opponents. Now 'enlightenment' means 'bringing of light'. So just what was the darkness?

For Voltaire, Diderot and the other pioneers, the matter was clear enough. Christianity was a dark and ignorant creed that had mysteriously overturned the civilised values of Greece and Rome.

China and India were shining examples of how life could be much better, happier and cleaner in lands where Christianity had never been. But the Enlightenment looked to the wrong models. Buddhism, Confucianism, Hinduism and even Islam were sometimes cited with admiration.

But Classical Greek and Roman culture was the main inspiration. Not a wise choice, since Classical Greek and Roman culture had been seriously unstable, full of a crazy competitiveness. Its favourite hero was Odysseus, strong bold and clever, but also a cheat and a cold-blooded killer.

Classical Greek and Roman culture lacked *sympathy*. That was the missing element in a brilliant culture, the thing that allowed it to be captured by a Christian underground that educated people had long viewed with contempt. There was much to be contemptuous of, superstition and dirt and ignorance, but Christianity also filled a gap. It offered content of a human sort for the dead hollowness at the heart of Classical Greek and Roman culture. It valued kindness and rejected European paganism's cult of brutality.

Rome was the most brutal Old World empire since the fall of Assyria. There was also no equivalent anywhere else of the slaughter-as-entertainment of the Roman amphitheatres. All ancient cultures had slavery, but most of them gave slaves rights as an inferior sort of human. Roman Law was exceptional in that it originally gave slave-owners absolute rights. Roman society had a mass of slaves used purely as 'instruments of production', vastly worse off than the household slaves. This was peculiar to Rome, until Europeans recreated it in the New World. Hard-line Catholic Spaniards began it, but the mostly-skeptical French and English

were happy to copy and continue the system. And it was left to the English to make an industrial system of it.

The 'Enlightenment' in its actual development was much darker than people suppose it to be. It was anti-democratic as well as anti-Christian, an eminently logical combination at the time, when popular piety was extremely strong. John Locke says things that can seem very modern—maybe because modern politics has taken over his language. I doubt that John Locke would have accepted the 'levelling' meanings that we nowadays put on his words.

John Locke spoke for 'liberty', but he was comfortable with a parliament which was elected by maybe a tenth of the adult males. And elected very unevenly: a majority of House of Commons seats were controlled by a rich elite of a couple of hundred families.

Locke was a major investor in the English slave-trade through the Royal Africa Company. As Secretary to the Earl of Shaftsbury, he drafted a Constitution for the 'Province of Carolina' that would have established feudalism in British North America. The British settlers rejected feudal control but eagerly embraced black slavery. London was also happy for the 'Province of Georgia' to be founded as slave-free. It was intended as a buffer between slave-owners in the Carolinas and the Spanish colony of Florida, and viewed as a place of refuge by escaped slaves. But, as white settlers got control, they demanded and got the legalisation of slavery, while Spain was eventually intimidated into selling Florida to the growing USA.

Errors in Enlightenment Europe were not only or even mainly a matter of personal imperfections. In looking primarily to Europe's pre-Christian traditions, the Enlightenment was moving from one abnormality to another. Compared to other world-empires, Classical Greece and Rome were exceptional in largely abolishing the free peasantry and splitting society into a small number of rich, a larger stratum of urban idlers, and a vast mass of agricultural slaves.

Classical Greek and Roman culture were also seriously unstable, full of a crazy competitiveness. It was not

enough to be living a good or useful life, you had to be praised for it. Although it is called 'individualism', it is individualism of a sort that can't live its own life without other people to be dominated and turned into an admiring audience for one particular superior individual.

If you need an audience but also feel scorn for that audience for allowing itself to be dominated into admiring you, then you are utterly screwed up. That was the big problem for the Classical Greeks and Romans. This was a nonsense that the Enlightenment brought back—not that it had ever been completely eliminated from Christian tradition.

Though I can see how the 'pursuit of excellence' could get a grip on people, I think it's a soul-destroying approach to life. Religions of one sort or another allow life to be enjoyed, or at least a harmonious religion will do so. Parts of Western Christianity have been rather pathological, but the worst craziness was what it included in the creed during its historic compromise with Late Paganism.

Economic Rationalism

When I unpicked the logic of 'economic rationalism', I discovered that it was 'Magic Rationalism'. When they say 'rational', they are not just supposing that human emotions are a pointless interference with sensible logical decision-making. They *also* suppose that we have an inherently perfect knowledge of our own best interests—real market traders may get the price wildly wrong but *collectively* they are perfect. Market bubbles are sometimes logic-chopped into 'rational' events, on the grounds that large numbers of people cannot *actually* be acting in a way that hurts them all. If these characters were willing to follow their own logic wherever it led, they would also be arguing that there are no such things as traffic-jams.

Adam Smith noticed that British industrialists and merchants were doing very nicely with limited government control. They must also have told him that they would like greater freedom of action, freedom to follow profit without the need to worry about whether the rest of the nation would suffer. He obligingly raised it to the level of a philosophy: it is *rational* to suppose that rich people looking after their own interests are actually good for the nation. It is rational because he said it was rational: no specific chain of reasoning is ever put forward in *The Wealth Of Nations* or anywhere else.

In my book *Wealth Without Nations*, I detailed how Smith repeatedly ignored facts that did not fit—including the complex social regulation of the pin industry, his classic example of the benefits of Division of Labour. Smith also refused to look at the astonishing growth in slavery in the New World. This was not a primitive hold-over, but a new development within sophisticated commercial agriculture, raising crops for European consumption. It is data that would refute his notion that private profit led to social good, so it is data he does not want to know about.

We must suppose Adam Smith wanted morality kept out of economics, because morality at that time could hardly have been anything else but Christian morality. He never spoke frankly about his own beliefs, citing 'God' in a hazy manner that Christians could easily confuse with their own vision of a wrathful or paternalistic Jehovah. Smith had been raised as a moderate member of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, but during his time at Oxford he was converted to Deism and probably came to see Christianity as an odious superstition. Political Economy—as opposed to modern Economics—became an alternative creed.

But it is an alternative creed that is not fit for humans to live by. That is the tragedy of the Enlightenment: philosophers supposed that their own habits were something supremely rational and that they could lead by good example. But the actual examples were mostly not good and people refused to be led by them. Even when the Enlightenment thinker was moral at a personal level, the creed was inhuman.

Would you prefer modest amounts of money and lots of reliable friends? Or a whole lot of money, but your friends will be few and perhaps unreliable? Most of us would choose the first, given a clear choice (the sort of choice that gets obscured in actual life). And we would expect most other people to make the same choice. But 'rational economics' expects the second option to be preferred.

The accumulation of money is relatively easy to measure. The development of social networks is an enormously more complex matter. Who are friends? Who is reliable? How do we differentiate between thousands of individual and distinct choices? Actual human welfare depends much less on money than on the right choice of friends, but it's also

not an easy matter for an outsider to pontificate about. People can choose very different friends and have very different ideas of mutual obligations and yet be quite content with their different choices.

But it can't all be personal. Anarchism sounds like a nice creed, but it depends on the various individual choices happening to mesh, which doesn't often happen. Anarchism won't work if people have a mind of their own, and it is notable that tribes with no strong central government also have great uniformity of thinking of people in the various categories of age and gender. A tribe depends on all of its members upholding the particular tribal values. A ruler can be content with people being very different from one another, so long as they pay their taxes and keep within agreed rules of morality.

But what are 'within agreed rules of morality'? If someone kills your brother, are you entitled to kill them in retaliation? Are you *obliged* to kill them in retaliation, even if it was a fair fight that both of them chose? Alternatively, are you obliged to forgive? Or at the other extreme, do you kill a brother of the offender, someone with no personal guilt but whose death will balance the losses of the two families? Systems of morality give different answers on such matters. Also on what types of food are legitimate, and when. Which varieties of sex are allowed, which are forbidden and whether celibacy is the highest holiest state, a personal choice, treason against your kin-group and / or a peculiar aberration.

A religion is a way of defining the obligatory duties between friends and between relatives, and also between strangers. You are forbidden to cheat or harm those you don't like, if it is just your own dislike. But you are also *obliged* to act against those who are doing something wrong. You shouldn't give shelter to criminals, even though they will pay well for it.

If you've accepted that slavery is wrong, you have an obligation to act against it, maybe at great personal cost. If you are convinced racism is an evil, you need to take a stand against it, as the Left in the USA did, with the Communist Party playing a major role and sincere Christians like Martin Luther King risking much and suffering much. Right-wingers and business interests needed the support of racists, where they were not racists themselves. They shut up

until it became electorally necessary to do something. Then they did as little as possible, making use of those who claimed that state action was not necessary and creating a creed that could bundle genuine conservatives with the greedy and the prejudiced, always a big chunk of the electorate.

The New Right like to claim that both slavery and racism would 'naturally' have perished due to economic forces. The historic record suggests otherwise. Slavery extended itself from its original heartland in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, across the Appalachian mountains and as far west and South-West as Anglo power could extend. The slave system was spread into the new US states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Florida and Missouri.

(I've not forgotten Louisiana. Louisiana was a special case, a French heritage and a different culture that may have contributed to the early fall of New Orleans in the Civil War, captured in 1862 with zero casualties on either side. I've also not forgotten Maryland, a slave state that refused to secede and where Confederate enthusiasm was limited. Likewise tiny Delaware, but it was the much larger border-slave states of Kentucky and Missouri that were the key to the Union's victory.)

Slavery was a flourishing system in conditions of 'economic freedom', freedom for white citizens to be slave-owners. It had needed a strict legal ban (the 'Northwest Ordinance' of 1787) to keep slavery south of the Ohio river. There were serious attempts to legalise slavery in Ohio and Illinois, once these became full states within the USA. It needed a local civil war to drive slavery out of Kansas. Elsewhere, the Federal Government would have let it continue for decades if the slave states had been less stubborn. Lincoln in 1862 offered a deal to the non-seceded slave-owning border states that would have seen slavery gradually abolished with compensation for the owners and not fully vanishing till 1900.

Had the Confederacy not been determined to fight to the bitter end, they might have kept the slave system alive till 1900, maybe even longer. The victorious North thought slavery an abomination, but was largely sympathetic to racism. It allowed segregation after a brief attempt at equality in the Reconstruction era. Segregation got rather more intense in the years up until the USA took a wider role and gross

racism became an embarrassment.

Sex is one fundamental, food is the other. Humans are much more willing than most animals to share their food. You'd feed a hungry child unless you or your children were seriously short. This would apply even if you were totally certain that there would be no benefit from doing so and no penalty from not doing so.

But supposing you are yourself short of food, as will definitely happen in a pre-industrial society. Does everyone then pool, or do they hoard? Or steal from each other? Are the rich obliged to feed the starving poor? Or can they demand that the poor sell their children or even themselves as a test of their desperation? That's where religion comes into it. Religion helps maintain standards in tough times. Defines the obligations and holds most people to them. Suggests intangible benefits for good behaviour that is obviously not profitable in the short term.

Confucian Communism

I mentioned earlier that to some 18th century Europeans, China and India were shining examples of how life could be much better, happier and cleaner in lands where Christianity had never been. Adam Smith noted this in *The Wealth Of Nations*. He also observed that China was static whereas Europe was advancing, and that China was not much different from the land Marco Polo had described. China remained broadly static till Mao took over in 1949, despite some superficial modernisation.

I suspect most readers aren't aware of Adam Smith's comments on China. They're not exactly hard to find: the Glasgow Edition of 1976 has them nicely indexed. This hasn't stopped a whole swarm of Adam Smith enthusiasts ignoring Smith's accurate observations and scraping around for other opinions that fit their prejudices better. It is just the

same with China's massive advance under Mao. I followed China quite closely through the 1960s and 1970s and *at the time* no one disputed that China's material well-being had advanced enormously. There was a period of food shortage when the weather turned bad during the dislocations of the Great Leap Forward. Visitors noticed that there was a food shortage but none of the classic signs of famine: they also noticed that the Yellow River had dried up, which is a very uncommon event.

We know now that China was suffering the backwash of an El Nino, an unknown entity at the time but since understood to be associated with Chinese famines across the centuries. Under Mao there were serious food shortages and China's death rate briefly doubled, which merely took it back to the pre-Mao level. It then fell again and fell significantly below the death-rate in the Republic of India, itself a success story. Nehru and his heirs have done well, but Mao did better.

Facts are only a starting-point, of course. A theory that contradicts the known facts is obviously wrong, which won't stop it being Received Wisdom if it suits the immediate needs of the 'Anglosphere'. Western visitors to China are surprised to find that Mao is still vastly popular among ordinary people. They will consider almost any explanation except that people who lived through it know what actually happened: a small Westernised elite lost its privileges and a vast mass of ordinary people saw a vast improvement over the Warlord era.

In China a local elite of scholar-gentry was determined to maintain values that held good since the Bronze Age, and were indeed an optimum for managing a society in the absence of industrialisation. It was not an unchanging order, China quickly adopted various useful crops that Europeans had found in the New World. Growing maize etc.

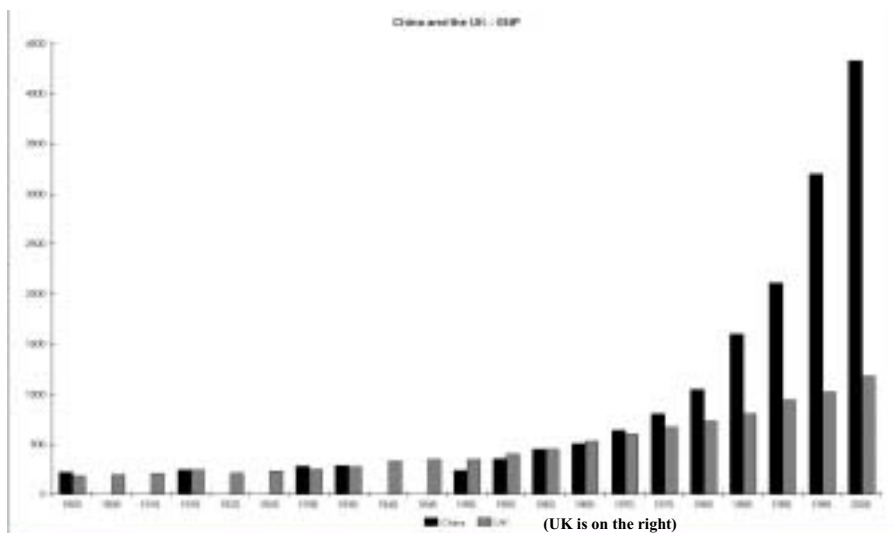
does not overturn your cultural values. Industrialism overturns cultural values. A society of active citizens overturns cultural values. In China there were not many large landowners, but there were absolutely no *improving* landlords, no equivalent of the British gentry that most places (though not Ireland) were a dynamic factor rather than rent-collecting parasites.

Real world history needs a theory of development that can explain why both Mahatma Ghandi and Mao Zedong could be successful as 'fathers of the nation', which means you have to think in a radically new way and be prepared to mix ideas that supposedly do not belong together. In material terms, Mao and his heirs have been much more successful. I've prepared a chart comparing the development of China and India, though it must be remembered that in 1949 India was divided, losing what is now Pakistan and Bangladesh. (See Below.)

Before 1949 China had been a dismal failure in its efforts to copy the West. Or rather it failed when it tried to do what the West had never done, leap in one generation from traditional hierarchical politics to a multi-party Republic. At the time of the 1911 Chinese Revolution, Mao Zedong was a believer in Western liberalism, as were many other young Chinese. The new Chinese Republic tried a wholesale copy of Western politics, and it was a disaster. A repressive but orderly Empire was replaced by incoherent bands of warlords. It needed Soviet help to turn the Chinese Nationalists (Kuomintang) into half-effective force. Western influence managed to stop them becoming serious reformers: kept them half-effective to a degree that disgusted visiting US citizens who had supposed that the Kuomintang were allies in the war against Japan. Ordinary Chinese were often very brave and keen to fight, but the leaders of the Kuomintang 'nationalists' preferred to sit out the war and let the USA win it for them.

One needs to ask, why was Japan able to modernise under its traditional rulers and China utterly unable even to imitate? This is a large question in itself, and also not much asked. A good book about China's development is very much needed. So far, only a flock of mostly-mediocre books have been produced, few worse than Chiang & Halliday's *Mao, the Unknown Story*.

Chang & Halliday have the least accurate summary of recent Chinese history the I've ever encountered. The May Fourth Movement gets half a sentence and is not in the index: that's rather like Ireland without the Easter Rising. They describe Chinese President



Yuan Shikai's career without mentioning his attempt to make himself Emperor—rather as if one were to summarise Hitler by saying "he was President of Germany from 1934-45". They ignore Yuan Shikai's role in the coup against a reforming Emperor in 1898, and his servile willingness to submit to Japan's 'Twenty-One Demands', the start of the Japanese campaign to conquer China. They also show a bizarre fondness for the warlord regimes that succeeded Yuan Shikai's failed leadership, the warlords whom Chiang Kai-shek compromised with when he broke the Kuomintang-Communist alliance.

Chang & Halliday claim some original discoveries, including that the Chinese Communist Party was actually founded in July 1920, with the date later shifted to the First Congress of June 1921 to boost Mao's importance. They cite reports in Moscow of such a foundation. Robert Payne's *Mao Tse Tung: Ruler Of Red China* gives an account of this 1920 meeting (page 71). It was a mix of assorted Chinese left-wingers, not all of them Marxists and with little wish to found a Communist Party. It got wrongly reported in Moscow, but Comintern delegate Pavel Miff investigated and found that no party had in fact been created. Which also explains why the 1921 meeting was called the First Congress, which would be puzzling if it had been the second such gathering.

Chang & Halliday miss this, but they do cite Payne in another context, as the source for Peng Dehuai supposedly not remembering the famous skirmish at the

Luding Bridge, a strategic crossing that could have bottled up the Red Army if the bridge had been properly held. Edgar Snow's account in *Red Star Over China* makes it clear that the defenders hadn't expected the Red Army vanguard to go swinging across bare chains after the wooden cross-slats had been removed, and that they failed to put up a decent fight in the face of enemies who were clearly ready to die rather than retreat. But Chang & Halliday ridicule this heroism and claim that the Red Army was let cross and that no fight actually occurred.

Their claim is based on a ludicrous misreading of Payne's book. Peng was apologising after having confused two different battles on the Long March. Earlier in the same paragraph, Payne remarks about the different versions of the Luding Bridge crossing that people remember: "The crossing of the Tatu River [Dadu River], told by three separate people, seemed to be three separate crossings..." He then says "The stories of the battles were even more difficult to piece together", and it is in this context that he mentions Peng's error (*Mao Tse Tung: Ruler Of Red China*, page 139).

Chang & Halliday make a case based on numbers: if there were 22 attackers and 22 survivors were rewarded, how can there have been a battle? This is made as a criticism of Edgar Snow, but if you read Snow he says that there were thirty attackers. The figure of 22 attackers comes from Yang Cheng-wu's *Lightning Attack On Luting Bridge*, Yang Cheng-wu being the commander of the actual attack. Or a bare-faced liar

if there was no attack, but Chang and Halliday don't call him a liar and don't in fact mention him at all, though he is there in the bibliography.

Chang & Halliday's book is full of such nonsense and is totally useless. Not a single thing they say can be trusted. Though they have worked through a gigantic mass of source material, some of it available to no one else, they have re-worked it into a huge mound of ignorance.

Payne's *Mao Tse Tung: Ruler Of Red China* is good for a lot more than just exposing the faults of Chang & Halliday. Fifteen years before the Cultural Revolution, he correctly anticipated Mao's wider interests:

"Mao holds all the arts of China in his hands. Lenin had neither the learning nor the inclination to assume the role of transformer of culture. Mao, far more widely read and with a comparable subtlety of mind, has clearly determined to accept the position thrust on him, and no one can foresee the changes in the basic structure of Chinese culture which will derive ultimately from his will" (Chapter Ten, *The Wind and the Sand*).

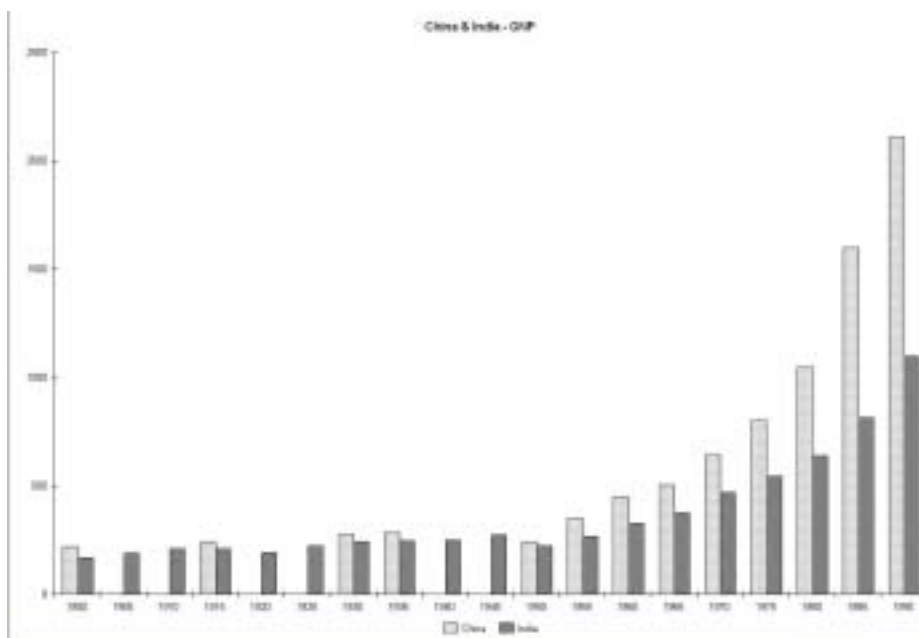
Sources

I've avoided using a lot quotes, preferring to point to different interpretations of well-known facts. You can check details like the Virgo Cluster or the First Bishops War in lots of standard references, if you want to know more.

In the case of China, I'm covering points that most reference works ignore—they prefer to start with economic growth under Deng and imply that Mao's era was stagnant, though no one actually says this, since it was blatantly not so. Back in the 1970s there was even a premature acceptance of China as a third Superpower, which it was not and still isn't. China is the leading hold-out against SubAmericanisation: if China succumbed or disintegrated then attention would switch to the Republic of India, just as it switched to China and also Yugoslavia once the Cold War ended.

The chart of economic growth uses the tables in Angus Maddison's *The World Economy: Historical Statistics*. These give GNP as millions of inflation-adjusted dollars: I've lumped these as thousands of millions. I've also shown the figure for each fifth year rather than each year. GNP for China is very uncertain in the early period: the figure for 1915 is actually a 1913 estimate

Robert Payne's *Mao Tse Tung: Ruler Of Red China* was published in 1950 and is long out of print. (Well meriting a reprint, but I doubt it will ever get one.) A revised and updated edition was published in 1961 as *Portrait of a Revolutionary: Mao Tse-tung*. There is disappointingly little extra in the later book.



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God's Banker:

The Rise And Rise
Of Peter Sutherland

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Courtier to Queen Elizabeth of England and now appointed "...to be one of God's top bankers"—that's part of the breathtaking career of former Director General of the World Trade Organisation, EU Commissioner, and failed Fine Gael political candidate, Peter Sutherland.

On 5th December 2006, Mr. Sutherland (60) was appointed as an expert adviser on Vatican finances by Pope Benedict XVI.

He was appointment to the Board responsible for the Administration of the Patrimony of the Apostolic See, known as APSA. APSA is the office within the Roman Curia that deals with properties owned by the Vatican, which provide revenue for the Pope and the Vatican civil service to carry out their administration of the universal Catholic Church.

It is not to be confused with the Institute for the Works of Religion, more commonly known as the Vatican Bank, which was embroiled in scandals associated in 1982 with the collapse of the Banco Ambrosiano, whose Chairman Roberto Calvi was found hanging from Blackfriars Bridge in London.

Along with the Prefecture for the Economic Affairs of the Holy See, APSA was given the task of improving the running of the Vatican's cash-flow and investments, as well as pension funds—that were traditionally enshrouded in secrecy.

APSA examines the budgets of the various branches of the Roman Curia, and advises on the Holy See's investments in stocks and real estate. Mr. Sutherland will also examine the Holy See's management of its personnel, as the biggest expense for the Curia is its wage bill to staff, including the operation of its embassies around the world.

You can be certain Usury is a subject that won't appear on any of these agendas or the damning report by former US Secretary of State on the 'fast and loose' fashion in which BP executives treat their workers (*see column 3*).

Mr. Sutherland is Chairman of BP Amoco in London, is a former Chairman

and Managing Director of Goldman Sachs.

Sutherland received an Honorary Knighthood from the Queen Elizabeth of England in 2002.

From the *Irish Independent* of 23rd December 2006, we learn that 'God's Banker' has handed over Euro 4m of his personal fortune to help build a new Law School at University College, Dublin (UCD). And the Government has pledged to match his generous offer.

His largesse is expected help UCD's case for additional funds from the Government and other sources for the Euro 20m development on the Belfield Campus. Government backing for the project was underlined in a statement of support from Education Minister Mary Hanafin. Months after crossing swords with UCD over alleged academic "poaching", the Minister described the University as a "dynamic and pro-active institution".

Mr. Sutherland's gift follows the recent inauguration of Professor Imelda Maher as the Sutherland Chair of European Law at UCD. His donation is classified as a "leadership gift"—a particularly generous pledge that kickstarts a major fundraising programme.

UCD president Dr. Hugh Brady described Mr. Sutherland—who is chairman of BP and of Goldman Sachs International—as "one of our most distinguished alumni". He is former Chairman of AIB Group and serves on the Boards of Investor AB and The Royal Bank of Scotland Group.

The Law School has formal links with the University of Melbourne, De Paul Law School (Chicago), the University of Minnesota, Osgoode Hall (Toronto), the University of New South Wales (Sydney), Fordham University (New York) and the University of California at Davis.

Is it not incredible that UCD, which at one time was regarded as one of the prime Catholic universities, and Sutherland, a former Commissioner of the European Union, that this institution has not a single link with any European University of note: its connections are

all tied to the Ameranglia network of English-speaking seats of learning and devoted exponents of the world-wide mission of Globalisation.

Despite Dublin's boast of being an exemplary 'European', not a day goes by but its US/UK ties expand—the European connection is a mere trading arrangement?

"A damning report, yet 'Suds' escapes the heat . . . once again"

"This week's damning report on the 2005 explosion at BP's Texas City oil refinery in the US cut short chief executive Lord John Browne's career at the head of Britain's largest company.

"However, BP chairman Peter Sutherland seems to have emerged entirely unscathed from the debacle.

"The report on the March 2005 explosion, which killed 15 workers and injured a further 170, by former US Secretary of State James Baker didn't pull any punches. He concluded that BP's US refineries were an accident waiting to happen.

"A few days before the report Browne announced that he would quit as BP chief executive next July, 15 months ahead of schedule.

"But where was Sutherland, who has been BP chairman for the past decade, while all of this controversy was swirling around the company?"

"A bit like T.S. Eliot's fictional cat McCavity, it seems Sutherland wasn't there.

"This isn't the first time that Sutherland has skirted with controversy.

"In December 2000 the Moriarty Tribunal heard how AIB had written off £130,000 of a £170,000 loan to former Taoiseach Garret FitzGerald in November 1993.

"Sutherland had been chairman of AIB from 1989 to mid-1993.

"FitzGerald had used the loan to buy shares in Shannon-based aircraft leasing company GPA of which he had been a director.

"These shares were virtually worthless after GPA crashed and burned following its failed flotation in 1992.

"Sutherland was also a director of GPA at the time, something which seems to have been erased from his official CV." (*Irish Independent*, 20.01.2007).

Ironically, it has been rumoured that Mr. Sutherland's position at BP was part of the reason the French refused to back his candidacy for head of the European Commission. ❀