

Church & State

A Pluralist Review Of Irish Culture

The Irish Body Politic

John Hewitt And The Glens

A Journey Around Tom Dunne

Did Jesus Christ Watch *Coronation Street*?

(page 21)

No. 89

Summer 2007

Price: €2.00/£1.50

The Irish Body Politic

"What people want now is not talk about change. They have had change till it comes out their ears. What they want is consolidation, refinement, and the correction of the errors and excesses arising from too singular a view of progress"—that's John Waters' commentary on the General Election (Irish Times 28.5.07).

He further comments:

"The media desire for a Rainbow victory had three driving elements: 1) the desire for a change of plotline for the sake of a change of plotline; 2) long-standing spite against Fianna Fail; and 3) media failure to understand the country they presume to cover.

"The core problem is that, instead of simply telling us what is going on, media seek first of all to mould reality to their own prescriptions. Media generally pursue influence in a manner that increases their business, but when it comes to Fianna Fail, feelings of spite, snobbery and atavistic hatred serve to muddy the windscreen so much that journalists can't see what is before their noses.

"And now, after five years of relentless, implacable media hostility, Fianna Fail returns as vigorous as before. If ever there was evidence of media impotence, this is it. Obviously if the media wish to damage Fianna Fail, their best bet is to get behind the incoming government [meaning the Fine Gael/Labour coalition]."

Then, in a rather incoherent passage, Waters says that the media did not get behind the Opposition, and Enda Kenny was *"regarded almost contemptuously"* by it. And that Fianna Fail made use of the Tribunals, set up to destroy it, as a lightning rod to divert attention from real problems.

The media and its *"darlings"*, the PDs and Labour, failed to make an impression on the electorate. *"Only the "civil war parties" have shown any propensity to tap into what is really happening"*.

For *"the media"*, read the *Irish Times*. It is the medium which did not emerge from the national society, and is not a participant in its affairs, but exists over against it, with the purpose of making it something which it is not. When it supported the Treaty, and the Treatyite war on Republicanism, back in 1922, it was strictly on the principle of the lesser evil. If the Home Rule Party had remained functional, it would have supported it against the Free State. If the Unionist Party had been functional, it would have supported it against Home Rule—as it did in fact in 1912-14, even though the Unionist Party had no support in the greater part of Ireland, relying on British power to over-rule Irish politics. And, in 1919-21, it supported military rule in preference to elected Government.

John Waters, in a frank communication to a French PhD student referred to this with surprising clarity for someone who is a paid contributor to the paper. He could hardly be so frank in the columns of the paper itself:

"It is important to understand that *The Irish Times* is not so much a newspaper as a campaigning institution committed to making Ireland come to resemble the aspirations of its more privileged citizens. There is, accordingly, no tradition of giving voice to different opinions in *The Irish Times*. What there is, is a desire to present the "truth", to

have this "truth" accepted, and to discredit all viewpoints, which do not accord with this. In order to achieve this, paradoxically, it is necessary to create the illusion of democratic debate. This is where I come in. The purpose of my column in *The Irish Times* is to demonstrate to the readers the consequences of error, while at the same time illustrating the "tolerance" of those who know and love the "truth". In this way, the "truth" is affirmed all the more. My views in *The Irish Times*, have a function analogous to a vaccine, which aims to immunise the patient to the effects of certain conditions by implanting the essences of these conditions in their systems. Thus, the readers of *The Irish Times* are immunised against any dangerous forms of thinking which, if allowed to take serious hold of their consciousness, would render them incapable of acting in their own best interests." (Email of 2.6.01, cited by Jean Mercereau in *L'Irish Times 1859-1999*).

With this understanding in his mind, why does Waters now speak of Irish Times *"failure to understand the country they presume to cover"*? Its function is not to understand the country but to change it. Its coverage of the election was not reportage but propaganda. Its function was not to inform but to direct.

Its purpose was, and is, to damage Fianna Fail. But its motive in this is not attachment to Fine Gael. It is at best a highly contingent supporter of Fine Gael because it is not Fianna Fail.

For better or worse—and it is often very bad—Fianna Fail is the pillar of the state, or the hinge on which it swings. It is because Fianna Fail made the state independent to a degree that was never intended by the Treaty that it is hated by this influential residue of the Protestant Ascendancy. But hatred of Fianna Fail does not imply love of Fine Gael.

What Fine Gael (and its Cumann na nGaedheal precursor) did was fail to establish a viable Treaty regime after crushing the anti-Treatyites militarily, with British arms and British moral support. Having done the dirty work of the Treaty, under British pressure, it failed to establish a Treatyite body politic as the framework of non-military development.

The faction of Sinn Fein which supported the Treaty was established in power by Britain in 1922. The fact that it gained a small majority for the Treaty in the Republican Dail is not to the point, nor is the fact that it gained a majority in the confused Treaty Election in June 1922. The Dail was never recognised by Britain as an authoritative sovereign body. If in January 1922 it had voted to reject the Treaty and retain the Republic, that vote would not have counted, nor would it have counted if the electorate had delivered a clear verdict against the Treaty in June. Irish independence was ruled out of the question by Britain in 1922 no less than in 1919.

The Dail gave a majority for the Treaty under duress, as did the electorate, and Britain supplied both the authority and the arms for crushing the Irish Army that had sustained a war against it for three years after the Republican victory in the 1918 Election.

The Free State was not doomed by the fact that it was established on British authority, and by British arms used by a mercenary army. It is a comforting illusion that states based on coercion are, by virtue of that fact, not viable in the long run. The rulers of Britain have always acted on the assumption that peoples can be habituated to arrangements into which they were coerced in the first instance.

The Free State failed for the obvious reason that those who governed it rested on their military laurels and disdained statecraft. They did not establish a Free State body politic within which the political energies of the bulk of the electorate

could be deployed. They failed to do this because they did not try to do it. It might be that they would have failed anyway, even if they had tried. That is beyond knowledge. What is knowable is that they did not try. Their governing purpose was to humiliate in politics those whom they had defeated in war.

The result of this was that, during the ten years after the Treaty, there were two hostile body politics in the Free State.

There were (and are) also two hostile body politics in Northern Ireland. But there is nothing that Northern Ireland can do about that situation because it is not a state—although revisionist academics invariably describe it as one—but only a small fragment of the UK state, which supplied its basic amenities while excluding it from UK politics. But the Free State was a state—though a subordinate one—and might have engaged in conciliatory statecraft if it chose. It did not choose.

Cumann na nGaedheal did not behave as a political party governing a state. It behaved as the state and, right up to the moment when it lost power, it treated the Opposition as rebels and mutineers. And the Opposition grew stronger every year under this treatment.

The Treaty Oath was used to exclude the Opposition from the Dail. In 1927 this threatened to bring about a repeat of the situation confronting the British Government in 1919, with the majority of the elected representatives being abstentionists. To avert such a turn of events, the Free State introduced legislation making the taking of the Oath a precondition of contesting elections. This brought about a heated public atmosphere in which civil war seemed to be on the cards—a real civil war, unlike that of 1922-23 in which the Treatyites were acting on a British ultimatum. Fianna Fail managed the problem effectively, entering the Dail without being humiliated, and gaining in public prestige by doing so.

Fianna Fail won the 1932 election. It won again in 1933, and continued winning until the mid-1940s, and established the effective body politic of the state in which the Treatyite Party was eventually obliged to participate. And, when the Treatyite party returned to office in 1948, as part of a Coalition, it showed that it had re-connected with its pre-Treaty roots by breaking the last connection of the Irish state with the British Empire.

The national body politic, as the generally-accepted framework of political action, within which parties win and lose elections without any apprehensions of the state being turned upside down, was established by the long series of Fianna Fail victories after 1932, and by the failure of Fine Gael in the mid-1930s to transform the Parliamentary system into a Fascist system.

"Civil war politics" does not persist on the basis of memory of the Treaty War. It persists because the long conflict, set off by the Treaty but continuing for a generation afterwards, gave distinct textures to the two parties which eventually settled down in the 1940s as component parts of the national body politic.

The Labour Party sought a third way in that conflict, marginalised itself, and continues to be marked by its origins, just as the two major parties are.

The party structure of the state is unbalanced as a long term consequence of Treatyite conduct, particularly from 1927 to 1932, but also because of the awkward Fascist phase in the mid-thirties. And then the PR inhibits a rationalisation of the party-political structure of the state under which the Opposition would be a Government-in-waiting.

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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.**

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Stephen Richards

John Hewitt Centenary

Part Two:

John Hewitt's explorations in the Glens of Antrim

A Stranger In The Glens

In the new Ireland we're being urged to celebrate diversity, even if diversity itself is an aimless state of affairs unless we look at why certain groups have come to be diverse and whether they want to go on being diverse. It may be that the Glens of Antrim (hereinafter called "the Glens") have been insufficiently celebrated as a cultural eco-system within Ireland and that we'll wake up to this after the cultural distinctives have disappeared entirely. Hewitt niggled over the Glens for many years, he was inspired by them, insofar as he was inspired by anything; and for this unfashionable persistence he deserves to be praised.

Geographically we're talking about a long coastal strip about eight or nine miles wide, starting at the ancient town of Glenarm on the south east side and finishing, I suppose, short of Ballycastle on the north coast. "*Antrim Coast and Glens*" is a Tourist Board designation. The villages in between, Carnlough, Waterfoot (Glenariffe), Cushendall, Cushendun and Ballyvoy have been linked up since the 1840s by the Antrim Coast Road which was engineered by Sir Charles Lanyon. Before that the various settlements had been cut off from one another, except by sea, as well as from the wider world, by a series of steep-sided valleys cut into the surrounding Antrim Plateau, so you have good agricultural land side by side with wilderness.

For me, from a child upwards, the Glens have exercised a kind of fascination as an alternative self-contained society just down the road, a Catholic society, although there are significant Protestant populations in the southern villages, declining as you go north. It seemed almost counter-intuitive that this north east extremity of Ireland's most Protestant County should be so blissfully uninfluenced by the rest of the County. Presumably Hewitt felt an attraction for the same reason, that this was an exotic and most suburban area. In fact it's doubtful if he could have fastened on a (for him) more antithetical area in the whole island to work out his preoccupations on. Yet it appealed to something in him too.

In this he was in good company, and self-consciously so, as we're told in *The Poet's Place*. The history and mythology of the Glens is of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago." Thomas Moore memorializes the Children of Lir in his *Song of Fionnuala*:

"Silent O Moyle be the roar of thy water,
Break not, O breezes her chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter,
Tells to the night-star her sad tale of woes."

And, just as Glenariffe is the Queen of the Glens, so Moira O'Neill (1865-1955, born Agnes Higginson) is the queen of the Glens poets, to whom Hewitt tips a slightly condescending hat:

"Her verse is quoted, and what's more, it's read;
she sells her thousands where we're glad of tens'.
I tried a brief quotation just to shew
they'd other poets that they ought to know.
'Och aye, ye mean the young Miss Higginson

stayed with Miss Ada round by Cushendun.
She was a decent girl. I seen her when
they held the first big feis here at the Bay,
and Roger Casement brought the Rathlin men.
She writ a book of pomes, I heard them say.' "

It's doubtful whether Hewitt really saw himself in line of succession to Moira O'Neill whose verse he probably would have regarded as somewhat chocolate-boxy. She wasn't perhaps totally authentic in her characterization of the locals, but they did seem to like it, as did lots of middle-class Protestants in the 1920s and 30s:

" Oh, never will I tell her name,
I'll only sing that her heart was true;
My blackbird! Ne'er a thing's the same
Since I was losing you.
'Tis lonesome in the narrow glen,
An' raindrops fallin' from the tree;
But whiles I think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me."

That would at least translate into song. I don't suppose that Hewitt had any such ambition.

Hewitt was also self-consciously in the tradition of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Presbyterian—and often radical—"weaver poets" such as David Herbison of Dunclug and James Orr of Ballycarry. Indeed his Queen's University M.A. dissertation was on the weaver poets, none of whom at that time could be found in the University Library, so that his supervisor wondered at first if the whole thing was a hoax.

But two of the essayists in *A Poet's Place* have focused on the influence of Sir Samuel Ferguson. First we have Eve Patton with *Samuel Ferguson: A Tourist in Antrim*, then Greagoir O Duill's *No Rootless Colonists: Samuel Ferguson and John Hewitt*. Ferguson (1810-1886) has been largely excised from the popular imagination north and south but he was bracketed by Yeats as one of the inspirers of the Irish cultural revival, along with Davis and Mangan. The *Encyclopaedia of Ireland* gives him nine lines.

Ferguson was the archetypal Victorian gentleman-scholar and antiquarian: product of Belfast "Inst." and Trinity; barrister, Unionist, Gaelic scholar and Hibernophile (query: can you be one if you're already Irish?); and an establishment (or Establishment!) figure, so that in later life he joined the Church of Ireland. His family roots though were in Glenwherry, a rather wild district in the Antrim hills that was settled by Presbyterians, and in the slightly more civilized area of Donegore in South Antrim, just off the M2 motorway. And the ancient graveyard there is where he chose to be buried, despite the offer of a place within the walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral Dublin. The area round Donegore and Templepatrick had been at the core of United Irish activity in the generation before Ferguson.

O Duill argues that the non-threatening religious homogeneity of the demographic makeup of South Antrim in Ferguson's youth led him (unlike Hewitt) to move beyond Ulster regionalist concerns and embrace the Gaelic literary tradition, which held few charms for many of his peers. It may just have been that he was a romantic with a flair for the Irish language. Even his Ulster Unionism expressed itself in novel ways, as O Duill tells us:

"As time passed he wrote longer poems, set in the remote past, peopled not with planters but with Gaels. A recurrent theme of this poetry is that Ulster is different. It is less dominated by priests and is kinder to poets. It is under attack from the other provinces, and is heavily out-numbered. It suffers from enemies within, and the real Ulster is that which can be seen from the summit of Slemish. The future lies in love and marriage across the divisions of religion and race. His later poetry can be read as Ulster unionist particularism in Gaelic mode."

Slemish is of course that spectacular (for its size) hill in the middle of County Antrim associated with the youthful Patrick.

The Glens had been 'opened up' while Ferguson was still a young man and were becoming a holiday hotspot for English as well as Irish tourists. Excursions by charabanc were arranged from Larne by the enterprising Henry McNeill. The trip to the Glens was supposed to appeal to the romantic sensibilities; and Ferguson no doubt aspired to be the Walter Scott of his time, promoting and interpreting a district that for him was a miniature version of the Scottish Highlands. The English Lake District is another parallel but its scenic beauty isn't matched by equivalent historical resonances.

The nineteenth century attitude is neatly summed up in Wordsworth's poem *The Solitary Reaper*, where the poet speculates that the Highland girl with the scythe is singing about "*old unhappy far off things, and battles long ago*". We're in the land of blood feud, desperate struggles against hopeless odds, and bitter collective clan memories. The Homeric element in the history of the Glens obviously stirred up something in Ferguson and he tried to magnify it in his poetry.

O Duill's attempts to make connections between Hewitt and Ferguson seem somewhat strained, and it's not clear to me that the two men would have had much in common, poetically or otherwise. The young Yeats was closer in time to Ferguson and probably understood better what Ferguson was trying to do. Anyway, the Glens in their romantic and epic aspect don't feature largely in Hewitt. The one heroic figure Hewitt fastens on is Ossian, the Merlin of the Fianna cycle, whose grave, as recognized in the Ordnance Survey maps, stands up off the Glenaan Road. I hope my readers need no reminding about Ossian and how he was enticed away to Tir-na-Nog by the stunning but slightly dodgy Niamh, returning after three hundred years to find that the heroic age had passed away and he was about to follow. John Marshall in his *Forgotten Places of the North Coast* (Clegnagh Publishing 1987) states that "*Ossian was a warrior poet from the Celtic Early Christian Period, and his connection with this Neolithic site is purely romantic*".

According to Hewitt it's "*megalithic*"—but maybe that's just the poet's archaeological licence:

"The legend has it, Ossian lies
beneath this landmark on the hill,
asleep till Fionn and Oscar rise
to summon his old bardic skill
in hosting their last enterprise."

Hewitt is agnostic about the legend as about most other things:

"I cannot tell, would ask no proof;
let either story stand for true,
as heart or head shall rule. Enough
that, our long meditation done,
as we paced down the broken lane
by the dark hillside's holly trees,
a great white horse with lifted knees
came stepping past us, and we knew
his rider was no tinker's son."

Like the late Fred Trueman, I just don't understand what's going on out there. Whatever it is, it doesn't work. It would make as much sense if they had seen King Billy on the white horse. He recounts the story as objective fact, not in a 'hoping it might be so' sort of way. So we move from a shadowy world of we know not who, when or what, to a very real white horse with a lordly rider, which is supposed to mean something.

Homestead has a fuller treatment of the Ossian theme:

"Ossian, I said, is my symbol, that shadowy man,
warrior and bard returning again and again

to find the Fenians forgotten and unforgotten,
rising when bidden on the young men's lips
to face defeat and go down and sleep in their cave.
Ossian, who baffled Patrick, his older faith
tougher than the parchment or the string of beads:
Ossian after the Fenians."

This is an interesting poem and I wouldn't want to dismiss it at all, but at its core is a false disjunction between Gaelic culture pre- and post-Patrick. Long after the coming of Christianity, Hewitt implies, the old ways lingered on subversively:

"Yet it's Ossian also after Patrick's legions;
the vestments fray and tarnish, the crafty man
makes a show of genuflection, but in his heart
still rises to the rhythms his Fenians knew."

This isn't so much sub-Yeatsian as sub-Swinburnian. Hewitt doesn't seem to have any idea about how Gaelic culture was rejuvenated in the Christian context, and how the Christian gospel found powerful expression in the Gaelic context, so much so that much of the Anglo-Saxon as well as the Celtic world was shaped by the Columban Church. The parchment was a lot tougher than Hewitt imagines. What did for the Gaelic Irish was the series of hammer blows they experienced from the time of James I onwards: the Flight of the Earls in 1607; the Plantation of Ulster; the Cromwellian conquest; the Williamite wars; the Penal Laws; the Famine; and finally, the remoulding of the Catholic nation under Cardinal Cullen. The wonder was not that Gaelic Ireland crumbled but that it had lasted so long.

Here, as elsewhere, Hewitt seems to be simply taking a sideswipe at Catholicism, and maybe at religion in general. The Catholicism of the Glenspeople he finds unsettling or irritating, but his objections to it are almost nihilistic because he's not suggesting anything better to put in its place. It's as if he feels that as a socialist and a secularist he has to make these noises every so often. Hewitt's brand of devout scepticism isn't likely to attract many adherents in the Glens. So he's not really interested in the mythological significance of Ossian except as a kind of counterbalance to the prevailing Catholic culture of the Glens.

The actual history of the Glens, with its complex relationships of MacDonnells, O'Neills and MacQuillans, isn't prominent in Hewitt's poems. Insofar as he deals with it his approach is very allusive. *MacDonnell's Question* is one such poem, celebrating the retaliation of Sir James MacDonnell, son of the famous Sorley Boy ("*yellow Charles*"), twenty years after the cold-blooded massacre of most of the inhabitants of Rathlin Island at the hands of Sir John Norris, Sir Francis Drake and their crew in 1575. In November 1597, near the village of Glynn in south east Antrim, Sir John Chichester was apparently decapitated by MacDonnell who is later supposed to have addressed the effigy of Sir John at St. Nicholas's Church, Carrickfergus, but the story isn't quite right:

"'Whaur gat ye your heid, Sir John? I mind the day
I clippt it aff ye, when you'd hae ambushed me.'
Those footnote addicts, the historians,
assert this is some legendary fiction,
offering proper dates as positive proof,
and anyhow James never spoke in Scots
but in the Gaelic of the Western Isles.
I do not care. My heart takes it as true;
There's little justice enough in our history."

For me this is Hewitt at his slightly sardonic best, quizzical and questing, and acting as a sort of conduit for a collective consciousness.

Maybe Hewitt was attracted to the Glens farmers because they shared to an extent his own dry, reserved nature. Here to

illustrate are two stanzas from *Country Talk*:

"You will remember that woman whose house we passed,
The last house close to the road going up to the moss,
The whitewashed gable a lattice of flashing leaves,
And across the yard and over the flowing stream
A squad of children calling and running about;
And you said, 'You have a lovely wee family here',
And she, 'Och well, they all have their features thank God.'

And that famous day when the national leader came
to attend the commemoration along the coast,
stopping for lunch at the convent, the village crammed,
we met the long-boned old man on the mountainroad,
and I said, 'You didn't go down to see him come in?'
'He didn't come up to see me, why should I go down?'
and strode with his one man republic back to the hills."

This comes close to how I, and we as a neighbouring community, have imagined the Glens as a cultural entity before they became largely submerged in modernity and affluence.

The Glenspeople weren't quite like the rest of the Ulster Catholics. If they were a subjugated people they didn't know it. It never occurred to them to ingratiate themselves with anybody. Their attitude was like that of the Jews as reported in John's Gospel: "We be Abraham's seed and were never in bondage to any man." Although not without its Scotticisms and Irishisms their speech approximated more to standard English, while they had the reputation of being aloof, and quick to take offence; and of being more learned, more inscrutable and less talkative than would be common in Irish country districts. In short, a people not to be trifled with, although with old-fashioned virtues as well. I suspect, though I don't know, that Vatican II didn't penetrate as far into the Glens as into other parts of Ireland.

Politically they were strongly nationalist but never fitted easily into either the SDLP or the Sinn Fein mould. The people weren't natural recruits for the "*armed struggle*". The party that perhaps came closest to expressing their political outlook was the now almost forgotten Irish Independence Party, whose leader John Turnly came of a line of Protestant landowners around Cushendall. Moira O'Neill's mother was a Turnly. He was murdered by the UDA, with some security force collusion, in 1980 on his way to address a meeting in Carlough. He was forty-four. Another fateful murder, that of Joe Campbell, the Catholic station sergeant in Cushendall, took place in 1978. The motives are opaque to this day and nobody talks about it now. A serving RUC officer was convicted but the conviction was quashed by the Court of Appeal in 1984.

Anyway, apart from these distressing incidents the Troubles were really a non-event in the Glens, where life just continued as normal. I was told once that there was a tacit understanding between the police and the Nationalist community, that neither would annoy the other. In this the Glens were very unlike South Armagh. These Catholic regions seem to have developed in very different ways.

The one politician of national renown produced by the Glens was of course Professor Eoin (born John) MacNeill from Glenarm (1867-1945), son of Archibald MacNeill and Rosetta McAuley. He embodied some of those political contradictions that seem to be peculiar to the Glens. Notoriously he countermanded the order for the Rising in 1916, thus possibly changing the course of Irish history. It was the news of the capture of Roger Casement that swayed him, so it might be argued that the whole disaster was the fault of two County Antrim men. I don't think so somehow!

Elected both south and north in the Sinn Fein landslide of 1918, he subsequently fell in with the Treaty side, albeit his son Brian was killed fighting for the anti-Treaty forces in the Civil War. As the Free State representative he was humiliated

by the failure of the Boundary Commission in 1925 to achieve any territorial gains, and his political career was abruptly terminated two years later in 1927 when he lost his seat. (His grandson Michael McDowell has likewise suffered an unexpected reversal in more recent elections.) MacNeill spent the last active period of his life as an academic, with a title like keeper of the Irish Manuscripts.

The story of Eoin MacNeill might have its own logic, not easily fathomable to normal thought processes. Fitting into no discernible category, with no appreciable following, he was his own one man republic. That figures in the context of the Glens. If you stand on the top of Knocklayd and look north you would get the impression that you were on a small island in a vast archipelago, encompassing Islay, Jura and the Argyll hills, with Rathlin Island in the foreground. The Glens are insular in an Irish setting but they open out to the sea and the Hebridean islands from which their Scots Gaelic culture is largely derived. So at times they can be equally mysterious to Ulster Unionists and Irish Nationalists alike.

Hewitt has given his name to the annual John Hewitt Summer School held in the Glens and which attracts writers and academics from all round the world. To his credit he explored the fruitful fields of cultural identity, perception and self-perception, with mixed success no doubt, but at a time when there was no cross cultural circus going on. He did it because it was a felt need for him. And whatever else he was he wasn't pretentious. So despite all the harsh things I've said about him I think we should honour him on his centenary for his rooting around in all the right cupboards even if he didn't always find what he was looking for or what we think he should have found.

Dr. Brian P. Murphy osb

Bertie Odds-On In A Gamble With History

The general election revealed a surprising historical connection with the War of Independence.

This was provided by the placing of a bet by JP McManus with bookmakers William Hill that Bertie Ahern would be returned as Taoiseach.

According to the reminiscences of IRA commander Tom Barry, the founder of the William Hill company had served as a Black and Tan in Co Cork.

Barry was not only clear that Hill was a Black and Tan, but also that he was a 'good' Black and Tan.

Barry's words may be of interest to some, historians and gamblers alike. "The Black and Tans", he wrote, "included good and bad, like every armed force you meet, and quite a number of them were rather decent men. One of them was a fellow named William Hill.

"Well, William Hill and Co are now the biggest turf accountant in the world, I suppose. At that time Hill was stationed in Mallow and he was a very good fellow and a very jolly fellow. He'd come in and have a pint and he never insulted anyone or did anything to anyone.

"He's now a millionaire many times over, of course, but at that time he was there simply because there was no work to be found in Britain. I understand that he got on very well with the IRA up in that district" (as recorded in *Curious Journey* by Kenneth Griffith).

At a time when events of historical significance have recently taken place—the power sharing at Stormont, the accord of unionists and republicans at the site of the Battle of the Boyne and Mr Ahern's address to the British Houses of Parliament—it may be worth an historical footnote that a company founded by a Black and Tan was associated with the FF election success! JP is to be congratulated not only for winning his bet, as seems probable, but also for selecting a 'good Black and Tan' company with which to do business.

[*Irish Examiner*, 1 June 2007]

Pat Muldowney

A Paradise In Paraguay

The greatest catastrophe ever to befall humankind was the attrition and extermination of the indigenous peoples of North and South America under pressure of European colonisation—Spanish, Portuguese, French, British, Russian and Dutch. Boxed off from the wealthy Orient by Arab-Islamic power, Christian Western Europe pushed towards the west when developments in navigation made this possible. The pattern for this was first set by the conquest and colonising of the Canary Islands and Ireland by Portugal and Britain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

An exception to the pattern was the Jesuit State in South America (1620 to c. 1800) which has fascinated philosophers and social historians from Voltaire and Rousseau to the present. At its peak in the early 18th century it covered an area almost the size of Western Europe, located in and around the geographical area of modern Paraguay. In an age of aggressive imperial conquest, looting, slavery and genocide, the indigenous Indian inhabitants of this state operated a sophisticated economy without money; they had a legal system without capital punishment; and a social system without private

property. Their towns or Reductions had paved streets a century before Buenos Aires or Lima. Their churches were comparable in grandeur to the old cathedrals of Europe. Their armies provided the best native forces in the continent. Their musicians and choristers astonished visitors from Spain. Their system of transport and communication by road and river were more complex and efficient than anything existing there today. Likewise their health, education, and social support systems. In addition to various forms of agriculture—tillage, horticulture, stock-rearing, ranching—their industries included cotton weaving, tanneries, boat-building, carpentry, silver-working, printing in the indigenous Guaraní language, and arms manufacture.

Critics of twentieth century socialist states say that these states were forced on unwilling subjects by all-pervasive policing. In contrast, each of the Indian towns had thousands of people typically administered by a pair of European Jesuit priests. These were isolated from colonial society and thus at the mercy of Indians—of whom settlers protected by the might of the Spanish Empire were often in mortal terror.

In the nineteenth century, the unforced, voluntary and co-operative socialist colonies of the Owenite or Fourierist type generally collapsed in acrimony within a year or two. In contrast, the Indian commonwealth was just getting into its almost two hundred year stride, when the forces of modernisation (or progress or capitalism) brought about the suppression and expulsion of the Jesuits and the subversion and destruction of the Reductions by Spanish and Portuguese colonialism.

Nowadays most people, socialists included, assume that the material transformation processes and other services of modern life are impossible unless they are mediated by financial systems. Money—or capital in the form of exchange value—makes the world go round, we are told. And people who are abundant in land, materials and labour are often found to be poverty-stricken for lack of financial mediation.

So what was different about the Indian system? What were the dynamics of the Jesuit-Indian society and its money-free system of production for use? This question was addressed in the April 2007 issue of the *Irish Political Review* in an article called *The Jesuit Republic: An Affront To Reason*.

Photographs of the Reduction of San Ignacio in the state of Misiones in Northern Argentina, near the birthplace of Che Guevara.

The San Ignacio Church is as elaborate and large as a European cathedral.

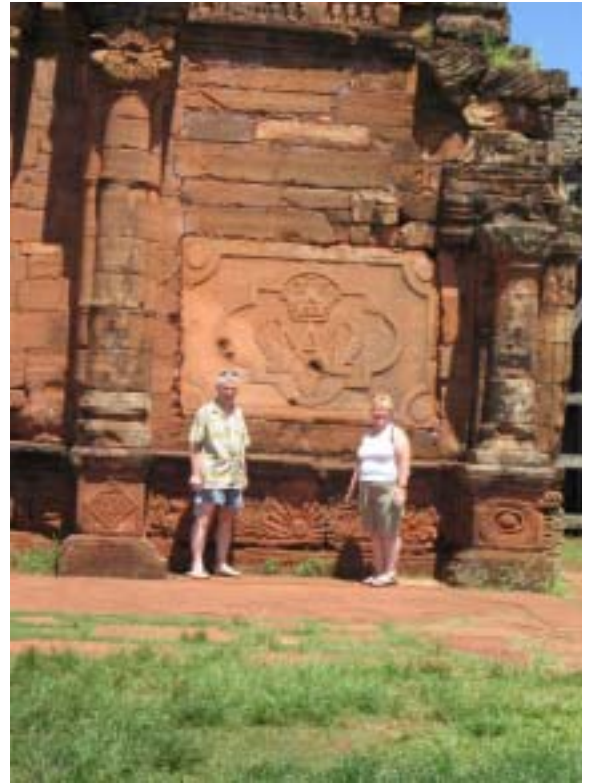
The hospital, school, library, Jesuits' residence and workshops are along one side of a large square plaza about 150 metres square.

Along another side of the plaza is a city hall and the dwelling of the alcalde, civic leader or chief of the Indians.





Stone carving: detail from Church
In addition to Christian motifs,
there are subjects connected with Indian life in the forest.



Detail from Church

The Plaza



**People were housed in stone
houses with verandas and awnings
along paved streets in a
rectangular grid pattern.**

Jack Lane

Book Review:

Reading Judas—the gospel of Judas and the shaping of Christianity
by Elaine Pagels and Karen L. King (Allen Lane, Penguin), 2007.

The Traitor's Case

If anyone in history ever needed a good defence lawyer it was Judas Iscariot. He did the ultimate dirty deed—kissed the son of God and thereby betrayed him to be crucified for a miserly 30 pieces of silver. Who could have a good word to say for him? Hanging himself was far too good for him.

However, there was always one curious aspect to all this. If the son of God had to die to redeem the world, it was surely something that had to be done in a fairly dramatic way to let the world know it had actually happened. It could not really be announced as the equivalent of a death notice in the local paper or a classified ad under 'miscellaneous announcements'. By its own standards it was a pretty important event that needed a proper setting. And if it had to happen, and be taken notice of, what's the big deal against a poor guy who helped arrange it all?

Now, from out of the desert in the middle of Egypt, near Al Minya, after lying there for about 1700 years in a limestone box, comes the case for the defence. And, in the best tradition of good defences it goes on the attack, a

vicious and sustained attack, specifically against the 12 Apostles. They are painted as the most despicable bunch of stupid, cowardly, traitorous shysters that ever walked the earth. And there is plenty evidence from Judas and the other established sources like the four Gospels to back this up. The editors of the book show this conclusively.

Jesus is shown to have a great sense of humour, laughing his head off regularly—mostly at the carry-on of the 12 Apostles, who clearly did not know their arse from their elbow about their role—they were even hopeless fishermen.

Judas's case in plain language is that he was the only true Apostle. Jesus told him so. There is a question and answer session where Jesus let's him into all the secrets of his mission and what the next world really looks like and how to get there by joining him in spirit.

There is a logic to this. Whoever had to play a crucial role in the working out of the mission had to be totally trustworthy—in order to be a proper traitor. There is ample evidence provided that the other lot, the 12, could not be trusted to cross the road.

What really annoyed Judas was the attitude of the 12 to martyrdom—and he saw all this as an unnecessary, murderous, masochistic and suicidal business. Jesus had done all the necessary martyrdom and, to be saved, people had to get to know him spiritually and that was the beginning and the end of it.

Judas has suffered the fate of many who have sought to realise or actualise some of the great transcendental ideas that seek to improve the lot of man, i.e. those who had to get their hands dirty and are only seen for their dirty hands. The young romantic poet and wonderful opera singing bank robber, Josef Vissionarovich Dhujashelvi comes to mind.

Now that it's no longer PC to even mention Jews in connection with the death of Jesus, it might be expected that Judas, the Jew, might turn out to be PC about this. Au contraire, Judas is a traditional Christian and the Jewish High Priests are painted as totally responsible and the Romans don't even get a look in. And for him, if there was any bunch worse than the 12 Apostles, it was the High Priests: and their crimes are listed in detail, including that of 'lying with males'. Judas might turn out to be the last true Christian.

Whatever else about him, there is no doubt that Judas had great spirit in every sense of the word.

Tom Doherty

Letter To The Editor

Why Not Interview Edna?

Edna O'Brien was on *Desert Island Discs* sometime in January. I hadn't heard of her or read any of her books since the sixties, but I started listening. Maybe because one of my first sexual experiences was with her. Not literally of course. No!

What I mean was I read "*The Country Girls*" at for me, (a tender Birmingham Catholic Irish youth) a young age. I knew it was banned in Ireland (as apparently many of her subsequent books were) so that's why I got it and read it.

Anyway, Edna, this woman from County Clare, impressed me on *Desert Island Discs*, for the forthright way she spoke of her life, even her own mother, and the way she was treated by the community she was from.

But I was impressed that despite having a rough deal off her own people and the Irish establishment and church, she hadn't taken the easy route of denying her heritage and becoming a West Briton like so many of the literary and academic crowd.

I listened more to her talk than to her choice of records. But it was great that her favourite out of her records was "*The Foggy Dew*". It's a song I know from my youth, but haven't heard for many years. So I listened to it afresh. I listened to the words, maybe for the first time. (You may say the "*Hail Mary*" at least once a day if you're brought up like me, but you don't subject it to close textual analysis.)

The song resonated with current

events and current controversies about 1916 etc: even the reference to the Angelus Bell. But more significantly the reference to Britain's claim that the war was "*that small nations might be free*".

It was interesting to me that despite stating the obvious that it was "*better to die under an Irish sky*" than at Gallipoli, the sentiment seemed not to be at all bitter to those who had wrongly volunteered for the British army: it was almost nostalgic: if only? Then, if only: "*their names we would keep where the Fenians sleep*" etc.

T'would be stretching a point to refer to "*the fog of war*" I suppose.

I do think it would be interesting for C&S to interview Edna O'Brien

Jack Lane

The argument over why D.D. Sheehan left Cork in 1919

Eureka Moments Continued

This is a follow-up to the article on D D Sheehan and his receipt of monies from the Irish Distress/Grants Committee published in *Church & State* No. 87, Winter 2006, "A Eureka moment—thanks to Robin Bury".

I put that article on the discussion section of the Wikipedia website on D. D. Sheehan and it produced the following responses from DD's grandson, Niall O'Siochain:

Niall O' Siochain On Wikipedia

(The piece is entirely as Mr. O'Siochain posted it, including the square brackets.)

"Eureka II

Transcript of a November 1926 document in D. D. Sheehan's own handwriting which proves he had been forced to leave the country in 1919, together with relevant comments on the above, is in preparation.
[[User:Osioni|Osioni]] 18:55, 25 May 2007 (UTC)

Final correspondence

The above exposition, apart from citations, is Jack Lane's personal point of view (POV). Click here for an understanding of [[Objectivity (journalism)|objectivity]]. His statements are nevertheless in keeping with the Millstreet Aubane Historical Society's relentless vendetta and Jack Lane's crusade of denunciation against D. D. Sheehan's later life, originating from his involvement 1914 to 1917 in the [[Great War]].

* The question is "Why Sheehan left Cork?". Going down the road of an unfortunate bankruptcy when Sheehan attempted to finance a mineral mining project on [[Achill Island|Achill]] (where he electioneered in 1910 for [[All-for-Ireland League|O'Brien's AfIL]] in co.Mayo) has nothing whatsoever to do with Sheehan leaving Cork.

* Apart from the mentioned interview Sheehan's still living daughter Mona gave to the Irish Times in 2001, she and her sister Christine (died 2002) often vividly described how when living in their Cork Victoria Road home, shots which blew the plaster off the living room walls continued until the family was evacuated from the boarded-up house in an army tender and put on a train to "Kingstown" (now [[Dun Laoghaire]]). There a renewed attack compelled them to move to London.

* D. D. Sheehan, after his return in

1926 to [[Dublin]] (and NOT to [[Cork]]), in the course a declaration to his circumstances made the following statement in his own handwriting:

"As a consequence of my war services, and especially because of my successful [[Military recruitment|recruiting activities]] it was impossible for me to return to Ireland and resume my career there at the close of the war in 1918. Meanwhile my wife was obliged on this account to sell out our home in Cork. After leaving Cork she had a furnished flat in Kingstown (co. Dublin) for some time. I went to visit her there (1919), was recognised, stopped in Kingstown, Main Street, by two young men who stated they were members of the [[Irish Republican Army|Republican Army]]. They ordered me out of the country. I promptly left. Shortly afterwards the room my wife was sitting in at 1 Windsor Terrace, Kingstown, was fired into late at night, making her further residence in the country impossible."

Sheehan further on in the document then stated:

"I do claim that all the losses and hardships I have suffered were occasioned by my allegiance to the Government of the [[United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland|United Kingdom]] because:-"

"(1) My War Service (for the reasons mentioned) rendered it impossible for me to return to Ireland at the termination of the War."

"(2) My home was broken up and my family and myself compelled to take refuge in England because of my successful recruiting activities."

"(3) I have been for twelve years unable to practice as a Barrister owing to my compulsory exclusion from Ireland."

I certify that the foregoing particulars are correct (pre-printed)

Date: "1st November 1926."

Signed: "D. D. Sheehan. Capt."

* Sheehan's demise from Ireland was never reported in any newspaper for reasons Jack Lane is well aware of. From 1917 dual censorship existed on all publications in Ireland, firstly by the government and secondly the newspaper printing staffs were by then in Sinn Fein hands. That Sheehan did not go public on his situation had obvious reasons: his politics were always conciliatory; he acknowledged the price he paid for adhering to his convictions and honourably stood by

and supported ex-servicemen's organisations as a consequence.

* It is time Jack Lane accepts history as history was and not use Sheehan as a platform for historical white-washing and wide-ranging rounds of re-milled personal POV. To finalise and herewith close the endless correspondence on "Why Sheehan left Cork", a copy of the above extracts in Sheehan's easily discernible handwriting (the complete document as such is of no relevance to the matter in question) has been posted to Jack Lane's private residential address in London N16, Great Britain.

Niall O'Siochain, 1. June 2007."

Jack Lane's Reply

I am very grateful to Niall for producing more information and another document about his grandfather. It's a great pity however that Niall has not provided us with the whole document he quotes from and its context. Peter Hart is one of his authorities and one hopes he has not copied Peter's infamous methodology of selective quoting whereby the opposite can be claimed instead of what is actually stated in a source. Let's hope that Niall will decide to let us have the full document along with the other very informative and voluminous amount of material he distributes. I hope he will accept that I am interested in everything, absolutely everything, that D D did and said and I am grateful to him for the material he has supplied over the years. But he should explain why he will not send me the whole of this new document or publish it? Surely it is for me and readers to decide if the "*the complete document as such is of no relevance to the matter in question*"?

The original problem remains. Where is the contemporary evidence that D D was driven out of Cork in 1918? His daughter's recollections to Kevin Myers are referred to again but these are the recollections of a child of a few years more than 80 years after the event. Would they stand up in court? Nothing is actually recorded of D D being attacked or expelled. Were the children fully aware of what was going on? They had to leave the only house they knew and no doubt loved. They had to have a good reason given them. They could hardly be expected to easily understand that Daddy may have decided to get a job in another country and that they should follow him. Was Kevin Myers concerned with getting the full picture? In the interview between Myers and Mona he has the IRA doing things before it ever existed and he mixes up D D's career with that of one of his sons. Accuracy was never Kevin's strong point. Were the child witnesses relying

more on what they were told than what they actually experienced? Were they open to suggestion as children? Who knows?

But why D D's contemporary silence and that of all other adults at the time? Niall says it was because of the dual censorship of Sinn Fein and the British Authorities. This is a new concept in the history of the period. Did they both agree on what to censor while at war with each other? Let's try to picture the scene on Niall's reasoning. A report comes in of a horrific attack on a famous Irish MP and his family by Sinn Fein. Sinn Fein printers/supporters dominate all printing houses and suppress it and the owners agree. And it never sees the light of day. *The Irish Times*, *The Cork Constitution*, *The Freeman's Journal*, *The Belfast Telegraph*, all the London Tory papers also suppress it because Sinn Fein stops them in their printing houses—in Fleet St. and everywhere else? Believable?

If there was this dual censorship, this early 'power-sharing', by Sinn Fein and the Official Censor there would really be nothing left worth reading in the papers. Not even basic things like deaths and funerals could be properly reported as many would be prime sources of disputes.

But let's suppose all this dual censorship did actually operate—why should it stop D D speaking out? He was an M P and therefore beyond the reach of the censorship and he was not backward in coming forward in the House of Commons at the time. And he was an author, barrister and journalist to boot. Yet total silence from him.

Let's look at the selected extracts from the new document. Here we have an alleged later threat in Dublin by the very newly formed IRA if indeed it was not before they were actually formed as we have no date—and he 'promptly left.' A surprising reaction from someone with his record.

Then the documents adopts an unusual new tone—*"I do claim.... etc. etc"*—and it emphasises all he did for the Government and his suffering in its cause in Ireland. But in his enthusiasm to show his loyalty and his oppression he loses the run of himself when he says that: *"I have been for twelve years unable to practice as a Barrister owing to my compulsory exclusion from Ireland."* So he was excluded from Ireland from 1914 onwards! But how did he do the war recruiting there that he was boasting of earlier in the document? There is ample evidence that he was active in Ireland from 1914 to 1918. So why the fabrication?

This part of the document has all the signs of being effectively an application form for claiming money as compensation for specific grievances over a period of time and D D seems to be stretching the truth to maximise his claim for compensation..

And he does this in a *"pre-printed letter"*? That indicates a standard format or formula for making a case. But Niall tells us the document is in his own handwriting. An oddity that needs explaining.

And what was going on in 1926 that might have provoked such a formal *"I do claim"* statement and his first mention of his alleged expulsion a full 8 years previously. Readers of the original article by Sean McGouran in the autumn 2006 'Church and State' will know the answers. This was when the Irish Distress/Grants Committee was doling out money to those who stayed loyal to England in Ireland. And who might be of future use to the cause.

The obvious truth is what I suggested in the last article. The yarn of D D's expulsion from the country originates with the need for him to make a case for getting money from the authorities via this Committee—it is effectively the preamble to his claim, the mood music.

In his anxiety to provide some tangible evidence that D D was literally expelled Niall has helped fill in the full

picture of the background to this yarn. The full document may complete it even more. But is this the very reason Niall will not divulge it?

I am grateful therefore to Niall for another Eureka moment and confirming what I had suspected. The full picture is slowly emerging and regretfully for D D it is not a pretty sight.

Many years ago I advised Niall not to make an issue of D D in the War and afterwards. He was most indignant at the suggestion. I was accused of wanting to suppress the great man's story. I suggested that DD had 40,000 beautiful monuments to commemorate him in the form of the Labourers' Cottages he helped create. They would be better monuments to him than horrible, morbid war memorials to death and destruction. Niall knew better but D D's stature has not grown as a result of Niall's efforts to highlight this part of his life.

In the area where he was a pre-war hero they tried to forget and forgive him his mistakes. He was honoured at his funeral by his successor Labour TDs and they did so despite their total disagreement with his War and post-War activities. They looked on his life as a great tragedy and honoured him as such.

Niall has ensured he is remembered as something else and it will not be honourable.

Report

Song sung at the scattering of the ashes of Michael O'Riordan

SANTA ESPINA

I remember a tune that we used to hear in Spain
And it made the heart beat faster and all of us knew
Each time as our blood was kindled once again
Just why Catalunya's sky above us was so blue.

I remember a tune like the voice of open sea
Like the cry of migrant birds, that tune in silence stores
After its notes a stifled sob
Revenge of the salt seas on their conquerors.

I remember a tune that was whistled late at night
In a sunless time, an age with no wandering knight.
While children wept for bombs, huddled deep in catacombs
A noble people dreamt of the tyrant's doom.

In that tune's name—Santa Espina—was borne the sacred thorn
That pierced the brow of a god, as on his cross he died.
And all who heard those notes, they felt that song in the flesh
Like the wound in Jesus' side, as his sorrows were revived.

O Catalans, you hummed that tune, but its words you did not sing.
Before Christ's name you bowed no more and yet this I do know:
As Franco ravaged Spain, all in the name of Christ the King
Santa Espina was your hope and your month of Sundays O.

How in vain do I still seek that proud yet poignant melody
But this hard earth on which we live now has but operatic tears.
And the sound of murmuring waters has been lost to memory:
That call of stream to stream, in these unhearing years.

O Holy Thorn, Santa Espina, let me hear your notes again
Where we fought with pride, yet often cried with your defiance and your pain.
But no one is left now to intone your proud refrain.
The woods are so silent and the singers dead in Spain.

And yet I hope and do believe that such music still
Lives in the hearts of that proud people, being hummed now underground.
Yes, the dumb will yet sing, and the paralytics will
March in triumph one fine day to Catalunya's noble sound!

And that piercing crown of blood, so full of anguish and sorrow
Will fall from the brow of the Son of Man that hour!
And man will sing proudly in that new tomorrow
Of Catalunya, Santa Espina, and the hawthorn tree in flower!
Yes, man will sing loudly in that sweet tomorrow
Of the beauty of life and the hawthorn tree in flower!

On 12th May 2007 the ashes of Irish International Brigader Micheal O'Riordan [1917-2006] were scattered by his family in the river Ebro near Asco, Catalunya. This was where he had carried the flag of Catalunya across the Ebro on 25 July 1938, on behalf of the 15th International Brigade's British Battalion, during the commencement of the final military offensive of the Spanish Republic.

A song based on part of the melody of Catalunya's national hymn, *Santa Espina*, with words based on the March 1940 poem of the same name by the French Communist poet Louis Aragon. Arranged and sung by Manus O'Riordan on the occasion of the scattering of the ashes of his father—**Irish International Brigader Micheal O'Riordan [1917-2006]**—in the river Ebro, close to Ascó, Catalunya, by all of the members of Micheal's family, on 12 May 2007.

It was at Ascó that—in an act of internationalist solidarity—the commander of the Fifteenth International Brigade's British Battalion, Sam Wild, had chosen the Irish Volunteer for Liberty, Micheal O'Riordan, to carry the flag of Catalunya across the river Ebro on 25 July 1938, on the commencement of the final military offensive of the Spanish Republic.

Pat Maloney

Thoughts On Election Of New Primate,
Rt. Rev. Alan Harper

New Primate

The Right Reverend Alan Harper, OBE, Bishop of Connor, has been elected Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland by the House of Bishops of the Church of Ireland which met on 10th January 2007, in succession to Archbishop Robin Eames. He assumed office on 2nd February 2007 and was ceremonially enthroned on 16th March 2007.

Upon taking up his responsibilities as Archbishop of Armagh, the Right Reverend Alan Harper will be the 104th in the succession of Abbots, Bishops and Archbishops of Armagh since St. Patrick, stated a Church of Ireland press release.

He is the first English-born Irish Primate since the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland in 1869. Born in Tamworth, Staffordshire in 1944.

Archbishop Harper graduated with a geography degree from Leeds University in 1965.

While a student he was involved with

archaeological digs in England. It was through that experience he arrived in Ireland to work as field officer with the Archaeological Survey of Northern Ireland (later the Historic Monuments Inspectorate), based in Belfast, in 1966.

He became Senior Inspector of Historic Monuments.

Archbishop of Dublin

John Neill, Archbishop of Dublin was the front-runner tipped to replace Robin Eames. *"Widely regarded as 'the Gordon Brown in waiting' for the premier job in Irish Anglicanism, Dr Neill is the towering intellectual figure in the Church of Ireland"* (Irish Independent, 27.12.2006).

But a big handicap for Dr Neill's candidature was the fact that he has no pastoral experience of working in the North, where he was generally seen as being too liberal by the predominant evangelical wing of the Church.

"Anybody but Neill", was a widespread view in the North.

Act of Settlement (1701)

The new Church of Ireland Archbishop has called for the removal of the ban on Catholics, or those married to Catholics, from becoming British monarch.

The Archbishop said that in his personal view, the Act of Settlement (1701) *"belongs to its time and we should move on"*. It bans Catholics and those married to Catholics from ascending the British throne *"forever"* and applies also to Australia, Canada, Jamaica, New Zealand and all other Commonwealth countries where Queen Elizabeth is recognised as monarch.

Cardinal Cormac Murphy-O'Connor, Catholic primate of England and Wales, has pointed out that, under the terms of the Act, Prince William *"can marry by law a Hindu, a Buddhist, anyone, but not a Roman Catholic"*, and still be King.

Archbishop Harper agreed that repeal of the Act could have implications for the Church of England, of which the British monarch is governor. But he felt disestablishment of the Church of England (whereby it would no longer be the state church) was something it would *"not only get over, but would be the better for it"*.

Looking from Ireland, where disestablishment took place in 1869, he asked of the Church of England whether *"the price to be paid for 'establishment' is worth paying?"*

Immigration

He expressed admiration for the way the Republic had begun to tackle the issue of difference where inward migration was concerned, pointing out that it was now a destination of choice for immigrants. *"The great thing about Ireland is not just the Celtic Tiger but that it is a good place to come to. It is quite a turnaround"*, he said.

Reflecting on experience elsewhere, he commented favourably on policies of integration as opposed to multiculturalism, and said such policies should be about *"reinforcing bonds of one community"*.

But he warned against tolerance in the Republic of growing disparities between wealth and poverty, which was *"not always about absolute poverty"*.

Gay Priests

"I could not and would not ordain to the diaconate or the priesthood any person whom I knew to be engaged in an active homosexual relationship. I believe that such an action would be in conflict with the mind and the accepted practice of the Church of Ireland. I also believe that such a

deacon or priest living openly in an active relationship might well be vulnerable to an action brought in a church court for the offence of 'conduct unbecoming'." (Bishop Harper in an Address to Connor Diocese, 2003)

Archbishop Harper's elevation comes as the international Anglican Communion appears to be on the brink of deepest crisis. In North America, parishes and dioceses are separating from the Episcopal Church there, with their schismatic moves encouraged by the Nigerian Primate, Archbishop Peter Akinola. The divisions are sorely testing the cohesion of global Anglicanism.

Archbishop Robin Eames

When Robin Eames became Archbishop of Armagh in 1986, he was seen as 'the chaplain' to the then Ulster Unionist leader James Molyneux, on account of his opposition to the Anglo-Irish Agreement.

"He was Margaret Thatcher's favourite Anglican divine, and became a confidante of John Major, who appointed him to the House of Lords.

"Of the Irish politicians he encountered, he has special affection for the directness and honesty of Albert Reynolds..." (Irish Independent, 29.12.2006).

Seán McGouran

Our Eye On Otago

You may be glad to learn that New Zealand (*Aeotorea*, as the Maori call it) has acquired a Chair of Irish Studies, at the University of Otago, Dunedin (south island). It is in the name of Eamon Cleary, presumably an entrepreneur, as in the Carroll Chair in Oxford (now occupied by Professor Roy Foster?). The occupant of the Otago Chair is Peter Kuch. Professor Kuch got a BA (Hons) from Wales (Cardiff, to be precise), and various other bits of paper from 'Oxon'. He seems to have spent most of his career in Melbourne (which produced David Fitzpatrick, and other 'revisionist' historians).

Professor Kuch's area of expertise includes Yeats and Joyce—who apart from any other consideration are unrepresentative of twentieth century Ireland. They even stand apart from most of 'twentieth century Irish literary history', which is another area of expertise according to his pages on Otago's website (<http://www.otago.ac.nz/english/staff/>

kuch.html). Yet another is 'novel into film'.

This Chair, despite a certain amount of fudging of the issue on the website, is in the English Department of the university, which is politically interesting, despite Ireland's Establishment also pretending that it is of no consequence. President McAleese's *'Address... on the occasion of a State Dinner in honour of HE the Hon Dame Sylvia Cartwright, Governor General of New Zealand, Dublin Castle, 31st May 2006'* noted the setting up of the Chair "...in your own home town...". A wish was voiced that "...the cultural ties between Ireland and New Zealand will be refreshed spontaneously year in and year out...". (www.PRESIDENT.ie)

President McAleese (whose Government advisors appear to be under the impression that an appointed Governor General is the equivalent of an elected President) touched on the Great War. As in all Establishment comments on that giant massacre, it was neutral-to-positive. The comment was made in the context of mentioning Dave Gallagher, the Ramelton (Donegal)-born founder of the All Blacks. He lost "*his young life*" (is this a deliberate echoing of *Kevin Barry*?) at "*Passchendale*" (sic), lots of "*other young Irishmen died alongside him fighting in the name of their new homeland*". This is a "*shared chapter*" in our histories.

Why were young Kiwis, of any background, fighting in Europe? Did the Bulgarians, or Germany, or any of their allies want to add Dave Gallagher's '*new homeland*' to their realms? Or were they recruited as Imperial cannon fodder? They went to the slaughter in Passchendael and Suvla Bay without complaint. (The Australians had two hard-fought referenda on the matter, which defeated the imposition of conscription. Archbishop Patrick Mannix of Melbourne led the opposition to conscription. How would the President greet the Governor General of Australia? Mannix will almost certainly remain unpersonned should such an eventuality occur.)

The fact that Dave Gallagher, in his capacity as a New Zealander, died in Belgium is in some ways even more outrageous than if he had died there in his capacity as a Donegalman. He had to travel thousands of miles to meet his death, in a war of only tangential (if that) consequence to his '*new homeland*'.

The President and the Professor touch on the isolation of Ireland and New

Zealand, "*peripheral and small Island nations*" in the former case and "*comparatively small and outlying countries*" in the case of the Professor. Let's be serious about this, New Zealand *is* 'outlying'—it is two thousand miles away from Australia, slightly further away, geographically, from Chile—though a million miles psychologically from it and the rest of Latin America (which is not the case with the Irish). To the north is Micronesia, and to the south Antarctica. Ireland is right beside England (and Scotland, and Wales) and is (despite the best efforts of the Establishment and its media) close to mainland Europe. (And, as with Latin America, a hell of a sight closer psychologically to Europe than are our neighbours in these islands.)

The carefully cultivated fairytale that 'De Valera's Ireland' was 'insular' is seriocomic nonsense. His Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies hosted people like the Austrian physicist Schrödinger, and the Wexford-born, Belfast-educated, Methodist and Nobel laureate Ernest Walton who helped to first 'split the atom'.

There was also 'The Missions' which crescendoed to a climax in at that period and spread to the ends of the earth. One might have problems with this phenomenon on the grounds of an element of cultural vandalism—but it most certainly was not 'insular'. And not every single migrant stayed away from Ireland. William Joyce's family, for example, returned to Ireland from the USA. They did not particularly want to leave Ireland, but their enthusiastic collaboration with the Black and Tans made their remaining in Galway problematical. (There were somewhat more presentable 'returned Yanks' like the writer Mary Lavin. Taaffe, the Prime Minister of Habsburg Austria in the 1880s and '90s maintained a family connection with Ireland.)

The above may seem like much ado about not very much—but this Chair is another example of the tendency to think of Ireland as simply a part of the 'English speaking world', a relatively benign concept which is morphing into the notion of the 'Anglosphere'. The word was coined by John O'Sullivan, a working class, Liverpool-Irish, Thatcherite / NeoCon journalist, now working in the US. His 'Anglosphere' stands for substantial things in the world. Most of them are inimical to traditional Irish (and Fordham University in the 1920s). It may equally be a reinforcement of the tendencies referred to above.

Like the *Skibbereen Eagle*, dealing with Tsar Nicholas II's ambitions in the world, we shall keep our eye on Otago.



A Journey Around Tom Dunne

Butterfield

I find Tom Dunne's *Rebellions* the most interesting of all the revisionist publications, not for its history, but for its account of how an Irish history teacher of the old school remade himself into a revisionist Irish historian—or, rather, a historian in Ireland—by means of a rebirth in Cambridge University.

I had been told that Herbert Butterfield was one of the major influences on the Irish revisionist historians. I could scarcely believe the information. I knew two things about Butterfield: that he was one of the most chauvinistic of English historians, and that he flirted briefly with Jacobitism on the way to becoming so. And I could not see how an influence of this kind helped to bring about what one finds in Irish revisionism—which must at least pretend to be Irish. If revisionism had been Jacobite in orientation there would have been no puzzle about it. But what it was most against was the Jacobite strain in Irish culture. The first victim of the revisionist guillotine was Young Ireland, which revived the magnanimous liberalism of the Jacobites in preference to the utilitarian commercial liberalism of the Glorious Revolution. And, needless to say, revisionism is national denial rather than national chauvinism.

Tom Dunne gives an explanation:

"Two small, heavily recommended books influenced me particularly. Herbert Butterfield's brilliant essay on the dominant nationalist interpretation of the English past, *The Whig Interpretation Of History*, showed "that it studies the past with reference to the present" and was busy dividing the world into the friends and enemies of progress"; taking "a short cut through complexity, it focussed on those elements that cumulatively produced the Glorious Revolution and made the English Constitution the envy of the world. For "Whig" read 'Irish nationalist' and for "The Glorious Revolution" read the '1916 Rebellion' and the continued appeal in 1960s Ireland of this iconoclastic youthful revisionism was understandable" (*Rebellions*, p52; the other bok was E.H. Carr's *What Is History?*).

The English Revolution

My acquaintance with Butterfield did not come about academically. As a socialist within the British state I set

about finding out what the British state was, and what understanding of it would be most conducive to socialist political development. There were three major versions: Whig, Tory, and Methodist/Marxist.

I concluded early on that the latter, which was dominant in the 1960s and 1970s, should be disregarded or treated as the horrible example, and that orientation on it was training for failure. The 'English Revolution' of the mid-17th century was perhaps the most dismal failure in recorded political history. It was not suppressed. There was no hostile force in existence that was capable of suppressing it. It just lay down and died within two years of the death of the ogre who had prolonged its futile existence through the 1650s. And the political movement of the third quarter of the 20th century, which moulded itself on that "*English Revolution*", did likewise in the 1970s.

The socialism of the English Marxism which dominated the academic world and the major publishing houses from the 1960s to the early 1980s was little more in its historical orientation than 1649 nostalgia. And all that remains of it today is a kind of *nouveau riche* nostalgia for nostalgia in the form of the Marx Memorial Library and Eric Hobsbawm's books of reminiscence. I took my leave of it when I published a pamphlet in support of Ted Heath's Tory Party in the 1974 Elections.

If the English state collapsed and English society dissolved into chaos, the reconstruction of England as a socialist Republic that did not engage in an exploitative relationship with much of the rest of the world might become a practical project. Short of that catastrophe, the only practical form of socialism is one which takes the 1688 affair for granted and operates within the framework which has developed from it. But Marxism in all its varieties can only address the 1688 Revolution with contempt. And then, if a Marxist or Methodist enters the corridors of power, he adapts blindly and self-deceptively to the political reality which he refused to take reasonable account of on the way to power.

I recall writing somewhere a long time ago that in Ireland all Whigs are shams. "*Whack The Whigs*"—the title of an old Irish tune—expresses the essence of sound political sense in Irish affairs. The best of Irish life during the

past three centuries has been Jacobite. But in England the reverse is true. The last Jacobite Pretender died two hundred years ago, but Jacobitism as a possible mode of political development had ceased to exist a generation earlier. And the broken fragments of the last Jacobite effort to regain the Crown were quickly integrated into the apparatus of Whig Imperialism following the great Whig Terror of 1746. (The message of the Whig/Hanoverian 'pacification' of Scotland after Culloden is that systematic terrorism is an effective means of reshaping human conduct and character. The amateur Highland soldiers of 1745 were pacified by being remade into professional killers in the Army which defeated them at Culloden and slaughtered them indiscriminately in the aftermath of defeat.)

Whiggery

Butterfield's *Whig Interpretation Of History* was represented as being, and to some extent purported to be, a rigorous critique of the Whig view of English history and also of Whig policy in the conduct of the English state. If that was what it was, it might have exerted some influence on the course of English politics (which was in disarray in the year it was published, 1931), and it would have been suitable for adoption into the educational structure of nationalist Ireland. But that is not what it was.

I read it in the 1960s and dismissed it as a thing of no consequence. It flirted with a critique of Whiggery, but in the English context a thorough critique could only be made from a Jacobite viewpoint and Butterfield was no Jacobite. As an academic with a career to make in England, it is entirely understandable that he should have only flirted with a critique of Whiggery. If he had stood apart from Whiggery, which was the substance of English life, he would have located himself on the margins. It was not his intention to be a marginal figure.

He might of course have looked at the matter from an Irish viewpoint, where Whiggery was marginal, but he does not seem to have been at all in sympathy with the Irish in their refusal to live the life mapped out for them by the *Whig Interpretation*. His book therefore was much ado about nothing.

Many years after reading it I came across another little book by him in a junk shop: *The Englishman And His History*. It was published close on twenty years after the *Whig Interpretation*, and it confirmed my impression that Butterfield was at base a total English chauvinist, and therefore the ultimate Whig. It was published in 1949, but looks very much like a wartime publication, and it is saturated with English self-congratulation.

Butterfield had in the interim become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University. Here is an extract from his Inaugural Lecture as Professor in November 1944:

"The historian seeks in the first place to resurrect something or other that has happened in the past... One half of him seeks to know more about the men and events, and to describe them with greater accuracy and fuller detail; but there is a tension within him and another half of his mind strains to discover some meaning in the procession of the centuries: some pattern in the shifting combinations of circumstance. The history moves forward to other purposes therefore, and his narratives turn to exposition, his pictures acquire depth and structure. Even without great prophetic gifts, but within the realm of his own technique, and as a result of a vast co-operative effort, he has constructed a body of knowledge that represents historical explanation erected into a system. In consequence of this we are confronted by a past which proceeds, not as a swiftly moving surface, like a cinematograph film, but rather in depth; and ponderously, like a glacier...

"It is this second kind of history which people have in mind when they speak of the 'evolution' of our civilisation... And it is this second kind of history which demands a university training, while mere narrative—as also mere encyclopedia-information—may claim to address themselves to the general reader" (*The Study Of Modern History*, 1944, pp7-8).

Another way of saying this is that specialist training is needed for the production of task-workers in the collective academic enterprise of giving meaning and a feeling of necessity to the present existence of the state which funds the enterprise.

This is the very opposite of the undertaking announced by Butterfield in the *Whig Interpretation* (although it was latent in it), but it is what Butterfield accomplished in *The Englishman And His History*. As between Butterfield's tortuous and congealed Whiggery and Macaulay's lively Whiggery, I would take Macaulay any day.

In the *Whig Interpretation* Butterfield said: "there is a tendency for all history to veer over into whig history"; "indeed all history must tend to become more whig in proportion as it becomes more abridged".

But the process which he outlines in his Professorial inauguration is one of abridging the flow of historical events into a long-term schematic understand-

ing in which surface events are largely discounted.

Abstraction And Narrative

Here are some further exhortations from the Professorial inauguration:

The historian of the second kind "must never lose touch with the world as it first appeared to him—the world of the mere narrator. If he does he will turn the past into a matter of mere process and development; and, though it is apparent that some men can reign happily in such a kingdom of abstraction, that is because they have thrown away the yardstick which would have given them the measure of their loss... The history that is simply narrative about human beings as they live from day to day... will correct the over-simplification of those writers who merely see these men as links in a chain that runs from feudalism to industrial capitalism" (p10).

The historian must have his mind simultaneously on the flow of surface events and on the slow ponderous movement in the depths which controls and gives meaning to ephemeral ripples on the surface. This is what used to be called a counsel of perfection, an exhortation which one cannot disagree with, but also which cannot expect to be observed.

What its practical application requires is an occasional topical remark to make it appear to the man-in-the-street that the Professor, whose mind is on the centuries and the millennia, still understands what actual life is like. But on no account must the historian get lost in actual life:

"those who study history—and particularly those who come to the University for the purpose—must forsake the shady groves and the pleasures of sinuous narrative and go out into laborious fields for a sterner discipline. They must even examine processes, transitions, historical structures, social systems and trends of thought; and let them be sure to have their guardian angel near, for they must treat these things without superstitious terror and without the faults of infatuation" (p21).

And where will they get a measure, a standard, a sense of what is real, which will enable them to see these things and to describe them in a way that will be intelligible to people who are living the actual life of the present?

One way of doing it would be to look at these processes, transitions etc. from the viewpoint of the present and describe how they went into the making of the present. But that way of doing it was struck down by Butterfield in the *Whig Interpretation*:

"it is the thesis of his essay that when we organise our general history by reference to the present we are producing what is really a gigantic optical illusion" (p29)

"They study of the past with one eye, so to speak, upon the present is the source of all the sins and sophistries in history, starting with the simplest form, the anachronism" (p31).

"The whig method of approach is bound to lead to the over-dramatisation of the historical story" (p34).

But, if some era of the past is to be understood only in its own terms, and without reference to the present, the historian who immerses himself in that past era so thoroughly that he understands it without anachronistic distortion cannot explain it to the present. Explanation is the description of one thing with reference to another.

In the *Whig Interpretation* Butterfield depicts the authentic historian thus:

"His role is to describe; he stands impartial between Christian and Mahomedan; he is interested in neither one religion nor the other except as they are entangled in human lives" (p74).

"The historian is essentially an observer, watching the moving scene" (p66).

Morality Tale?

And Butterfield concludes with a long renunciation of Acton for confounding history and morality:

"It might be true to say that in Lord Acton, the whig historian reached his highest consciousness... One may gather from his statements in this connection that he regarded this side of his thought as the consequence of his Catholicism; but... it is difficult to see that either the actual content of his moral code... or the particular way in which he applied his principles to any case that was under consideration, could be regarded as representing a system that was specifically Catholic or Christian. It is not malicious to suggest that they should be put down rather to his bias as a whig historian. When... he made the remark that 'Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely', he may have been stating the wisest of truths, but we can suspect that it was a truth more dear to the heart of the liberal than there was in him than to the mind of the Roman Catholic; and though the thesis is one which might serve to excuse and explain as much as to condemn a historical personage, it is given as the reason why no allowance is to be made for men in high places. Acton refers with implied approval to a view of history which

his theories really elaborate, and he describes this view as follows: "It deems the canonisation of the historic past more perilous than ignorance or denial, because it would perpetuate the reign of sin and acknowledge the sovereignty of wrong"... Finally, in this, as in many more of Acton's theses, we find some sign of what is a common feature of whig historians; there is the hint that for all this desire to pass moral judgments on various things in the past, it is really something in the present that the historian is most anxious about...

"Acton in his Inaugural Lecture gives reasons why it is better that the sin should be presumed than that we should search too far for other explanations. "There is a popular saying of Madame de Staël", he writes "that we forgive whatever we really understand. The paradox has been judiciously pruned by her descendant, the Duc de Broglie, in the words: 'Beware of too much explaining, lest we end by too much excusing'." Once again a whig theory of history has the practical effect of curtailing the effort of historical understanding. An undefined region is left to the subjective decision of the historian, in which he shall choose not to explain, but shall merely declare that there is sin. One can only feel that if a historian holds such a combination of theories, there must have been something in the past or the present which he very badly wanted to condemn. In fact, there is too much zest in the remark: "Suffer no man to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong". The whig historian, like Aquinas—if indeed it was Aquinas—may find perhaps too great comfort in the contemplation of some form of torment for the damned.

"...Acton held a very attractive theory concerning the moral function of history. It is perhaps the highest possible form of the whig tendency to exalt historical study. To Bishop Creighton Acton wrote that when the historian makes a compromise on the question of moral principles, history ceases to be an "arbiter of controversy, the upholder of that moral standard which the powers of earth and religion itself tend constantly to depress". When history tampers with the moral code, "it serves where it ought to reign". It is an attractive exaltation of history, which gives it the power to bind and loosen, to be the arbiter of controversy, to reign and not to serve; but one may believe that it is a theory which takes too short a cut to the absolute. It is history encroaching like the Hegelian state, till it becomes all-comprehensive, and stands as the finality in a moral world;

taking custody of that moral standard which "religion itself tends constantly to depress". It is history raised into something like the mind of God, making ultimate judgments upon things which are happening in time. Here is the true Pope, that will not be *servus servorum Dei*; here is the only absolutism that the whig is disposed to defend; here is divine right and non-resistance, for (if a word can be allowed in malice)—is not history on the side of the whigs? It is not easy to resist the temptation to personify and idealise history, and there is no doubt that this species of romancing has its effect upon the posture of the historian. In its practical consequences it means the exaltation of the opinions of the historian. It reaches its highest point in the conception of history as the arbiter, history as the seat of judgment, particularly on moral issues. Lord Acton carried it to the extremity of its logical conclusion. "It is the office of historical science to maintain morality as the sole impartial criterion of men and things". "To develop and perfect and arm conscience is the great achievement of history".

"...he raises the serious question how far a historian's explanations... can really exonerate an offender... Acton sees the problem, but he merely says that in cases of doubt we should incline to severity. This is the meaning of his statement that more evil is due to conscious sin, and less is due to unconscious error than many people are aware. And this is why he can say "Beware of too much explaining lest we end by too much excusing"... Acton puts his finger on the very centre of the problem of moral judgments in history; he is unsatisfactory because he cannot answer it; at the crucial point he can only tell us to incline to severity. His attitude on this special question, therefore, really involves as a fundamental thesis" "Better be unjust to dead men than give currency to loose ideas on questions of morals". It is in fact the *reductio ad absurdum* of moral judgments in history. Acton, by focusing attention upon the real problem of those moral judgments, came very near to providing us with the argument against having them at all... For the very thing with which they are concerned is the historical explanation of character and conduct, and if we distrust or discourage this kind of explanation, as even Acton seemed inclined to do, we are running perilously close to the thesis: "Better be unhistorical than do anything that may lower the moral dignity of history". The truth is that this historical explaining does not condemn; neither does it exonerate; it does not even

touch the realm in which words like these have meaning or relevance; it is compounded of observations made upon events in the concrete world; it is neither more nor less than the process of seeing things in their context. True, it is not for the historian to exonerate; but neither is it for him to condemn. It greatly clears his mind if he can forgive all sins without denying that there are sins to forgive; but remembering that the problem of their sinfulness is not really a historical problem at all. And though it is certainly not in his competence to declare that moral responsibility does not exist, we may say that this responsibility lies altogether outside the particular world where the historian does historical thinking. He is faced with insuperable difficulties if he tries to stand with one foot in a world that is not his own" (*Whig Interpretation*, pp109-119).

Lord Acton

It is a very long time since I read Acton. But it is not because of the passage of time that my memory of him is indistinct: it is because the impression he made at the time was indistinct. I have no reason to doubt Butterfield's characterisation of him as an English Whig masquerading as a Catholic. It has tended to be the case with English Catholics when they do not carve out a niche for themselves as Catholics, as Chesterton did, and thereby become accepted eccentrics, or when they are only half-English, like Belloc, to outdo the Whigs in their whiggery. And Acton's famous saying about *power corrupting* struck me at the outset as not being in accordance with observable fact. What is corrupting, at least in a democracy, is the pursuit of power. Climbing the greasy pole is a greasy business. But, once power is achieved and the climber has done his climbing, he comes under the discipline and logic of the power structure which he commands.

It sometimes happens by way of exception that somebody enters the political structure near the top by virtue of representing a particular social interest in civil society which the political system has neglected but which is found to be of vital concern to it at a particular conjuncture. Such individuals, not having been made by the opportunism of the political system, and entering it uncorrupted, seem to hold to their principles more easily than others when they acquire positions of political power. Going by the Socratic maxim of naming only the dead in this connection, I mention Ernest Bevin as the outstanding instance, who in the crisis of 1940 became a Cabinet Minister before he was an MP. And, on the Continent, there were Konrad Adenauer, Alcide de Gasperi and General

de Gaulle. All four might be said to have exercised power in accordance with the principles which they held before coming to power, because they represented something necessary which was not provided for by the political systems which existed when they entered politics, and which they tended to outside the political power structure for many years.

If I had to generalise in the matter I would say that the pursuit of political power is corrupting, but that the achievement of political power sometimes undoes some of the corruption which was unavoidable in the pursuit of it.

(I do not think that these categories apply at all to revolutionary situations—situations in which the old political order breaks down and something new must be constructed from its ruins. Revolutions are the work of honest men acting according to their understanding of things. The new French state constructed after the collapse of 1789 was the work of Robespierre and St. Just, who were honest men. Corruption at the top begins with their overthrow. If the affair of Thermidor is to be regarded as the beginning of representative government in the new state, it is also the beginning of corruption.)

Butterfield's section on Acton is the most interesting thing he wrote. It was a promising beginning. But it was a beginning which was also an end. He did not build on it. Thirteen years later he gained the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge, which had been founded for Acton and by then he was himself already a Whig, and I would say that he went on to become the ultimate Whig.

Understanding?

The *Inaugural Address* (1944) is formally balanced between the two:

"We can never have even the history of German militarism that will enlighten us and help the world, if the man who is engaged upon it merely hates, or if he even hates the sinner as much as the sin. For the historian the only true morality is a wide catholicity; a compassion that extends to all men (once they are dead); and an over-riding passion to understand and the forces at work behind the human drama" (p17).

Not to moralise, but to understand—but this passage begins with an egregious piece of moralising: the assumption that there existed in history an entity which it is reasonable to call "*German militarism*", given the usage of that term in England since August 1914.

"*German militarism*" did not mean that the German state had an army, or that the German Army was raised by national conscription. By both of those tests France and Russia would have to be

described as militarist states, but in August 1914 it was decided that *militarism* was *German*.

Nor can it be that the Army raised by conscription and honoured by the state, because that was very much the case in France. Nor can it be that the Army raised by conscription and honoured by the state was accustomed to engage in military action, because the German state had not engaged in military action between the establishment of the state in 1871 and 1914, while both the French and Russian Armies had been at war during that period.

The very use of the term "*German militarism*" as a historical entity needing to be understood was an outrageous moral intrusion into a discourse about history—the intrusion of something which was not itself a historical concept but a groundless moral concoction (i.e. a propaganda concept of British militarism).

It might be urged that allowance should be made for the fact that this was said in 1944, and that the events of the preceding five years gave colour to the moral invention of 1914. But that means that it was right that he should cease to be a historian when he was about to sit in the Chair of History at Cambridge. And a good case could be made for that view, regardless of the passions of wartime. *My country right or wrong*—because it is right even when it is wrong, because it is *my* country—that's what academic pretensions boil down to in practice (except, of course, in Ireland in recent years). And it's how the world actually works. Nevertheless, despite the way Professors of History behave, there actually are things that are true in a different way.

The suggestion in 1914 was that the German state was governed by a military caste of Prussian Junkers, and that there was therefore a German militarism throughout the 43 years of peaceful existence of the German state, while there was no French militarism or Russian militarism, even though both those states had fought wars which were not defensive, because the former was governed as a democratic republic and the latter was under the absolute government of a hereditary dictator.

The German State of 1871 was formed by the cohesion of the 50 German states of the 1815 settlement around Prussia. Prussia was the German state which had a substantial army, but it was not a state dominated by an autonomous military caste, or an aristocracy. The popular term, German Junkerdom, which was given prominence in the British war propaganda of 1914, suggested that the state was conducted by an aristocratic military caste with an over-riding interest in warfare. And it was "*explained*" that this came about because of the role of Prussia in German unification.

In fact Prussia was governed from 1700 onwards by a hereditary King. It had a stronger army than any of the other German states. Being a new state, without definite geographical or traditional boundaries, it could scarcely have existed without a strong army. But the army was subordinate to the King, just as all other social components of the state were. The King was an absolute monarch, not the greatest landowner or the strongest General. It so happened that Frederick The Great was a military commander of genius, and by his use of the Army in alliance with Britain in the Seven Years War he made Prussia one of the European Powers. But his conduct cannot be described as "*militaristic*"—a term which implies a generalised predisposition towards war. In the course of a long reign he fought a couple of wars and then consolidated his gains by statecraft.

Between 1793 and 1815 Prussia was allied with Britain in the Great War against Republican France. (British histories before 1914 refer to that war as the Great War.) Having saved Britain from defeat at Waterloo in 1815 Prussia relapsed into peaceful existence for half a century, while Britain continued on its warlike course.

In the 1860s Prussia, like Frederick a century earlier, fought a couple of wars for a political purpose. Europe was then undergoing a process of nationalist development. The British Liberals were enthusiastic for war and terrorism for good causes in Europe. *The Times* jeered at Prussia for its lack of absolutism, and its pacifist obsession with negotiated settlements:

"We can fight our battles, whether it be necessary to defend our own shores or send 100,000 men to the other side of the earth to reconquer an insurgent province. Prussia unaided could not keep the Rhine or the Vistula for a month from her ambitious neighbours" (1 Nov. 1860).

"Prussia is always leaning on somebody, always getting somebody to help her, never willing to help herself; always ready to deliberate, never to decide; present in Congresses but absent in battles... No one counts her as a friend; no one dreads her as an enemy" (6 Nov. 1860).

In 1863 Bismarck fought a small war with Denmark over the disputed region of Schleswig-Holstein, and in 1866 he fought a small war with Austria to break its hegemony over the Confederation of German states. These two wars correspond with the classic definition of war as "*the continuation of policy by other means*". Very few wars comply with that definition. Wars have a tendency to get out of hand. And the British state has a particular gift for expanding wars with

a view to profiting from the chaos.

In 1870 France attacked Prussia for the purpose of stopping the process of national unification going on in Germany under its leadership. The defeat of France led immediately to the establishment of a general German state on federal lines, excluding Austria, which was thereafter the centre of a Hungarian/Slav Empire.

The peaceful economic development of Germany after 1871 made it a rival of Britain in the world market (which was a British creation, policed by the British Navy, over which Britain believed it held proprietary rights), and led to a reversal of the target of the British balance-of-power strategy of two centuries. Germany now came to be seen as the enemy. France was embraced as a friendly Power in the *Entente Cordiale*, and was encouraged by a secret military alliance to prepare for a war to revenge its defeat in its war of aggression in 1871, and to recover the nationally-mixed region of Alsace-Lorraine which it lost to Germany in 1871.

Germany was the most vulnerable state in Europe in 1914, caught between expansionist Russia and irredentist France, whose combined strength (and they were in alliance) was very much greater than Germany's. I can see nothing "*militaristic*" in making military provision for a contingency which at the very least was a definite possibility which had been envisaged by the surrounding states, and on a realistic reckoning was a strong probability.

The state to which the qualities summed up in the propaganda phrase "*German militarism*" actually applied was Britain. Britain was the state which came closest to the idea of Junkerdom. It had been engaged in warfare more or less continuously since the establishment of the existing regime after 1688, excepting Walpole's twenty years of peace in the 1720s and 1730s. The combination of war and trade had been advocated by the "*martyr*" of the regime, Algernon Sidney, and the writings for which he was martyred by the last effective King of England remained part of the literature of the post-Kingly regime for hundreds of years (and were very influential in the development of its American offspring). And the warriors of the state were the great families of landed property, each of which was the ruling power in its own territory, and which in combination governed the state.

The marvel of the regime of the Glorious Revolution, with its virtually independent territorial magnates and its marginalised elected monarch, is that it did not dissolve into something like the Polish system of the time. In Poland the elected King could exercise no control over the independent nobles by means of

an apparatus of state and the nobles treasured their independence too much to establish state control over themselves. Laws existed, and there were judges to which cases could be brought for judgment according to law, but there was no executive power of state for enforcing judgements.

In England the aristocracy and gentry destroyed the state as an apparatus of authority to which they had to submit, and they themselves became informal fragments of the state in their localities, leaving the populace without an independent authority of state to which appeal might be made. But in certain matters the English aristocracy/gentry acted as a purposeful caste, imposing a strict collective discipline on themselves for the purpose of establishing a world Empire by means of warfare and trade. English Admirals did not only rule the waves, they also sat in Parliament: and Parliament was in any case only an assembly of representatives of the great families from which the Admirals came.

The English state was conducted by a military/commercial caste in which the arts of war and peace were blended, and which took warfare to be a normal activity for a great state. And there was no power of state standing over this caste and regulating it. The caste both fought and ruled.

That arrangement of things was attributed to Germany by the British war propaganda of 1914, and it was called "*German militarism*". But it was the British system, not the German. And although the reconstruction of a British apparatus of state to which all were equally subject began with the franchise reform of 1832, the Curragh Mutiny demonstrates that in 1914 it was still far from being the case that the Army had been transformed into the apolitical instrument of a democratising Parliament.

None of the Continental states was militaristic in this sense, which I think the only proper usage of the term. Neither France nor Germany nor Russia nor Austria were ruled, or had been ruled in recent centuries, by great landowners who controlled both military and civil affairs. All of them had to maintain large armies by conscription because all of them had land frontiers with powerful neighbours, and those frontiers were open in the sense that they were not natural barriers—mountain ranges or great rivers. Armies had to stand in place of mountains. (And it had been Britain's great object for two centuries to prevent France from gaining a natural frontier on the Rhine.)

An Irish Whig?

Tom Dunne was born in New Ross and was connected by ancestry with a number of participants in the upheaval of

May-June 1798 in Wexford, with Fr. Murphy through his father and John Rice (who was hanged) through his mother. A generation after 1798 another member of the Rice family, Edmund Ignatius, founded the Christian Brothers.

Dunne, whose parents were shop-keepers in New Ross, was educated at a Christian Brothers Primary School, from which he moved on to a Christian Brothers' Secondary School, eventually becoming a Christian Brother himself. In 1960 he became a teacher in a Christian Brothers school in Dublin, without having gone to University. He taught as a Christian Brother for four years but found the routine infliction of physical punishment unpleasant. He resigned from the Christian Brothers and enrolled in University College, Dublin, and became a reader of the *Irish Times*, "*the paper of the new urban intellectual and professional class*" (p48). He graduated at the top of the class in 1967 and got a teaching job in Cork.

"Over the following five years I also did a Master's thesis while teaching in a dynamic new secondary school, Colaiste an Sprid Naoimh [Holy Ghost College]... Then, in the final stages of my Masters, came the eruption of violence in Northern Ireland. It was to overshadow all our lives, and to influence profoundly the kind of history my generation would write" (p55).

While becoming an MA at Cork University, Dunne also became a trade unionist at the Holy Ghost College:

"I was active in the Association of Secondary Teachers of Ireland, and a supporter of the taumaic strike that was finally to give teachers a decent salary scale" (p56).

"I remember being involved in only one public (or semi-public) political action at this time. At one of the crowded meetings of ASTI, which which gradually moved its conservative membership to strike action, a proposal came from the floor of the Cork branch should make a donation to An Cumann Cabhrach". The proposer, a well-known republican activist, claimed this was a purely charitable organization and that the money would go only for the relief of distressed Catholic families in Northern Ireland... I'd read or heard somewhere that the "An Cumann Cabhrach" was a Provisional front organization and opposed the motion... After some debate the motion was dropped, and for weeks afterwards I had nightmares, fearing the midnight knock and retaliation" (p63).

The date of this traumatic event is not given. It appears to have been in 1970 or 1971. In 1972 Dunne's parents, having sent their six children through higher education, decided to retire from business—and found that not one of the

children was willing to inherit the shop. Dunne himself went to Cambridge to do a PhD. And:

"At the very time that the crisis in Northern Ireland seemed to plunge us back into the old nightmare of Irish history, an escape route was opening up as it had for James Joyce in his exile on mainland Europe. The overwhelming 'Yes' vote in the 1972 referendum on joining the EEC seemed to me to be a decisive turning away from a traditional narrow nationalism, which might also in time dissolve the intractable problems of Northern Ireland and of Anglo-Irish relations" (p64).

How does one escape from history? I suppose suicide is one way, but it has the drawback that the escape is into oblivion. Emigration is another way—it is a kind of escape from one history into another. Dunne emigrated from Ireland to Cambridge in 1972—and from Irish history to Cambridge history.

But I could never see how *Ireland* could escape from itself into the EEC. If it had been adjacent to either the Soviet Union or the United States it might, if it found itself intolerable, offer itself up as a raw material to be re-worked into something else. But in Europe it had to be itself, because Europe was a collaboration of distinct nationalities, without a transcendental dimension in which Ireland might lose itself.

What Europe offered to Ireland was wider scope for development *as itself*. Economically it might be said to have offered the main Irish industry—agriculture—escape from the debilitating medium of British free trade into the comfort of a protected market. But, in order to flourish as a nationality through participation in the European project, it had to be something in itself. Europe was not an alternative to being itself, but an opportunity to be itself more abundantly.

The misfortune was that Dunne's notion that Ireland might cease to be itself when it joined the European project was widely shared in the early 1970s—some welcoming the delusory opportunity to escape into something else, while others deplored the delusory threat which the EEC—the new Leviathan—posed to Irish existence.

Dunne's escape from the nightmare of Irish history seems to have lasted four years. In the course of those four years he was re-made into an English historian—a historian with an English understanding and English pre-occupations. He returned to Ireland in 1976 as a lecturer in History at Mary Immaculate College of Education in Limerick, which was managed by Bishop Jeremiah Newman—

"a combative, self-proclaimed reactionary, though one who fancied himself an intellectual" (p78).

"Luckily Newman proved to be an anachronism, though not an irrelevance... all he could do was to delay the necessary reform... I was on the enthusiastic wing of the reforming tendency (just as, in the wider community, I canvassed for Jim Kemmy, Limerick's populist socialist and a fine local historian)" (p79).

Some time later he became a lecturer in Cork University in the Department headed by John A. Murphy. And he got a new wife:

"The fact that my second wife, Clare O'Halloran, is now a colleague, a product also of UCD and Cambridge, and a historian of Modern Ireland, has clearly influenced how I now construct the narrative of my life" (p97).

The History Department of Cork University, as conducted by John A. Murphy, was—

"my little platoon", to quote Burke, or my "community", in the language of the Christian Brothers. Sadly this has not remained true of my new department of History, created subsequent to John's early retirement in 1990, and the death of the Professor of Mediaeval History, John Barry. This effectively absorbed the two smaller departments into the far larger Modern History department headed by Joe Lee. As the only professor in post he was able to insist on remaining head of the new entity for as long as he chose, which meant until he retired in 2002... The benign authoritarian ethos that had long characterized Modern History now became that of the new department; those new to it, who continued to express their own views, were marginalised" (p84).

I would have thought, on the basis of Dunne's account of himself, that his "*little platoon*" was Cambridge rather than Cork. It is Cambridge that he emerged from. It was the cocoon in which the butterfly became a caterpillar. He went to Cambridge on a "*Michael Collins Scholarship*", and the company that re-made him there consisted of people like Nicholas Mansergh (with whom it was a question of *daneben gelegen* rather than extensive personal contact), Edward Norman, Maurice Cowling, John Vincent, and Herbert Butterfield.

Cambridge had a special relationship with University College Dublin, because of T. Desmond Williams—a prodigy, who went there to study in 1944, was whisked away by British Military Intelligence in 1945 to investigate the German archives for the Nuremberg

Trials, and went from Military Intelligence to UCD in 1948, being made Professor of History at the age of 28. He whiled away his life for the next forty years, exuding omniscience in late night drinking sessions with his students, but writing nothing much on his subject because he was disabled by knowledge, insight, and perhaps allegiance. The history of the Second World War is the book he did not write. He had no other book in him. In print he is only the editor of a number of little collections. But it appears that the big-wigs at Cambridge knew that he might have been something much bigger than they were.

Revolutionary Times

Tom Dunne describes himself for 97 pages, and then he describes Wexford in 1798 for about 200 pages. The better half of the book is the first. The long second half is shot through with inappropriate autobiographical intrusions which cast the shadow of Belfast in the 1970s over Wexford in 1798—or *vice versa*—without attempting to show any actual connection between the two, other than his own feelings.

I experienced what Dunne calls "*the unchanging horror of Northern Ireland*" at first hand and over a long period. But I did not experience it as horror. Maybe that is because I am a peasant. (A German lady of my acquaintance took exception to a description of a Bavarian peasant as being horrified by something, on the ground that the existence of the Bavarian peasant is too matter-of-fact to enable him to feel anything so exotic and imaginative as horror.) Or it might be that I did not experience the Northern Ireland situation as horror because I saw sufficient reason for it—or, to put it another way, because I experienced it. Horror, in such a matter, is not an experience. It is more an inability to experience. It is an abdication of the capacity for experience.

Cardinal de Retz found the Queen of England starving in a garret in Paris. He reflected in his Memoirs that later generations, unaware of the particularity of the case, and knowing only the isolated fact that, in the most civilised city in the world, a Queen was cold and hungry, could only feel astonishment. But, in its time and place, with the circumstances present to the mind, it was an intelligible occurrence within the order of normality.

Perhaps there is a relationship between the two—the matter of factness of the peasant's approach to the world and the intelligibility which comes from an understanding of affairs in terms of sufficient reason.

To Be Continued

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Irish General Election 2007

THE CHRISTIAN Solidarity Party, a party of "Christian values" ran candidates in seven constituencies in the recent Irish General Election on 24th May 2007. They received a combined first-preference vote of 1,415. It is a registered political party. Registered parties have their logo on official election literature and can be eligible for a political broadcast if standing in seven constituencies or more.

Basic criteria for qualifying as a political party include having over 300 members, all over 18 and at least half of those must be registered to vote.

Emerging from the anti-abortion movement, the Christian Solidarity Party was founded in 1991. With a membership of 350, it ran candidates in seven constituencies, with one, Colm Callanan, standing in both Laois-Offaly and Westmeath-Longford. This is down on the 19 candidates it ran in 2002.

The party describes itself as follows:

"The Christian Solidarity Party is dedicated to the causes of Life, the Family and the Community. The C.S.P. promotes policies that safeguard the value of human life from conception to natural death, that support the position of the family as the fundamental unit group of society, and that allow human communities to flourish in a manner consistent with human dignity."

"It's much harder to get people who are willing to run", admits the party's leader, and Dublin Central candidate, Paul O'Loughlin. He says its major challenge is getting media attention. "They think that we're small and not going to get anywhere and they don't take us seriously."

While a party of "Christian values", he says the CSP is not a single-issue party. "We have policies on health, crime, Europe, defence, agriculture, industry."

Mary Doherty who stood in Donegal North-East polled highest of all their candidates with a first preference vote of 339.

Paul O'Loughlin, Dublin Central polled 260.

Cathal Loftus, Dublin North received 210.

Michael Redmond, polled 155 votes in Dublin South Central.

Colm Callanan, polled 156 in Laois-Offaly and 124 in Longford-Westmeath.

Conor O'Donoghue, received 171 votes in Limerick East.

In Dublin South, *Alan Shatter* regained his Fine Gael seat after defeat in 2002. He becomes the only member of the Irish Jewish community to be represented in the 30th Dail. Fellow Jews, Mervyn Taylor of the Labour Party did not contest the 28th Dail and Fianna Fail's Ben Briscoe retired in 2002.

Four members of the *Church of Ireland* were elected to the new Dail: Seymour Crawford representing Fine Gael in Cavan-Monaghan. Trevor Sargent, leader of the Green Party in Dublin North constituency. Jan O' Sullivan elected for Labour in Limerick East and Martin Mansergh elected for Fianna Fail in Tipperary South.

In the 1923 General Election following the Civil War, fourteen Protestants were elected to the Dail. Eleven of the 14 Protestant deputies elected in 1927 were not affiliated to any political party.

By the 1940s only four Protestants were being elected and by the 1960s all four were members of the major political parties. After the 1977 General Election only one Protestant deputy remained.

Catholic Divorcees

"MORE THAN one-in-eight marriages involving divorced people in Ireland are taking place in Catholic churches—despite the hierarchy's ban on remarriage.

"Figures released by the Central Statistics Office (CSO) yesterday revealed that 10% of unions (2,112 out of 21,135) in 2005 involved at least one divorced person. Of these, 270 were Roman Catholic ceremonies and 11 of those featured a bride and groom who were both divorced." (Irish Examiner, 24.5.2007).

Of the 2,112 marriages involving at

least one divorced person in 2005—including 420 marriages where both parties were divorced—270 were Catholic ceremonies, 114 were other religious ceremonies and 1,728 were civil ceremonies.

A spokesman for the Catholic Communications Office said that people with annulments might account for these figures.

"Divorced people wouldn't go looking for a ceremony to get married in a Catholic church because it wouldn't be available to them," he said.

Asked if there might be some priests who are turning a blind eye to the status of divorced people getting remarried, the spokesperson said that, "without any evidence", he couldn't say.

"Obviously there isn't another ceremony or rite within the church. There isn't another one which is for those entering into another relationship."

Annulments

"The Catholic church issued more than 750 marriage annulments last year, up from an average of 400-500." (Irish Examiner-26.5.2007).

But the jump has been put down to an administrative backlog rather than an increase in the amount of couples seeking annulments or any extra leniency in adjudication.

The figures were revealed by a spokesperson for the Catholic Communications Office, shortly after CSO statistics indicated that 270 divorcees were being allowed to remarry in Catholic ceremonies.

It is believed that many of these divorcees would also have been granted church annulments, while some may have been previously married in a civil ceremony, got divorced and then decided to go for a church wedding.

The age of divorce has ushered in a new era for marriage in this country, with more than one-in-five weddings taking place in registry offices, according to CSO marriage statistics.

There were 4,762 civil marriages in 2005—just over 22% of all marriages and more than five times the 1996 figure of 928.

According to the CSO a contributing factor to this increase was the legalisation of divorce in 1997 and the consequential increase in the incidence of remarriage.

Divorced men accounted for 6.6% of grooms, while divorced women accounted for 5.3% of brides. In the south-east, almost 8% of grooms were divorced men—the highest proportion in the country—while only 4.3% of grooms in the west were divorced.

Of those over the age of 50 who were getting married, 55% of grooms

were already divorced and 51% of brides.

The CSO figures show that people in some counties tend to stay within their areas when it comes to choosing a spouse—89% of grooms living in Donegal married brides from the same county, as did 87.5% in Louth and 86% in Monaghan.

However, in Leitrim, grooms married brides from the same county in just 66% of cases, with Roscommon showing a 69% rating.

A Decree of Nullity

A decree of nullity means that the marriage was invalid to begin with, and—in the Catholic church's eyes—the parties are free to marry again.

In Ireland, four regional tribunals adjudicate on applications for a decree of nullity and there is one appeals tribunal in Dublin. Any disputed decisions from the appeals tribunal go to the Vatican.

Each marriage tribunal includes experts in the church's marriage laws, as well as professionals in the humanities and medical fields, with a mix of ordained and lay people.

Most annulment cases take about two years to conclude and cost about €1,500.

Church annulments are not recognised by law and anyone with a decree of nullity who wishes to get married again in a civil ceremony, or a church ceremony incorporating a civil aspect, would also have to secure a divorce.

Did Jesus watch Coronation Street?

ALMOST ONE-THIRD of Irish 15 to 24-year-olds did not know what is celebrated at Easter when interviewed for a new survey.

Only 5%, or one-in-20, could quote the 10 Commandments and one third didn't know where Jesus was born. These are some of the surprising findings of an opinion poll published on 9th April 2007 conducted by Landsdowne Market research for the Catholic Iona Institute and the Protestant Evangelical Alliance Ireland group.

The survey, which was carried out last December, involved a representative sample of 950 people nationwide.

The poll conducted on Christian teachings found that such knowledge was greatest among those aged 65 or more and lowest in the 15-24 age group.

The survey also revealed how just more than half of young people surveyed could recall the names of the authors of the Gospels, while only 38% knew that there were four Gospels.

Less than half of the 15 to 24-year-olds surveyed could name the Father,

Son and the Holy Ghost as the three members of the Holy Trinity.

In addition, just 48% could name Genesis as the first book of the Bible.

Just 38% knew that Transubstantiation was the term used to describe what takes place during the Eucharist when the bread and wine is transformed into the body and blood of Christ.

Just one-in-10 were able to say that the Immaculate Conception referred to Mary, the mother of Jesus being free from original sin.

David Quinn, the director of the Iona Institute, said the findings clearly demonstrated that the level of Christian knowledge among young Irish people had diminished significantly.

This was especially pronounced among those who were still at school or had recently left school, which he said was the opposite to what you would expect.

Mr. Quinn called for an examination of the reasons why such knowledge of the faith was in sharp decline.

Seán Mullan of the 35,000-strong Evangelical Alliance said the data shows that the notion of Ireland having a Christian culture is becoming a thing of the past.

Ambulances for Israel

"THREE AMBULANCES sponsored by Irish Jewish communities in Dublin, Belfast and Cork, as well as by the Christian Friends of Israel in Ireland group, were handed over to the Israeli equivalent of the Red Cross, Magen David Adom (MDA), at an official ceremony in Haifa yesterday.

"The ceremony was attended by Ireland's ambassador to Israel, Michael Forbes, UK ambassador Tom Phillips, Ireland's Chief Rabbi, Rev Yaakov Pearlman, Haifa's deputy mayor, Zvika Dahari, the secretary of Christian Friends of Israel in Ireland, Paddy Monaghan, the president of the Jewish Representative Council of Ireland, Estelle Menton, and the president of the Jewish community in Belfast, Ronnie Appleton.

"Each ambulance carries an inscription on its door along with a harp symbol. The inscription reads: 'Presented to the People of Israel by the Irish Jewish Communities of Dublin, Belfast & Cork and Irish Christian Friends of Israel.'

"Last August, during Israel's war with Hizbullah in Lebanon, Christian groups in Ireland joined with the Jewish communities in Belfast, Cork and Dublin to raise funds to purchase the three ambulances. As much as 150,000 was raised through donations and collections.

"The ambulances will serve the

Jewish, Arab and Christian communities of northern Israel in the towns of Safed, Kiryat Shemona and Zichron Yaakov.

"Paddy Monaghan, of Christian Friends of Israel in Ireland, said that they had taken the initiative to assist the Jewish, Arab and Christian people of northern Israel as they felt they were being ignored by the international relief agencies, which were concentrating on helping people in Lebanon.

"Mr Monaghan read a letter from Northern Ireland's First Minister, the Rev Ian Paisley, at yesterday's ceremony. The letter thanked Mr Monaghan for planting a tree in Dr Paisley's name at the Irish Peace and Reconciliation Forest at Beth Schemesh in southern Israel. The forest is sponsored by the four main churches in Ireland.

"In a short address, Ambassador Forbes suggested that Israel could learn from the peace process in Northern Ireland, a view with which the UK ambassador concurred." (The Irish Times, 14.5.2007)

Evangelist Dies

JERRY FALWELL, the US evangelist who helped turn the religious right into a powerful political force and caused controversy with his battles against abortion and homosexuality, died on 17th May 2007, aged 73.

His original ambition in life was to become a journalist.

He was found unconscious in his office at Liberty University in Lynchburg, Virginia, and was pronounced dead at a nearby hospital just over an hour later, said Dr Carl Moore, his personal physician.

The evangelist, who had a history of heart problems, had no heartbeat when he was found by colleagues, Dr Moore said, adding he apparently died of a heart rhythm abnormality.

Falwell's increasing influence in the 1970s and 1980s coincided with the rise of the US religious right, whose votes helped send conservative Republicans including Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush to the White House.

Fond of quipping that the Bible referred to "Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve", Falwell provoked a storm of protest when he said gays, lesbians and health workers who provided abortions were partly to blame for the September 11th attacks.

"I really believe that the pagans and the abortionists and the feminists and the gays and the lesbians... all of them who have tried to secularise America, I point the finger in their face and say: you helped this happen," he said.

Ellen Johnson, president of American

Atheists, said Falwell was—

"instrumental in galvanising millions of American evangelicals into an intolerant, sectarian and authoritarian political movement.

"Gays, women, secularists, civil libertarians and other groups who did not fit into his plan to construct 'one nation under God' were stigmatised and attacked," she said.

Blair And Catholicism

"TONY BLAIR will declare himself a Roman Catholic on leaving Downing Street, according to a priest close to him." (The Times, London 17.5.2007).

"To receive Mr. Blair into the fold would be a triumph for the Roman Catholic Church, which has in the past two decades in particular regained its confidence, recovering from centuries of persecution that followed the reformation.

"Mr. Blair has been criticised for receiving Communion at Catholic Mass. Cardinal Basil Hume, the late Archbishop of Westminster, wrote to him in 1996 demanding that he should cease taking Communion at his wife's church in Islington, although he added that it was 'all right to do so when in Tuscany for the holidays... as there was no Anglican church near by'.

"Mr. Blair made it clear that he did not agree with Cardinal Hume's opinion, writing in a pointed letter to him: "I wonder what Jesus would have made of it." (The Times, London-17/5/2007).

Harold Macmillan, another British Prime Minister, is believed to have come close to converting to Catholicism after leaving Eton, but decided at the last moment not to follow Ronald Knox, his influential former tutor. Knox, a great English Catholic intellectual, became a Monsignor.

In old age, Macmillan told his biographer, Alistair Horne:

"If things had been otherwise, I suppose it was not impossible that Ronnie might have become Prime Minister and I should have been Monsignor Macmillan!"

Whatever about being a Monsignor, Macmillan was a more true 'socialist' than ever Blair could be!

Ian Paisley is First Minister at Stormont, Jerry Falwell is dead, Tony Blair is joining the Catholic Church and Maynooth has appoint a Protestant as Chief Executive of the Catholic Church's National Board for Child Protection.

We better leave it at that!

Land for Sale

ST. MICHAEL'S Catholic parish in Dún Laoghaire is looking for €15m for its 0.48-acre community centre site.

An exceptionally well-located town

centre, Savills Hamilton Osborne King is suggesting a guide price of €15 million for the Boylan Community Centre and adjoining hall on a site of 0.19 hectares (0.48 of an acre) at Sussex Street and Eblana Avenue, directly beside the nurses home of St Michael's Hospital.

Though development sites seldom become available in Dún Laoghaire, solicitor and developer Noel Smyth recently acquired the one-acre car park attached to St Michael's Hospital which fronts onto Crofton Road.

He is believed to have paid well over €20 million for what is a key site in the borough.

It is expected that the sale of the Boylan Centre will fund the cost of a new centre, essential repairs to the church and provide for the future needs of the parish.

DOWN IN Cork the historic Christian Brothers school property at Sullivans Quay is on the market with a price tag of more than €4 million.

THE alma mater of one-time AIB chief executive Michael Buckley is up for sale, as a bit of a multi-million euro banker.

The high-profile frontage overlooks the south channel of the River Lee facing the Grand Parade and South Mall.

Unexpectedly, the structure and school dating back to 1828 doesn't appear to have building protection or listing, and likely future uses may be lower level commercial, with overhead residential.

The former inner-city school, had just a dozen pupils when it closed.

Secondary school pupils moved to a new building in Deerpark decades ago, and the last remaining primary school pupils have been accommodated in other national schools such as Greenmount and St Joseph's. In 1905 the Christian Brothers had to lease out the ground floor of their quay building for commercial uses to get enough money to keep the school going. Now, commerce is to come calling again. But believe me, they will pay on this occasion.

IN WATERFORD, a €10 MILLION price tag has been put on a parcel of land close to Waterford's city centre which has been put up for sale by the local Catholic church diocese.

The 9.08 acre site was formerly part of the grounds of St John's College, the seminary which trained priests until its closure in 1999.

The college building itself was recently sold to the Respond voluntary housing association and will eventually be turned into apartments for elderly people in the Waterford area.

According to the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, the funds realised from the sale of the land will be used for various purposes. Money is to be set aside for the construction of a new seminary should

the number of vocations to the priesthood increase, while the loan for building the pastoral centre will also be taken care of.

"THE REVIEW of the greater Ennis, Co. Clare Development Plan has resulted in "a frenzy of rezoning", it was claimed yesterday." (Irish Examiner-16.5.2007).

The Catholic Church has also joined in the scramble to generate millions of euro with the prospect of shops and business outlets being developed on the Ennis residence of the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr Willie Walsh.

This follows the St Flannan's (Killaloe) Diocesan Trust seeking to have the eight acres of prime development land at Bishop Walsh's Westbourne residence rezoned for mixed-use development to allow residential, commercial and retail activities take place at the site.

To be rezoned as a strategic 'proposal site' for the purposes of the development plan would greatly increase the value of the lands.

The diocesan trust has also lobbied the Clare County Council to rezone lands at Station Road in Ennis, containing the former Burren cinema, the Maria Assumpta Hall, a Scout Hall and space in the vicinity of the St Peter and Paul Cathedral. The trust is also seeking that the site at Cloughleigh primary school be rezoned.

In total, developers seeking to profit from the property boom are seeking to rezone 1,720 acres of land around Ennis.

According to the county manager Alec Fleming's report there is already 785 acres of undeveloped land zoned in Ennis and Clarecastle that could accommodate 33,000 people in 11,000 homes.

Nauseous Cant

Letter sent to
Vincent Browne

Dear Vincent,

I got a little nauseous when reading your piece in the *Irish Times* today (6 June 2007) about the 850,000 people in this country who are "at the risk of poverty" with all the resultant social horrors and your regret that this was not an election issue.

You, more than most individuals, set the agenda for this election at the launch of the Fianna Fail campaign—yet this was not the issue you raised there.

Why not?

I was nauseous with the stench of hypocrisy and the fact that I may have to read and listen to more of it from you for years to come.

Jack Lane

The Irish Body Politic

concluded

John Bowman's contribution to the propaganda of the Election was in the form of a clip on *Dublin Opinion* in his Radio Eireann archive programme (May 13th). It was about the satirical magazine, *Dublin Opinion*, that was widely read throughout the country for a couple of generations. The programme was made by Frank Kelly, the son of the founder, in the 1980s. He began by reflecting on satire as a social value: "I think it's true to say that, if you value democracy, it must follow that you value satire". It was "a necessary purgative within the political mind and life of a nation". It was an ameliorative influence on the conflicts within the state, was not politically directed, and its greatest success was achieved when the subject of the satire joined in the laugh.

But in what seems to have been the greatest moment of *Dublin Opinion*, the subject (or victim) did not join the laugh:

"The effect and the power of the cartoon can never be underestimated. It's infinitely more powerful than a thousand words of prose, or perhaps two thousand words of prose. When Fianna Fail, for example, wanted to abolish PR and introduce the straight vote, which was a very shrewd political move, and not one which I would totally not admire from a political point of view if I were a political tactician. But, when they wanted to remove Proportional Representation and introduce the straight vote, it would have resulted in an almost indefinite tenure of power by Fianna Fail, who were the strongest party at the time. They were the monolithic, disciplined party with the strongest Party whip. And my father drew a cartoon in *Dublin Opinion*. And the scene was a classroom. There was a teacher, and he had a line of boys beside him in ever-diminishing heights down to almost floor level, like the old Fry's cocoa ad, "Growing up on Frys"—the family of all different heights. And he had these schoolboys beside him in the class, this teacher. And each boy held an apple in his hand. And the caption read: "Under PR each boy gets an apple. Under the straight vote the big boy gets the lot." Now to my certain knowledge Sean Lemass was shown that cartoon at the time, and he virtually danced with rage. I don't know whether he actually danced in rage, but certainly figuratively he did when he was shown that cartoon. Because it almost singlehandedly destroyed Fianna Fail's campaign

to get rid of Proportional Representation."

And so, on the eve of the Election another dimension of Fianna Fail 'trickery' was exposed on RTE.

And the exposure was a load of rubbish.

Maybe Kelly didn't know it was rubbish. But Bowman must have known. At least he must have known that Fianna Fail was no less successful in gaining office after failing to abolish PR than it had been before attempting it.

PF is an inheritance from the Treaty. Its purpose was to weaken the Governments of the new state.

In its own affairs Britain maintains an electoral system which produces clear governing majorities at the cost of some departure from proportional representation on the basis of votes cast. The establishment of a government capable of governing is taken to be the primary purpose of an election. When it is obliged to relinquish the authority to govern to countries which used to be its colonies it gives them the PR system for the purpose of ensuring that they will have weak Governments.

Fianna Fail's feat of achieving single party government for most of the period since 1932 was accomplished in defiance of the tendency of PR. And, if it had succeeded in abolishing PR, it is very unlikely that the result would have been even more Fianna Fail government. The most likely effect of a first-past-the-post system would have been the development of an effective two-party system in which the Opposition could win an election and govern.

In attempting to abolish PR Fianna Fail acted disadvantageously to itself, in the interest of the state, by establishing a system that would tend to free the Fine Gael/Labour log-jam. That log-jam is one of the conditions that has enabled Fianna Fail to dominate political life for so long. On a cynical calculation of holding office in order to be corrupt—which is what the *Irish Times* tells us Fianna Fail was and is about—it would never have tried to change a system which disables the Opposition.

Cynicism is all very well. Democracy tends to generate it from the contrast between the extravagantly idealist rhetoric of the election campaign and the very limited capacity of any Government to act.

What is now called satire is the cynicism which fills that gap. But it needs to be distinguished from sheer stupidity. John Bowman's contribution to the election campaign was merely stupid.

Fianna Fáil, *The Irish Press* And The Decline Of The Free State

by *Brendan Clifford*

Index. 172pp. ISBN 978 1 903497 33 3
Euro 12, £9

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V
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The New Irish Way Of Life

P
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The old Irish family is on the decline, with fewer than one in five Dublin households consisting of a husband, wife and children, according to new figures released by the Central Statistics Office (CSO), based on returns from last year's census.

The number of cohabiting couples has rocketed by almost 57%, making it the fastest growing family unit.

The latest figures reveal that despite high rent and property prices, more of the celtic cub generation are deciding to live independently of their parents than five years ago.

Figures from the household census reveal that 280,065 people between 20 and 29 still live in the family home, a considerable drop from 304,353 in 2002.

"The 20s generation are also opting out of getting married or having children and have chosen the 'urban family' lifestyle.

"This phrase was made famous by the hit sitcom *Friends* in the 1990s and denotes a group of young professional friends living together as a new family unit.

"The New York phenomenon has reached Ireland, with almost 150,000 20-29 year olds living with a group of people who are not family members." (Irish Examiner, 1.6.2007).

At the same time, almost 14,000 females and 19,000 males in their 20s are living on their own, mostly in city-based apartments.

In total, there are 329,450 Irish people living alone, an increase of 20% since the 2002 figures. Almost 90,000 of these are in Dublin. There are now almost 50,000 people in their 30s living alone.

The CSO figures show that just one in five households in Dublin are made up of the traditional family unit of husband, wife and children.

Out of a little over a million family units in Ireland, 154,540 are made up of husband and wife with children and 225,773 are made up of husband and wife without children.

Meath and Kildare are the counties with the highest number of traditional families. This appears to be a result of the expansion of the commuter belt

outside Dublin. The Pale has now got its own 'home counties'.

There are 78,781 unmarried cohabiting couples without children and 48,982 with children.

There is also an apparent reduction in fertility rates, with Irish women in their 20s giving birth to an average of 0.4 children.

Women of their grandmother's generation gave birth to an average of 3.5 children each.

The overall average birth rate in Ireland is two children per woman, and this rate holds true among foreign nationals.

Women in the 30-35 age group are giving birth to an average of one child each.

As a result of low fertility rates and apartment living, the number of people per household has dropped dramatically from 4.16 per household in 1945 to 3.14 per house in 1996, and to an average of 2.81 in each house last year. Cork, Limerick and Waterford cities have the lowest number of persons per house.

You have never witnessed a community so mad for change—let it rip, let it all hang out—in Tralee, an Anglican minister has taken the elected representatives to task for delaying planning permission to the British supermarket chain, Marks & Spencer. The councillors are running scared since.

"Canon Robert Warren said Tralee should have been honoured to have been selected by M&S for a new store.

"Local councillors had lost his confidence, Canon Warren told parishioners.

"Referring to the fact two are General Election candidates—Labour's Terry O'Brien and Fianna Fail Mayor Norma Foley, the Canon said: "If they can be so wide of the mark in a local issue, the thought of them bringing the same blinkered thinking to national issues is too scary." (Irish Examiner-3.5.2007)

In the town of Kanturk, Co. Cork, 500 citizens packed into the local hall pleading and begging for TESCO to open a store and save the town.

Meanwhile, a few miles away in

Mitchelstown, the Dairygold Co-op is laying off 70 workers, who are involved in the production of such leading brands of small goods as Shaws, Dairygold, Galtee and Mitchelstown.

"A spokesman for the company said the closure was due to rising costs in Ireland, making it impossible for traditionally high cost manufacturers to maintain their competitive edge.

"Market place forces coupled with a requirement for substantial capital injection in the current facility, which was assessed to be economically non-viable, contributed to the decision," he said. (Evening Echo, Cork, 2.6.2007).

The next thing is that you will buy your Shaw's white pudding or Galtee streaky rashers and discover that they are all produced in Poland under licence from Dairygold Co-op. Surely we're not heading in the suicidal direction of Great Britain and developing into a net importer of food. This in a land that could have become the 'food bowl' of Europe!

THE CATHOLIC Church's National Board for Child Protection has appointed a member of the Church of Ireland, Ian Elliott, as its first chief executive.

The board has responsibility for monitoring the implementation of child protection measures within the Catholic Church and its agencies on the island of Ireland. It is chaired by Mr Justice Anthony Hederman, a former judge of the Supreme Court.

He comes to the role on the back of a controversial period for the church. Most recently, the Dublin Archdiocese confirmed that nearly 150 priests and members of other religious orders have been accused or suspected of abuse since 1940.

Mr. Elliott is director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (NSPCC) in Belfast.

From Dublin, he attended school at St Andrew's College before going to Trinity College, where he secured an economics and philosophy degree. In 1976 he took an MSc in applied social studies at the University of Ulster and an Open University MBA in 1995.

Mr Elliott said he saw his role as one of "*helping the church to move beyond apology*". He continued: "*Mistakes are tragic when not learned from, and it is imperative that—in future—we don't put the rights of anyone above the rights of the child.*"

Bishop Colm O'Reilly, who chairs the One Church Committee on Child Protection, said: "*The church is extremely pleased to have secured a person of Ian's proven integrity, expertise and stature to head up this most important role at this moment in the church's history.*"